

There was a fog. A cloud of thickness. A pressuring smog clinging to Johnathan's chest, making the very act of breathing difficult.

Darkness embroiled the entirety of his surroundings. Pitch black nothingness that consumed all and left nothing visible.

A state of futile paralysis. Johnathan tried moving his limbs, but his body would not respond. Helplessness and dread crept right through him like a sickness infecting every inch of his form.

Johnathan's heart began to palpitate rapidly. Dread, fear and confusion all amalgamated together into a sensation of noxious anxiety that made the boy's blood run cold. He could feel a strange force approaching him. Getting closer and closer. A force so far beyond Johnathan's control, even the very thought of containing it was futile. A force so vast, Johnathan couldn't even come close to understanding.

His heart beat faster and faster with each passing second. He could feel this strange surge overtaking him, slowly slathering atop him like a blanket of muck covering him whole. Sweat began to pour freely throughout Johnathan's whole body. His immobile form twitched and spasmed without control, in a desperate yet useless attempt to break free of these overpowering energies. More and more, Johnathan felt himself being consumed by this darkness. His lungs gave out, breathing stopped. His limbs locked up, freezing him in place. He was- He was going to-!!

Johnathan bolted upwards from his bed in a flash. His sweaty palms pushed him up from the flat, soft, surface of his sheets. His face stared down directly at the puddle of dampness where he'd just been laying on seconds ago. A myriad of exhausted, overexerted pants left Johnathan's mouth, desperate to push oxygen back into his lungs. Meanwhile, the boy's heart seemed to be going haywire, thumping so harshly through his chest he could hear his own heartbeat inside his ears. The dying orange light of the setting sun made its way over the horizon and through Johnathan's window, splashing his face with a moody hue and his body with an ever so slight modicum of warmth.

It was... It had been... Johnathan took a deep breath. There was a sticky sensation clinging onto his cheek, no doubt from the drool that pooled on his bed. He could feel a tight soreness at the back of his throat and heaviness to his eyelids. A crumbling ache drilled Johnathan's back, while his limbs seemed tired and worn, though these minor complaints were far more comfortable than the horrifying paralysis he had felt before. All of these earthly feelings, all of these physical sensations plaguing Johnathan's body, they seemed to ground Johnathan in the world around him, separating from the otherworldly ether he'd

been trapped in moments ago. As his chest rose and fell to the flow of air into his lungs, Johnathan could slowly feel all the feelings of despair slowly fizzle away from his body. It seemed like it had all just been a dream.

Slowly and clumsily, Johnathan began to shift his body around the bed until he managed to sit himself upright. He craned his neck in an attempt to soften the discomfort in his back, his eyes staring blankly into the rest of his room. Having returned to a relative state of calmness, Johnathan tried to recall what it was in that dream that had gotten him so riled up. There wasn't anything specific on his mind. Not in the sense that he'd already forgotten, as one can easily do after waking up from a dream. But instead of any terrible imaginary scene he might have conjured up in his subconscious, the thing that had horrified Johnathan so much was more of a... A feeling. Some strange kind of sensation he could not quite explain. A surge of radical energies which Johnathan could not control, but ones which held immense power.

No... Wait... There was something else... Johnathan could scarcely recall it.

Yes, that's right! Johnathan just remembered it now! Those strange scenes of his 'dear' uncle Ronnie turning into Palutena! Transforming into a buxom, sexy woman with a huge penis and thoroughly corrupting Johnathan's older sister! As soon as the memory resurged inside of Johnathan's mind, the boy gave an earnest chuckle. What a stupid, horrible dream! Johnathan couldn't even believe his brain came up with such a cursed scenario! The boy's anxiety over his birthday had probably combined with his many sleepless hours of internet porn browsing to create the unholy amalgamation that had been that dream. An experience that seemed so harrowing and traumatizing in the moment, though one that seemed so silly now...

That being said... There was a part of Johnathan that still seemed somewhat shook. A little tinge of concern that thumped from the depths of his heart. All of the images, all of the sounds, all of the memories of that terrible, depraved dream that replayed in his mind... They felt so real, so palpable, so much more realistic and life-like than any dream Johnathan had ever experienced before. Those sensations of pure noxious dread that had imbedded themselves into his psyche were so powerful, there was no way they could have come from his own imagination. It made him doubt himself, it made him think... What if it *hadn't* been a dream. What if this perverse corruption of reality had actually taken place...?

Before Johnathan fell down the pit of despair though, the boy slapped himself with both hands. What the hell was he thinking?! Old men turning into big titted women with cocks? Everyone around him failing to react even as his sister was fucked in the living room? None of those things were possible! This was the real world, not some kind of perverted, online

fantasy! There was absolutely no way in hell any of those things Johnathan ‘remembered’ from his dream could have been possible! Which meant there was no reason for him to get stressed out over it. No, Johnathan was much stronger than that. Even if sometimes getting over his anxieties could prove to be quite the struggle.

Slowly raising himself from the bed, Johnathan decided to put all of those worries behind once and for all. He didn’t even care to go to the living room to make absolutely sure that it had just been a dream. Because... There was no point to it! Johnathan was 100% sure the moment he walked into the living room, he’d just see his boring family just standing around and chatting to each other, while Uncle Ronnie would be rotting away on the couch. The image was so crystal clear in his mind, that Johnathan found no reason to even confirm it. Instead, there was something much more important Johnathan should be taking care of now...

Groooowl...

Johnathan’s stomach grumbled with raucous hunger. After all the stress from his birthday, his long sleep and the anxiety from his dream, Johnathan had become quite starved. And if the waning sun was any indication, dinner time was right around the corner. As much as Johnathan would have preferred to just lock himself up in his room, the boy decided instead he should go out and get himself some delicious home food. His mom always made an incredible feast whenever the family came around. Plus, any anxiety he might have over interacting with the rest of his family members would certainly be nothing compared to whatever crazy scenario he’d conjured in his sleep.

As Johnathan began making his way towards the door, he stumbled on the clothes and shoes scattered all over his messy floor. It wasn’t just the mess that had affected his footing though. For some reason, his entire form felt overly light and floaty. Johnathan’s balance seemed to be off, as if he had somehow forgotten how to handle his own body. The feeling was strangely familiar. Johnathan vaguely remembered experiencing something similar after he blew out the candles to his cake a couple hours ago, right before his uncle had...

Johnathan shook his head rapidly. What the hell was he thinking?! That entire birthday scene in the living room had been nothing more than another part of his crazy dream! At least that’s what Johnathan wanted to believe, considering how closely related it was to the insane despair he’d felt before. The problem was that now Johnathan genuinely couldn’t remember how his birthday party actually concluded. His only memory of the event was the same as the one in the dream. Could it be that his dream was so bad, it had somehow

warped his memory and left spots in his recollection? Was it so impactful, it just made him forget how it went? Or perhaps, could it be that...

Again, Johnathan intentionally disregarded any sort of thought that could lead to further pessimism. The boy swung open the door to his room with a brusque motion and began to march down his hallway with firm stomps. His face seemed stern as he made his way through his old family home, his heart steeled so that no weakness would be allowed to seep out. Johnathan was no longer entertaining the idea of anything stupid or impossible happening. He vehemently and actively suppressed the very idea that his dream could have been anything close to reality. Unlike previously, where he'd appealed to the laws of physics and reality, Johnathan now relied purely on his own stubbornness and sheer will. The stupid dream was fake because it was fake, and that was that. Though even now, a tiny little twinge of doubt continued to bury itself in the depths of Johnathan's soul...

A quick march down the stairs confronted Johnathan with two different options on where to go next, the living room or the kitchen. The living room would be guaranteed to have *some* kind of food ready for Johnathan's consumption, be it a hearty meal prepared by Johnathan's mother, or at least some leftover snacks or cake from the party. However, it would also most certainly contain the rest of Johnathan's family members, which he wished to avoid like the plague. The kitchen on the other hand had the possibility of being empty of food, though it could also have the benefit of being empty of people.

In the end, the choice was pretty obvious for Johnathan. Turning left towards the kitchen, the young man decided to slowly peer inside while steering clear of the living room. It wasn't that he was intentionally avoiding the living room, by the way. He hadn't just picked the kitchen because he was scared of confirming that which he dreaded so much. He just... He was just... A-Avoiding that horrible social interaction with other people that he disliked so much! That was what truly troubled Johnathan. The idea of his uncle as this sexy, futa Palutena didn't even linger in his mind. It was basically background noise as he stepped into the kitchen. P-Plus, there was a chance the whole kitchen was empty, and he could sneak out some food without interacting with a single-

"Well, well, well, look who finally decided to come back~"

Johnathan literally jumped in surprise. His blood began to run cold, his face becoming as pale as snow. That voice, soft, feminine and motherly... It felt like it was sending tingles all the way down Johnathan's spine. Little by little, the boy began to turn his face towards the voice, his body moving slow and mechanically as if his limbs were frozen solid.

Only for Johnathan's eyes to set onto the only other person in the kitchen beside him, that being Martha, Johnathan's loving mother.

Almost instantly, Johnathan let out a huge sigh of relief. His body relaxed, calmness spreading through every inch of his form. The shift from his tightened anticipation to his calm, safe environment sent a rush of dopamine through Johnathan's brain.

"What's the matter with you?" Martha asked in a concerned voice, her eyebrows raised to make a worried expression. "You look like you've seen a ghost!"

"N-No, I'm okay..." Johnathan sighed. A slight smile crept onto his face, as if he wasn't just saying it to his mother, but to himself. "I'm okay."

Honestly, Johnathan couldn't believe how ridiculously paranoid he was being right now. It was such a stupid reaction, Johnathan had to chuckle out to himself. For a single second- No, for barely a millisecond, Johnathan actually thought that- He almost entertained the idea that his dream had been real, and that his uncle had transformed into Palutena. But no, just as he had suspected- Just as he had KNOWN, it was only his mom in the kitchen. His beautiful, short-stacked mother, leaning over the counter as she prepared a delicious casserole of macaroni and cheese. Never in his life had Johnathan been more relieved to see his mother than now.

Martha too seemed somewhat relieved, as a smile cleared her previously dour expression. "Well, I would sure hope so. You were sleeping like a log when I last came up to check on you. Like a log!"

"Heh!" Johnathan laughed again, peering over his mother's shoulders to get a greedy closer look at her cooking. "Yeah, I guess I must have been exhausted."

At the mention of exhaustion, Martha's mouth seemed to tremble. Though Johnathan himself felt as excited and energetic as could be. Setting his eyes upon the tray of fresh, hot macaroni, the boy felt his stomach grumble with desire. The smell of hot, molten cheese wafted into his nostrils and blessed his lungs. Johnathan's mouth watered at the sight of such perfectly cooked patches of browned, crispy cheese and gooey sauce. For a moment, it felt as if all of his previous worries had melted away, his mind filled with the pleasures of comfort food.

"Hey Johnny... I know things can get pretty hectic round your birthday. Especially since it's so close to Thanksgiving and all. And I know how much it stresses you out spending time with the extended family, but..." Martha sighed, her expression growing increasingly serious. "But you know, I think it's good to try and be close with the rest of your family you know. Friends and lovers both come and go, but sometimes when things get tough, your family is the only one you can depend on. It's not like this is some sort of punishment for you."

“Huh?” Johnathan’s hand stopped just inches away from dipping right into the casserole, completely taken aback by the shift in tone. “Oh yeah! I know!” He responded awkwardly.

