

A warm summer breeze, the rays of the noon sun dazzling through the clouds, voices of happy people flickering in the backgrounds. Such were the signs of a healthy kingdom at peace, the divine rewards of those who'd worked hard to maintain justice and fight evil. Sothis' eyes slowly flickered open, lifting her from the veil of sleep. Though a wave of drowsiness still accompanied her, a pleasant comfort roused her resting mind. It had been a long time since Sothis had slept this well. Thanks to the efforts of the Order of Heroes, the kingdom of Askr currently found itself with no enemies to shake its foundations or threaten its way of life. Of course, this was most certainly bound to change in the future. But for now everyone could give themselves the benefit of relaxing like this.

Smacking her lips sleepily, Sothis stretched her dormant limbs with a groan. The shade of the canopy she was currently underneath felt absolutely marvelous, as did the firm but comfortable bench she rested on. A pleasant aroma filled the air, that of flowers and greenery. It would have been so easy to curl up into a ball and sleep for another couple of hours. For Sothis, she could have slept for a couple of centuries if given the chance. But, today Sothis abstained. She overcame her drowsiness and instead tried to gaze upon her surroundings, see if she could catch any interesting sights.

For despite the fact that everything seemed calm and peaceful here in Askr, Sothis couldn't shake the feeling that something wasn't quite right. Not in the sense that there was some nefarious threat looming over the country whole, far from it. Rather, it felt as if there was some kind of miniscule change, like someone had moved something in the room and Sothis couldn't tell exactly what. This vague, unexplainable sensation of mystique held no sort of solid justification or logical reasoning. But it at least annoyed her enough to keep her from falling asleep again.

At first glance, everything in the courtyard seemed perfectly normal. The flowers around her were in full bloom, swaying daintily with each blow of the wind. The large stone walls that surrounded the little garden were as sturdy and worn as ever, unchanged from the moment they were set. Even the few people that convened around her didn't seem too out of place. Sothis' eyes fell upon a pair of familiar faces, that of Marianne and Hilda. Hilda wore her usual student uniform, a slim white shirt and short skirt that accentuated her figure and her long sky-blue pigtails. Marianne too wore her uniform, though a much more covered and conservative outfit that matched her short, bundled pink hair. The pair of girls just sat next to each other, happily chatting away without a single worry in the world.

Wait... Hilda's blue hair? Marianne's pink hair...? Shouldn't it have been the other way around? Sure, Sothis wasn't one to notice details. She wasn't really interested in anything unless it was particularly interesting. But she could have sworn the pair's hair colors weren't correct. Sothis rose from her chair, levitating up into the air. That same feeling as before swirled within her. A nagging sensation that something wasn't quite right. A simple change in hair color wasn't necessarily any sort of big deal. But Sothis' gut told her there was something more beneath the surface.

The little goddess wasted no time following this hunch. It slowly led her out of the courtyard and into the main road, like a dog being enticed by the scent of its target. Unfortunately, this tranquil little street didn't seem to hold any more answers than the courtyard before. Several people passed by Sothis, entirely unaffected and unconcerned by whatever concerns Sothis might have held. The street signs and grassy fields around her were no different than they'd ever been any other day. The more of that boring,

every day normality Sothis saw, the more doubt started to grow within her. Had she perhaps just been imagining things all along?

Just as she was about to give up however, Sothis' eyes finally came across something she most definitely knew was out of the ordinary. Over in the distance, Sothis spotted the dark knight Ares walking alongside Lene. The cute, green haired dancer with a ponytail Lene seemed to be wearing uncharacteristically conservative clothes. She had a tight black outfit that covered her figure tightly. Black pants instead of a shirt, firm black boots, a long black cape and two wide steel shoulder pauldrons.

"Heehee~ Thank you for inviting me out, Ares!" Lene happily bounced left and right, a motion that looked a bit awkward with her restrictive clothes. "I never thought you'd be interested in doing anything fun!"

But Ares... Ares wasn't wearing the stuffy military uniform of a knight. He was dressed in the skimpy garbs of a female dancer! A tight, orange top had replaced his black shirt, one which tightly hugged his firm pecs. His pelvis was barely covered with a short orange skirt that could display his prominent bulge with the slightest of movements. His firm, trained pectorals were left completely exposed, his feet completely bare as they met the ground. And as if that wasn't enough, several bracelets and metal accessories wrapped around his arms and legs, along with a long pink veil he carried in hand. This wasn't any old dancer outfit either. Though Sothis couldn't know for certain, she had a feeling that Ares and Lene had swapped clothing.

"Do not misinterpret, woman." Ares spoke firmly. "I only did this so you would stop pestering me so."

But perhaps the strangest part of all was how little everyone else seemed to care or react. No matter how many people crossed Ares and Lene, none of them batted an eye at the duo. Everyone just continued on their merry way, as if they couldn't even perceive anything was out of the ordinary. Even Ares and Lene themselves seemed to be somehow unaware of their own situations. Despite wearing the daintiest clothes, Ares still talked in a brooding, moody manner. Lene too jumped about excitedly in a stuffy outfit which obviously wasn't made with such mobility in mind.

A spark of excitement surged through Sothis' body, a vindication that her original assertion had been proven correct. There was no way people wouldn't have talked about these two if everything was completely normal. The fact that no other person reacted to their strange forms was enough evidence to tell her all was not as it seemed. Sothis felt like she was tugging at the threads of something truly incredible.

"Hey Tanya, thank you so much for helping me carry all this training equipment!"

And if Sothis needed any more proof on the matter, she would find it as she turned towards that loud, masculine voice to her left. The voice had come from Osian, a burly, arrogant axe fighter whose intonation was as firm as his attitude. Osian's face was exactly as Sothis expected. Short, messy black hair, a square chiseled jaw, and slightly tanned from training all day long. His body on the other hand, was as slender and pale as one could imagine. His lithe form had plenty of feminine curves, wide hips and a small waist that gave way into what looked like breasts. There was no sort of bulging muscles on

his arms or legs, which were much leaner than one would have expected from such a brusque man. He could barely carry a couple of spears in his arms!

The person he was talking to, however, was a whole other story. The lean archer Tanya towered a couple of heads above Osian. While her short brown hair and sharp face gave her a tomboyish expression, her body was straight up massive and masculine. Every square inch of her arms bulged with strength, firm mass that looked like it could burst at any moment. Her shoulders were broad, her legs thick, and her skin was tanned a couple of shades darker than her head. Perhaps most prominent of all, however, was the thick, prominent bulge that pushed out of her pants. Tanya looked like some kind of idol of masculinity.

“Yeah, no problem, Osian!” The girl happily responded, carrying twice the number of weapons as Osian. With a big hearty grin, she flexed her muscles and growled proudly. “That’s the least I can do when you have a body this big and muscular!”

As the duo passed by Sothis, the little goddess could feel a burning excitement swell within her. Finally, something actually interesting was happening in this boring old place! Sure, there were always wars and whatever political conflicts going on. But this far outweighed any of that in terms of uniqueness. Something Sothis had never experienced before, an unknown occurrence which she could not explain. A completely mysterious existence that was able to weave reality in such a way that people less powerful than her couldn’t even perceive it.

Sothis just HAD TO know what the source of these events could have been! I-In order to stop them, of course! It would be very irresponsible for her to know there was something so powerful running around and not do anything about it, right? It’s not like she wanted to see these powers in action, perhaps even try them out for herself. N-No, that would be preposterous. It was Sothis’ job to protect the Order of Heroes from this unknown force. And if she wanted to do that, she would have to follow the bread crumb trail of changes

Heading towards the direction where Osian and Tanya were walking from, Sothis could see that the road lead directly towards the gates of town. She kept an open eye towards any possible oddities she might spot on the way. Both to know if she was heading in the right direction, but also because of her curiosity to what other strange changes she might happen to see on the way. Luckily for her, she quickly spotted another change that told her she was on the right track.

Sitting on one of the nearby benches was Corrin, the draconic lord from the world of Fate. Corrin’s long white hair glimmered in the sunlight, her black and white armor clinging tightly to her feminine form. With a huge beaming smile on her face, she looked to be totally relaxed and blissful. The ice cream cone that she held nuzzled between her thighs most likely played a part in that, for nothing felt more pleasant than a little cold sweet on a hot summer day like this. She almost looked completely normal from afar, just another hero enjoying the calmness of this peaceful era. That is, until Sothis looked at her hands.

Instead of human palms or even fingers, what sprung from each of Corrin’s hands were the human heads of two different cute girls. The head on Corrin’s right hand had short pink hair, with a cute white headband to keep it tidy. Its expression was soft and gentle, with beautiful red eyes that gave an aura of

tranquility. Meanwhile, the head on Corrin's left hand was much more energetic and excitable. This head's hair was blond, styled into two long twin-tails that had purple highlights. It had a youthful face and a dashing smile, one which looked like it could never be extinguished. Both heads were completely animated and full of life. A deep contrast to the two other bodies sitting beside Corrin.

"Hey, Elise and Sakura." Turning to her left, Corrin addressed the bodies of two young girls. "Do you want some ice cream?"

The bodies of Elise and Sakura remained completely motionless. Not a single peep escaped their lips. That is, because there were no lips on either of their forms. In fact, they didn't even have any heads! Though the duo's bodies looked completely normal for youthful gals their age, instead of normal, human heads they both had hands coming out of their necks. The hand that came from Elise's neck was a slender, feminine left hand. Meanwhile, the hand that came out of Sakura's neck was a pristine girly right hand. Neither of them made a single twitch, as if they were completely devoid of thought. The two were just girls with hands for heads!

"It seems they don't want any..." Corrin's right hand spoke meekly.

"That's just better for us!" Corrin's left hand exclaimed happily. "Cus it means we get to enjoy more ice cream!"

With excited smirks on their faces, each of Corrin's hand-heads dug into the ice cream cone set atop of Corrin's thighs. The blonde head took a chomp out of the vanilla scoop, whilst the pink haired head lapped up the vanilla ball. As the two heads consumed the ice cream, Corrin couldn't help but happily squirm in place.

"Ooohhh~ Ice cream feels so nice and cool on my hands." She sighed blissfully, enjoying the sight of her two eager hand-heads slurping all of that sweet cream. "Plus it tastes really good! I love when you two eat at the same time, it's like I can taste both flavors at once!"

The two heads merely nodded as they ate the ice cream, unconcerned about anything other than enjoying their treat. Just like the cases before, it seemed none of them were concerned or even aware of their new fates. The fact that Corrin's sisters sat totally motionless beside her didn't even register in her mind.

