

Tick...

Tack...

Tick...

Tack...

With every second that passed, the clock in Johnathan's room clacked loudly with an echo that pulsed again and again until it dissipated into nothingness. It was the only sound that currently reverberated through its four lonely walls, its only source of motion or life.

Darkness embroiled each corner of the room in a pitch-black color. Were it not for the cold, bluish light of the moon that just passed through the window, Johnathan's entire room would have been completely swallowed up in obscurity. Almost everything within confines of Johnathan's room remained buried within a thick layer of dark, too obscured to even be recognized. All... Except for Johnathan's face, just barely illuminated by an errant stray ray of moonlight.

Sitting in the exact same place he'd been sitting in since he first locked himself in the room, Johnathan let out a sigh of exasperation. His butt pressed down on the wooden floor, knees bent upwards in a sort of fetal position. Johnathan's arms were still wrapped around his legs, but his face was no longer buried down into his own arms. Instead, the boy just stared blankly out of the window. By this point, the horror and dread of his latest discovery had started to pass, leaving him in a state of mild stupefaction where he could do little more than sit by his door, ruminating over what the hell he was supposed to do next.

It wasn't easy finding out that you have the power to alter reality. Especially when these powers were also the ones responsible for thoroughly messing up the people he loved. In most of the perverted, reality-bending, power fantasy stories that Johnathan often read, the main characters were pretty eager to throw away their humanity and alter the world around them to their perverse wills. They either became all-powerful, unstoppable gods, or suffered some kind of karmic punishment for their misdeeds by the end. Johnathan had no desire for either of those fates. Despite his many complaints and misgivings about his family, the truth is Johnathan was relatively satisfied with his life. Of course there were things he would change to make his life better but altering reality itself to make it come true seemed unnecessary, not to mention it was also highly immoral.

Unfortunately, unlike the morally dubious main characters in these stories who were able to mold the world around them without any effort, Johnathan had basically no control over his own powers. In the short amount of time he'd been spared after overcoming his anxiety, Johnathan tried using it in any way that he could. Wishing either loudly or in his head did pretty much nothing. Trying to concentrate and really picture himself altering reality had no

effect. The only thing that produced any sort of result was the time that his stomach grumbled with hunger. For a moment, the idea of having some fried chicken sounded really appetizing, not just to sate his hunger but also to ease his nerves. Then all of a sudden, without any sort of warning or fanfare, Johnathan found a bag of fast food fried chicken materialized right in front of him. It was a picture-perfect representation of exactly what he desired, and it also tasted like the best fried chicken he'd ever had.

So it seemed Johnathan's powers only reacted to his deeper, more subconscious desires. An intrinsic need which he could not control, some kind of genuine want which he couldn't quite quantify. What made this specific desire come true, Johnathan had no idea. If he had reality altering powers, why did he still get hungry in the first place? Was he still mortal? Did these powers come with some sort of limits? These were the type of questions that constantly rolled around Johnathan's head over and over and over again. Yet no matter how much he pondered them, no answer appeared in sight. All Johnathan had been able to discern is that his reality shifting powers were connected intrinsically to his subconscious, to the point that reality would change before he even realized the desire had even emerged in the first place.

However, this knowledge did nothing to ease Johnathan's concerns. In fact, it only amplified them. Because of his reality altering powers only reacted to his deepest desires... Then it meant that despite all of his angst and complaining, in some sort of messed up way, he actually *wanted* his sisters and uncle to turn into hyper-sexed futanari freaks. And no matter how hard he wished to turn things back, no matter how deeply he concentrated or tried to manifest it into his will, there were no signs of them ever going back. It almost made it seem like... This is what he truly wanted...?

The very idea was quite difficult for Johnathan to grapple with. It's why he was still sitting here at the edge of his door, curled up and unable to move. Sure, Johnathan was a pretty horny person with a lot of fetishes, but he wasn't that much of a pervert, was he? It's not like he wanted these things to happen in real life, and much less with his family involved. All of this was too much and too fast! That's what Johnathan kept telling himself. That's what he truly wanted to believe. And yet... The proof was on the pudding. All of these justifications, all of this rationalizing and reasoning meant absolutely nothing when compared to the fact that even now his family members were ok still horny futas. It was hard to maintain a firm argument when reality itself seemed to contradict it.

*Knock knock-*

A set of very light, dainty knocks on the door to his room caught Johnathan's attention. Soon after came a sweet, motherly voice he knew quite well.

“Johnny?” Martha’s voice called out from beyond the door in a soft, tender tone. “Are you doing alright in there?”

A saddened smile slowly crept onto Johnathan’s face. The last thing he needed right now was to get in contact with another family member. Considering his track record, the moment he opened the door he’d see his mother sporting a huge cock, ready to breed him.