“I guess what I’m trying to say is... I’m sorry for stressing you out on your birthday. That’s not my intention in the slightest when I invite the family here. A person’s birthday is the time where they’re supposed to be the happiest, and it’s unfair for you to feel uncomfortable.” Martha’s soft, tender motherly voice spoke out with all the love a mother could have for her child. “I want you to know that everything I do is for your sake, okay? Hey, maybe next year we can try having your birthday be a more private event, huh?”

Johnathan turned to his mother with a look of genuine surprise. To say he had not expected that from her would be a wild understatement. Martha, the woman who took tradition and family above all else, was actually offering to change her ways and giving him words of relief? It was unheard of! Maybe it was the fact that all her children had left the home and she was growing mellower, or maybe she was feeling especially generous today. Johnathan had no idea where this sudden surge of understanding had come from, but it was most certainly appreciated. If there was any day that he needed to hear something like that, today was definitely one of them.

“Aww... Thanks mom, I really appreciate that.” Johnathan responded to his mother with a warm smile and a tight hug.

“Oh darling...” Martha eagerly hugged her son back. “How are you feeling now? You don’t need to join us for dinner if you don’t want to. Hey, what if I bring the food up to your room today!”

Slowly pulling away from his mom, Johnathan looked at her with a pleased, warm expression. As much as he would have loved to eat in his room (something which was usually not allowed in the Godson household), Johnathan felt like he didn’t need it today. Sure, he felt a bit shitty earlier on, but... Now? With the support and understanding of his mom, he felt unbeatable! He did agree that family was important to a certain extent so... Just one dinner together with the rest of the family wouldn’t hurt, right?

“It’s alright mom, I’m doing fine!” Johnathan spoke with earnest fire in his heart. “I’ll join you guys for dinner, okay?”

“Are you sure Johnny?” Martha’s pearly red eyes stared directly at Johnathan with the pouty expression of a puppy. “I don’t want you to force yourself if you don’t want to.”

“Hahaha, I’m good mom! I’m more than good!” Johnathan chuckled freely, not a sign of doubt in his mind.

“Alright...” Martha’s tender, motherly smile returned to her aged face. “Why don’t you help me out by setting the table then, big boy? I’ll be out with the food in just a minute!”

Giving his mother a hearty nod, Johnathan shifted towards the cabinet with the plates and began to take out a small stack of them. He couldn’t wait to have some more of his mother’s cooking! Spending time with the family didn’t seem like the most fun, but his sisters were all there with them! And it would only be for an hour at most! Then he could finally bring a close to the horrible date known as his birthday!

“Oh, and if you feel bad at any moment, please feel free to excuse yourself and go to your room!” Johnathan’s mother called from the kitchen. Johnathan giggled as he stepped into the hallway with the plates. Why was she being so- “I wouldn’t want to have another situation of you running through the house and stumbling into people like earlier today!”

Johnathan’s foot stepped into the hallway in slow motion. The sound of his shoe meeting the hard wood echoed inside Johnathan’s mind like a rock smashing from the top of a cliff to the bottom of a canyon. R-Running through the house? Stumbling against people? That hadn’t- That was something that had occurred in Johnathan’s dream. It didn’t happen in real life. Why would have Johnathan ever dashed away from the living room in a panic. Why else, if not to get away from-

Johnathan’s body froze in the midst of the hallway. It was only for a couple of seconds, but it felt like an eternity was passing by. His eyes looked onto the depths of the living room, which became blurry and vague before his very eyes. Johnathan’s breath failed him, his chest became tight and his mouth panted in a desperate attempt to push more oxygen into his lungs. The sound of his heartbeat was clear in his ears, so vividly clear that it was the only sound he could hear. Anxiety spiked inside of Johnathan’s body, causing his fingers to tighten around the plates in his hand as the possibility of that dreaded nightmare being a reality became higher and higher. Could it actually be... That his uncle’s transformation had been more than just his imagination?

A part of Johnathan’s mind told him he was being overly paranoid, appealing to his common sense and a stubborn refusal to accept any contradicting facts. Another part of Johnathan, well... Suffice to say that Johnathan’s fears were strong enough, that he stood there in the hallway for a couple of moments, seriously considering whether or not he wanted to go into the hallway. At this point he could totally keep playing it dumb. If he just returned to his room and kept telling himself it wasn’t real, then maybe he wouldn’t have to face it and the problem would just go away, as if it had never existed. Oh, if only life was so convenient. If only things were as easy as that. The truth is that Johnathan knew that, in the

improbable case it had happened, he would only be postponing the inevitable. As the ideas and the doubts kept rolling around in his mind, Johnathan eventually settled on his answer.

Face becoming stern and serious, fingers gripping onto the plates in his hand for dear life, Johnathan defiantly stepped closer and closer towards the living room. His throat felt extra dry, his feet trembled lightly as he walked. If Johnathan never ever saw his uncle controlling the beautiful body of his favorite character again, he would be more than happy. But no longer could he afford to stay still, no longer could he just scurry away into the isolation of his own room. He had to confirm whether his dream had been real or not once and for all.

As Johnathan passed through the arch separating the living room from the main hallway, his eyes focused on the corner of the room, where the couches and the TV sat. The same place where his uncle had transformed into Palutena and forcefully taken his very own sister. His heart trembled with anxiety as his gazed examined the room, a mixture of palpable dread and whatever scarce determination he had left. However, as he explored that section of the room, he found no signs of Palutena or Pyra, nor any sort of evidence of their previous sexual acts. In fact, there wasn't even a single person over in that side of the room, not even his original uncle. For a few seconds, Johnathan could feel a wave of relief pass over him. Maybe... Maybe everything truly was right around him...

That is, until Johnathan's eyes drifted to the opposite side of the room, where the rest of the family was gathering for dinner.

In less than a millisecond, Johnathan felt his heart dropping. His expression shifted from relief to one of immeasurable despair. Any sort of positivity he had managed to scrounge throughout the last couple of minutes was completely annihilated, leaving his face pale and dour. While most of the family gathered and sat around the table as was to be expected, like his younger sister Madeleine who sat by the right side and his other sister Jane who sat by the left, there was one exception. One particular anomaly which stood out from the rest, yet one which no one but Johnathan seemed to react to.

Kneeling on top of the table, with her plump pushing aside plates and decorations, was none other than a beautiful, green haired Palutena with a voluptuous body.

This Palutena was just as sexy and thick as Johnathan had remembered from his dream. Her two large breasts pressed forth proudly, her thick thighs bulged through her clothes. Interestingly enough, she was no longer wearing Uncle Ronnie's old, disgusting clothing. Instead, her body was clad in the soft, white goddess robes she was known for. Or at least, an outfit that served as a perverted approximation, for it left her nipples completely exposed, with a hole in the center to show off her tummy and a short skirt to give access to her crotch. The beautiful woman looked like a heavenly goddess to Johnathan's eyes, but

the thoroughly depraved smirk full of hatred and perversion told Johnathan everything he had to know. This was, without a doubt, his Uncle Ronnie.

Kneeling a few inches in front of her was Samantha, who now looked exactly like Pyra from Xenoblade. To say she was in front of Uncle Ronnie would be generous, the two were so close together, it looked like they were in the process of merging. Currently, Uncle Ronnie was holding both of Samantha's wrists in place while he viciously pounded her ass from behind over and over and over again. Samantha's screams of utter bliss were totally ignored by everyone else at the table as Uncle Ronnie totally claimed her anus. Her face was warped into an expression of pure ecstasy, tears flowing down her cheeks and drool dripping from her mouth to the extent that Johnathan wasn't sure if she was even conscious. And if it wasn't bad enough, Johnathan could see the thick, girthy girl cock stretching from Samantha's crotch. It was an enormous tower of meat that continuously throbbed up and down without any semblance of control, continuously dripping an endless amount of pearly white precum over the table.

Samantha's massive titties bounced with each one of Uncle Ronnie's thrusts, whilst the thick shape of Uncle Ronnie's cock bulged against Samantha's tummy and stretched her insides. Samantha's short, fiery red hair made her look exactly like Pyra, the voice was identical to the one he'd heard so many times on his TV. Were it not for the fact that he had seen her transform into Pyra in the first place, it would have been impossible for Johnathan to tell that this really had been his own older sister.

Even now, as the two fantastical figures fucked before his very eyes, the entire scene seemed so surreal to Johnathan. Here were two of Johnathan's favorite video game characters, passionately making love like many of the porn images he had seen before. It was the kind of sight Johnathan would often dream of. Hell, despite it all, Johnathan could still feel some arousal flowing through him. His cock throbbed at the sight of beautiful women with thick cocks and their groans of desire. But much of Johnathan's arousal was supplemented by deep worry and concern. Concern over what Johnathan could do to take things back to normal...

"Well, well, well~ Look who's finally decided to join us~" The moment Uncle Ronnie finally noticed Johnathan approaching, his expression became even more deranged and cocky. He continued happily fucking Samantha without breaking eye contact with Johnathan, in fact, it seemed like he was only speeding up.

"What's wrong, Jimbo? You look surprised~" Uncle Ronnie taunted Johnathan with a sickening smile, as if he was clearly taking pleasure from Johnathan's distress. "Did you really think it was all a dream? Some kinda horny fantasy~?"

Uncle Ronnie's hips began to pound faster and faster. His hands let go of Samantha's wrists, only to shift forward onto her cock with a tight, needy grip. In a set of completely violent yet serene motions, Uncle Ronnie began to jack off Samantha's throbbing dick while he continued fucking her in the ass. The man's slender, feminine fingers moved totally in tandem to his hips, tightly caressing the veiny, coarse skin of Samantha's fat penis. Her fat ass clapped loudly against his crotch, while her dick submissively throbbed within his grasp. This was more than Uncle Ronnie just indulging in his most depraved desires. This was him demonstrating how complete his control was over Samantha.

"Well I'm sorry to say..." Uncle Ronnie's perfectly white teeth sparkled as he smiled, a shadow of nefarious intent covering his eyes. "Every single second if it was very, very real~"

As fast as a switch being flipped, Uncle Ronnie's assault on Samantha instantly tripled in intensity. This much was apparent from the way Samantha quivered and screamed in utter bliss. Poor Samantha had been caught in an all-encompassing trap of never-ending pleasure. The weight of Uncle Ronnie's breasts pressed against her back, bouncing and rubbing sensually against her skin, while her slender body gently rubbed against his. If she moved too far back, her ass would take in more and more of Uncle Ronnie's gargantuan length, which rubbed against her insides making her brain go haywire. But if she pulled too far forward, her cock would rub and rub against Uncle Ronnie's soft fingers, continuously masturbating her furious throbbing rod again and again.

Every breath she took, Samantha was bombarded with endless sexual pleasure. Every passing second, her body would tremble in accord to Uncle Ronnie's motions. Samantha's brain had been overtaken by so much stimulation, she was basically puddy in Uncle Ronnie's hands, a clay doll to be molded to his desires. That was exactly what Uncle Ronnie had been looking to do. Sensing that Samantha was close to her climax, he aimed her throbbing cock towards her husband's face, who was sitting right in front of her, on the other side of the table. Poor Enrique sat completely unaware of the leaking cock that stood a few inches from his face. The man stared forward somewhat aimlessly, as if he couldn't notice his wife getting railed before his very eyes. Thrust after thrust, Samantha moaned louder. Pump after pump, her cock continued to throb until-

"M-Mistress! I'm-!! I'm gonna-!!!" Samantha gasped breathlessly, her eyes rolling to the back of her head whilst her entire body pulsed with pleasure. "C-C-CUMMINGGGG!!!!"

