

Reverberating loudly through the halls with loud rings of divine providence, the bells of Garreg Mach Monastery's chimed imperatively, marking the end to the day's lessons. Students of the Blue Lions house felt a collective sense of relief wash all of them. Their lessons had finally come to an end. For two whole days, they'd remain free from the confines of that stuffy classroom as well as their professor's tiresome lessons. Without fault, every student wasted no time in vacating the tiring classroom that had been holding them back. All... Save for the crown prince Dimitri, who instead delved further into the classroom and towards his professor, Byleth.

"Professor!!!" Dimitri slammed his palms on Byleth's desk, causing many of the papers and books to flutter about. His gaze was sharp and firm, bordering on the edge of complete outrage. But rather than anger, Dimitri more was merely filled with a sense of desperation which he could not contain. "Have you any news about the disappearances?"

As Byleth cleaned the chalk off his blackboard, the professor let out a depressed sigh. Matters were bad enough it would seem even someone as unemotive as Byleth couldn't help but feel dejected.

"I'm sorry Dimitri." Byleth responded in an apologetic tone. "But I'm afraid the Knights haven't found any leads. All of the boys are disappearing without a trace, no one has been able to gather any information."

Once again, Dimitri slammed his fist down on the table. "What do you mean you haven't been able to find anything?!?" The boy barked at his teacher. His anger wasn't directed at Byleth per se, but the prince was so enraged little could calm him down. "Felix and Sylvain have been gone for almost three weeks already! Dedue-" Dimitri swallowed hard, clearly struggling with the thought. "Dedue has been gone for a week now... Surely, there must be something more we can do! Gather more Knights to investigate- Get students to help- How much longer will we just let this disappearance of students continue?!?"

"I understand your concern Dimitri. I'm... I'm especially sorry that most of your close friends are gone too..." Byleth's gaze was directly aimed towards the floor, too ashamed to look Dimitri in the eyes. "But unfortunately, the Knights of Seiros are already stretched thin. We have every single available Knight working on the investigation. The way things are going, adding more people won't really help. What we need is substantial evidence. For now, it's best to just sit tight and hope for something to appear."

Cleaning up his work station and gathering the rest of his belongings, Byleth began to make his way towards the door. As he walked away, he turned towards Dimitri and gave him a soft smile. "Don't worry Dimitri. I'm sure you'll see your friends again very soon." The professor spoke with an earnest confidence, before turning towards the door and walking away once more.

Unfortunately, for someone as pent up with rage and fury as Dimitri, the answer was far from sufficient.

"Stop! Professor- Where are you going?!?" The man rose his voice, fury and flame palpable in his every syllable. Though Byleth was walking further and further from Dimitri, the prince more than made up the distance by howling like an uncontrollable beast. "Do you really expect me to just 'sit tight' while my friends are out there suffering, being tortured or worse?!?! That's preposterous!"

But Byleth didn't respond. The professor kept on walking as if nothing had happened.

"Why does it feel like I'm the only one who cares about this?! I don't know how much work you and the Knights of Seiros are putting in, but it's clearly not enough!" Dimitri's blood was boiling, and the more Byleth ignored him, the angrier and angrier Dimitri became. "Fine! If you're not going to care about this, then I'll just take it into my own hands! I don't know what's going on here, but trust me when I say I won't rest a single second until-"

"Umm-!!! E-E-Excuse me!!"

All of a sudden, Dimitri's tirade was interrupted as the tiniest, chirpiest little voice sprung up with every scrap of bravery it could. Dimitri jolted upwards in surprise. He hadn't expected anyone else to be in the classroom at this point, besides him and the professor. So hearing that feminine squeak totally caught off guard. Head turning about the classroom, the boy quickly began to search who could have been the source of such an adorable little peep. It was only once he lowered his field of vision that he noticed the timid, blue-haired Marianne standing beside him in her usual self-constrained demeanor.

"Your highness Dimitri." The girl bowed dutifully and full of majesty. She even made sure to lift the hem of her skirt as she bowed, showing him the most respect one could ever impart upon a royal.