“Listen dear...” Johnathan’s mother continued after a long silence, unwilling to keep her voice for too long. “I’m sorry you and Uncle Palutena have kept butting heads all night long. I really shouldn’t have made you interact with her.”

*“Honestly, I shouldn’t have even invited her in the first place...”* You barely heard her whisper to herself.

“Every family has got their bad apples, you know? Ours definitely has a huge, sour one.” Martha gave out a huge sigh of exasperation. “But the thing that I was hoping to make clear is... Your sisters, your father and I... Your closest family, we’ll always stand by your side. No matter what happens.”

The kind words felt like they struck Johnathan right in the heart. It was clear how much his mother cared for him. He knew his sisters loved him very much too. Even if they sometimes got into fights, they all got along pretty well. And yet despite all that, Johnathan had still morphed half of his family into perverted parodies, living sex dolls...

“Even...” Johnathan gulped loudly, his voice shaky and weak. “Even if I messed everything up... Would that still be okay...?”

“Of course, darling!” Martha responded enthusiastically, her mood noticeably perking up at the sound of Johnathan’s voice. “Everyone makes mistakes every once in a while! It doesn’t matter how big of a mess you make or how bad things gets. You should know that through thick and thin, your family will *always* be there to support you. Regardless of what form that support might take.”

Martha’s statement did bring some sort of relief to Johnathan. It was nice to know that after all that had happened, there was still someone on his side. Even if she wasn’t fully aware of what was going on. Still, Johnathan wasn’t convinced.

“B-But what if...” Johnathan gave a deep sigh, the regret palpable in his voice. “What if I do something really bad to you guys?”

“Oh, Johnny... I know you better than anyone lose in the world, and I know that you would NEVER do anything bad to us.” Martha responded confidently, in a tone so firm and steady it almost seemed like she was proud of her words. “You’re the kindest, gentlest, most

caring young man in the whole world. I'm more than sure that if you ever did do something to us, it would only be to make us better, out of the love and compassion in your heart."

Better...? Had Johnathan really made anything better? Well, the new Uncle Palutena certainly seemed to be more enjoyable than his previous uncle, whose original name he couldn't care to remember. Uncle Palutena did seem to get along better with the rest of the family, even if it was in a messed up, domineering way. And Johnathan's sisters were enjoying themselves quite a lot, though most of it was through mind breaking. But... Surely none of these things meant Johnathan had made his family's life better, right?? Especially considering he'd done it all without their consent. This entire thing was nothing more than Johnathan imposing his selfish desires on everyone else!

"And even if you make some sort of mess. The most important thing is that you do your best trying to fix it! That's the Godson way!" Martha exclaimed somewhat proudly, her smirk apparent through the door. "And if you can't fix it, well... It's not the end of the world! Sometimes things just happen, and you have to do your best to live with them! Whatever that might have been, as long as you have your family by your side, we can overcome anything!"

The thought had never really crossed Johnathan's mind to this point. It seemed downright immoral to even consider. Even if he hadn't intentionally meant for it to happen, surely it was wrong to just lay down and accept it. And yet... Johnathan had to admit, the idea certainly had some allure to it. He would have been a liar if he said he didn't find the entire situation incredibly attractive. The fact these were, in actuality, his family members was easily lost when they all looked like attractive, incredibly hung anime ladies. And the idea of having Palutena thoroughly dominating him was one which Johnathan had thought about plenty of times in the past. Moreover, Johnathan's inability to actively turn things back to normal most certainly hampered his efforts to do so. If he couldn't turn everyone back... Then would it really be so bad to enjoy things as they were...?

"So... Please Johnny, won't you join your family?" Johnathan's mother continued through the silence, the sadness clear in her tone. "Whatever might have happened or whatever might happen in the future, the important thing is that we all stick together, isn't it~?"

Johnathan had no idea if his mother's words were completely genuine, or if his subconscious had somehow managed to influence her into saying the exact things he wanted to hear. In a way, it didn't matter. At least not anymore. As much as Johnathan wanted to cling to the ways of the old world, as desperately as he desired for things to remain as they were, the moment he received his reality bending powers it was too late. Even if he theoretically managed to 'fix things', his all-encompassing, uncontrollable power

would always linger in the background. Never again would Johnathan be able to tell if anything was meant to be this way, or if he'd unintentionally willed it to be. From now on, nothing would be the same.

So why shouldn't he indulge? If only a little bit. Why shouldn't he take advantage of his powers, and live out his most depraved fantasies without worries? The proverbial Pandora's box had already been opened, and there was no way all of the evils could be put back in at this point. With no road to redemption, with no apparent path to normalcy, wouldn't the only logical thing be to just let it happen and enjoy it?

"Alright..." Johnathan whispered, so barely audibly even he had a hard time hearing himself.