In what could only be described as an eruption of pure white, Samantha's cock began to blast thick spurts of cum with the force of a volcano. The stream of semen instantly hit Enrique in the face, completely shrouding the man's visage in a sticky, drooping wall of white. Samantha's loud, horny voice served as the backdrop to her thumping shots of

semen. If she felt sorry or even cared about the mess she'd just caused, it didn't show on her face. Instead, the only emotion visible in her expression was one of pure and total satisfaction. Even Enrique himself didn't seem all that concerned, sitting completely immobile in the same place where Samantha had blasted so much of her cum. Hell, he didn't even seem to care about removing all of that sticky, hot seed from his face!

Having brought Samantha to complete exhaustion, Uncle Ronnie looked down at the girl with a sense of pride and superiority. Without any sort of fanfare, he finally let go of her softening cock and pushed her onto the table. There was a certain coldness to his motions. Despite the fact he'd fucked Samantha with so much intensity, he showed no sort of care as the girl collapsed onto the table below them, gasping and panting for breath.

"S-Samantha!!" Johnathan squealed as he saw his sister fall. Putting the plates on the closest edge of the table he could find, the boy rushed to her side as fast as he could.

Not that Uncle Ronnie seemed to care. Slowly, he began to pull his still hardened cock from her asshole. It throbbed and twitched with each inch that came out, before popping from her anus with a slick sound. Even after his penis had been completely removed, Samantha's ass instinctively clenched and unclenched, as if it was trying to savor a phantom penis which no longer filled it. Seeing how desperately Samantha still seemed to crave for him only made Uncle Ronnie's pride swell, his cock throbbing eagerly as he slowly stood onto the table.

"S-Samantha, are you okay?!" Johnathan gasped desperately as he reached Samantha's side. Concern was pretty clear on his face, though he could not bear to touch the transformed, used body of his sister.

"Oh, that one doesn't respond to Samantha anymore." Uncle Ronnie spoke in a very uncaring manner, walked along the top of the table as if he owned it. "I guess I must have fucked her too hard or something. She only responds to Pyra now. Or cum slut too, hehe~"

Johnathan felt his fists tighten in anger. For so much of this, Johnathan had been so passive and wimpy. He'd allowed the horror and bizarreness of the situation win over him, and as a result his sister now lay on the table, full of cum and mindbroken. Johnathan felt like he'd reached his boiling point. He had no idea how much he could do, but he wasn't going to let Uncle Ronnie keep going like this.

"The same goes for me, actually. I've been thinking about it, and the name 'Ronnie' doesn't seem to fit me too well." He continued, his eyes passing over all of the other family members gathered around the table as if he was window shopping. "It's such a gross, rough, manly name. Definitely not fit for someone as beautiful, strong and virile as me, is it~?"

With a swift turn, Johnathan's uncle turned directly towards Johnathan. A luscious smirk appeared on their face as they showed off their plentiful, plump body. From its big, bouncy breasts with soft, pink nipples, down to its succulent thighs, ample ass and huge, incessantly throbbing cock. It was like they were truly proud of every last feature on their impeccable body.

"No, I think a much better name would be... *Uncle Palutena~*"

As much as Johnathan's arousal was burning at the sight of his uncle's incredible feminine form, his anger was boiling with much more furor than that. The boy's teeth clenched in anger, his body trembling in place with rage. This exuberant pride, the excess of narcissism, the utter disregard of other people. These were all the emblematic traits of Uncle Ronnie, or whatever the hell she considered herself now. Regardless of how this transformation had occurred, it had amplified all of Uncle Palutena's negative traits and turned her into a monster. A monster which would not stop until somebody finally confronted her.

"Y-You!!" Johnathan growled angrily, pointing at Uncle Palutena with an accusatory finger.

"H-How could you do this!? W-W-We are your family! W-We're supposed to take care of each other!! So how could you just..."

"Ohoho~ That's rich!" Uncle Palutena chuckled with an excessive amount of unsettling bliss, her cock bouncing up and down from each of her giggles. "But I'm not doing anything really. At least, I'm not doing anything that isn't expected of me~"

As Uncle Palutena continued parading around the table, she knocked off plates, cutlery and glasses without any care in the world, peppering her every step with the loud shattering sounds of glass and ceramic. The people around her failed to react to any of it, even as they got a face full of thigh or cock whenever Palutena passed by.

"Tell me Jimmy, would you fault the tiger for killing a deer? Would you blame a bear for hunting fish? Is the guillotine responsible for the prisoner that is killed?" Palutena's head turned to face Johnathan directly. Her eyes twitched with nefarious intent, her smile wicked and bleak. "This is just who I am. This is who *you* see me as. I am merely fulfilling my purpose, recreating the image you have of me in your mind. So what's wrong for having a little fun while doing so~?"

It was only once Uncle Palutena was standing right before Madeleine's seat that the hung woman's march finally reached an ominous halt. Uncle Palutena's smirk seemed to grow ever darker, her eyes gleaming with mischief as she looked down at Johnathan's younger sister. Sitting below her with a dour expression on her face, Madeleine held her arms closely while she stared at her phone. Irritation was plainly apparent in Madeleine's demeanor, a sensation of blossoming annoyance that only got stronger with every swipe of

her finger across her smartphone. None of these frustrations seemed to be directed at Uncle Palutena herself, mind you. Madeleine's starry blue-green eyes barely shifted away from her phone screen for a single second, even as Uncle Palutena's enormous, pulsing cock throbbed and oozed no more than a foot above her.

Instead, Madeleine's anger seemed to be more generalized, directed more towards her current situation than towards any one person in particular. It was all just so unfair! While Madeleine had been forced to attend this stupid boring family birthday party where nothing interesting ever happened, her phone displayed a shower of status updates of her beloved girlfriend Emily having the time of her life at a nearby club. Picture after picture of Emily dancing and raving propagated Madeleine's phone screen. Muted videos of Emily dancing and bumping into excited strangers played before Madeleine's very eyes. The young woman stared at them with unblinking intensity. Much of it was craving for the fun, intensity of partying, but honestly most of it was her admiring her girlfriend's beautiful form. Emily's beautiful smile, the way she so casually and excitedly flowed with the vibe of the club... It truly made Madeleine's heart flutter. If only she were here too, Madeleine was sure this stupid birthday party wouldn't be as bad...

Such wholesome and genuine feelings of affection, of course, meant absolutely nothing to the perverse Uncle Palutena eyeing up Madeleine's form with malicious intent.

"Rise." Uncle Palutena spoke succinctly, with harsh, authoritative tone.

Though the words hadn't been addressed at anyone in particular, though Madeleine hadn't even been paying attention to Palutena, her body almost instantly stood up in response to the command. It was as if something deep within the confines of her being was being called upon, a thread being pulled which she had no awareness of. It was hard to tell whether even Madeleine herself realized she had gone from sitting to standing, at least from the way she continued to stare directly into her smartphone screen. The process of following Uncle Palutena's commands was so natural, so smooth, it passed into the realm of the imperceivable.

"Come." Uncle Palutena lifted one of her hands and placed it on Madeleine's scalp, pulling her closer and closer until Madeleine was inches away from Palutena's hanging nutsack.

"Now start licking."

With just as little fanfare as before, Madeleine instantly pushed her face right into the crevasse between Uncle Palutena's massive, heaving testicles. Madeleine's mouth opened far and wide, her lips desperately latching onto one of Palutena's nuts. Though it was far too big to fit one of them inside her mouth, the girl began to plant a myriad of sloppy kisses and tender licks all over the circumference of the wrinkled, fleshy orb. Her tongue slithered

around the drooping scrotum, switching from one ball to another in a fully seamless manner. The sound of her intense sucking became audibly palpable in the entire room. In just a matter of seconds, Uncle Palutena's balls were completely covered in Madeleine's warm saliva.

Yet, throughout the entire thing, Madeleine did not part her gaze away from the screen of her phone for a single second. She held the phone up to her face, directly beside the pair of dangling testicles that she was slobbering on. Her eyes were just as annoyed and angry as before, eyebrows twitching with each picture, even as her lips caressed the firmness of Uncle Palutena's balls. No matter how hard Madeleine sniffed Palutena's musky ballsack, no matter how many times her tongue rubbed against the sack's wrinkles or how many kisses she planted on its taut skin, Madeleine's attention was not once taken from the flashing lights of her phone. It was like the pleasuring of Palutena's nuts was mere background noise, an act as intuitive and thoughtless as breathing.

The sound of Madeleine's sloppy worship was like music to Uncle Palutena's ears. At least that's what Johnathan could gather from the way she smugly looked at him, her smirk as perverse and narcissistic as ever. It was like she was showing off the extent of her powers to Johnathan, indulging in his distress at the sight of her power. Though Madeleine's nut sucking wasn't as intense as she would have liked, the fact she could force Madeleine to do so with such mundanity did a good job at making up for it. Unfortunately, Uncle Palutena still wanted more. And as her patience ran thin, she decided to further pursue it.

"That's enough of that." Hand swiftly darting towards Madeleine, Uncle Palutena snatched the phone from the other woman's grasp in a flash. Madeleine barely had enough time to react when Palutena threw the phone all the way across the room, causing it to smash against a wall. Johnathan could have sworn it hit the wall so hard, its screen must have shattered. That is, even if the phone remained functional at all.

Yet, just like any time Uncle Palutena did something utterly insane, no one reacted. Madeleine herself barely flinched as her precious phone was blown to pieces. Though all of her interest had been centered on the device throughout perhaps the entire evening, the instant Palutena took it into her grasp, Madeleine became completely okay with anything her uncle did to it. Her face remained annoyed, her mood still sour just like before. But now, there was nothing distracting Madeleine from facing Uncle Palutena.

Uncle Palutena's hands fell upon Madeleine's chin. She lifted her head gently, inspecting every detail with curiosity and lust. Some of her fingers slowly slid into Madeleine's mouth, stretching it as far apart as she could. Uncle Palutena's cock throbbed at the sight.

“I think I’ll be using your now mouth now, okay slut?” Uncle Palutena spoke in Palutena’s soft, womanly voice, yet in a tone that sent shivers down Johnathan’s spine.

Hands still clinging onto Madeleine’s head, Uncle Palutena held the girl’s head still while her hips started inching backwards. Palutena’s cock throbbed in anticipation. The sight of Madeleine waiting patiently as Palutena’s titanic girth slowly slid above her head was sending chills down her spine. Neither the pulsating meat pole nor heavy musk of sex seemed to have any sort of effect on Madeleine herself. No, the girl just continued standing there, her eyes blankly staring up at Palutena. Not in hate, not in dread or fear. It looked like the loss of her smartphone hadn’t even registered in her mind. Instead, the only sort of emotion displayed on Madeleine’s face was mild annoyance, the same mild annoyance she’d shown the entire evening.