As Sothis turned away from Corrin and continued making her way towards the gate, she quickly stepped back reflexively. Before her very eyes, the figure of a cute yet fearsome girl crossed just a few inches from her face. Had she not acted as fast as she did, Sothis would have definitely run into her. A gust of wind blew by her, the scent of sweat and an orange flash crossing upon her vision. Rebalancing herself before she tumbled back any further, Sothis' gaze shifted back towards the person who she'd almost crashed with.

"Hey! Watch we're you're going!" The woman yelled back before she swiftly kept jogging away.

Aggressive and always eager to work out, there was no doubt that it was Etie. Her long orange hair waved up and down in the wind, damp body glistening with sweat. One thing that did seem noteworthy

was that instead of her usual frilly dress, Etie was wearing actual work out clothes. A nylon top and short black shorts that allowed ease of movement and perspiration. Much more confusing however, was the way Etie's ass seemed to bounce and jiggle as she ran. Etie was never known to have big butt, though there was something much odder than that. The overly rounded and smooth shape of her buttocks, the tiny little bumps that seemed to poke through the cloth...

In an instant, Sothis' eyes shot wide open in surprise as she realized. Etie's ass had been changed too! It wasn't any other regular butt, instead it had been swapped with a pair of voluptuous breasts! A closer look at the bumps on Etie's backside revealed that they were actually nipples, which seemed to be hard from the way they rubbed against the pants. The reason why they bounced about so wildly was also probably because they lacked any sort of support. Sothis had no idea whose breasts had been swapped onto Etie's ass, Etie's own or someone else's. Whether Etie still had a pussy and an anus was also a complete mystery. Unfortunately, by the time Sothis asked herself these questions, Etie was long gone. Meaning it was time for Sothis to focus and get back on her mission.

Passing through the gates of town, Sothis soon found herself surrounded with rows of closely packed wooden buildings littered all around. Several heroes filled the town streets, much more populated than Sothis had ever seen them before. They went in and out of the stores, strolled about in the sunshine, and chatted idly about unimportant subjects. It was the same tranquil, unbothered mood that had followed before, none of them were even aware of any existential reality shifting threats that might be surging around.

Stranded in the midst of this unperturbed crowd, Sothis' only issue now was figuring out where exactly the source of these strange transformations could have been. There were so many buildings, so many alleyways, so many directions from which to come and go, it almost seemed like an impossible task. Floating just above the heads of all the other Heroes, Sothis kept a watchful eye on anything that might potentially give a clue. Any slight abnormality, any miniscule detail, surely there would be something that would lead her the right way.

Thankfully, Sothis' search would be vindicated as she spotted a couple stepping out of a pub.

"Mae, do we really have to do this now?" The slightly taller olive skinned, spoke to his companion with an annoyed tone of voice. Boey's hair was short, white and unkempt. He had the aura of someone who was a bit of a stick in the mud, a stickler for rules.

"Boey, you know I don't like this as much as you do." Mae responded with a sigh and a roll of her eyes. The woman stood out as girly and whimsical, with two long pink pigtails and a warm expression. "But you know we have to do this. After all..." Pulling up the front flap of her skirt, Mae revealed a big, throbbing, pink dog-cock that sprouted free from her nether regions. The dog cock's pointed tip dripped with precum as it twitched, a musky, virile aroma wafting from its thick, veiny shaft. "We're in heat..."

The moment Boey's eyes fell upon Mae's fat dog penis, his legs instantly gave out and he fell onto his knees. Boey's eyes became glazed over, drool began to drip from his trembling lips. His noses started to sniff loudly, absolutely inhaling every last deliciously addicting and musky scent that came from Mae's cock. Sothis could see a big, wet damp spot start to spread throughout his pants, centralized directly on

his crotch. It was as if there was nothing in the world that mattered other than Mae's dog cock, a deep-seated desire that control over his every thought process.

"See!? This is exactly what I'm talking about!" Mae clicked her tongue angrily, though the bright red blush on her face and the quivering of her penis told an entirely different story. "Every time we're both in heat, our brains get all wired up until we breed. Besides, it's fine if we do it here. Other animals are always fucking outside."

Grabbing onto Boey's shoulders, Mae began to pull the boy away so that the two wouldn't be stuck standing in front of the door of the pub. Her cock eagerly throbbed at the sight of the totally mesmerized Boey, as if she took pleasure in having this much control over him. Though Boey was slightly bigger than her and Mae wasn't particularly strong, her sheer lust allowed her to drag Boey to a nice soft patch of grass on the side where the two could do their business. Once they'd found the perfect spot, Mae laid Boey down so his hand and knees were on the earthy dirt.

"A-Alpha...? Mate now?" Turning up towards Mae, Boey looked at his partner with a forlorn expression. His eyes dripped with need, every inch of his body shivering with copious amounts of desire. He wasn't just asking to be fucked, he *needed* it.

A dribble of precum spurt from Mae's cock, though it was harder than it had ever been. "Yeah, yeah! Take it easy!" Mae growled commandingly, feeling her heart pumping through her chest from the excitement. Quickly positioning herself behind Boey, she lowered herself onto her knees. "I'm gonna breed you like the *bitch* you are!"

With a sharp, yanking motion, Mae promptly and effortlessly pulled Boey's pants all the way down. It was so fast and natural, it was as if she'd done the same thing many times before. There, nuzzled between both of Boey's tanned legs, was a tight, sopping, v-shaped dog pussy. The canine snatch trembled with need, its labia quivering almost impatiently. Copious amounts of vaginal fluid oozed from its lips and down Boey's legs. It looked heated and in need, as if it would explode if it wasn't filled this exact moment. And Mae could tell. The moment her eyes fell upon the musky opening, they became as glazed and frenzied as Boey's own. Mae's dog cock started to tremble up and down without any control. Following her instincts, Mae bent over Boey and violently thrust her cock inside.

The whole canine penis pushed through Boey's dog pussy without a snag, plunging so deep even its bulbous round base was encapsulated by Boey's pussy. It was as if their organs had been made to perfectly fit each other. Within seconds, Mae was already thrusting her hips back and forth like a rabid beast in heat. Any semblance of reason and control she might have displayed before melted away into pure aggressive desire. Mae's arms wrapped around Boey's body tightly, her soft breasts pressing against his back as she fucked him. She pounded and tugged at him showing no signs of mercy, as if he was just her property more than an actual partner.

"Fuck! Mate!" Mae growled ferally, her mind regressing as that animalistic canine lust overtook her senses. She tightened her grip around his torso, biting onto his ear and thrusting even harder than before in what could only be called a display of dominance. "Must! Impregnate! Bitch!!!"

Boey too let out a litany of lewd, needy sounds. Though instead of actual words, they were all submissive mewls of pleasure. Eyes wincing and tongue hanging slightly out of his mouth, Boey happily embraced each and every one of Mae's thrusts with pleasure. His pussy tightened needily around her cock, inner walls constricting onto her shaft as if to never let her go. It felt so good to have his itching hole filled, to satiate that burning desire in his loins. It didn't matter how rough or violent she got with Boey, as long as he could feel that bulbous dog cock inside him, he was more than happy.

Thus, the pair continued to fuck out in the middle of town as if it was the most normal thing in the world. They crawled on the dirt while heroes passed by, groaning and growling as if they were animals. Yet, not a single person batted an eye or cast any judgement upon the couple. The sound of their bodies smashing together was as normal as that of a person walking, or two people just talking. Neither Boey, Mae or even the people around them could perceive the utter perversion and corruption of reality that had just occurred. It was enough to make Sothis' body shiver with excitement.

After a couple of minutes of seeing Boey and Mae breeding from afar, Sothis decided this would probably take too long and abandoned the two. The good thing is that the horny canine couple had revealed a possible clue to point Sothis in the direction of this errant reality adjuster. The town's local pub... Considering the rampant amount of strange and almost sexual changes that had occurred so far, Sothis figured it made perfect sense. Only a person with weak moral fiber and odd tendencies would do the things she saw, just the type of person who would also indulge in the vices of alcohol. With a determined expression, she pushed floated towards the establishment, while the sounds of the open door were accompanied by that of an ass being pounded.

The moment Sothis stepped into the confines of the pub, she could tell this was exactly the type of place lowlifes and perverts would attend. A thick scent of alcohol clung thickly in the air, as did the dinging of glasses and the sounds of loud, drunken cries. It was far from the worse place Sothis had ever seen, but there was no doubt this was the seediest place within the confines of the bright and wholesome kingdom of Askr at least. Unfortunately, a quick glance around the room failed to reveal to Sothis the culprit of such chaos. Before she could find the true culprit, she would have to bide her time.

Deciding to be as inconspicuous as possible, Sothis first approached the bar. If she got herself a drink and acted normal, perhaps this way she'd be able to look around without bringing too much attention to herself. The first available seat she saw was around the middle of the bar. To her right sat a tall, slender young man with long red hair known as Joshua. He wore a black cap and a black coat, but all in all he didn't seem too intimidating. With a smug smile on his face and a coin in his hand, he leaned over the counter and called to the barman.

"Hey, what's a guy gotta do to get a drink around here~?" Joshua cooed in a teasing tone.

On the other side of the counter stood a man that was quite tall and imposing. He wasn't the most muscular man Sothis had ever seen around, but she could tell he was a fierce fighter. He'd been busying himself cleaning some glasses while looking away from the counter, when his body tightened in anger at the sudden call. Head swishing back, Sothis could see the full raging expression of Saber, whose face was

instantly recognizable thanks to the eyepatch on his right eye. His short spiky hair, slight stubble and rugged features gave the vibe of someone you didn't want to mess with.

"I told ya I'd be with ya in just a few seconds, didn't I?!" Saber responded loudly, voice booming through Sothis' core.

The man turned back around and finished polishing his glass, before slamming it down on the table so loud it felt like it should have cracked. Finally, he fully turned around to attend to Joshua. Sothis imagined the scenario playing in countless different ways. What she *hadn't* been expecting was to see a pair of huge, bouncing, voluptuous tits hanging off of Saber's body! The girl almost tumbled back on her seat, which was strangely sturdy against her movements. Despite the fact that both Saber's face and the rest of his body were decidedly masculine, the two blobs of fat that sagged downwards from his torso were more definitely feminine breasts. And they had to be perhaps one of the biggest pairs Sothis had ever seen!

Saber's two titanic tits pushed forth from his leather vest, creating an enormous valley of cleavage one could easily get lost in. As he walked towards Joshua, his two breasts bounced up and down wildly, almost as if they were ready to spill out at any moment. Never could have Sothis imagined that a pair of breasts would look so sexual on a man, yet here she was blushing profusely.