Placing a hand on the floor, the boy slowly began to pull himself onto his feet. His face remained grim the entire time he rose. Perhaps he was just being weak. Perhaps he was giving up too easily, and the right thing would be for him to fight against these changes no matter how hopeless they seemed. If he had been a stronger man, maybe that would have been the correct choice. But... Johnathan was tired. He was tired of all the mental anguish of having these uncontrollable powers. He was tired of having accidentally turned his family into a bunch of perverts. He was most certainly tired of the incredible amounts of distress his uncle had imbued onto him from each one of her intimate encounters. With so little energy and strength of will remaining, the allure of beautiful women with fat cocks was too much to resist.

With Johnathan's face turning towards the door, he gave one big sigh. His hand slowly stretched towards the door handle, gently quivering as it did so. The instant his palm painstakingly wrapped around the handle however, he froze for a second or two. A last minute attack of his consciousness tugged at Johnathan's heart strings, preventing him from opening the door. Even now, in his weakest moments, Johnathan's desire for normalcy was so powerful, it stopped him from fully giving in. The innocent boy was seriously troubled by the idea of abusing his powers for his own pleasure. Unfortunately, it was much too late by now. Sealing those hopeful and moral thoughts at the back of his mind, Johnathan pushed forward anyways and turned the knob of his door. A loud, lumbering creaking noise rang out as the door slowly began to push outwards.

Except... As Johnathan peered into the other side of the door frame, he was met not with the mother he once knew and loved. Looking down at where he expected his mother's face to be, Johnathan instead saw a titanic log of thick, throbbing, veiny girlcock. Little by little Johnathan's gaze began to shift upwards. He saw a waist as slim and slender as a piece of fancy silverware. His eyes were blessed with a set of fat, rounded, bubbly breasts just barely covered by two V-Shaped flaps from a silver-colored mantle. Finally reaching far

above his own height, Johnathan saw a womanly, shapely face. A set of square black glasses graced her face, along with a mole beneath her mouth. The top of her head was decorated with short black hair, while her gray eyes glimmered with a malicious glint. This was not the image of his beloved mother.

This was a virtual copy of Bayonetta, the sexy and heavily hung umbral witch.

“Finally!” The woman spoke not in the kind and tender tone of Johnathan’s mother, but in a sultry and luscious British voice. “Mommy was getting bored just standing around~”

Without any sort of warning, Bayonetta(?) began proudly and confidently stepping into the room. She didn’t go around Johnathan though. Instead, she picked up the boy by the collar of his shirt and lifted him off the ground until he was eye level with her. Bayonetta’s plump, womanly lips twisted into a malicious, self-satisfied grin as she looked directly at Johnathan.

“My, my Johnny~” She purred in a tone that was not caring or gentle in the slightest, but menacingly luscious. “You’ve been a naughty, *naughty* boy, haven’t you~?”

All Johnathan could do was gulp loudly in response. There was a factor of shock, that he hadn’t expected for a beautiful woman to suddenly appear and tug him off his feet. But there was also the fact that Bayonetta was so dashing and beautiful, it literally left Johnathan speechless.

Bayonetta had no intention to wait for Johnathan’s response, however. “And you know what happens to *naughty boys*~”

Holding her delightfully devious smirk, Bayonetta began walking further into the room with Johnathan’s shirt held firmly in hand. The helpless boy teetered left and right with every step that the voluptuous woman took. There was no sort of struggle as she dragged him along, her strength and determination far outweighing Johnathan’s own. As the initial shock of the confrontation started to settle, Johnathan began to question how he’d gotten here in the first place. One minute he was talking to his mom, the next this talk Amazon woman was manhandling like he was a toy. W-Wait, could it be that-?!

No... The imperative woman currently swinging him about has pretty much nothing in common with Johnathan’s mother. First was the height difference. Johnathan’s mother was tiny, smaller than even himself. Yet this woman towered several heads above him. Her face had most certainly retained the marks of age, making her more endearing rather than retracting from her looks. Then there was the way she carried herself, moving with a sense of bravado and confidence that Johnathan’s sheepish mother could only ever dream of

imitating. Each one of her steps oozed with assertiveness, her thick lips glimmering brightly even as Johnathan inspected her intensely.

But perhaps the thing that mad Johnathan doubt the most was the absolutely titanic cock that violently swung left and right as Bayonetta walked. Johnathan's cheeks became pink as he saw the fully erect shaft point directly at him, its veiny girth throbbing up and down with need. Though the cock was intimidatingly fat, long and hard, it seemed to carry the same sort of elegance and poise as the woman itself. Its pearly white skin was sparkling clean and pale, its thick, bulbous, mushroom shaped tip looking red and shiny. Two pendulous balls hung further below, incredibly saggy and droopy as they shifted from one side to another, yet no less majestic than the rest of her form package. No... This was not the body a frumpy, suburban, 50-something year old body should have. This was...