By the time Uncle Palutena’s cockhead was before Madeleine’s face, the woman wasted no time thrusting forward with violence. Madeleine’s soft, feminine lips were forced open as Uncle Palutena’s thick cockhead pushed into her mouth. Slick precum began to flow past Madeleine’s lips, alongside the dampness on Uncle Palutena’s length still fresh from Pyra’s ass. Madeleine showed no reaction at all as the powerful tangy liquids oozed onto her tongue. Nor did she show any sort of complaint as Uncle Palutena shoved more of her cock into Madeleine’s mouth. The only time any sort of resistance arose in Madeleine was when her maw had been stretched to its limits, and Madeleine couldn’t open her mouth any farther to swallow Uncle Palutena’s dick. Her body trembled, voice grunting in discomfort. Though not in any sort of intentional manner, these were no more than Madeleine’s natural instincts of self-preservation.

Unfortunately for Madeleine, Uncle Palutena would not be satisfied with some simple tip licking. Despite Madeleine’s growing complaints, Uncle Palutena continued pushing her cock into Madeleine’s mouth, her force increasing with every passing second. Madeleine began to choke up and tremble. Her eyes became crossed, her nose sniffing loudly in a desperate attempt to get some air into her lungs, only to get more of Uncle Palutena’s thick musk. As the cock made its way into Madeleine’s throat, her bodily stress reached its peak. Uncle Palutena’s thick cock stretched Madeleine’s mouth to its absolute limit, pushing against her cheeks and tongue with its massive girth. Madeleine’s entire body began to shift back and forth as a last ditch attempt to free itself, her throat muscles twisting and straining against the warmth of Palutena’s shaft. But she was much too weak to get anything done. Uncle Palutena’s grip on Madeleine’s head never wavered, and she did not stop pushing until Madeleine’s lips pressed against her crotch. Having shoved her entire cock inside of Madeleine’s throat, Madeleine’s body showed no more signs of resistance. She had been completely subdued.

And now, it was Uncle Palutena's turn.

In a sudden tonal shift from the slow meticulous insertion she'd been doing seconds ago, Uncle Palutena began to manically thrust her hips back and forth, thoroughly fucking Madeleine's mouth like a beast in heat. The loud sounds of slurping began to echo throughout the room, along with the clap of Uncle Palutena's asscheeks with every one of her vicious thrusts. Though initially it might have looked like Uncle Palutena had struggled to fit her whole cock inside of Madeleine's mouth, now the engorged member seemed to be sliding in and out almost effortlessly. The cock bulged right through Madeleine's throat each time Uncle Palutena pushed forward, it stretched and dragged Madeleine's cheeks as it made its way inside her. Rather than a person, Madeleine looked more like a sex toy under Uncle Palutena's firm, oppressive hands!

All poor Johnathan could do as Uncle Palutena violently throat fucked his younger sister was stand there and watch in horror, and perhaps some mild arousal. Though his face looked pale with dread, his cock had stiffened into a full erection. From where he stood, Johnathan was able to see Madeleine's pained eyes and the tear marks that began to make their way down her cheeks. There were no more grunts of complain coming from her, only the sound of her lips pushing and slurping onto the length of Uncle Palutena's throbbing penis. Madeleine's body remained painfully still, only really moving when Uncle Palutena willingly twisted her. It was kind of incredible, in a surreal way.

Never in his life could Johnathan have imagined the loud, opinionated and boisterous Madeleine submitting to anyone. Madeleine, the girl who never took no for an answer. Someone who thrived on fighting with people and rarely gave in to anyone else's desires. Here she was, completely pacified as she allowed Uncle Palutena to whatever she wanted with Madeleine's mouth. The fact that Madeleine had a girlfriend, was totally gay, and never showed any sort of interest in such explicit acts almost seemed irrelevant. It was as if Madeleine's very will had been shattered, her being completely in Uncle Palutena's hands. Such a loss of control, such total submission. In a way, it was kind of...

Before Johnathan's thoughts could waver onto an idea he'd rather not stumble into however, his gaze shifted towards Uncle Palutena once more. The boy let out a little gasp. It seemed Uncle Palutena was taking her roughness to another level, as she started tugging and pulling on Madeleine's hair in order to slide her face along the length of the throbbing cock. Madeleine merely gagged and sucked to the motion, her body totally limp as she allowed Uncle Palutena to drag her mouth without resistance. The way Uncle Palutena pulled at the hair looked so fierce, even Johnathan was in pain. Madeleine's head moved with swiftness and ease along the member, motions that could not be achieved without

copious amounts of effort. And yet, Johnathan saw no pain response come from the girl. Not in her eyes, not in her voice, not even in the movements of her body.

But... There was something else. Something strange, that Johnathan couldn't quite explain. Though Uncle Palutena had only grabbed onto a random collection of hairs in one hand, it seemed like more of Madeleine's hairs were sliding into her grasp. It was like the hairs were somehow slowly agglomerating together into a single, straight bundle at the back of her head. They were... They were twisting into a ponytail, complete with a hair band appearing out of nowhere and trying them up! What's more, Madeleine's very hair shimmered brightly. Her dyed blonde hair seemed to be getting silkier, losing its fake shiny gloss in favor of a more natural shine. Was she turning into a natural blonde...?

A loud series of snapping caused Johnathan to jolt in place. All of them came from Madeleine, who grunted loudly for the first time since Uncle Palutena started fucking her mouth. Inch after inch, Madeleine began to rise further from the ground. Her limbs seemed to be growing larger, her stretching legs propelling her higher. It almost looked like... She was getting taller? Just like Johnathan and his mother, Madeleine had been one of the members of his family cursed with short height. But now, Johnathan could see with his very eyes as Madeleine's head was lifted far above his own. As Madeleine's body continued expanding, she grew tall enough that she eventually even got to the same eye level as Uncle Palutena's crotch.

Height wasn't the only thing being added however. A simple look at Madeleine's exposed arms made it obvious, her body was getting more muscular. Firm, bulging biceps became visibly present on her forearms. Her now elongated legs thickened with muscular thighs and a firm butt. Even a forming six pack was apparent from her bare belly, which toned itself into a firm, flat stomach. It's not like she was becoming some kind of body builder, and her frame remained assertedly feminine. But instead of having her previous flat, dainty, slender physique, Madeleine had taken on the appearance of a woman who went to the gym several days a week.

Another very noteworthy change came when two growing lumps started to push against Madeleine's short top. Cute lil' Madeleine's bust had always been so petite, it was basically non-existent. Her flatness was one of her most identifying factors. Johnathan could recall the many times she'd been teased by both friends and family for having a breast size smaller than her own brother. Now, the two plump, round orbs that were currently stretching Madeleine's crop top to its limits told a different story. Madeleine's new pair of jiggly knockers grew larger and rounded by the second. They snapped out of her bra almost instantly, drooping and pulling down on her top until they finally slipped free from their constraints, exposing two thick, rounded, brown colored nipples. Though not as big as

Uncle Palutena's or even Pyra's tits, Madeleine now had a rotund set of titties that jiggled and bounced as Uncle Palutena continued to fuck her mouth.

It was only once Madeleine's clothes began to twist and shift around her body that Johnathan finally realized the true nature of her transformation. Though Madeleine's top had previously been pushed away from her tits, unable to contain their enlarged expanse, the crop top began to slowly slide over her bust once more, like a snake devouring its prey. Madeleine's outfit began to shimmer with a brilliant light blue, its texture much more fake and rubberier than before. Madeleine's top slowly grew sleeves that began to encase her arms, its neck slithered upwards towards her shoulders and throat. Even her skirt seemed to be undergoing a similar process, fabric flattening itself around Madeleine's form as if it was desperate to encase her whole. From her knees up to her waist, her stomach too her arms, little by little every inch of Madeleine's body was wrapped in this blue skintight, reflective outfit that hugged onto her every detail. An outfit that looked suspiciously like blue body suit. That is, *Samus'* blue body suit-!

Johnathan let out an audible gasp as the image of Zero Suit Samus became realized right before him. The skintight, blue latex body suit... The curvy and slender, yet toned and muscular body... Those huge wobbly breasts, and an ass that was firm and perfectly molded... Johnathan's eyes fell on Madeleine's face, as the last vestiges of her original self were stripped away. Madeleine's youthful features became more mature, sharper and full of experience. Her lips thickened around Uncle Palutena's cock, eyes gleaming with Samus' annoyed glare. Even the little mole appearing beneath her lips. No more was Johnathan looking at his sister, the way he had always remembered. In front of him was no other than Samus Aran.

Uncle Palutena's smirk seemed to twist in perverse satisfaction at the transformed woman beneath her, though she also delighted in the dread on Johnathan's expression. Cock throbbing needily inside of Madeleine's throat, Uncle Palutena continued pulling the other woman's blonde ponytail in order to drag her head up and down the length of her cock. Madeleine's transformation had not halted Palutena's face fucking for a second. In fact, Uncle Palutena's cock felt even better than before. Madeleine's original virgin throat was much too tight for Uncle Palutena's godly cock. It clung to her throbbing member much too tightly to be enjoyable. But Samus' throat? It fit Palutena's cock *perfectly*~ Madeleine's new, mature mouth was able to stretch around the girth of Uncle Palutena's massive member without much problem. Her throat wrapped and squeezed onto Palutena's penis with experience, and her thicker lips rubbed against Uncle Palutena's shaft delectably. However, if there was anything that really made Palutena's cock throb with arousal, it was her total domination over Madeleine.

Tightness soon began to fill Palutena's sweaty, droopy balls. Each one of the throbs of her penis came with increasing intensity. As much as she loved bullying and toying with the slobbering bitch between her legs, Uncle Palutena knew that she was approaching her limit. With both hands now holding onto Madeleine's ponytail, Uncle Palutena tugged Madeleine's head back and forth with so much force, it looked like she was about to pull the girl's hair off. Her hips thrust forth in a violent manner, crotch slamming firmly against Madeleine's face. Uncle Palutena's thick body jiggled from the wild motions, while her balls swung along in anticipation. Poor Madeleine simply stood there taking it all, unable to do a single thing as she felt Uncle Palutena's massive dick pulsate with need inside the depths of her throat.

Then finally, tugging on Madeleine's hair until her nose was smushed against her crotch, Uncle Palutena unloaded all of her pent-up lust directly into Madeleine's mouth. The old woman's fat balls retracted upwards as they started pumping cum through her fat cock. Jizz bulged through Madeleine's throat as it passed through Uncle Palutena's urethra, until finally exploding in spurts right into her stomach. Madeleine's eyes widened in shock. Her whole body convulsed as the strange, sticky warmth began shooting into her organs. But there was no sort of organized resistance, no attempt to fight back. Only the sounds of goopy, sticky jizz oozing from her Uncle Palutena's tip, along with the sounds of Madeleine gagging and suckling on Uncle Palutena's immense girth.

As the seconds passed and Madeleine swallowed spurt after spurt of Uncle Palutena's seed, Johnathan merely stood there, frozen in stupefaction. He couldn't believe his uncle had transformed yet another one of his sisters. And... He absolutely hated how hot it had been... Madeleine's eyes slowly shifted from shock to tepid exhaustion. Her body relaxed, and she gulped loudly, taking in the seemingly endless flow of semen with a totally mindless demeanor. It was as if she completely accepted all that Uncle Palutena had done to her, not questioning any of the abuse and always eager to fulfill her imposing demands. In this moment, there was little doubt about the extent of Uncle Palutena's command.