"So. Whaddaya want?" Saber asked, clicking his tongue in annoyance. He crossed his arms together, pushing up his tits and making them even more noteworthy.

Looking directly into Saber's bountiful cleavage, Joshua smiled with a perverted gleam in his eye. "I think I'll have a nice warm glass of milk."

Sothis half expected Saber to punch Joshua square in the jaw. But instead, the man merely without batting an eye. "Alright."

Hands grabbing tightly onto his leather vest, Saber promptly yanked down his top in a flash, causing his big round orbs to flop free from their restraints. Sothis' hands instantly rose to cover her eyes. But as her fingers opened and she looked between the cracks, she instantly found something peculiar. Instead of nipples, Saber had two beertaps pop forth from each of his breasts. Only now did Sothis realize. Joshua wasn't making fun of Saber's body. He was genuinely asking for a glass of milk, and this is the way it was served in this establishment!

The whole scene was as bizarre as it was interesting. Saber didn't have even the slightest shred of embarrassment as he pulled out a glass and placed it underneath his breast tab. It was like he didn't care his tits were completely exposed. Pulling down on the tab's lever, Saber let out a little moan before fresh, warm milk began to pour into the glass. His cheeks became flushed, body trembling with what Sothis could only assume was lust. Despite looking like a very mechanical process, Saber's soft, subdued groans indicated it probably felt as sensitive as a real nipple. Once the glass was about full, Saber finally let go of the tab and the liquid stopped pouring out of its hole.

"There ya go." Saber spoke brusquely, grabbing the warm glass of milk and passing it towards Joshua, who took it with earnest.

Then, just as suddenly as it had begun it was over. Saber promptly pulled his leather top back up, covering his breasts and obscuring his beer tap-nipples. How they managed to remain fully hidden and not even bulge in his clothes was a complete mystery. To say the abrupt nature of the whole interaction left Sothis stumped would be an understatement. It was all so transactional, so cold and emotionless. Neither Saber nor Joshua seemed to be aware of how much of a private process had just occurred under their very noses. Sothis was so taken aback in shock, she scarcely noticed how Saber was now standing in front of her.

“What about you?” Saber asked in an uninterested tone.

The little goddess tried her best to keep her composure, but Saber’s huge, rounded breasts were so close to her, she just couldn’t take her eyes off them. Sothis found herself salivating over the massive tits, their sloshy roundness looking so utterly delectable to the eye.

“I... uhh... I’ll-!” Sothis gulped, her thumping heart causing her to stutter. A part of her really wanted to have the same thing Joshua had, to that same milky liquid come out of Saber’s breast tap. “I-I’ll just have the regular.” Alas, she was much too embarrassed to go forth, despite knowing no one would think anything of it.

“Suit yourself.” Saber grumbled, his wary, tired appearance never fading. He reached down and pulled out a glass bottle, placing it in front of Sothis before going off somewhere else.

A sigh of relief escaped Sothis’ lips, no longer pressured by Saber’s strong presence. However, when she looked down at the bottle she’d received, Sothis noticed it was just as bizarre as many of the other things she’d seen so far. Instead of coming with the usual circular hole and metal cap, the tip of Sothis’ glass bottle was a pert, twitching human nipple. Its areola was pink and rounded, its tip plump and rounded. Picking up the glass, Sothis was shocked to see it quiver in place, as lifelike as it would be on any regular human body.

A troubled sensation filled Sothis as she held the glass by its neck and swished it around, eyes focusing on its energetic nip. Part of her wanted to just leave it there, not interact with any of the madness herself. But another part of her was incredibly curious as to how it would feel to drink from this bottle. To have that fermented gold permeate into her mouth through a real, human nipple. She couldn’t even tell whose nipple it was, its fair skin fairly generic and commonplace amongst most heroes. Raising the drink closer to her face, Sothis gazed directly at the nipple. To do it or not to do it? To indulge or resist...?

After just a couple minutes of pondering Sothis felt her curiosity get the better of her. Against her better judgement, she closed her eyes and pushed the bottle’s tip right into her mouth. The first thing she noticed was how warm and soft the nipple felt inside her mouth. It was almost like a little marshmallow that trembled to her touch. It also had a very tender, comforting scent, like that of a mother. But as the bottle tilted upwards, instead of nutritious warm milk, Sothis savored the thick, heavy flavor of alcohol perspiring through the nipple’s pores.

The liquid oozed in small quantities at first, but as Sothis started to suckle and pull on the nipple, it sprayed with increased intensity into her mouth. The harder she sucked, the fiercer the stream of beer

poured inside. It was like the nipple was responding to her tender caresses by blessing her with more alcohol. Sothis had to admit the combination of something harsh like cold beer coming from a soft, warm nipple was certainly strange. Yet, she couldn't say she outright hated it, for sucking it out of such a sensitive and reactive nozzle was more fun than Sothis could have imagined.

Occupying herself in thoroughly teasing and slobbering over the glass bottle's quivering nipples, Sothis found she'd emptied the entire thing in just a couple of seconds. With a satisfied sigh, the goddess slammed the bottle on the counter, causing its nipple to squirt out one final spurt of beer. Though Sothis wasn't a particularly big drinker, that had certainly hit the spot. And yet, it wasn't enough. Her thirst might have been quenched, but Sothis was thirsty for more than just alcohol. She wanted to see more and more of the strange changes that had occurred around her.

Over on the other side of the counter, Sothis was blessed with yet another scene of depraved craziness. The big breasted Saber carried two large empty mugs towards the large barrels of beer that rested on top of the wall. He held one of the glasses under a nozzle, except... There was no nozzle. Rather than have a normal beer tap, like those found on Saber's tits, the barrel of beers only had the twitching tip of a penis for a dispenser. It wasn't just one either. The more Sothis looked, the more she realized basically every barrel of ale had a cock nozzle to dispense liquid from. Sothis turned her head sideways. If the taps didn't have any sort of lever or knobs, how was anyone supposed to access the alcohol?

The answer to such a question was soon revealed as Saber leaned towards the cock-nozzle and promptly wrapped his lips around the throbbing tip. Sothis felt her eyes almost bulge from her skull at the sight of this masculine, gruff man leaning over to suckle on this penis. Her cheeks flushed, and her nether regions even quivered. Nonetheless, this was no sort of prank or trick. Saber was genuinely suckling onto that beer barrel's cock-nozzle. His head bobbed back and forth, tongue twirling in his mouth as it slipped around the cockhead. A series of soft, muffled moans parsed through his closed lips, while the sloppy sounds of sucking echoed through the room. Even Saber's cheeks became slightly flushed, though Sothis had no idea if it was in embarrassment, lust or just because of the alcohol.

After a couple of seconds, the man finally let go of the cock nozzle, strings of sticky saliva connecting between the fat cockhead and his mouth. Sothis could see the cock-nozzle throbbing madly. Its pink head seemed redder than before, tip twitching up and down with excitement. It continued to throb with increasing intensity until finally it began to spurt copious amounts of the golden ale into Saber's glass. The first couple of shots were sharp and sudden, but it soon calmed down into a constant stream. Cold ale slowly filled up the glass, foam forming at the top as the liquid rose. And just when the glass was about full, the cock-nozzle stopped, as if it had calculated the exact amount to pump out.

Sothis figured Saber was about to do the same thing with his second glass. Instead, Saber directed his attention to a different cask of alcohol. As Saber moved out of the way, Sothis felt her eyes shoot even wider. For unlike the other casks with cock-nozzles, the one Saber was currently using had the head of a human person. This head-nozzle's face was that of a sharp, unemotional man. Its hair was long, black and smooth, almost as pretty as that of a girl. Yet his expression was very firm and cold, the type of person who wasn't interested in making friends. A part of Sothis scarcely remembered this person to be Navarre, the scarlet sword.

Considering that Navarre's head seemed fully conscious and sapient, Sothis fully expected the process of extracting ale from him would be a lot less shameful than what Saber had done to the cock-nozzle.

Perhaps Saber would just ask for Navarre to spit out the alcohol, to which Navarre would agree with a snide, edgy comment. Much to Sothis' surprise however, as soon as Saber placed the mug underneath Navarre's head, he leaned down towards the head-nozzle. His eyes closed peacefully, while his lips began to sensually push against Navarre's shrunken face in a series of soft, passionate kisses.

At first, Navarre seemed to not be into it in the slightest. His eyebrows furrowed even further, mouth shifting into an uncompromising frown. Those large plump lips pushed against Navarre's face with disregard. The way Saber's tongue plastered against Navarre's face was very intimate and overbearing, his saliva slathering every inch of the poor swordman's face. Sothis clearly saw the head quivering in what she believed was anger, as if he felt disrespected by Saber's actions. Yet... The more Saber continued to kiss Navarre, the softer Navarre's expression became. Soon, Navarre was actually starting to reciprocate Saber's affection, his throbbing growing even wilder as he closed his eyes and willingly pushed his lips against Saber's.

As the duo's passion increased, soon Saber took the entirety of Navarre's head into his mouth. His head rapidly bobbed back and forth, in the same manner it had when he was sucking on the other cock-nozzle. Sothis could only imagine how it felt for Navarre's head to be tightly constrained in Saber's mouth. It only lasted a couple of seconds, but when Saber finally pulled back, Navarre's face was alight with an expression of immeasurable lust. As Navarre's eyes shifted to the back of his head, Saber rose his glass closer to the head. And just as expected, Navarre's mouth opened wide, allowing for thick spurts of golden ale to pour into the empty glass.

Sothis' sheer astonishment at the situation could only be compared to the quivering heat she felt between her legs. She had no idea why the world had decided to rewire things to work in this way. Could it be that all cask nozzles had been replaced with cocks, and then Navarre had been replaced with a cask nozzle? Was there some extra rules in place to make this interaction as perverse and strange as possible. It was pretty much impossible to tell. The only way she would know would be to find the one responsible. When the glass was finally full of ale, liquid stopped pouring from Navarre's mouth. The head-nozzle seemed pretty satisfied with the whole thing, bearing a much more peaceful expression than before.

For Saber on the other hand, it was all business as usual. Grabbing hold of both of the large beer mugs, he turned back to the counter to attend to his customers. He placed one in front of a big burly man with short brown hair and a rocking mustache.

"Here ya go, Bartre." Saber spoke sharp and curtly before turning away towards another customer.

"Ayee! Thanks friend! I really needed a drink" Barte cheered with a wholesome, hearty smile. Despite looking like he could crush boulders, he still had the warm demeanor of a friendly man. "Now, let's see here..." Bartre leaned forward to grab his mug of ale.