"See something you like, darling~?" Bayonetta spoke in a sultry teasing voice as she noticed Johnathan's quivering stares. Johnathan's face became even redder.

Of course, considering Johnathan's powers, pretty much anything was fair game. But Johnathan didn't believe. He didn't want to believe. He... Needed to make sure...

"M-Mom?!" Johnathan's gaze shifted to Bayonetta's face, his eyes gleaming with dampness. "I-Is that you?!"

"Who else would it be, darling~?" Bayonetta winked affectionately at the boy in her hands.

Before she violently flung Johnathan onto his own bed. The totally shocked Johnathan barely had any time to yelp as his body smashed face first against the soft sheets of his bed. He'd been thrown with so much force, he actually bounced a couple of inches up into the air in response, before gracelessly flopping back down. Johnathan groaned weakly as his arms pressed against the bed and slowly lifted him up. His face slowly turned to the left, where he saw Bayonetta standing directly in front of his bed, her cock twitching needing just a few inches from his face.

"Honestly Johnny dear, what did you expect was gonna happen~?" Bayonetta chuckled in a mocking tone, looking down at Johnathan in more than just the literal way. "This is only appropriate treatment you deserve after getting in an argument with our glorious goddess, Unle Palutena~"

Johnathan could see from the glimmer in her eye that Bayonetta meant every one of those words. There was no sign of the caring, doting mother that had just comforted not minutes ago. Johnathan was sure if he uttered the name 'Martha', this woman wouldn't even recognize it. The throbbing, erect penis that sprouted from her nether regions was the

perfect symbol to demonstrate that Johnathan's mother had become yet another of Uncle Palutena's loyal and subservient slaves.

"If it were up to me, I would have fucked you stupid right there on the spot~" Bayonetta wrapped one of her slender hands around her thick shaft, her smile growing more wicked as she began to pump her member. "But it seems out merciful goddess has taken quite the liking to you, little Johnny~ She wants you to submit to her willingly and embrace her glorious rule over you~"

With one hand still firmly gripping onto her turgid erection, Bayonetta slowly lowered herself onto the bed. Her free hand tentatively moved onto Johnathan's ass, her fingers sinking into the skin of his cheeks as she groped him forcefully.

"So what do you say, dear~?" Bayonetta cooed as she kicked her lips, her cock throbbing harder with each second. "Will you stop all that stupid, meaningless resistance and finally embrace your new world~?"

"I-I..." Johnathan stuttered.

A huge sigh escaped from his lips, as brittle as his own conviction. Even now, it was difficult to fully admit his defeat. And before the words even came from his mouth, he could feel Bayonetta's slender hands already gripping onto his ass. A slew of cold shivers ran down his spine as the slim fingers pressed into his butt. His cock throbbed intently, growing harder and harder by the second. The time for doubting himself had long passed. There was only one option remaining for poor Johnathan.

"I-I'll do it..." The boy sighed in exasperation. "I-I'll submit to Uncle Palutena..."

"Ooooooh~!" Bayonetta jumped with joy at the statement, her wrinkled smile growing wider and wider. "That's just what mommy wanted to hear~!!"

It was as if Johnathan's tepid acceptance had somehow activated something within Bayonetta. One second the woman was standing there, eagerly stroking off, the second she was jumping on top of Johnathan's bed without wasting a single moment of time. Knees sinking deep into the fluff of Johnathan's mattress, Bayonetta swiftly sneaked behind Johnathan. She didn't really move Johnathan from where he was laying faced down on the bed. Instead, she merely lifted his ass up into the air until it was at the same level as her throbbing endowment. Bayonetta couldn't help but thoroughly lick her soft, pillowy lips as she looked at Johnathan's wide butt through his jeans. Each one of her hands reached into the side of Johnathan's pants, and without even unbuckling them-

*Swoosh!*



Johnathan's pants were pulled down in a single, swift motion, lacking any sort of resistance as his pale, bubbly ass was revealed. Almost instantly, Bayonetta's hands flew onto Johnathan's round cheeks. It made Johnathan jump and unintentionally groan as he felt the warmth of her fingers. The way Bayonetta's hands squeezed his ass, fingers kneading and pressing with desire... Despite how much aversion Johnathan felt at the whole situation, he had to admit it felt kind of good... All that separated Johnathan's anus from Bayonetta now was a set of whitey-tighties, with an emphasis on the tight part. The underwear clung so closely to Johnathan's backside, it dug into his crack. Every inch of his buttocks was exposed, and his penis bulged desperately against the cloth at the front.

Not that this seemed to bother Bayonetta in the slightest. Even with the underwear firmly secured to Johnathan's form, Bayonetta happily slapped her monstrous, girthy cock against Johnathan's ass. Her hips rocked back and forth gently, pressing her firm, veiny erection between Johnathan's cheeks. A flush of heat surged on Johnathan's face. His breathing became heavier, strange tingling spreading throughout his skin. If he hadn't been aroused before, he was most certainly aroused now. His fully erect penis, pulsing and twitching desperately against his underwear was no better evidence. Johnathan never knew a cock could feel so hot and sticky pressed against his body. He never imagined the way his butthole would needily pulse, like it was begging to be filled.