With a softening shaft and drained balls, Uncle Palutena let out a satisfied sigh. Her smirk couldn't get any wider as she began the slow, meticulous process of sliding her titanic cock out of Madeleine's exhausted maw. Inch after inch of Uncle Palutena's titanic endowment dragged against Madeleine's lips and cheeks, saliva and jizz drooping from the corners of Madeleine's mouth as the member moved. Once only her tip was left inside, it seemed to get stuck for a moment. Madeleine coughed and gasped breathlessly, Uncle Palutena's cockhead being too girthy for it to let go of her mouth easily. But then, giving it a final tug, Uncle Palutena finally freed her cock from Madeleine's mouth with a loud pop. Madeleine's lips remained open for some time, the insides of her mouth covered in a deep white that

seemed desperate to spill out. However, instead of spitting it out as one would have expected, Madeleine closed her mouth and dutifully swallowed it all, each one of her firm gulps reverberating throughout the room.

Uncle Palutena had to admit, the sight of this dazed and confused Madeleine wearing the face of that famous bounty hunter was nothing short of titillating. Even now, not a minute after having ejaculated, her cock still stood firm with a half-erection. No, this was far from enough. Uncle Palutena had plans to take this one even further~

“Here.” She stretched her hands towards Madeleine. “Onto the table now.”

Johnathan’s instantly shot wide in surprise at the sight. W-What was she doing?! Was Uncle Palutena really not satisfied yet!? She’d totally just face fucked his sister until looked like another person, and now she wanted more?! Up to this point, Johnathan had played a completely powerless and passive role. He’d let his older sister be transformed, he’d seen his younger sister servicing his uncle... But he just couldn’t do it anymore! He couldn’t just stand there and watch his uncle totally corrupt every member of his family without doing anything about it!

“M-M-Madeleine, wait!” Gathering every last of courage he had inside him, Johnathan dashed towards his sister. He had no idea what was going on, how it was happening, or even if there was any way to prevent it. But he had to try!

As Madeleine raised one of her feet and placed it on the table, the woman felt her arm getting grabbed by Johnathan. The boy held her firmly in place.

“S-Stop it now!” Johnathan pleaded desperately. His body seemed to be shivering, his expression a mixture of fear and doubt. And yet, he held as firmly to Madeleine’s hand as he possibly could. “Y-Y-You don’t have to do everything he says!”

Face turning towards Johnathan, Madeleine stared at Johnathan in silence for a couple of seconds. The way her eyebrows furrowed, her lips curling into an uncomfortable expression... Even with Samus’ face, Johnathan could see traces of Madeleine deep in her. Maybe... Maybe he could make some sort of difference...

“What are you talking about, dork?” Only for Madeleine to roll her eyes in annoyance, her voice as uninterested and unbothered, despite the fact her breath stunk of semen. “Of course I have to do anything Uncle Palutena asks me to. That’s just common sense.”

Firmly tugging her arm away, Madeleine freed herself from Johnathan’s grasp and slowly climbed onto the table. Her back was totally turned towards Johnathan, as if she couldn’t care any less about the worry clearly present on his face. All Johnathan could do was stare at his sister’s backside with a shocked expression. The fact she rebuffed him with such

firmness left him totally paralyzed. Why... Why was it that Uncle Palutena could do whatever she wanted, while he was left totally powerless?!?

“Bahaha! I can’t believe you actually did that!” Uncle Palutena suddenly burst into a hearty chuckle, letting her voice roar as loudly as it could to make Johnathan’s humiliation truly sink in. “Oh Jimmy, how long is it going to take you to finally understand the rules of this world?”

Once Madeleine was firmly atop the table, she slowly walked until she was standing right beside Uncle Palutena. The woman was an absolute Amazon in terms of height, at least six and a half feet in height. That being said, Uncle Palutena was just slightly taller. With a devious smirk, she placed her hand atop of Madeleine’s scalp and began leading the girl further down the table. The two slowly walked in unison back towards where Pyra was still collapsed in pleasure face up on the table. Pyra’s expression was just as overwhelmed and overstimulated as it had been before, her enormous cock still oozing with cum. The red hair didn’t even notice as Uncle Palutena directed Madeleine to stand directly above her head, her fat ass shining thanks to her blue latex suit.

“Listen well, Jamie. In this world...” Uncle Palutena smirked, her sharp white teeth glimmered from her ominous smile. “The only one with any sort of control... Is ME!”

With her hand still placed atop Madeleine’s scalp, Uncle Palutena forcefully pushed Madeleine down onto the table in a single, swift motion. Madeleine herself offered basically no resistance. Her body quickly dropped, guided by Uncle Palutena’s hand, until she was squatting down with her legs spread wide open and her ass hanging mere inches above Pyra’s head. Madeleine came so close to her sister, it was only by sheer coincidence that Madeleine’s fat, latex covered ass didn’t smash directly onto Pyra’s face. Not that Pyra seemed to mind. The moment she Madeleine’s voluptuous ass just a breath away, her eyes lit up in excitement. Without any sort of prompting or command, Pyra’s hands shot up towards Madeleine’s cheeks. She clenched down on Madeleine’s butt, before diving right into the crack and slobbering all over Madeleine’s anus. Madeleine yipped loudly in response, legs twitching in place as she started feeling Pyra’s soft tongue through the body suit. Yet she never moved, dutifully staying in the position Uncle Palutena had placed her.

To say Madeleine was stuck in an embarrassing pose would be putting it lightly. Madeleine’s legs had compressed until the tall, lumbering woman was just barely on eye level with Uncle Palutena’s crotch. Both of her knees were pointed out in different directions, completely exposing her crotch to anyone who stood in front of her. And her body suit was so tight, her tight pussy was plainly visible. Madeleine’s thick thighs were shock full of muscle and fat, toned, girthy drumsticks that only quivered when Pyra seemed

to hit a particularly sensitive spot on her buttocks. As if that wasn't enough, Madeleine raised both of her hands and placed them behind her head, as if she was eager to show off more of her slutty body. Now, even her plentiful breasts and the thick, sculpted abs on her stomach would have nothing to obstruct them. It was the kind of perverted, demeaning pose Johnathan had only ever seen in the most perverted corners of the internet.

"Hmm~ You're so much prettier than before, but... Ooone little thing is missing~" Uncle Palutena stepped closer to Madeleine, cock throbbing at the sight of the submissive bitch. She shoved her gargantuan cock across Madeleine's face, as if she was blocking her eyes from Johnathan. "Cock. Out. Now."

A pained gasp escaped from Madeleine's mouth, her brows furrowing in discomfort. As soon as the words entered her ears, Madeleine could feel a strange churning sensation emerging from deep within her organs. Madeleine's stomach growled loudly, her legs trembled, struggling keep her upright. It was as if Madeleine's own genes had become so submissive to Uncle Palutena, they were willingly twisting her body in order to comply with their mistress' commands. Madeleine herself could feel the changes developing, though she had no control over them in the slightest. The way her womb tightened up, stiffening while still inside her. The throbbing sensations of her ovaries, which hardened as they began producing not eggs but semen. Madeleine's body belonged more to Uncle Palutena than to Madeleine herself.

As the twisting knots inside her groin reached her apex, Madeleine groaned so loudly she sputtered on Palutena's cock. Johnathan could see a strange protrusion bulging and pulsing on Madeleine's crotch. It throbbed violently against her skin, growing larger and larger with every second. Madeleine's pussy too, seemed to reverberate madly, as if it was being completely overstimulated. Without any sort of warning, Madeleine's vaginal lips began to spread wide open of their own volition. From the depths of her vaginal canal, a large, rounded cone began to surge forward into the world. Its spherical tip quivered as it pressed tightly against the latex of Madeleine's body suit, twitching harder and harder with each passing second. In a way, it almost looked like it was accumulating with energy and pressure. Madeleine's pussy trembled intensely, her whole body struggled to stay still while the nub that surged from her pussy pulsated harder... And harder... And harder, until-

Sqreeeeeeaaaaak-!

Thrusting forth wildly like a sharpened spear being thrown in the air, a huge, throbbing, girthy pole suddenly sprung forward from within Madeleine's pussy. This new cylindrical protrusion stretched and tugged at Madeleine's bright blue bodysuit effortlessly. However, it didn't tear or strain the suit in the slightest. Rather, Madeleine's latex suit seemed to be

effortlessly contorting to the growing appendage, latex expanding so that it would tightly cling onto every inch of the quivering member no matter how long or fat it became. It was almost like the suit itself was shifting in acceptance of Madeleine's actively changing form. Within just a couple of seconds, Madeleine's pussy had been almost entirely replaced by something much more virile, a pillar of masculinity, a fat, drooping, 14-inch cock. The same type of monstrous girl-penis that had been haunting him this entire day.

Johnathan stared at the girthy, pulsating pole in disbelief. Even now, after having his sisters corrupted and distorted to such horrendous degrees, the sight of such a meaty slab of girl cock still made his own penis tremble with desire. Madeleine's tight, latex suit clung onto her new massive endowment, that every inch of her penis was perfectly visible. From the mushroom-shaped tip of her cock with a huge, flared base, down to the most miniscule of her veins and each one of their tiny throbs. Though it wasn't fully erect, the way the cock slowly bobbed up and down was enough to exude incredible amounts of dominating aura. Then, as if to add insult to injury, a pair of loud, audible pops followed by some grunting by Madeleine directed Johnathan's attention towards Madeleine's two new testicles, which drooped low with newfound girthy weight. Madeleine was the full package now, a beautiful woman with a cock that could break any who attempted to tame it.

"Hmmm~ Nothing better than when a bitch grows a fat cock, eh Johnny?" With that same, old, debauched smirk on her face, Uncle Palutena began to stroke her fat pole happily. "But... I think it's about time we finally break this one~"

While Johnathan had no idea what Uncle Palutena was referring to, it was pretty apparent that Madeleine's mental state was already pretty compromised. It was certainly not as bad as Pyra, who had lost all sense of dignity and even who she originally was. But the storm of stimulation which was currently wracking Madeleine's veins was nothing to scoff at. Whether it was the constant stimulation coming from Pyra's tongue, who continued to hold Madeleine's ass in an iron grip while slurping her butthole through the suit, or the new trembling of penile lust that rumbled across her impressive length, to even the ever-present musk of Uncle Palutena's huge cock in front of Madeleine's face. Whatever it was Uncle Palutena had in store, Madeleine was most certainly not in a safe position.

"Now tell me~" Uncle Palutena cooed in a sing-song voice, a delectably sweet intonation that betrayed her hideous intentions. "What's your name~?"

"H-Huh....?" Madeleine shook her head in confusion. What... What kind of question was that? It was the sort of question so obvious, the mere act of asking it became perplexing. Uncle Palutena already knew what her name was! "I'm... I'm M-Madeleine Godson!"

"Bzzzzttt!!! Wrong!" Uncle Palutena snapped back with a joyous expression on her face.

She flicked her hips to the right, causing her cock to slowly move away from Madeleine's face, before...

SLAAP!!

With a quick gyration of her body, Uncle Palutena violently slapped Madeleine's forehead with the side of her cock. The sound echoed loudly throughout the room, completely drowning out any other noise that might have been present. Madeleine visibly recoiled in response. Her head was flung backwards, body just barely able to remain in the squatting position Uncle Palutena had originally put her in. A slight reddish print appeared on Madeleine's forehead, while a litany of shivers rolled down her spine making her legs tremble without stability. However, much more powerful than the physical impact Madeleine had received was the mental strike behind Uncle Palutena's cock.