But he had no human hands, nor anything close to fingers. Instead, Bartre had two identical, cylindrical wooden stumps connected to his arms. These were no war wounds either, the sort one would get when

losing a limb. Rather Bartre's human skin literally melted into the wooden stumps, as if his human skin was naturally inclined to turn into wood. Not to mention how the stumps looked more like the legs of a stool than any actual wooden limbs designed with human purpose in mind. This much was apparent as poor Bartre struggled to pick up his glass of ale. His stump hands twiddled with the mug in front of him, trying to either squeeze the mug between both stumps or at least hook one of his wooden limbs into the handlebar. Noticing Sothis shocked gaze, Bartre turned to the goddess with a big, soft smile.

"Yes, it is mighty hard to do lots of things with these arms of mine." The muscular man spoke with a strong, gruff tone that wasn't intimidating in the slightest. "But I've grown used to them by now! Even with these old things, I'm still one of the greatest warriors of time. Harharhar!"

Eyes opened wide with shock, Sothis slowly lowered her face down to the floor below her. For some time, she'd felt like her chair had been uncharacteristically sturdy and firm with all the shaking and shuddering she was doing. But as her gaze landed upon the feet of her stool, the girl's suspicions were all but confirmed. Instead of wooden stumps, the ends of Sothis' tool had four real, living, human hands holding the whole thing up. It wasn't just Sothis chair either. Every single stool had the same pair of pale, firm muscular hands pressing against the floor. Though they trembled and quivered under the weight of whoever sat upon the stool, the hands seemed to be doing a much better job at holding people than the regular stools had been.

A sensation of curiosity mixed with disgust and excitement swelled within Sothis. Unable to hold back her eagerness, she looked back towards the rest of the bar, where she saw similar changes manifesting the entirety of the establishment. There where large, round tables littered about with a singular pole in the middle that transformed into four large feet. The ends of every single chair leg had been replaced with forever hardened, throbbing cock tips, which glistened with lust and oozed liquid onto the ground. Sothis' eyes hovered towards some sofas placed against the walls, whose armrests had been replaced with a pair of literal, slender, feminine arms. Even some of the cushions were now soft, rounded breasts, which looked like they'd been plucked right off a woman's body and just placed atop the sofa as soft rounded blobs of fat.

Speaking of sofas, atop one of the comfortable couches Sothis caught a glimpse of a strange woman she'd never seen before. Her clothes seemed ever so slightly familiar. She was wearing what looked to be some kind of blue, archer outfit, discernable from the armor around her left shoulder and elbow as well as the quilt around her belt. The woman's neck had some sort of ruffled necktie, the type of fancy clothes only a noble would wear. But what really bothered Sothis was just how this woman's skin was so... Blotchy? Coarse? Besides her clothes, she didn't really look human. There was this sort of texturing about her, as if she'd come out of a painting. Not to mention how she didn't seem to move at all, only sitting there statically with a sultry smile.

The mystery of this woman kept Sothis stumped for some time, until a stray blur of motion caught the corner of Sothis' eye. Shifting her attention to the huge painting that hung behind the unknown woman, Sothis was met with what looked like the room of a dainty maiden, with a large soft bed in the middle and rose petals scattered about. Except, atop that red heart shaped bed sat not a woman, but a scantily clad man dressed in soft, semi-see through female lingerie. Unlike the rest of the painting, the man

didn't seem to have the same texture of oil as he spread his legs wide open. But most strange of all was the fact that he was actively *MOVING* in the painting, as if he'd somehow been given the gift of conscious thought and life.

"Ahhh~ Yes, please look at me~!" His soft, muffled voice echoed through the painting. It almost sounded like he was coming from the wall behind the painting, though the painting's cloth seemed to tremble as it transmitted his words. "How exciting to have all these brutes lusting for me~"

There was no denying how stunning this man looked in the midst of the large painting, enough to leave Sothis breathless. A tight, frilly bra clung tightly to his bare chest, which was firmly squared. His crotch was covered in a tight, white set of panties, which were not strong enough to hide his throbbing, pulsating erection. Every inch of his anatomy looked perfectly human and life-like, as if he'd been taken directly from the real world. Yet he wasn't overly masculine either, with smooth curves and an androgynous face that made him all the more alluring. His most defining feature was his hair, his bangs lifting up into two tall v-shaped crests. It almost looked like- No, it was-! It looked exactly like Virion's haircut! And not just the hair cut either, the more Sothis looked at the man in the painting, the more she came to realize. It wasn't just a painting of Virion, this was the REAL Virion inside the painting!

"I want more and more people to stare at my painting!!!" Virion's voice coursed through the painting's frame. "That's the only thing an incredible drawing as myself desires!" Sothis couldn't believe it. To think such an arrogant and womanizing man was now stuck in a painting, as some sort of slutty display for other men to enjoy... There was a very entertaining sort of cosmic humor to it all.

The world around Sothis was getting weirder and weirder, much faster than she could have ever expected. Yet even now, she was no closer to determining who the culprit of such changes might have been. At this point, she'd dropped any sort of self-justification she might have had about her intentions. Sothis wanted to participate in this madness, and she wanted to do it now! Flinging herself off the stool. Sothis floated to the middle of the room to see if she could find anyone acting particularly suspicious. She saw a couple of drunk exclaiming, men with big breasts, ladies with thick arms, extra limbs and heads where they shouldn't belong, all sorts of interesting sights but nothing that would help her.

All that left one option, a single place in this whole establishment that she had yet to check. There in the corner of the pub, stood a stairway with a large wooden sign at the top designated 'Love Inn'. It was a place where heroes could bed each other without judgement, for just a small amount of gold. Sothis' mouth turned into a smirk. If there was anywhere this unknown, depraved, reality warper would be, it had to be up there.

While the rest of the pub around her was brightly lit and animated, the set of stairs that led to the second floor of this establishment was darkened and quiet. It almost felt like stepping into an entirely new universe. The higher Sothis climbed, the darker and dimmer it got, friendly orange hues dissipating into mysterious purple shades. Pumping her chest full of air and feeling her heart thumping loudly within her ribcage, Sothis confidently floated up the steps, ready to gaze upon the oddities she might find. She reached the halfway point of the stairs, turning back into the building as she climbed higher. The familiarity of the pub faded behind her, mind running wild with all sorts of possibilities of what she might

unearth. Until finally she overcame the final step, taking her right into the midst of madness, the unexplored, unknown Love Inn.

The first thing Sothis was met with was a long, narrow, dimly lit hallway, which stretched all the way back to the other side of the building. It honestly looked like the hallway of any other hotel or inn, with several doors on each side with plaques to denote number. Except there were no windows or natural light sources, only some small, sparse candles that dimmed the room in a sort of sensual mood. To Sothis' right there was some sort of foyer or alcove, but much more noteworthy to Sothis' attention was a little desk that stood between the stairs and the rooms. It seemed to act like some sort of reception entrance, at least that's what Sothis assumed, as she saw the ever business savvy Anna sitting on the other side of the desk, her eyes fixated on the stairwell at all times.

"Ah! Welcome dearest customer!" Anna's eyes instantly lit up with excitement the moment she noticed Sothis approach the desk. The little goddess couldn't help but chuckle to herself. Of course it would be Anna running a business like this. "Welcome to Anna's Love Emporium! The place where your lewdest dreams can be made a reality! Would you like to rent out one of our rooms tonight?"

In the blink of an eye, Anna promptly stood from her seat and bowed to Sothis. It was a completely normal gesture, especially when it came to welcoming customers, yet Sothis couldn't help but momentarily stop in shock. Though Anna was wearing her usual merchant clothes on top, she was totally buck naked from the hips down. Sure, Sothis knew this was a more perverse type of environment, but having it out in display this prominently right in the lobby of the establishment no less seemed like quite the bold choice. Not to mention that Anna didn't look intimidated or embarrassed in the slightest!

No... Sothis could tell, there had to be something more to this. Her eyes glared intently at Anna's bare lower side. Anna's legs were slender, yet shapely and full of fat. They converged into a pussy nuzzled within her crotch which appeared particularly fat. She had very little red pubic hair, and her labia seemed incredibly pink and swollen, almost glistening with an unnatural glow. In fact, the entire area around Anna's pussy seemed to almost glisten with this extra shiny gleam, an odd texture that clashed with the rest of her body. It almost seemed like it was... Made of plastic?

Shifting her gaze onto the reception desk before her, Sothis looked for more clues. There were papers, keys and other random items scattered about. But her real answer would only come as she looked at one of the sex toys on top. This long, black tube stood in the middle of the desk, with a flared up conical opening on one end. It was a fleshlight, with a pink pussy sticking out of its thicker end. Except it looked as real as the pussy of any other woman. There was no artificial sheen to the fleshlight's cunt, no unnaturally perfect and unyielding shape. Hell, the fleshlight was even dripping actual lubrication, and its lips shifted and twitched with obvious life. There was no doubt in Sothis mind that this fleshlight used to be Anna's pussy.

Noticing Sothis' interest in the fleshlight, Anna quickly plucked it up the desk and showed it off proudly. "I see you have a good eye, customer! This is one of our newest toys! The ultra realistic pocket pussy!" The receptionist exclaimed with enthusiasm. She took her fingers and plunged them into the quivering pussy, causing it to tremble and start oozing harder. The way she slid them in and out with so much

uncaring intensity made it apparent she had no idea she was handling what used to be her own privates. "It feels incredibly real, with its soft texture and self-lubricating function. If you are interested, you can rent it out along with one of our rooms!"

"N-No, thank you..." Sothis quietly declined. It's not like she had the equipment to use it in the first place. She was mostly just curious about what the swap entailed in terms of Anna's nudity. Perhaps since Anna's pussy wasn't real, she didn't feel the need to wear anything underneath?

"I understand." Anna continued, sounding ever so slightly disappointed. Instead, she motioned towards foyer to Sothis' right. "If you would prefer something else, we have plenty of items that you could rent out! From clothes to sex toys, feel free to take whatever strikes your fancy!"

Just as Anna mentioned, the little room to the side had all sorts of clothes and trinkets scattered throughout its walls and sitting upon plenty of shelves. The most numerous of them all were skimpy, sexy clothes. Sothis saw plenty of the usual fanfare, like scantily clad maids and string bikinis. But there were also some heavy armor and masculine suits, no doubt an aftermath of several swaps. The sex toys she saw seemed to be in a similar chaotic state, with rows of dildos suddenly interrupted by an errant finger or a real, throbbing penis.