"Ah! Marianne!" Dimitri gasped. A light blush appeared upon his cheeks. Being called to in such a formal manner by a girl as cute as Marianne made his heart flutter a bit. Especially considering she had no such obligations of respect, given that she hailed from another country entirely. "No need to address me so politely! Just Dimitri is fine."

An awkward silence ensued. Dimitri could feel Marianne's expression shifting with discomfort, while the girl clenched onto her dress tightly. It seemed like Marianne had something she wished to tell Dimitri desperately, but she simply couldn't bring herself to do so. Not that this was out of the ordinary. Marianne often seemed to struggle with any kind of social interaction. So considering it seemed she wanted to talk to him for some reason, the prince felt compelled to do his best and make her feel comfortable.

"M-My apologies. I just got a little bit heated talking to the professor." Dimitri confessed with an awkward laugh. "How shameful for you to see me that way."

"N-N-Not at all!" Marianne stuttered back, clearly in disagreement. "I t-think... G-Getting passionate a-about your friends a-and... C-c-caring so much is very um... Very amazing, your highness..."

"Heh, thanks Marianne." Dimitri shimmered with a smile so bright, it made Marianne recoil. "Also, I told you to just call me Dimitri, didn't I?"

"Ah-! Y-Yes! Your Highness... D-Di- Dimitri..." Marianne shuddered, certainly embarrassed but also a bit happy to feel Dimitri's warmth. Taking a deep breath, the girl finally gathered up the courage to shift her head up and look Dimitri directly into the eyes. "I-Is it true? Is it true t-that you plan to search for the missing boys all on your own?"

Instantly, Dimitri's relaxed and friendly attitude shifted to the firm, princely seriousness he possessed before. "Yes... It's true." Dimitri confessed, completely confident about his decision. "It's been too long since my friends have gone missing, and there is still no news about their whereabouts. I don't know about anyone else, but if I were to just sit there idle while my friends suffer... No, there's no way I could live with myself. I need to make sure they are okay."

It was an answer that came straight from the heart. Dimitri's convictions were as pure as his character. But it just didn't sit well with Marianne. The girl shook left and right, her mind bubbling with all sorts of thoughts and responses until she couldn't keep them in and they all bubbled out.

"This might not be my place to say it, for I am nothing more than a lowly noble from a different country..." Marianne spoke softly, though her eyes glimmered with determination. "A-And pardon my impertinence, but I must say it-!!! I think that is a very stupid idea!!!!"

Marianne's shout wasn't particularly loud or vibrant, but considering it had come from a girl that scarcely made a whisper, it certainly left Dimitri in a state of shock.

"F-F-First of all!!! Y-You don't even know w-who you're going against! You have no idea what t-they're capable of, w-w-what kind of people they are o-o-or even who they're w-working with!!" Marianne's voice was tender, but her words were sharp and acute. "I-I-If you remember- At the time Dedue, disappeared, he'd also been asking around t-too much about the disappearances! W-What do y-y-you think is going to happen if y-you go about doing the same thing?!" This was the loudest and harshest Marianne had ever spoken, but still she continued. "S-S-So far t-the only people that have gone missing are males! Y-You're a p-prince so- You're a-already a high value target! If you keep acting i-in such a reckless and i-irrational manner, t-the only thing you're going to accomplish is getting yourself captured!!!"

Running out of breath, Marianne took a couple of seconds to catch gasp and catch its wind. "A-As the crown prince of Faerghus a-and it's only heir, i-it's completely irresponsible for you t-to act in such a manner!" Though her body wasn't used to speaking with such vigor, Marianne was far from done with Dimitri. "W-What would your people think i-if you disappeared too?! W-Who would be there to lead them?! I-In my opinion, y-you should just stay away from all of investigation stuff and keep yourself safe!"

As Marianne finished her speech, a solid moment of silence filled the room, as if her words had reverberated into the depths of Dimitri's heart. It was clear from how hard her heart thumped and how her lungs gasped for air, this was the fiercest and harshest the girl had ever spoken. She'd poured her whole heart out to Dimitri, exposing every little misgiving she held to the prince. In a lot of ways, it could have been seen as inappropriate. Even if her advice was sound, the way she expressed it could have seemed insulting leveled towards someone of higher status than her.