As Bayonetta started tugging away at Johnathan's underwear, anxiety began to fill him once more. W-Would this really be okay?! Johnathan had fantasized about having his organs rearranged by a huge piece of girlcock, but he'd never had anal sex before! H-He'd never even played with his butt previously! N-Not to mention-!! T-This was still his mom! Even if she looked like a plumped up, even sluttier version of Bayonetta, surely this was too much! None of these concerns ever stopped Bayonetta, of course. And Johnathan himself didn't dare move away from her grasp. Instead, he merely shivered in place as Bayonetta pulled Johnathan's underwear aside and shoved the glistening, pulsating red head of her cock between Johnathan's butt.

Johnathan's breath held still. His heart felt like it stopped beating, almost as if time itself had come to a standstill. The sensation of Bayonetta's thick cockhead pressing intimately against Johnathan's anus send reverberations throughout his whole body. Its thumping heat and continuous throbbing was the only thing Johnathan could think about. What could this feeling be called? Dread? Anticipation? For The single second Bayonetta just sat there, her cock so close to Johnathan's butt yet so far from taking him, felt like an eternity to the anxious Johnathan. Only then, once the boy's hunger had been properly snared, did Bayonetta finally thrust her hips forward with one violent, confident motion.

*Shluuurp~*

The instant Johnathan felt Bayonetta's thick penis spreading open his virginal anus, his eyes went wide. A little whimper escaped from his lips as the cock delved deeper and deeper inside him. Johnathan had expected that it would hurt, that the penis would struggle to penetrate his unused insides. But there was no such struggle, not even the slightest of staggering or pausing. Bayonetta's cock slid effortlessly into Johnathan's ass like a hot knife slicing through butter. More impressive than that however, was the fact that... It didn't hurt in the slightest. In fact... It felt really good. No- It felt *incredible*~

*Clap!*

Johnathan's ass recoiled loudly as Bayonetta's crotch slammed against it, her entire cock now fully stuck within the boy's ass. Johnathan unwittingly yipped in response. Any discomfort he could have imagined never materialized. Instead, Johnathan's cock was harder than it had ever been before, its tip already oozing precum through his underwear. The way Bayonetta's penis throbbed inside of Johnathan's butt made his dick throb uncontrollably. He could feel every inch of Bayonetta's fat girlcock filling up his anus, taking it over, spreading and mashing against his inner walls like she owned them. It was actually sort of embarrassing how much he was enjoying it right now, considering the context of it all. But the excitement he felt was just oozing out of every one of his pores.

"Oh, are you enjoying it~?" Bayonetta cooed seductively, picking up on Johnathan's quiet enthusiasm. Slowly, she began to lean down closer and closer to Johnathan until her face was just behind his. "Well, I hope you're ready because we are just getting started, dear~"

What had started out as a relatively subdued penetration quickly turned wild as Bayonetta began utterly slamming Johnathan's tight boy ass. Placing both hands firmly on the bed around him, Bayonetta's hips furiously started thumping up and down with furor. Her cock slid in and out of Johnathan's butt almost effortlessly. Each time she thrust her hips against his butt, his ass would clap loudly in response. The bed beneath them bounced up and down along to the rhythm of Bayonetta's frenzied motions. It was pretty clear that Bayonetta was using every inch of her witchly powers to devastate Johnathan's butt. A show of passionate force that was sure to destroy someone as new to sex as Johnathan.

And yet... Throughout it all, Johnathan remained more than just completely unbothered, he was downright ecstatic! Though Johnathan could barely hold his hips still for a single second, the way Bayonetta's cock made its way inside him with so much force and speed was making him go crazy. Time and time again, boy's hips were smashed down with so much force, his crotch violently smushed down against the soft sheets of the beds, only for Bayonetta to pull back and cause Johnathan's butt to needily bounce back up alongside her. His quivering anal walls seem to be desperately clinging to the girth of Bayonetta's

cock, tightening around her shaft in pathetic submission. Any sort of masturbation Johnathan had ever indulged in before absolutely paled in comparison to the pure amounts of bliss he felt this moment.

As Johnathan's pleasure only continued climbing however, something strange started to occur around his crotch. The boy's fully erect penis, which hungrily rubbed against the fabric of his underwear, suddenly pulled back. It didn't grow harder and larger, rather, it actually shrank. Johnathan's penis slunk back with another pull, its girth and length depleting almost instantly. And with each one of Bayonetta's thrusts, it was only getting smaller and smaller. Even his balls seemed to shrink, sack tightening and sinking back into his crotch as both of his testicles got ever so tiny. After no more than a couple of seconds, Johnathan's once respectable penis had been reduced to a mere inch and a half cockle that couldn't even hold an erection.