Much more to Sothis' interest, was the sight of a semi-nude Dorothea standing in the middle of the room with a perverted expression. Dorothea's large round breasts were covered by a tiny red bikini top. Her damp snatch was bare for any to see, lust glistening from her folds while her thick legs stood far apart. And within her hands, Dorothea held up a skin-colored pair of panties as if they were a precious treasure.

"Oooohh, I cannot wait to wear you~" Dorothea cooed excitedly, her pussy literally quivering.

"Yess!! Yess!! Please wear me!" The panties suddenly spoke back, causing Sothis to jolt in place. "I would be happy to serve you, Dorothea~"

For a few seconds, Sothis just stared flabbergasted. That voice... It seemed so familiar. An incredibly firm and authoritative tone, the type of voice of a natural born leader. Sothis felt as if she'd heard it plenty of times before. Looking as closely at the panties as she could, Sothis saw that there was a human face on the underside of the panties. Not just any human face either, the face of a cute girl with purple irises. The face of... Edelgard?!?

Before Sothis could really think about the repercussions of it all however, Dorothea was already placing her legs into the panty holes and pulling Edelgard up her thighs. She could hear the lusty, needy moans of Edelgard as she slowly slid up Dorothea's fat ass, until she was firmly secured against Dorothea's crotch. Instantly, Dorothea let out a moan of pleasure, face melting into pure bliss. The bottom of her panties suddenly started shifting back and forth wildly, while the sound of thick, luscious slobbering echoed through the room. It seemed like panties-Edelgard was happily eating out Dorothea without any semblance of shame.

"Oh! Those are our self-lubricating panties!" Anna explained with a smile, accentuated by the soft, whimpering moans of Dorothea. "They'll pleasure you while you wear them. Unfortunately, we only

have one pair so I can't offer you anymore. But we're hoping to increase our stock in the future! So, what would you like~?"

Sothis tried her best to concentrate, despite the litany of perverted noises coming from Dorothea and Edelgard. "U-Umm... N-No that's quite alright." She barely managed to mutter out with a slight tone of embarrassment. "C-Could I just get a regular room?"

"Sure! No problem!" The bright Anna retorted with lots of enthusiasm and a big, earnest smile. Reaching into one of the desk drawers, Anna pulled out a set of keys and presented them to Sothis. "Here ya go miss! Remember, our rates are hourly! Or you can get the nightly set for a discount! All payment is done once you're done. No refunds accepted~"

Body trembling with nervousness, Sothis quickly shifted her open palm underneath Anna's hand. Except, when Anna opened her fist, what fell onto Sothis hand was no normal set of keys. Instead, it looked almost like a tiny little dildo with different nubs, small enough to fit a butterfly. The keychain seemed normal, with a tag that had the number 10 on it to denote Sothis' room was room 10, but... Sothis couldn't help but wonder how this little dildo key was supposed to work. At least until she realized she was awkwardly standing in silence in front of the reception desk, causing her to quickly float away and head into the hallway of doors.

Leaving the reception desk behind, Sothis looked left and right through the hallway in search of her assigned room. Now that she thought about it, she wasn't quite sure why she'd gotten a room in the first place. It's not like she was planning to do anything in one alone. Rather, it was probably Anna's saleswoman pressure which prompted her to get something, and that was the simplest option. Not to mention the easy access it gave her to the hallway with the rest of the rooms...

As Sothis passed by each room, she could feel her curious heart thumping harder and harder. Behind those walls, horny people were doing all sorts of debauched acts. Just one door away, these humans were indulging in their most debased and animalistic rituals. The sex itself wasn't anything that interested Sothis too much. No, what she really wanted to know was what sort of transformation the people behind said doors had undergone. How much mayhem had this reality alterator caused, and how did that affect people's intimate time together?

It was honestly kind of painful how much she wanted to know. The further she went along the hallway, the more intense that sensation became. Could she really walk past all this potential excitement and chaos as if it was nothing out of the ordinary?! No... Sothis had to know. She had to see! The goddess no longer cared whose privacy she would have to violate in order to satisfy her curiosity, but she would peep in on someone's private time even if it was the last thing she did! Turning towards Anna to make sure that there were no eyes on her, Sothis floated up to the closest door to her right, ignoring that it wasn't actually her room.

The first room she approached was marked with the number 6. The door seemed to be shut tightly, not a single hole or crevice through which anyone could gleam a single peep. Though from the faint gasping and groaning on the other side, Sothis could tell there was someone most certainly in there. For most people, this was probably as far as they could go. With a locked door and no other available entryway,

the best anyone could get was hearing the faint sounds of perversion by placing their ear against the door. Thankfully, Sothis was no normal person. She still had her godly powers, and she knew exactly how to abuse them. Making her body semi-incorporeal, Sothis' whole head slowly phased through the door as if it wasn't there in the first place. Her eyes lit up with excitement as she observed what was on the other side of the door.

Sitting atop the bedroom's soft bed, Sothis found the usually quiet and reserved Fjorm currently masturbating to her heart's content. Sweat poured down her body, a series of needy pants constantly escaping her soft lips. As Fjorm's legs spread wide open, Sothis expected to find a glistening pink womanhood. Instead, the thing that sprouted from Fjorm's crotch could only be described as a monstrous anaconda. For some reason, the dainty Fjorm seemed to possess a mighty penis that was as long as her forearm. Its skin was colored a deep ebony, to contrast Fjorm's pale white tone. The shaft was so thick and meaty, Fjorm could scarcely wrap both of her hands around its entire girth. Nonetheless, the girl continued to pump that massive cock, lust and desperation driving her insane with desire.

Much stranger than the cock, however, was the cock's head. For the usual pink, concave tip one would expect on a normal penis had been replaced with the head of Nifl, goddess and protector of Nifl itself. Nifl's face was as pale if not paler than Fjorm's her short blue hair accompanied by her usual white fox ears that sprung from the top of her head. Her eyes crossed as Fjorm continued to rub her cock, as if she could feel every last bit of Fjorm's stimulation. Though Nifl tried to keep a cold and restrained expression, it was clear that her brain was being inundated with copious amounts of pleasure. Even from where she stood, Sothis could see the precum already dripping from Nifl's mouth.

"F-Fjorm~ F-Fjorm, s-stop!!!" Nifl commanded authoritatively, though any real sense of impact was diminished by the fact she was merely a cockhead. "T-There's s-something-!! S-Something wrong!!! W-We need to-!!"

"Ngggh~ But it feels so gooooooooddd~" Fjorm cried out in response, unable to stop herself from continually jacking off that monster cock attached to her crotch. "The heat in my cock is unbearable! I can feel my balls overflowing with hot jizz- I-I need to cum!!!"

Unable to contain her intense amounts of sexual desire, Fjorm ignored the words from her cockhead and continued masturbating her cock in sheer desperation. Her left hand slowly drifted down to her massive ballsack, grabbing onto one of her testicles and kneading it tenderly. The entire ball fit comfortably within the palm of her hand, quivering with need as it filled up with sperm. Meanwhile, Fjorm's right hand rose closer to the tip of her dick. It's wild, relentless up and down motions kept going as usual, but Fjorm also made sure to caress the underside of her cockhead, tugging her foreskin and squeezing tightly onto her shaft.

While Fjorm became completely lost in the continuous waves of sexual pleasure, Nifl herself didn't seem to be doing so well. Eyebrows furrowed tightly, Nifl's eyes squinted and twitched from the pressure, as if she could barely manage to keep them open. Every time Fjorm pumped her shaft, Nifl's face would quiver with pleasure. Her lips shivered, mouth slowly filling with a sticky, white saltiness. From the gentle

ball squeezed to the unforgiving rubbing of her shaft, Nifl could feel every last inch of Fjorm's cock as her own. The two had become inextricably linked by this point.

"Body hot... Mind melting..." Nifl gasped, gritting her teeth in order to bare all the pleasure. Her thoughts were going blank, her body throbbing uncontrollably. But still she tried to resist, she held back from going overboard. "Can't give in to heat... Can't... Cum..."

It was a statement of defiance. One Fjorm would not tolerate without repercussion. As the pleasure within Fjorm's cock continued to rise and her orgasm was still nowhere in sight, Fjorm began masturbating with even more intensity. Her left hand rose once more and wrapped close to the tip of her fat black cock, squeezing it as tightly as possible to the point Nifl couldn't even breathe. Her fingers moved in tandem to her hips, which viciously thrust upward as if she was fucking the air. The increased stimulation was like a blow directly into Nifl's brain. Her cock-body flopped up and down, head rattling between the motions and the lust. The back of her mouth became inundated with fresh jizz, as Fjorm's balls tightened and her urethra grew thick with cum. Nifl's eyes rolled to the back of her head. S-She wasn't-!! S-She couldn't-!!!

"BLARGGGHHH!!!"

Alas, whatever Nifl thought of the situation mattered not. Despite all attempts to retain a modicum of control, in the end Nifl succumbed to the physical realities of her new form, and cum began spewing forth from the head's mouth. Once the floodgates were open, there was nothing one could do to stop them. Fjorm cried in utter bliss as thick globs of cum sputtered forth all over the bed, an incredible stream of white that showed no signs of stopping. The look of pure joy on her face was indescribable. It was as if this was the first and best orgasm she'd ever experienced in her entire life. Nifl looked like she'd been completely warped by the pleasure. Eyes rolling back, her face trembled with each continuous spurt of semen. Even a goddess like her was but a tool when attached to the body of a mortal.

Having witnessed enough of the scene, Sothis slowly drifted back until her whole body was back in the hallway. Even with the pair no longer in her sight, Sothis could feel her heart thumping through her chest. Excitement and fear, arousal and disgust, there was a swirl of emotions twirling inside her the likes she'd never quite felt before. It was as if she'd looked into the depths of the human experience, a hidden darkness not often shown. Given her godlike status, it seems like Nifl was also somewhat aware of the changes in the same way as Sothis. Yet even this wasn't enough to save her from the facts of her new reality. Sothis would have to remember to exercise caution when dealing with the culprit, lest she too fall victim to a similar fate...

After a sufficient amount of self-reflection, Sothis' continued down the hallway, until she crossed upon the door marked 8 and her curiosity was ignited once more. The thought of observing yet another bizarre and twisted sexual encounter caused her bones to shiver. The previous scene had certainly filled her with a tinge of dread, but the idea that some fun, chaotic interaction could pass by right under her nose made her feel even more anxious. Sothis' real purpose was to find whoever was responsible for all this! She should be focusing on that first and foremost!

...

...