To Madeleine, it didn't just feel like Uncle Palutena had slapped her forehead. It felt like the cock had phased through her skull and smacked her directly inside the brain. Madeleine's eyes became crossed. Every one of her thoughts became a jumbled mess, memories and thoughts mixing together to become unrecognizable. There wasn't even enough mental fortitude to get angry for what Uncle Palutena had done. Though from where Johnathan stood, Uncle Palutena's cock was covering Madeleine's eyes, he could see his sister's expression was one of disorientation.

"Let me ask one more time~" Uncle Palutena spoke once more, her smugness knowing no bounds and certainly no shame. "What is your name~?"

"I-I already told you, i-it's-!" Madeleine panted in frustration. She had no idea why Uncle Palutena had punished her! Madeleine obviously knew her name, and she'd certainly said it right. Yet, despite being as confident as before, for some reason the words didn't come out of her mouth. It was as if with that single strike, Uncle Palutena had planted the seed of doubt. An ounce of her indomitable control. And now, it would only be a matter of time until it spread.

"My name is... My name is..." Madeleine's desperation was apparent in her tone. She knew the answer, she wanted to say it, but her body just wouldn't allow it. Whether because of fear or doubt, her voice was caught at the back of her throat. She needed to say something! She needed to answer... "M-My name is... S-Samus Aran...?"

"Ding, ding, ding!" Uncle Palutena's smile was as wide as the sun, her cock throbbing up and down in satisfaction. "Correct!"

Almost instantly, Madeleine's body was filled with a wave of relief. Her confused mouth turned into an eager smile. Her previously semi-hard cock throbbed with more intensity,

slowly pointing upwards as it became more erect. Obviously, that wasn't the correct answer. Madeleine had no idea why she'd said that, or how she'd even come up with it in the first place. But... If Uncle Palutena said it was correct, then it had to be correct, right? As Samus' memories and very identity was rewritten in real time, all that the girl could do was smile at the cock in front of her face with excitement, eyes blank of any sort of awareness of her undoing.

"Next question~" Uncle Palutena exclaimed excitedly, clearly taking joy in the slow deconstruction of Samus' mind. "What is your profession~?"

Panic quickly filled Samus' mind once more, her cock throbbing up and down as her face became twisted with fear and confusion. There was only one real answer in her mind, one which Samus knew with certainty. But now she wasn't sure if that's the answer Uncle Palutena wanted, and the dread of punishment held her tongue back.

"Umm... Uhh... I'm... I-I'm-" After stammering and gasping breathlessly, worrying endlessly over whether or not her answer would be satisfactory, Samus finally spoke. She told Uncle Palutena the only answer to the question she knew. "I-I'm a college s-student right now!"

SMACK!

"Eheheh~ Wroooooong~" Uncle Palutena happily cried, letting the side of her cock slap Samus' forehead once more.

Like the last time, Samus' body jolted backwards from the impact. Her legs trembled, almost giving out, before carefully holding in place. Samus' eyes seemed to be twirling around in circles within her eye sockets, no semblance of control or balance left within them. From the hazy expression on Samus' face, it almost looked like her very thoughts were getting scrambled around from the impact of Uncle Palutena's cock. A concoction of conflicting memories and muddled thoughts swirled around inside of Samus' brain, making it harder and harder for her to resist Uncle Palutena's influence. There was no reason for her to use her own thoughts if going with the flow was so much easier.

"I'm... I'm..." Samus struggled to even speak in her current state, her mouth slightly drooping with a dizzied smile. "I-I'm... A bounty hunter from space...?"

Samus had no idea why she had said such a thing. The thought hadn't even been her own, it almost felt like a hazy memory implanted within her by another person. However, it didn't really matter. Whether or not Samus believed what she said had no relevance. The only important thing was that Uncle Palutena would find it satisfactory, and Samus felt that this time, her answer would-

SMAACK!!!

However, instead of being met with the praise she so desperately desired, Samus' face was once again dealt a devastating blow from Uncle Palutena's cock.

"Uh uh uh~" Uncle Palutena licked her lips lustfully, beads of precum flowing from her tip. Her smile wasn't just devious, it was diabolic. "Wrong again~"

The cock hit Samus' forehead with so much force this time, it actually looked like Samus was about to fall back. Her back arched as far as it could, just barely catching her before she flew off the table. Her cock throbbed up and down wildly, as a couple of drops of precum spurted from her tip. As soon as Samus regained her balance, she slowly began to rise back into the squat she'd been performing all this time. However... Something was wildly different now...

Gone was Samus' worried expression, replaced instead by a bright eager smile on her face. Her cock seemed to be twitching harder and faster than ever before, while her previously lost eyes now stared straight at the cock in front of her. Rather than some sort of punishment, it almost looked like she'd enjoyed Uncle Palutena's cock smack as a reward. All of the confusion and bewilderment Samus had previously demonstrated seemed to have almost disappeared. The new Samus seemed fully aware, determined, concentrated. Somehow, it felt like Uncle Palutena had cock-smacked Samus mind onto the same page as her.

"Heh, sorry Mistress~ I don't know what came over me!" Samus spoke in a gruffer manner, though still certainly submissive. "My job is obviously being Uncle Palutena's personal cock sleeve~!"

"Ding! Ding! Ding! Good job!" Uncle Palutena's breasts and cock bounced up and down as she hopped with excitement. Samus seemed to salivate at the sight of the flopping cock before her, and it looked like it was taking incredible amounts of restraint for her not to jump at it. "Let's keep going then~ What are your favorite things to do~?"

A myriad of images came to Samus' mind. She had always been a bit of a party girl! There's nothing that Samus enjoyed more than dancing to some loud music, bouncing and smashing against people on the dance floor. Although Samus also did enjoy doing some bounty hunting. Protecting people by destroying criminal rings and capturing deadly creatures was one of her most important duties. These set of conflicting memories intermingled perfectly within Samus' mind, to the point she found absolutely no conflict with them existing side by side. However, instead giving any of these activities as potential answer, there was only one that cemented itself at the center of Samus' mind.

“I love sucking on Mistress cock more than anything in the world!” Samus exclaimed loudly and boldly, not an ounce of shame or doubt in her tone. “Anndd- Ohhh~ A-And I also enjoy masturbating my huge, futa cock!”

As soon as the words left her mouth, Samus’ hands instantly darted towards her massive, latex-covered pole. The woman let out a perverted groan as her fingers clung onto her girthy shaft tightly. Her hands began to pump her length back and forth, her hips gently rocking forward along to the rhythm of her pumps. Where before there had been little evidence of luscious intention, now Samus was now rubbing her huge dick passionately. While just a few seconds ago she was struggling to stand still, now her ass was actively rubbing down against Pyra’s head, her body trembling with excitement at the stimulation coming from Pyra’s energetic tongue. It was like a flip had been switched inside of Samus, shifting her from her regular self to a creature fueled by sexual stimulation.

“What a smart cock sleeve~” Uncle Palutena cheered, her tone filled with a corrupted sense of pride. As a reward, she let her cock hover closer to Samus’ face, further infecting Samus’ brain with overwhelming sexual musk. “Final question~! Who is the person who you love the most~?”

Instantly, the image of Emily came to Samus. The beautiful and cute Emily... Samus’ first lover, and most certainly the person she cared about the most out of anyone, even her own family. Emily was able to understand Samus like no one else could. Whereas Samus had always been the youngest sister, not treated as seriously as the rest of her family, Emily had always met her on the same level. She helped Emily understand herself, helped her understand her feelings for other girls, helped her come to terms with the world. And of course, the fact that Emily was hot as fuck certainly helped things. If there was anyone in the world who could fit the spot of Samus’ most beloved, it certainly had to be Emily. That was why, the most obvious answer had to be-

“What are you saying Mistress~? Of course it’s you!!!” Samus replied almost instantly, her eyes staring so deeply at Uncle Palutena’s cock, it felt like she was going to get lost in it. “You’re the person I love the most in the world! I’m your most loyal and slutty cum dump~!!!”

In response to such a strong, confident statement, Samus only continued masturbating her throbbing dick harder and harder. Samus’ fat cock swung up and down wildly as she desperately thrust into her hands. Her balls shifted back and forth like a pendulum, though her ass remained still thanks to Pyra’s iron tight grip around her cheeks. The loud squeaking of Samus’ tight latex sound echoed throughout the dining room with each powerful pump. Samus’ hands moved up and down her length with so much speed, it

almost looked like there wasn't anything separating her fingers from her hardened shaft. At this moment, there was nothing that could stop Samus from pleasuring her immense, needy, girlcock.

Even Samus' face was in total disarray. Whereas before, she'd simply worn a dizzied, lustful smile, now she had a fully debauched expression. Samus' lips protruded forward, her tongue slipped from her mouth and swung around her plump lips in circle, as if it was desperately trying to reach Uncle Palutena's cock. It straight up looked like Samus was in the process of losing her mind, desperate to do anything that would get her to taste Uncle Palutena's fat dick, yet somehow, she seemed to retain just a slight tinge of submissive devotion that prevented her from going completely nuts. The sister Johnathan once knew and loved was basically unrecognizable.

"Heheh~ Excellent job, cock-whore! You got all the answers right~" Uncle Palutena congratulated the drooling Samus below her, pure, smug satisfaction oozing out of her voice and face. She waved her cock up and down Samus' face. "Perhaps it's time we give our little slut a well-earned reward, hmmm?"

The idea of being rewarded instantly sent Samus into a frenzy. Eyes shooting wide open, the squatting woman started to gasp loudly while she masturbated her cock with increased fervor. Samus' throbbing cock pulsed eagerly in her grasp, flicking up and down needily as her hands swiftly moved along its length. The tight, squeaky texture of her body suit felt incredibly as it clung tightly to every inch of her heated penis, making most of her shaft damp and musky. But more than her own jacking off, the thing that truly excited Samus was the idea of servicing Uncle Palutena. Samus' throat grew dry with thirst as she imagined the titanic shaft deep inside her mouth. Her eyes stared hungrily at the cock, almost as if she was starving and this was the only sustenance she could acquire.

"Yes Mistress, please- PLEASE!!!" Samus exclaimed in a bout of desolate desperation, her hands not stopping once as they continued pleasuring her needy cock. "I would do ANYTHING just to get to suck your incredible cock!!!"

"Oh my~ How forward~" Uncle Palutena commented in feign bashfulness, though Johnathan plainly knew this had been her plan all along. "If that's what you truly want, then who am I to say no~?"

Taking a couple of steps back, Uncle Palutena slid the side of her cock away from Samus' face. Instead, she pointed her cockhead directly at Samus. There was no more scheming, no veneer of her true intentions. Now that Samus had been turned into another mindless, completely submissive drone just like Pyra had, it was finally time for Uncle Palutena to enjoy the fruits of her labor. There was only one thing for her to do now. Uncle Palutena's

only goal now was to fuck Samus' mouth into oblivion. And she was going to enjoy it as much as possible.

As the cock approached Samus' face, she closed her eyes and eagerly stretched her head towards it. Samus didn't just press her mouth against Uncle Palutena's cock with desire, she was doing it with straight up devotion. Samus' lips laid on a litany of soft kisses and sloppy smooches upon Uncle Palutena's bright red tip. Rather than sucking dick, it looked like Samus was making out with her lover. The sound of lip smacking echoed as Samus' mouth gently wrapped around the cap of Palutena's penis while her tongue sliding eagerly along its ridges. Every inch of Uncle Palutena's cock was for Samus to worship, from its sides to even the urethra, which received gentle caressing from Samus' tongue.