It was the sort of feeling that did not go unnoticed. Johnathan felt every excruciating second that his penis slowly diminished. But it did not bother Johnathan in the slightest, it only made him more aroused. Where once Johnathan's pleasure had been divided between his throbbing cock and the trembling of his stretching asshole, now the ecstasy was focused mostly on Bayonetta's cock remodeling his insides. His new sissified penis was now little more than an accessory, a pale imitation of the glorious, fat, pulsating cocks of the women around him. Johnathan wouldn't dominate anyone, he'd never use his cock to plaster someone else into submission. So why should a whimpy, submissive boy like him need such an organ after all? It was better for him to have a teeny, little dick.

"Aww, how cute~" Bayonetta half-cooed, half-cackled as she somehow noticed Johnathan's penis shriveling up into a pathetic little thing. "The subby boy likes all his women with huge cocks, but he only has a little clitty dicky himself~"

The moment those demeaning words surged from Bayonetta's mouth, Johnathan's entire body locked up in orgasm. Jizz started freely dripping out of Johnathan's urethra, his cock so tiny and weak it couldn't properly spurt anymore. It was only thanks to Bayonetta's continuous thrusts that Johnathan's cum splatted against his underwear, though his output was so thin and sparse, it barely left any mark. Instead, much of the pleasure was concentrated around his ass, which lovingly quivered to the sensation of Bayonetta's pounding cock. A litany of shivers ran down Johnathan's spine, his voice letting out a breathy, effeminate gasp. Johnathan had just experienced his first female orgasm. One orgasmic, body trembling sensation which was only the first of many to come...

While the incredible afterglow of his climax began to permeate through Johnathan's body, so did another new magical feeling... It was a strange bubbling heat that Johnathan had

never felt before, a soft, tingling sensation that bubbled around his butt. The moment Bayonetta's pelvis met Johnathan's ass, his buttcheeks suddenly stretched out sideways. With each continuous thrust, Johnathan's butt only became meatier. Rounder. Larger. It wasn't just that his cock had shrunk. Now Johnathan's butt bulged out into two round, bubbly orbs. His cheeks became shapelier and jigglier than ever before. Johnathan's manhood was only the initial step. His entire body was slowly becoming more and more feminine!

This new wave of feminization quickly began to overtake the entirety of Johnathan's form. His thighs thickened and spread in order to support the new bubbly mass of his fat ass. They stretched and expanded out in every direction, growing so thick and wobbly they jiggled in tune to Bayonetta's fierce thrusts. Johnathan's hips expanded while his waist grew painfully thin, his already slender stomach becoming so smooth and flat it looked like he didn't eat. Even Johnathan's arms weren't safe from the transformation, as his shoulders shrank, his forearms became thinner, and his hands shrunk all in unison. Estrogen ran rampant throughout Johnathan's body, molding its features to an indomitable will.

Then came the sudden weight in his chest. As Bayonetta slammed her cock particularly hard inside of Johnathan's butt, smashing against the back of his prostate, Johnathan felt his chest dragging downward. Inch after inch, the mass of Johnathan's flat chest became flabbier and looser. Two growing protrusions wobbled back and forth like pendulums, drooping lower and lower with each swing. His nipples became bright pink as they fattened up with mass. The shape of his chest shifted until it was rounded, fluffier, bouncier. As Johnathan's enlarging chest became big enough, they gracelessly plopped down against the soft surface of the bed, nipples dragging and pulling against the seams of his shirt. Johnathan had a huge pair of womanly tits now.

All that Johnathan could muster as a response to his new fat, jiggly breasts was a loud, surprisingly girlish moan of arousal. Johnathan's entire body quivered as his hardening, now feminine nipples dragged against the bed below. Johnathan could intimately feel each wobble, each little rub, each single time that his breasts sensually pressed against his bed. The tingling in his nipples was as sensitive and pleasurable as that of his cock, sending pleasurable shocks directly into his brain as they rolled around against the fabric of his shirt. W-Were tits supposed to feel this good?! Was their hefty weight dragging down on his body and bouncing about with so much sensitivity seriously real!? For the first time in this entire ordeal, Johnathan did not see these new changes in a negative light. He loved his new tits!!!