Which is why peeking into the room in search of any potential whereabouts seemed like an excellent idea! Caving in to her selfish desire, Sothis approached the room until her hands were placed firmly against the door. This time, she didn't even bother to make sure no one was watching. Her head became slightly see through, her body shifting to become more immaterial. Slowly fazing through the door, Sothis opened her eyes wide in hopes of taking in every little detail she could come across.

The layout of the room was much the same as that of the one before, which made sense considering this was just an inn. A big window stood tall on the other side of the wall, allowing for scarce light to parse through the closed curtains. Bookshelves and a desk pressed against the wall to the left, mostly to keep it from being empty. But the real place of interest rested on the right side of the room, the soft inn bed where all the fun activities took place... When Sothis' eyes glanced towards the right, she was more than happy to find a couple already in the midst of a passionate exchange.

A tall, imposing man with spiky blue hair and a muscular frame sat at the edge of the bed with his legs spread open. Sothis knew him to be Ike, leader of the Greil mercenaries. He looked quite incredible, with his bare, firm, sweaty muscles all in display. There was no doubt that a great deal of girls would have been incredibly happy to spend the night with him. The person who got the lucky honor however, seemed to be a short, slender person with long, silky smooth black hair. This person wasn't overtly masculine or feminine, making it hard to tell whether they were a guy or a girl from a first glance. Their body was soft yet had a certain firmness that bordered between the lines of femininity and masculinity

What was very clearly apparent though, was the immense amounts of passion this person had for Ike. Kneeling dutifully between Ike's large legs, this black haired mystery person pushed the entirety of their face against Ike's crotch. Their head bobbed up and down rapidly, a series of sloppy, slurping sounds echoing through the room. It looked like they were completely swallowing Ike's cock whole, for Sothis couldn't even see where the person's face ended and Ike's crotch started. And Ike seemed to be completely enthralled. With both of his arms planted atop the other person's scalp, he reeled back and bucked his hips in pleasure.

"Ohhh fucckk~" Ike gasped blissfully, feeling his cock throb with desire. "I love fucking your face, Soren~"

That answered one of the most pressing questions in Sothis' mind. It made sense really, Ike and his tactician Soren spent basically all their time together, so them doing this sort of thing was nothing out of the ordinary. Rather, the strangest part of it all was how oddly... Normal it felt...? The scene just looked like a pair of lovers enjoying some private time together. Could it be the two hadn't come across the errant reality changer?

Just as Sothis felt her interest start to wane off however, Ike started pulling Soren's head away from his crotch. Little by little Soren's body inched away from Ike's leaving a clear, sticky thread of fluid on Ike's erect cock. Soren's lips seemed to stretch as the massive penis pulled away from his face. But by the time Ike's cockhead was freed and Soren's visage was entirely unobstructed, Sothis found no eyes on the smaller boy's face, no nose or mouth or any such facial features. Instead, the only thing on Soren's face

was one big, sopping, feminine pussy, quelching with arousal as it reeled from the cock it had just swallowed.

“I love you Soren.” Ike’s voice spoke in a tender, genuine tone. He gave Sothis no time to react before he leaned down and pushed his lips against Soren’s vaginal lips and the two began to passionately kiss.

In an instant, all of Sothis’ excitement returned as she watched Ike passionately slobber with the pussy on Soren’s face. His thick tongue pushed deep into the pussy’s vaginal folds, lips sucking non the labia whilst he sucked up all Soren’s sticky juices. Sothis could see Soren shuddering in abject excitement, his face clut shuddering as Ike’s tongue traveled deeper and deeper. Down in Soren’s crotch, his real, normal penis was fully erect. The boy’s hips seemed to push forward almost instinctively, as if he was being overloaded with sexual and he knew not how else to release all that pent up desire.

After a couple of seconds of kissing, Ike finally parted ways from Soren’s lips. A thick coating of vaginal juices spread all over his face, dripping down to his chin. He looked at Soren’s pussy-face with a stricken, loving expression, as if he was admiring the most beautiful thing in the world. Meanwhile, the only thing Soren’s pussy experienced was pure desire.

“You want to do it again?” Ike asked with a sly smile, though he knew the answer already. “Alright. Let me fuck that tight face of yours again~”

Leaning back and spreading his legs open once more, Ike took hold of Soren’s head and pushed his face closer until Soren’s quivering labia were pressing against Ike’s fat, pink cockhead. Every inch of Soren shivered in need, from his faint, pinkish feminine pussy, to his thick puffy nipples, to even the little cock between his legs that oozed with precum. It was as if every fiber of his body was begging to be fucked, as if he could think of being penetrated and nothing else. Sothis wondered how the poor boy would manage to do it. Ike’s cock was nothing to scoff at. The massive log of meat was as big as that of a horse, its shaft girthier than a sword handle. There was no way any regular pussy would be able to handle such a large penis, right?

The truth was, however, whatever Sothis’ thoughts on the matter might have been, they didn’t really matter. Because when Ike slammed Soren’s face into his crotch, his entire cock plunged deep into the depths of Soren’s vaginal folds without the slightest of struggle. Soren’s entire body began to wriggle madly, a thick splutter of vaginal fluid squirting from his clogged up lips. Sothis could see the massively girthy penis fill up Soren’s cheeks, stretching out his thin little throat until it pushed deep into his body. It was like Ike’s cock was filling every singular inch of his form, spreading copious amounts of ecstasy through his body.

Even Ike himself seemed overcome with pleasure. Sitting in a slightly stiff manner, Ike let his mouth hang open as he felt the pleasure spread through his system. His hands roughly dragged Soren’s face up back and forth along the length of his throbbing manhood, pushing the boy so close, Soren’s vaginal lips layered a litany of soppy kisses upon Ike’s crotch. Soren’s face-pussy felt so tight against his cock it was downright excruciating. The way those warm walls trembled as his girthy member pushed through them, wrapping and pulsating needily onto his shaft, it made him feel like he was about to explode.

Unable to control his furious urges, Ike became rougher and wilder with Soren's face pussy. Ike's hands really clenched onto Soren's cranium, hips moving in conjunction to his arms in a relentless show of force. Each time his cock slammed against Soren's face, the boy's whole body would spasm uncontrollably, as if it was short-circuiting. Yet Ike gave it no mind, his cock throbbing eagerly as it clogged the entirety of Soren's tight vagina. It seemed Ike would not stop until he had pumped Soren's face full of thick cum.

As the pair grew more and more passionate, Sothis slowly phased back from the door and into the hallway once more. Her chest felt tight, and her breathing was heavy. Even her cheeks seemed bright red with a brilliant blush. Sothis forced herself to take a deep breath in order to calm down. She really needed to keep her head cool. Now that she was so close to whatever was causing these strange situations, it was important for her not to get swept in the madness. Otherwise, how would she be able to confront the person responsible?

Turning towards the end of the hallway, Sothis floated a couple of meters forth until she was finally at the room she'd been assigned, room number 10. She held the strange dildo shaped key in her hand, wondering exactly what she was supposed to do with it. The door in front of her looked pretty normal, nothing in particular crazy standing out from a cursory glance. It was only when her eyes shifted towards the door handle, that Sothis understood why she'd been given this strange dildo key.

Instead of a regular door handle, the handle to Sothis' room was the body of a fully nude human woman. The woman was bent into the shape of an L, much like a regular door handle would be. And she'd also been shrunk down to be able to fit within a regular human hand. Though she was small, Sothis could see every one of her little features, from the rounded breasts which were quite abundant for her small frame, to the long, smooth purple hair which clung perpendicular to her head. She had a very beautiful and majestic body, almost like that of a princess, which made it kind of a shame she was just a doorknob now. In fact... Wasn't this the body of that Elusian princess, Ivy?

"Welcome, dear customer." The Ivy-doorhandle spoke in a regal tone, most certainly reminiscent of Ivy. "If this is your room, please enter your key inside me."

'Enter the key'...? Sothis lifted the little dildo key in her hand and looked at it. Then she looked down at Ivy. There was no real keyhole anywhere. No specific place where this little dildo seemed to fit best. Where the hell was Sothis supposed to put this in? The answer to that question became clear to Sothis as she looked down between Ivy's legs, where a puffy, damp pussy seemed to almost pulsate with desire at the sight of Sothis' dildo key. Instantly, all the pieces came together. The dildo key was the perfect shape to put inside Ivy's pussy, and Ivy-doorhandle was basically quivering in anticipation. This was certainly not a change Sothis had been expecting, but it was not an unwelcome one.

Holding onto the dildo key tightly, Sothis slowly shifted it towards Ivy's expectant pussy. Merely maintaining it close to Ivy's entrance was more than enough to make the eager doorhandle shiver and twitch in anticipation. Hands slowly pushing forth, Sothis slid her dildo-key into Ivy's vagina. The doorhandle let out a pleased moan, her face going bright red while her L-bent shaped form shifted up

and down in ecstasy. It was quite surprising how easily the whole dildo squirmed further and further inside, effortlessly spreading Ivy's vaginal walls until the entire key was deep inside of her folds.

Another surprising thing was the lack of any sort of real locking mechanism. As Sothis twiddled with the key inside of Ivy's pussy, she found no place she could move or spot she could press in order to unlock the door. It all just felt like a regular human vagina. In fact, even as Sothis pushed the entire key into Ivy's pussy, there was no sign of the door unlocking. Sothis fiddled her hand up and down, causing the dildo to squirm inside of Ivy's pussy. She pushed the key in and out, eliciting even more moans from Ivy's mouth. But no matter what she tried, the door remained strangely locked.

Looking down at the gasping Ivy, the idea entered Sothis' mind that perhaps she would have to pull the door handle down. A slight shiver of discomfort coursed through her form. She really didn't want to grab an entire human body in the palm of her hand. Though at the same time, it's not like this was the sort of experience one had every day, so... Against her better judgement, Sothis took her free right hand and gently wrapped it around Ivy's female body. She could feel the softness of Ivy's curvaceous form within her fingers. Ivy's plump breasts pushed against the back of her palm, while Ivy's butt rested against Sothis' digits. Sothis did her best not to press against Ivy's head, leaving it sticking out at the end of her hand. However, judging from the way Ivy quivered, Sothis was sure she wouldn't have minded if Sothis had been rougher...

As Sothis pulled the doorhandle up and down with her right hand, while her left desperately pushed the dildo key into Ivy's pussy, she desperately tried to pull open the door. Yet again, the entire action resulted in no result. No combination of key inserting or handle tugging managed to come close to opening the locked door.