Before long however, it became clear that making out alone would not satisfy Samus. She needed more, she needed to take so much of Uncle Palutena's cock she would choke. Opening her mouth as wide as she could, Samus engulfed the entirety of Uncle Palutena's tip in her mouth. The woman moaned in utter bliss, her eyes rolling to the back of her head as her tongue greedily rolled around the cockhead. Palutena's musky, dank flavor seeped against Samus' taste bud, combining with her leftover semen and Samus' old saliva to create a substance Samus just couldn't resist. Each passing second more and more of Uncle Palutena's length would fill her mouth, forcefully stretching her lips as the gargantuan cock made its way inside. This was Samus' dream~

A dream which Uncle Palutena was more than happy to fulfill. With both hands placed on her hips, Uncle Palutena slowly thrust her cock further and further into Samus' mouth. She didn't have to say anything, she didn't have to move in any sort of particular or violent way. All Palutena did was slowly inch her hips forward, and Samus would happily choke on more and more of her fat, lip-stretching cock. The more of Uncle Palutena's cock she took into her mouth, the more excited Samus seemed to become. Her face pushed forward with greed, almost as if Uncle Palutena was moving too slowly for her own likely. Soon, Uncle Palutena's cock was bulging through her neck, blocking Samus' airways, taking up every inch of Samus' mouth. Yet even now, Samus continued to suck and bob her head with pure, unyielding hunger.

Throughout the entire thing, Samus' hands hadn't stopped moving for a single second. Even while the thick cock in her throat was making the very act of breathing incredibly difficult for Samus, the woman continued pumping her member like her life depended on it. Getting to slobber over Uncle Palutena's dick felt so good, poor Samus just couldn't help herself! Her hands were basically moving of their own volition at this point, desperate to relieve that unbearable itch in her crotch. Not to mention how Pyra continued to suck and kiss her fat asshole beneath her, not even thinking of stopping her unrelenting ass eating.

The way Pyra's hands spread her latex-covered cheeks and her tongue dipped deep into her hole... The sensation of the squeaky latex rubbing against her wailing dick... Even the way Uncle Palutena's warm, throbbing dick kept on filling her throat... It all contributed to making this the most stimulating and pleasurable experience Samus had ever felt.

Samus' cock began to tremble harder and harder in her hands. Her balls gurgled loudly, weighing down further from their body as they overflowed with jizz. Pleasuring Uncle Palutena made her happier than anything else she could think of. The bliss of having her thick, musky dick in her mouth was so potent, it drowned any other thought that could come to her mind. A part of Samus knew that this was the way things were supposed to be, like she had found her true purpose. From now on, the only thing Samus would care about was being Uncle Palutena's loyal, obedient cock-sleeve. And just realizing that fact was more than enough to send her over the edge.

Moaning and groaning like a bitch in heat, Samus' massive dick began swinging up and down madly as she started to ejaculate. Her balls contracted upwards, her urethra bulging with jizz, before it exploded forth from her tip with thick spurt after thick spurt. However, because of Samus' tight latex suit, the cum didn't fly out in random directions. Instead, it began to stretch out her suit, drooping and pulling forth in much the same way a condom would slowly get filled up after use. Blast after blast, Johnathan could see a fat, drop-shaped balloon of Samus' jizz start forming at her tip. The fat globe of cum grew larger with every shot, quickly expanding in every direction until it was the size of Samus' head. Samus' suit was stretched like a condom so thin, you could see the clear white color of her cum through the suit's blue texture. The balloon swung left and right following the movements of Samus' huge dick, its heaviness and softness apparent with even the smallest of movements. If ever there was a display of Samus' descent into debauchery, her condom-suit was most definitely it.

Yet even as her tremendous ejaculation started slowing down, Samus didn't stop dutifully sucking Uncle Palutena's dick for a single second. Her only loud reaction had been the muffled moan she gave as soon as it started, but now she was eagerly bobbing her head back and forth along Uncle Palutena's shaft as she finished swallowing the last few inches of such a tremendous cock. It was almost as if her own orgasm didn't really matter, while the woman gave priority to Uncle Palutena's larger, more dominant cock by pleasuring it with her mouth and tongue. Even in her most depraved moments, Uncle Palutena was still at the top of her mind.

Johnathan clenched his fists tighter and tighter, until his hands became a raging white. He clenched his teeth with a fury that could have crushed bones. At this point, he had watched the complete destruction of not just one but two of his sisters. Pure, indomitable fury was

rushing through every last inch of his veins. The visceral hatred he currently felt towards Uncle Palutena was a noxious, overpowering sensation that could crush buildings. Though he felt much of this anger towards himself, for not once since Uncle Palutena had started playing with his sister, did Johnathan's raging erection ever gone down. Only one thing remained clear at this point. Johnathan couldn't take it anymore.

"T-That's enough!!!" Johnathan's voice thundered loudly throughout the room, a cry of desperation louder than his sheepish voice had managed to produce before. "I-I order you to stop!! Stop all of this right now!!!" He pointed accusingly at Uncle Palutena, mustering as much courage as he could find within him.

Unfortunately, Johnathan's desperate plea had basically gotten nothing done. Samus hadn't even heard him, her mind too focused on sucking the fat, pulsing phallus in her mouth. Pyra too was left totally oblivious, head buried beneath a fat, wobbly ass. Uncle Palutena did at least hear him. Her head turned slightly to the side as she turned towards the boy. She didn't seem angry or insulted though, rather, it almost looked like she was... Amused...?

"What the hell are you talking about, boy?" Uncle Palutena asked in a crass manner, very reminiscent of the way Uncle Ronnie usually spoke, but with Palutena's tender, feminine voice.

"I.. I... I-!!" Johnathan gasped, struggling to put the muddled, confused, stray thoughts into a coherent sentence. "I want you to stop transforming my sister- A-And I want you to change them back! Turn Samantha and Madeleine back now!! Make them normal again!!!"

Johnathan's chest heaved up and down rapidly while he clenched his eyes tightly. His heart was thumping so loudly, he could hear it beat it right on his ear. Johnathan had never been good at dealing with confrontations, and right now it was taking every little fiber of willpower for him to stand up to the seemingly indomitable foe that was Uncle Palutena. His body trembled in place, voice feeling sore and tight. He didn't know what sort of response Uncle Palutena would give, he didn't even know what the true extent of Uncle Palutena's powers were. It was entirely possible Johnathan was instantly disintegrated on the spot for his insolence. But... But-!!! If he didn't stand up now, then...

Slowly opening his eyes back up, Johnathan's attention was taken towards Uncle Palutena. She seemed... a lot less bothered than Johnathan had originally expected. Of course, his desperate pleas had gone entirely ignored. Uncle Palutena was still thrusting her titanic girl cock into Samus' mouth, and the two other video game gals were entirely preoccupied with perversion. The main thing that seemed different was Uncle Palutena's expression, which had become twisted in confusion. Rather than be upset over Johnathan's demands, it was

like she wasn't sure exactly what he was asking. As the seconds passed by, her confusion slowly shifted into unabashed joy. A perverted, cocky smile slowly crept upon her face, her eyes staring directly at Johnathan.

"Bahahah! Oh man, this is great!" Uncle Palutena bellowed out with a loud, hearty laugh. "You think I'm the one who's been transforming everyone?"

"W-Wha-?" This time, it was Johnathan's turn to be confused. His head tilted to the side and his voice rang out sheepishly. "W-What do you mean...?"

"Come on, Johnathan!" Uncle Palutena's spoke loudly. Her voice was confident, strong, stern. But somehow, Johnathan got the feeling she wasn't being insincere. "You're a smart boy, aren't you? How about you do a little bit of critical thinking?"

"If your 'Uncle Ronnie' had been the one in charge of all of these strange transformations, do you really think he would have transformed himself into a sexy lady with a huge dick?" Uncle Palutena presented the question genuinely. "Wouldn't it make more sense for someone as toxically male as him to, I don't know, turn himself into a big, buff man and turn everyone around him into wimpy bimbos with no cocks?"

Wheels began to turn inside of Johnathan's mind, his brain slowly making its way through some mental calculations. Suddenly, a sensation of emptiness surged at the pit of his chest. A terrible possibility came across his consciousness, but... It couldn't be, right...?

"No, instead, your uncle turned into a hung futanari. Not just any hung futanari either, but a hung futanari version of YOUR favorite character from your favorite game! The exact sort of thing you've always dreamed of~" Uncle Palutena continued, her smirk growing more accusatory by the second. "Do you really think your uncle knows who Palutena is or what she looks like? Do you think he even knows what a 'futanari' is? It's more likely he just calls it a guy with tits!"

"N-N-N-NO!! T-T-That's not-!" The panic inside Johnathan was growing fiercer and fiercer. His hands were shaking, his face painted with an expression of terror. "Y-Y-You can't mean!!"

"That is *exactly* what I mean, Johnny boy~" Uncle Palutena chuckled, an expression of prideful victory covering his face. "The one who has actually been transforming the entire family is none other than you~"

The realization hit Johnathan like a sack of bricks. His body felt weak, and he lost his balance. As Johnathan began to fall forwards, he only managed to stop himself by clinging onto the top of the table. A billion thoughts were racing around in his head, loss, shame and fear twirling his heart asunder.

“No- No- NO! T-That’s impossible!!! How could I-” Johnathan stopped to catch his breath, the sensation of his thumping heart causing him pain in his chest. “How could I even do all this, I-I- I don’t have reality changing powers!!!”

“You didn’t before, but you certainly have them now~” Uncle Palutena turned towards Samus and Pyra, off in their own world as they fell prey to their unabashed sexual desires. “I think this more than anything makes that pretty clear~”

“B-But-! B-But!!! I-I didn’t mean for any of this to happen!” Johnathan cried out desperately, unsure if this was an excuse directed at Palutena or at himself.

“Yeah, that much is obvious now.” Uncle Palutena responded with a shrug of her shoulders, before she shoved her cock deeper into Samus’ throat. “Maybe you just can’t control it yet, I don’t really know how it works.”

Johnathan didn’t know what to say. He didn’t know what to do, or even what to think. It felt like the whole world around him had stopped. Was Uncle Palutena really saying the truth? Had he somehow gotten world shifting powers and accidentally used them to turn his sisters into perverts? A part of him vehemently shot the idea down as impossibility, but Uncle Palutena’s words made a certain amount of sense. Getting dominated by strong women with huge cocks had always been Johnathan’s dream. He’d imagined Palutena fucking him into submission so many times, he’d lost count. What other explanation could there be...

“Hey kid, don’t look at me with those pouty eyes! I’m as much of a *victim* as your sisters are, heh!” Uncle Palutena chuckled, though Johnathan wasn’t quite sure she believed herself to truly be a ‘victim’ in this scenario. “My old man brain got all scrambled up with that of this hottie goddess! I can remember my second divorce as clearly as I can my fight with Medusa! Ain’t that crazy? I think the only reason I’m aware of any of this is that you turned me into a literal goddess with heavenly powers! Otherwise, I would have probably ended up as horny and braindead as these two, heheh~”

Uncle Palutena pointed towards Samus and Pyra as if to make her point. At least on that end, there was no denying her claim. Neither Samus nor Pyra had paid a single scrap of attention to the entire conversation, investing all of their concentration in pleasuring each other. Samus’ eyes were blank with lust as she continued throating Uncle Palutena, and Johnathan could have sworn the large condom-like balloon hanging from her suit had gotten larger. Pyra was just as invested, face buried under Samus ass while she now masturbated her fully erect, throbbing cock.