Soon the final stages of the transformation began approaching his face. It slowly crept up his throat like a flowing liquid, causing his face to crack as his head became rounder,

smaller, cuter. Johnathan's lips inflated into puffy, womanly lips. His nose shrunk, eyelashes growing longer and sultrier. The once purple eyes turned a glimmering sky blue, as the voice in his throat increased in pitch. Meanwhile, Johnathan's short smooth, black hair started getting longer and spikier. It shifted in color to a delicate light brown, becoming messier and more abundant. Yet, it didn't grow all that long, just voluminous enough to drape over his eyes and cheeks. Johnathan's final face remained quite androgynous, though leaning more heavily on the feminine side. Yet the short brown locks were not ones he recognized. Just who had he-

Before the thought had become fully realized in his mind, Johnathan's clothes began to shimmer with a brilliant white light that was blinding. The sleeves of Johnathan's shirt began disintegrating, its cloth turning a splendorous white as it shifted into a simple white tunic that barely reached above his crotch. Johnathan's whity-tighties thinned out until there was barely anything there, twisting into nothing more than a pair of open string panties with openings for his butt and tiny cock. His socks too shifted into brown leather sandals with steep high heels, a sultry shape that revealed his slim, feminine feet. Finally, a golden leaf crown formed at the top of his ruffled hair, finishing his outfit like the literal cherry on top.

A pleased, ecstatic moan blasted past Johnathan's lips as he felt his new clothes snugly clinging to his body. His fat breasts rubbed tenderly against his tonic, the sensation of his tight new panties making his penis tremble. This whole ensemble... Johnathan didn't recognize it, but it seemed strangely familiar. There was something sort of angelic to it, a purported purity that was scandalously corrupted by his perverted, feminine form. It almost seemed to resemble the outfit of Palutena's most loyal subjects, the angel-

Another loud, pleased groan escaped Johnathan, this one much more painful than the previous one. Two sparkling white spots suddenly emerged on Johnathan's back, the same exact color as the holy glow that his clothes had emitted not a few seconds ago. Without any sort of warning, these spots began to surge outwards, morphing into imposing poles of light that grew longer and longer. As these brilliant pillars of white expanded further, they each twisted downwards to form an upside-down v-shape. Then, in a sudden explosion of white flurry sparkles, both poles were made real. Feathers. A storm of cloud-white feathers began drifting through the air. And from Johnathan's back, there were now two huge, firm, feathery white angel wings firmly attached.

The wing flapped majestically a couple of times the moment they were born into the world. Johnathan groaned as the sensation reached him. He could feel the way they moved, he controlled their motions. As his body rocked back and forth and Bayonetta's cock slammed deep into his ass, his wings trembled and recoiled in response. Johnathan had turned into

an angel! Not just any angel though. As fate would have it, Johnathan had transformed into the most subservient, submissive and loyal character to Palutena in the entire Smash Brothers cast.

Johnathan was a slutty, big-titted version of Pit.

“Oooohhhh, yeah darling~ Tighten those glutes~” Bayonetta cooed blissfully, her face distorting as she began to get lost in the tight pleasure of Johnathan’s anus. “As an Umbral Witch, here’s nothing better than cumming in tight, angel ass~!!!”

By this point, Bayonetta was no longer concerned in merely teasing Johnathan. Instead, the only thing she cared about at the moment was how good Johnathan’s heavenly asshole felt squeezing around her girthy cock. Bayonetta’s hands shifted onto Johnathan’s tiny, feminine waist. Her hips slammed downwards with violent force, causing the bed beneath them to creak so loudly it sounded like it was about to break. The way Johnathan’s fat, bubbly ass clapped loudly each time Bayonetta thrust was nothing short of divine. The boy’s tight anal walls wrapped needily around Bayonetta’s gargantuan endowment, loose enough to not make the experience uncomfortable, yet firm enough that Bayonetta could feel every little detail of Johnathan’s butt pulsating steamily against the shaft of her dick.

Even Johnathan himself didn’t seem as concerned as he had been before. Not a single ounce of dread shone in his expression, instead Johnathan’s face was deformed in pure, unadulterated bliss. Each time that Bayonetta’s cock slammed deep into his ass, Johnathan’s higher-pitched, girly voice cried out in pleasure. The ecstasy of feminine sex was running rampant throughout his entire body, while his prostate trembled in pure bliss as the fat cockhead of Bayonetta’s penis punched deep against it. From Johnathan’s tiny, emasculated penis which dribbled pathetically with submissive need, to his titanic, wobbling tits bouncing and rubbing against the bed, the seeds of Johnathan’s new form were implanted into the depths of his very consciousness.

The bubbling heat inside of Johnathan’s room only continued rising as the flurry of motions intensified and the number of depraved sounds only increased. But Johnathan knew it would soon come to an end. Though this was the first time he’d ever done something like this, he instinctively knew Bayonetta was reaching her breaking limit. The woman’s motions were becoming rougher and more abrupt, her cock throbbed more intensely, as if it was desperately trying to not blow. Even Bayonetta’s voice was shaky, her grunts louder and more unstable than Johnathan could have ever expected. It seemed even a powerful woman like her wasn’t totally immune to the completely overpowering sensations of sex.

“Yesss!! Take it all, you little angel slut!!!” Bayonetta screamed at the top of her lungs as her balls retracted and her cock engorged with pulsing semen.