"Harder!" Ivy suddenly screamed from the blue, her voice seeped deep in sexual desire. "Y-Y-You have to push in the key hardeeeeer~~"

Finally, Sothis realized. There wasn't any sort of hidden mechanism or specific technique needed in order to open the door. Rather, all Sothis was to do was get this naughty door handle to climax. As a sly smile slowly formed on Sothis' face, her once careful attempts to maneuver the key inside Ivy's pussy became rough, passionate, back and forth motions slamming that dildo key inside of Ivy's folds. Sothis' right hand tightened around Ivy's handle-body, squeezing tightly onto her entire form until Ivy felt like she could scarcely even breathe. The breathless pants of pleasure from Ivy's mouth became louder and lustier, her body eagerly shivered within Sothis' palm. Within seconds, every inch of her body was overflowing with bliss until-

"I'm-!! I'm~!!" Ivy groaned loudly, body trembling in place and eyes rolling to the back of her head. "I'm going to-!!!"

Click!

As a loud snapping sound echoed from within the wood of the door itself, the lock was instantly unfastened and the door which Ivy had been securing swung wide open without a single snag. It was almost shocking how fast and effortless the whole thing had been. One second Sothis had been

struggling against this immovable object, the next she had a clear view of the entirety of the room. With her dildo-key still in hand, Sothis looked down at Ivy. The doorhandle was gasping and panting, as if it was struggling to stay alive. Her cheeks were flushed and sweat poured down her human body. Though the perverted smile on her face was unmistakable.

“Y-You may now enter your room, dear guest~” Ivy gasped breathily. “T-Thank you for staying with us~”

Sothis felt her mouth morph into a smile yet again. She couldn’t be too bothered by a door handle, especially one that seemed to enjoy its job so much. Instead, the girl slowly hovered inside to further examine the room. Its layout was pretty much the same as the previous two that she had observed. What Sothis hadn’t been expecting was that just like the other two rooms, this one was *also* occupied.

On the other side of the bedroom Sothis could be a huge, hulking person with their face turned away. Their midsection protruded outwards into a huge, rounded belly, their arms and feet girthy as logs. From the thick, rounded shape of their body, Sothis gathered it must have a rotund, obese man. Sothis could even see some body hair sprouting all around, and a thick, heavily musky masculine scent permeated the entirety of the room. The most surprising thing of all however was that this very fat man was currently wearing a thin, dainty feminine maid dress, which exposed much of their hairy arms and feet. Poor man must have gotten caught up in the reality changing chaos...

“Umm... Excuse me...?” Sothis addressed the man, slowly hovering towards him. “I believe this is my room...?”

Almost instantly, the man turned around. Except his face... It was not the face of a man, but rather the face of an incredibly adorable and youthful girl! Her hair was short and blonde, which perhaps added to the confusion, but her eyes glimmered with a brilliant blue hue. She had a very cute young and healthy face, much younger than the thick body that rested beneath her neck. And her smile seemed to shine like the sun with bright, earnest enthusiasm. In her hand she held a broom, which she’d been using to broom the floor around the room.

“Oh! Hey there! My apologies!” The cute maid with the body of a rotund man spoke in a high-pitched chirpy voice. “My name is Amelia! I’m working part time at this inn. My apologies, I didn’t know we had a customer coming in so soon! Please give me a couple of minutes to clean up your room, and I’ll be out of here!”

Sothis couldn’t help but reciprocate with a bright smile of her own. “That is no problem at all.” The little goddess answered regally. “I’ll just wait outside until you are done.”

Slowly backing away from the room, Sothis gave Amelia the space to keep on cleaning. Yet she could not take her eyes away from Amelia’s form. It was so incredible to see a cute thing like her on such a fat figure... The way Amelia’s fat manboobs sagged on top of her belly. A big fat belly that bulged from the set of maid clothes, threatening to tear through its buttons at any second. Her hairy legs moved with a spryness that seemed downright unnatural. While her wide hips swung about in a feminine manner. It was really something else...

In fact, Sothis had become so enraptured in the sight of Amelia, that as she hovered backwards outside of the door, she accidentally bumped into somebody else. The pair of bodies collided hard against each other. Sothis flew forth towards the room, while she could hear whoever she'd crashed into clatter onto the ground. Regret and embarrassment filled the little goddess. Without wasting any time, she turned around towards her victim and stretched a helping hand.

"Ah! Excuse me!" Sothis apologized earnestly. "I wasn't looking where I was going, I do apologize..."

Down on the floor, Sothis saw a man of relatively average build and looks. His hair was short and wild, colored a very light green that almost edged on brown. His face was relatively attractive, though nothing to write home about. And he wore a black bandana on his forehead, alongside a set of bulky green armor typical of cavaliers. Despite how innocuous he seemed, he was also strangely familiar to Sothis. For some reason, she felt as if she'd heard about a man fitting this appearance. A so called... Sain, if she recalled correctly. An absolute shameless and flirtatious man who tried to shoot his shot with anything that had a pulse. Yes, it made sense she'd run into this sort of character in a place like this.

"Hey, it's no worry darling." Sain commented nonchalantly, rubbing his butt as he slowly got onto his feet. "I also wasn't... Paying much attention, yeah..."

The other noteworthy thing Sothis found was a strange contraption right beneath her feet. The artifact was shaped almost like an L, with a short horizontal handle attached to a perpendicular tube. It had all sorts of buttons, notches and triggers on each of its sides, making it quite the mystifying device. In a way, it looked strangely similar to the Summoner's Bredablik. Sothis didn't remember seeing it before, so she figured Sain had probably dropped it when the two had collided. Gently bending down towards the odd device, Sothis took the whole thing into her hand. It was a surprisingly heavy artifact, its texture something Sothis had never felt in her life. It felt as if it had come from an entirely different universe, an artifact that surpassed even Sothis' comprehension. Though she wasn't sure exactly what it was, she prepared herself to return it to Sain when-

"H-Hey don't touch that!!" The moment Sain noticed Sothis had taken hold of the artifact, he screamed loudly with a panicked tone, desperately lunging at the goddess as if his life depended on it.

Sothis was able to effortlessly dodge Sain's clumsy attack. However, his overreaction aroused a great deal of doubt in the little goddess. Why had he been so desperate to get this artifact back? What sort of importance did it hold that he would basically assault a stranger for it. It was only then that Sothis noticed something peculiar with Sain. He was normal. Just a completely normal, human man. Ever since Sothis got to this building, basically every person she'd come across had been changed in some sort of strange manner. Whether small or big, nobody was able to avoid the alterations to reality. No one... Except Sain. Sothis once again looked at the artifact in her hand, gauging its otherworldly feeling. Could this be... Could this be the reality altering device she'd been looking for?

"What does this thing do?" Sothis inquired further. "And why are you not changed?"

Sain's face went pale white for a second, as if he'd seen a ghost. "W-W-Wait, y-you can see the changes?!?" A small sheepish gasp escaped Sain's lips, the realization that he'd really screwed up by

saying something so blatantly incriminating. "I-I-I mean-! I-I-I d-don't know what changes y-you're talking about. That gun is just- I-It's an important gift, so give it back!"

Once again, Sain lunged at Sothis, though the clumsy man missed her entirely and fell onto the floor. The combination of odd behavior and this strange, foreign artifact was more than enough evidence for Sothis to realize that Sain was somehow involved in all of the reality alteration events Sothis had come across so far. And the strange device in her hands was most likely the culprit of it all. Sothis had no idea what exactly it did nor how it worked, but one thing was perfectly clear in her mind. She was NOT giving it back to Sain.

"So you're the one that's been causing all this chaos!" Sothis gasped, shaking her head in disappointment. "What a shameful, inconsiderate, selfish man that you are. To think you would go around transforming people without their knowledge. Have you any idea what you've done to the fabric of reality? Such things are not meant to be used as toys!"

Face turned towards the floor, Sain merely sat motionless as he listened to Sothis' reprimand.

"You should be thankful I found you before you did anything truly heinous. Who knows what sort of destruction you could have caused." Sothis tsked to herself, feeling a sense of righteous superiority to Sain's moral failure. "Now if you'll excuse me, I will be reporting this artifact to the Order, so that they may take care of it properly and so it will not be misused. Of course, I'll also have to report what you've done today. And we'll try to fix every one of the people you've so deliberately messed with. Since you were only playing around, I'm sure whatever punishment you get won't be too severe. Although this is certainly behavior that will not be-"

"JUST GIVE ME BACK MY SWAP GUN!!!"

While Sothis had been distracted monologuing over her own victory, Sain quickly lurched from the ground towards the floating goddess. And this time, he actually got her. Panic spread through Sothis' mind as she felt his grubby hands wrap tightly around hers. Sothis quickly yanked back in desperation, but all this did was pull him closer to her. Sain's face seemed almost maddened. His fingers gripped onto Sothis' arm so tightly, it started to hurt. As he twisted left and right, his larger body was able to swerve Sothis around. It was honestly scary how badly he wanted this thing.

"PLEASE!! YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND!!!" Sain cried desperately, his eyes filled with fury. "I HAVEN'T HAD ANY LUCK WITH WOMEN EVER SINCE I CAME HERE! I'M ONLY GOING TO USE THIS IN ORDER TO GET MYSELF A GIRLFRIEND, I-I-I JUST NEED TO FIGURE OUT HOW!!!"

As compelling as Sain's reason sounded, Sothis was not about to relinquish such incredible power to someone who had used it as irresponsibly as Sain. Despite being considerably smaller than Sain, she fought tooth and nail to keep him away. Using her goddess power, she summoned much more force than was possible for someone her size, allowing her to somewhat tug away from his grasp. Her ability to float also made it impossible for her to get pinned on the ground, making her impervious to any trapping Sain could have mustered.

The real problem came when Sain shifted his grip from Sothis' arm and onto the device itself. As his fingers wrapped onto the foreign metal, he began to accidentally press buttons and turn switches. Panic instantly set in Sothis' mind. Despite not knowing much about this device, she was most certainly sure that all of these buttons weren't to be pressed at random like this. She desperately pulled the artifact away from Sain, causing him to accidentally press even more and more buttons. Soon enough, Sothis could feel a powerful heat start emanating from the device. Its insides cooed with an alien, mechanical whir, as if it was powering up from something. Sothis kicked, pulled, tugged and did absolutely anything in her power in hopes she would be able pry the thing away from Sain's hands before anything bad could happen. But to no avail. As Sain kept gripping the device and shifting it in every random direction, the device only kept growing warmer.

"Y-You fool!" Sothis yelped at the top of her lungs, feeling a real sense of dread forming inside her. "D-Don't you realize how dangerous this could be?!?"

"Excuse me? Your room is ready!"

ZAP!!!

And all went dark.

...

...

...