Johnathan could feel his fists tightening in anger at the sight of his thoroughly corrupted sisters. Sure, on the one hand their debauchery and transformation were quite arousing.

But these were her sisters! People who he cared about! People who he'd shared so many years together, bonding, laughing, caring... No, there was no way Johnathan could be responsible for something like this. Even if he did somehow acquire reality bending powers, he wouldn't do this!!!

"I... I don't believe you!" Johnathan spoke firmly, trying to pump himself full of courage. "Y-You're lying! O-Or you're tricking me! You just want me to lower my guard so you can do the same thing to me!!"

"Oh Johnathan..." Suddenly, Uncle Palutena's face grew incredibly ominous and grim. "Trust me, if I could transform you into a cock-hungry bimbo like these two, I would have had you groveling on your knees long, long ago~"

"Buuuuut... I can't! Trust me, I already tried~" Uncle Palutena gave another shrug, her expression becoming much cuter and more relaxed. "While I do have some goddess powers now, anything I do that goes against what you want is almost instantly undone~"

"T-That can't be true!" Johnathan instantly snapped back, not letting Uncle Palutena's words get to him. "I-I know y-you're lying now, s-so just change them back!!!"

"Good lord! What a stubborn boy you turned out to be!" Uncle Palutena giggled in a feminine manner. "Very well, shall we do a little test then? Prove to you that you're the one truly behind all these changes?"

The mere idea of agreeing with Uncle Palutena on anything right now didn't sit well with Johnathan. Having a test didn't seem particularly useful either. If Uncle Palutena was right and this was all Johnathan's fault, then Johnathan still wouldn't know how to control his powers and make everything normal again. And if Uncle Palutena was truly the one behind this, then he'd just be playing with Johnathan's feelings and Johnathan would be left just as powerless as before. It was a lose-lose scenario, but... A part of Johnathan... He just needed to know. He needed to know if Uncle Palutena's words were true, no matter the cost.

"Alright." Johnathan grumbled begrudgingly. "You have a deal..."

Uncle Palutena's devious smirk couldn't have gotten wider if she tried, and it certainly wasn't just because of how tight Samus' throat felt around her girthy cock. Lifting her gaze ever so slightly, Palutena began to scan around the table. Her eyes shifted from one family member to another, each one of them entirely unbothered and unaware of the entire exchange that had just occurred, until her sight finally fell upon the large, muscular frame of Johnathan's middle sister, Jane.

“Let’s take Jane, for example!” Uncle Palutena spoke boldly, directing Johnathan’s attention towards her. “She’s always been tomboyish and strong, hasn’t she? But don’t you think it would be a lot more fun if she was, I don’t know... A cute, feminine boy instead~?”

Johnathan grumbled at the response. Not because he disliked the idea, but because he actually really *really* enjoyed it. The thought of his annoyingly competitive sister, one who valued effort and hard work over anything else, shifting into a soft, effeminate girly boy was pure gold to Johnathan. How many times had he heard Jane complaint about all the girly things she had to do, or how her female friends were so complicated. This new Jane would effectively play into these exact issues, but now with a body that would normally be more fit for the sort of activities she enjoys right now.

Before Johnathan realized it, Jane had already started to change. Jane’s long brown hair, currently styled in the shape of a ponytail, began to slowly shrink back into her scalp. While Jane happily talked to one of their cousins sitting next to her by the table, her head slowly inched downwards, a clear indication that she was shrinking in height. Johnathan could swear that she was getting thinner too. And her skin seemed a bit paler. Though frustratingly enough, it was difficult to see any more detailed changes from where he was standing. Not only were Jane’s bulky clothes in the way, but she was also on the other side of the table! If only she could stand up for him to observe it better...

In that moment, Jane suddenly stood up from her seat. There was no warning, no sort of comment or acknowledgement. Jane just... Stood up out of nowhere, as she continued talking to her cousin like nothing happened at all. Johnathan didn’t pay the action any mind. Instead, his thoughts were concentrated on what character Jane could possibly turn into. Well, in the sense that- All of her other sisters had turned into characters that appear in Smash Ultimate, right? So who would Jane turn into? There were a good number of femboys in that game. From classics like Cloud Strife or Link, to lesser-known boys like Shulk and Hero. Johnathan passed through several characters in his head, taking each one of them with deep consideration. What if... What if Jane turned into Marth...?

As soon as the thought entered his head, Jane’s brown locks of hair were steadily turning bright blue. Her hair style was no longer feminine in any way, shifting into a short, tidy bobcut that just barely covered her forehead. Facial features began to masculinize, sharper cheekbones, larger chin, thinner cheeks. But it wasn’t a massive change per se. Rather than becoming more masculine, Jane was becoming more androgynous. She was turning... More handsome. Johnathan felt himself shiver as he looked at his sister’s new face. Her eyes attained a brilliant blue hue, her expression turning kind but firm. He wasn’t looking at his sister anymore, now he was looking directly at Marth.

A litany of ripping and stretching sounds made Jonathan aware that Jane's clothes suddenly began unraveling in on themselves. Jane's hoodie basically disintegrated in the spot, leaving little else than a thin top. It exposed Jane's arms, now longer but thinner. Johnathan's eyes got to gaze upon Jane's broader shoulders, while for the first time in 8 years he no longer had to look up at Jane. However, the most impactful change of all was Jane's bust. Once a pretty respectable pair of C-Cups, Jane had basically nothing hanging from her chest. Two firm, flat pecs decorated the top of her torso, each one with nipples thick and dark enough they bled through her semi-transparent clothes. If there was anything that clearly indicated Jane was now a man, it was certainly that.

The new set of clothes draped over Jane's body were a perverted parody of Marth's original outfit. Though even that was putting it generously. Her torso was covered with nothing more than a thin, blue, semi-see through top that gave a perfect view of Jane's two dark, round nipples. For bottoms, Jane was wearing the thinnest of thongs one could imagine, a single undergarment made of three blue threads so incredibly slender, they couldn't even cover the bulbous girth of her clit. Johnathan stared at Jane's thoroughly exposed pussy with interest. He figured any second it would start twisting and convulsing, inverting itself in order to become a thick, throbbing cock.

But... Somehow, it never did. It didn't even show any signs of twisting, as Jane's plump, vaginal slit clenched onto her thong. Johnathan thought he'd be disappointed to see her pussy remain intact but... A part of him actually liked it. The idea of this cute, responsible prince with a sopping pussy instead of a penis was thoroughly titillating to Johnathan's mind. Though a leader like Marth was meant to be the one in command, imagining him shriveling up and getting bred was sending shivers down his spine. Johnathan was usually not a very dominant type of person, but it did make him want to...

Suddenly, Jane's head turned upwards. Her conversation stopped abruptly, as it didn't matter in the slightest. Then, her gaze started shifting, slowly inching its way throughout the table until it landed on Johnathan's face. Jane was staring directly at Johnathan now. A perverted smile appeared on Jane's face, the likes Johnathan had never seen before. She began to rub her flat chest in an explicit manner, showing off how flat and boyish her new body was. Her hands slowly inch downwards, where they pressed against the thick lips of her pussy and spread her lips teasingly. It was almost like... Almost as if he was saying... 'Yes, I'm a boy with a pussy! Would you like to try it out~?'

A cold sweat instantly ran down Johnathan's spine. Not because he was uncomfortable, but because he'd become unbearably aroused. Johnathan sheepishly shifted his gaze towards Uncle Palutena.

“N-No, i-i-it can’t be!!!” Johnathan angrily barked at the busty Palutena once more. “I-It must have- I-It was you!! Y-You were the one w-who influenced me!! Y-You’re the one who turned her into a femboy Marth!!!”

“Oh, kid!” Uncle Palutena rolled her eyes in annoyance. She placed her hands on Samus’ scalp, and started violently thrusting into her mouth to vent her frustration. “Do I look like the type of guy who knows what the fuck a Marth is? All I told you is to imagine your sister as a femboy, turning her into Marth, letting her keep her pussy, that shit was all on you.”

Johnathan staggered backwards, mouth agape and heart thumping. He tried to come up with some kind of excuse, some kind of justification that would explain his innocence. But he couldn’t. Uncle Palutena was right. He couldn’t have thought up of a cute pussy boy Marth, that had been all Johnathan’s idea. The fact that all of them had turned into characters Johnathan found attractive, the fact that they all had the exact type of bodies Johnathan enjoyed, even the sensation of being dominated that kept his cock hard this entire time. These were the exact sorts of things he enjoyed. This was the sort of scenario he would have dreamed up in a lustful haze.

Tears began to form in Johnathan’s eyes. Shame, despair, regret all plucked away at his heart, leaving him cold and empty. Having a foreign force doing all of this to him was one thing. But the fact that Johnathan had been doing it to himself all along? Now that was too much. The litany of sounds ringing around Johnathan became too many, the number of thoughts rolling around in his brain becoming impossible to count. Johnathan was entirely overwhelmed. He needed to get out, he needed some time alone to process this information. He didn’t know what else to do but to run back to his room, just like he’d done the last time.

Like a slow, lumbering zombie, Johnathan began to make his way out of the dining room. He didn’t look back at Uncle Palutena and his transformed sisters as he left. He had no idea if Uncle Palutena would be haughtily laughing at his despair, or if she would be more interested in using the two custom made cock-sleeves beside her. Johnathan didn’t even dare to glance near Jane, who he’d just transformed a promiscuous pussyboy. Unlike the other transformations, Jane’s hadn’t been fully accidental. He’d envisioned her new form in his mind, slowly crafting it until his desires were met. Hers had been the most intentional transformation of all, and it tore deep into Johnathan.

Johnathan didn’t scream as he left the dining room. He wasn’t particularly fast, as his feet slumped forward heavy step after heavy step. Nor did he seem particularly panicked. If one were to glance at Johnathan, you could surmise that he was tired or maybe a bit confused. But deep within Johnathan’s mind, his mental state could only be categorized as a

hurricane of anxiety and distress. The weight Johnathan's new powers dragged heavily on his consciousness, even if the changes he'd caused hadn't been fully intentional. Now that he was aware of them, now that he could feel them it made the reality of this evening all the more distressing.

Everything felt like a blur as Johnathan walked through the hallway, like the world itself was losing detail and Johnathan was merely walking through a cloud of nothingness. Time became meaningless. Johnathan didn't know if it took him five seconds or five minutes to get to his room. If he hadn't almost walked into it, Johnathan wouldn't have even noticed the door itself. Opening the door with a tired groan, Johnathan quietly stepped inside. Through the darkness of the room and dim light of the moon which made its way through his window, Johnathan could only scarcely see the visage of his room. It was just like he'd left it before, a scene of mundane normality compared to the insanity that had developed in the dining room.

Here he was. The comfort of his room. But... Now what? He had no idea what to do or think or even what to react. There were so many things going on, so many issues still in desperate need to resolve. How and why had he gotten this incredible power? Would he be able to control him? What would happen to him now that things had changed like this? All these questions rolled around Johnathan's mind, thoroughly overwhelming him. As the pressure became too high, Johnathan just sank onto the floor. He brought his knees close to his chest, wrapping his arms around them as he buried his face downwards.

For now... For now he was just going to sit down and think about things some more... That's all he could do at this point...