Yeah, Johnathan wasn't one to judge either. The moment Bayonetta's sticky hot semen began erupting from her tip and blasting right inside of Johnathan's ass, his entire body quivered in pure ecstasy. Johnathan's ass lovingly tightened around Bayonetta's girth, gripping her length so tightly she couldn't pull it back out. His cocklet gave the strongest sputter of jizz it had given since its transformation, yet it was still so clear and whimpering, it couldn't even compare to Bayonetta's precum. As cum splashed deeper into Johnathan's rectum, pooling around his quivering prostate and permeating heat through every inch of his crevice, all Johnathan could think was how incredible of an experience it had all been, and how much he loved the feeling of hot cum filling up his ass.

The two remained this way for some time, with Bayonetta's hips stuck to Johnathan's ass, her cock blasting shot after weakening shot of jizz into his stomach, while Johnathan just laid down on his bed, gasping breathlessly as the heat of Bayonetta's semen filled up his mind. It was a strangely comfortable silence, filled with nothing more than the beating of their hearts and the quiet whimpering of their breaths. Johnathan's ass trembled happily as Bayonetta's hot jizz sloshed within him. The softening pulsations of Bayonetta's penis seemed to coincide with Johnathan's own relaxing heartbeat. The afterglow of his quivering anal orgasm came as naturally to Johnathan as breathing.

Once Bayonetta regained some of her energy, she began slowly rising from the bed. Sounds of gloopy, sticky seed echoed through the air as Bayonetta began to pull her cock from Johnathan's butthole, cum spilling from between her member and Johnathan's rim, until finally her cockhead popped free with a loud squelch. Johnathan's needy asshole pulsed open and shut in response, almost as if it already missed Bayonetta's thick member. A thin line of jizz drizzled out of his anus, widened but still tight and needy for more. The droplets of white dripping between his fat, pillowy, sweaty cheeks made it quite clear how much of a slut Johnathan had become.

"So..." Bayonetta sighed with satisfaction, giving her cock a few last pumps to get the last drops of cum out. "How did you enjoy your first time dear~"

"It was..." Johnathan sighed loudly to himself. His body buzzed with a warm fuzzy feeling, his organs still trembling with the aftermath of so much pleasure. "It was amazing."

After all that had happened, Johnathan no longer felt a need to lie about his true feelings. That little voice at the back of Johnathan's head had quieted down to little more than a whimper, allowing Johnathan to fully embrace all that came with his new body and this new reality. Little by little, Johnathan began to rise from the bed. His legs trembled with numbness, making it difficult to move them. His ass too pulsated with aching now that all

the pleasure had died down. It seemed like Bayonetta had pounded his ass a lot harder than he originally thought.

Regardless, Johnathan slowly kept shifting his aching form until he was sitting at the edge of his bed. From this angle, Johnathan could feel the true weight of his brand-new pair of fat, jiggly breasts dragging him down. Each voluptuous orb of mass looked perfectly round and soft. His enormous pink nipples were almost completely visible through the white cloth of his robe because of how big and bright they were. They were just as sensitive grazing against his clothes as they were pushing down against the bed. Johnathan could intimately feel even the slightest of wobbles that came along with each of his movements.

Slowly, his gaze drifted towards the other side of the room, where he could see his reflection on the mirror. Despite the fact that the room was mostly caked in darkness, the heavenly glow of his new angel wings gave Johnathan a perfect view of his enhanced form. Thighs thicker and meatier than any porn star he'd ever seen, a pair of breasts that looked wildly exaggerated, and a thin waist that completed a perfect hourglass shape. Even Johnathan's face was so much more feminine now... His brilliant blue eyes and long eyelashes looked so pretty in the moonlight. The way the golden crown atop his head shimmered against the sea of ruffled brown hairs. If Johnathan hadn't known any better, he would have thought this was some kind of 3D porn model.

But it wasn't. It was *him*. Johnathan flapped his wings, and the wings in the mirror instantly flapped in turn. His fingers rose and pressed against his soft pillowy lips in the reflection, only for him to feel the soft touch of feminine fingers against his mouth. Every inch of this creature, from its slender feet to its pretty face, was Johnathan now. He was no longer just an average, unassuming boy. He... *She* had blossomed into a sexy, busty, small-dicked angel girl. Any physical evidence that she had ever been Johnathan had been fully eliminated.

"Alright." Bayonetta's voice piped out from the darkness, startling Johnathan back to attention. As she turned towards Bayonetta, she could see the woman was already ominously standing by the door. "Let's go."

"W-Where are we going?" Johnathan nervously scrambled onto her feet, whimpering with a voice that sounded much more feminine than she had originally intended.

Bayonetta merely gave Johnathan a sultry, cocky smirk.

"To see our glorious goddess of course~"