When Sothis' consciousness returned, the first thing she felt was grogginess and an overwhelming sensation of discomfort. Her vision was almost jet black, as if her eyes were forcibly kept shut. She could feel her face being squished and constrained, held back by unknown constraints that kept her firmly in place. A thick, musky, dank smell permeated the air around her, infesting her nostrils with the undeniable smell of masculinity. This overpowering scent even snuck into her mouth, which prickled with a strange, salty and viscous flavor. Sothis tried to move her body left and right but found her limbs to be completely numb. And if that wasn't enough, Sothis felt as if her entire head was being consumed by a powerful heat.

It almost felt like Sothis had been entrapped in a tight, torturous prison. A dungeon in which all of her senses were either stripped or abused, her fate left in the hands of some unknown assailant. No matter how hard she shifted, Sothis could not budge from where she stood. That dizzying heat and smell constantly accompanied her at all times. Taking a deep breath, Sothis tried to recall the previous events. She'd been struggling with Sain over that reality altering device, right? He pressed a bunch of the device's buttons, and then... And then...?

"Ahh... I'm so glad work is over..."

A voice rang out from the background, taking Sothis' attention. It was muffled and sounded a bit far away. Yet, it was a familiar voice. One she'd definitely heard recently. Wasn't that the voice of Amelia...?

“Now let’s get this stuffy thing off~”

All of a sudden, the darkness that enshrouded Sothis disappeared in its entirety, blinding Sothis with the brightness of the real world. Her eyes squinted, and she could feel herself droop downwards, no longer held back by her restraints. It was certainly surprising, though the influx of fresh air was not something Sothis would complain about. As Sothis’ vision slowly cleared and the fog of musk dissipated from her brain, she took some time to observe her surroundings. For some reason, the room around her seemed a lot bigger than she remembered, her field of view much lower than usual. She could still feel herself hovering in the air. Except, it wasn’t quite hovering, rather it felt like she was hanging off something...?

Sothis tried to use her goddess powers to float around the room, only to find they did not react in the slightest. She tried to use her arms and legs to protrude forward, a futile action as she realized she could not feel them either. Almost instantly, whatever relief Sothis had felt soon turned to panic, as she soon came to understand she couldn’t move in the slightest. All that Sothis felt of her original body was her head, and she could do little more than wiggle around and hang in place. She felt this huge hulking presence behind her, a massive body of heat from which she hung. Much more alarming was the enormously thick slab of heat that Sothis felt sitting against her right cheek. Sothis couldn’t turn to see it quite well, though she could most certainly feel it. It had this throbbing heat, and Sothis was sure it was the source of that dank, mind-twirling smell. Something was *terribly* wrong. It didn’t take a genius for Sothis to realize it.

However, Sothis would only realize how bad things truly were when she noticed the mirror that had been standing in front of her. Instead of seeing her regular, humanoid body, the first thing Sothis noticed was her disembodied head hanging between two fat, hairy, masculine legs. Her face was just as cute as ever, her green hair and two ponytails exactly as they had been before. But the rest of her body was nowhere to be found, and instead she hung down from a saggy, stretchy piece of skin that connected her to this body’s crotch. To Sothis’ right, she found the source of such heat and musk. It was a penis, big, girthy and dank as hell. The flaccid cock flopped forth just a few inches from Sothis’ face, as thick as her smaller head was. It made Sothis realize. She was in the exact place where a testicle should have been...

Slowly lifting her vision up the mirror, Sothis came across an enormously huge and round belly so large it cast a shadow over her. A trail of body hair traveled from the tummy to the chest, two pairs of sagging man breasts that rested comfortably on the fat stomach. Two large, burly hairy arms accompanied the body’s broad shoulders. And sitting atop this enormous pile of masculine fat, was none other than the head of cute Amelia, the energetic girl who had been previously cleaning Sothis’ room.

“All that hard work sure does a number on a girl like me.” Amelia commented with a content sigh. “Welp, it’s about time I blow off a little bit of steam~”

In an instant, all became clear to Sothis. Her sudden unconsciousness, waking up in this position, feeling her body altered in such an incredible way. During her struggle with Sain, it seems the reality altering device had gone off. And now Sothis was stuck as one of Amelia’s plump, rounded testicles. Body trembling with desperation, Sothis used what little control she had to wriggle away from Amelia. Even if she had no chance of freeing herself, Sothis just didn’t want to be part of this whole situation in the

slightest. Unfortunately, there was little Sothis could do as Amelia's hands drifted down her shaft and started to stroke it gently. Her testicle-head trembled as she felt Amelia's cock slowly harden. All of the lust was injected directly into her brain, causing the depths of her mouth to become damp with cum. Though she'd observed all sorts of strange scenarios all day, it was now time for Sothis to experience one herself.

"Yes! Yes master!" As Amelia's fat cock reached full mast, another voice rang out from Sothis' right. This voice was as familiar as the last one. In fact, Sothis knew it so well merely hearing it caused her blood to boil in rage. "I'm so horny! I've been waiting for this all day! We'll make a bunch of cum for you to spew, so please jack off as much as you want!"

It was the voice of that perverted mongrel Sain! Sothis could recognize his sleazy, desperate tone anywhere. That bastard! Looking over towards the mirror, Sothis saw Sain was stuck in the very same position that she had been. His shrunken head merely hung down from Amelia's crotch, about the same size of a regular testicle. He had the same exact green messy hair as before, along with his bandana. Unlike when she'd last seen him however, there was no hint of worry or concern on Sain's face. Instead, he looked up at Amelia's cock with unabashed lust, as if he found this whole scenario completely normal. It seemed the reality alteration device had affected Sain just as it had all of his victims. There was some sort of karmic satisfaction knowing that he had not been spared from the same terrible fate as Sothis. Especially as he looked up at Amelia's thick penis with pure need. Alas, this brought very little relief to Sothis considering he was the reason Sothis currently found herself as a human's testicle in the first place! No amount of karma could ever undo the humiliation that she felt at this moment.

With encouragement from one of her needy testicles, it did not take Amelia a long time to rub her penis until it had fully hardened. The penis looked absolutely massive from Sothis' point of view. Its whole shaft extended to Amelia's thick belly button, thick and weighty as an axe handle. Even in its stiff state, Amelia's cock was so thick that her foreskin still clung to the base of her cockhead. A thick miasma of lust oozed from the heavy penis, drifting down to Sothis and permeating against her face. Her nose wrinkled as she felt that heavy aroma burn into her nose, the virile scent of a male. Not only was she so close to the source, but Sothis felt like she was producing some of it herself.

The worst part of it all came whenever Amelia began to stroke her fat cock with both hands. Though her movements were slow and clumsy, Sothis could feel every inkling of pleasure being directly injected into her brain. Each little quiver replicated inside of Sothis' head, all of the stimulation playing over and over within her mind. While Sothis tried her best to resist, Sain to her right gave in to the pleasure freely. He groaned out in a soppy, hungry voice, spitting and gurgling with each breath. His head felt like it had been built precisely to handle all that penile stimulation, a job he took proudly. And the more Amelia rubbed her cock, the more Sothis felt herself twisting to the whims of her new form.

After just a couple of minutes of stroking, Sothis felt her mouth start to grow stickier and saltier. Thick drool started to drip from her lips. Lines of viscous fluid oozed from her nose. Sothis tried to shut her mouth, but her head felt too numb and her muscles too weary to follow her command. So she just hung there with her mouth half open, letting all that viscous fluid flow forth freely. A sticky concoction that was salty and white, with a powerful flavor that dulled her taste buds. The liquid pooled in her mouth,

submerging the entirety of her tongue. She felt like she was breathing it in, feeling the viscous liquid go down her throat and up her nostrils. It was so pungent! So smelly and strong! Doing her best to swallow the excess liquid from her filled up mouth, Sothis let out a stinky breath. The salty aftertaste filled her mind with concern as she realized what was going on. It was semen, Sothis was producing semen instead of saliva or any other mucus.

Unfortunately, this realization did little to soothe Sothis' incredible discomfort. Especially as Amelia began masturbating her shaft with increased fervor. The thumping throbs of Amelia's cock reverberated in Sothis' brain, rattling into the depths of her skull. Amelia's hips started greedily humping back and forth, causing Sothis' drooping testicle head to dangle about aimlessly. Little by little, Sothis could feel her thoughts slowly being churned into cum. She couldn't think, she couldn't move or even breath. The only thing she experienced was semen. Semen filling her mouth, semen dripping down her nose and even her tear ducts. Sothis' very vision turned almost as white as cum.

The doomed goddess gurgled loudly. She was trying so hard to resist, to not let this new body get the better of her. But even now she could feel the coming shockwave of Amelia's orgasm. The rising pleasure that surged from Amelia's penis forced her to produce more and more cum, which filled her drooping mouth to the brim. Sothis quivered as cum sputtered from her mouth. She couldn't give in! She couldn't-!!!

"Ohhh, I'm so close!" Amelia's voice suddenly boomed from the top, a thick, sexual groan that reverberated throughout Sothis' being. "Come on my little balls, let it all out!!"

Without any sort of warning, Amelia's left hand quickly drifted towards Sothis and her thick, fat fingers plunged between Sothis' lips. Sothis' eyes shot wide in shock, but that is all she could do as Amelia's meaty sausage fingers started to rub and grind against the confines of her sticky, cum-filled mouth. While Amelia's right hand continued to massage her quivering shaft, the digits of her left hand teased and played with Sothis' mouth.

Sothis could feel Amelia poking the insides of her cheek, tentatively rubbing her tongue and the top of her mouth. But it honestly felt like Amelia's fingers were pushing into her brain, the deepest recesses of her very being. The flavor of Amelia's cum combined with that of her sweat finger to create a dizzying flavor. Sothis' mind went blank, completely overpowered by pleasure. The constant stimulation forced her to make more cum, the poking and prodding reduced her to a quivering mess. In this moment, she didn't feel like a real person anymore. She was just a testicle now.

"Cummingggg!!!" Amelia roared with a sing song voice as her cock began to erupt with thick spout after thick spout of semen.

All of the cum in Sothis' mouth quickly dried out, sucked up through her throat into Amelia's shaft and out of the tip of her cock. Yet, the dizzying, mind-crushing sensation never left. Sothis' eyes blankly stared into the horizon, her testicle head tightening as more cum was sucked from her mouth. This was Sothis' life now. That of a testicle, meant to produce Amelia's cum and nothing more. Any awareness or lack of awareness over the situation meant nothing. As for the swap gun, its whereabouts would remain a

total mystery. All Sothis could hope now was that whoever found it would help her out of her current predicament...