Yet, Dimitri didn't seem to mind. Though her words had been sharp and unforgiving, Dimitri did not feel offended by them in the slightest. Quite the opposite in fact, the amount of care and worry Marianne poured out for Dimitri made him feel quite flattered. Going against a friend was quite the difficult task, so to think that Marianne would care enough to even attempt it felt like an honor. Seeing the girl quivering in place while waiting for a response like a terrified animal, Dimitri couldn't help but place his hand atop of her head and pat her gently. Marianne's face lit up with a pleasant blush, though his touch did seem to ease her nerves somewhat.

"Thank you, Marianne." Dimitri confessed in a soft, earnest voice, his hearty palms caressing the top of Marianne's hair. "I know that you often have difficulties communicating with other so... Having you give me your full and honest opinion on the matter while holding nothing back, it truly means a lot to me."

Marianne's heart began to shudder with excitement. Gathering her courage to speak with Dimitri had been a serious ordeal, but if he'd taken her message to heart it would have made it all worth it.

"However..." Marianne's heart instantly sunk as the prince continued, her gaze expectantly shifting upwards to meet his. "I must decline your advice. It is true that being the crown prince means I have a bigger target on my head, and being another victim of the disappearances would not only be a huge blow to my country. The most logical and rational decision, *would* be for me to stay out of this. But..."

Dimitri's expression became fierce, the determination glimmering in his eyes. "There is absolutely no way I can just abandon my friends like that. Sylvain, Felix, Dedue... They all mean very much to me. If not for their support, I don't think I would still be standing here today." Dimitri spoke with such intense passion, even Marianne felt swayed. "Even if they're not that important in the geopolitical game of Fodlan, they're very important to me. Call me a little selfish or irrational, I do not care. But a king that only worries for himself... No, that is no king at all."

Lifting his hand from the top of Marianne's head, Dimitri smiled down at the girl brightly. He did not feel even the slightest of anger or contempt for her vehement disapproval of his opinion. Rather, her concern and stern words only seemed to steel his resolve.

"That is why I must decline your advice, Marianne." Dimitri confessed honestly. "As wonderful advice as it might be, it is just not something I could follow."

While Marianne was certainly happy that Dimitri had at least considered her words, the fact that he was going to continue acting with such recklessness did little to ease her worries. The girl pushed herself closer to Dimitri, causing the man to stagger as her cleavage came into his direct field of view.

"I-Is there really nothing I can do to convince you to stop?" Marianne asked in a pleading, tender way. Were Dimitri a weaker man, he was sure he'd instantly surrender to her adorable face. Especially the way she clung to him with such desperation.

"I'm afraid there isn't, Marianne..." Dimitri responded with a firm tone. Yes, as cute as Marianne might have been, in the end Dimitri was the most loyal to his friends. Even the thought of abandoning his best friends was downright revolting. No matter the difficulty or the cost, Dimitri was going to do his utmost to save them.

Marianne's face shifted downwards in defeat, a huge sigh of exasperation escaping her lips. For a few seconds, she clung onto Dimitri in total silence, causing the large male to merely stand there awkwardly. It was only once Marianne had come to terms with the situation, that she finally started speaking once again.

"In that case..." Marianne gulped, her face drained of all life and color. "I believe I might have a lead on where to look."

Instantly, Dimitri's already high spirits seemed to skyrocket to the moon. The man bounced upwards energetically. He grabbed onto Marianne's shoulders and shook her with excitement.

"Is that true Marianne?!?" The man asked boisterously. His excitement was so infectious, even the dreary Marianne couldn't help but crack a little smile. "Do you really have any information?!?"

"Y-Yes..." Marianne responded awkwardly, though she didn't return Dimitri's excited gaze. "I f-found it during one of my nightly walks. T-T-There were some suspicious i-individuals gathering near the monastery's sewers." Leaning closely into Dimitri's ears, Marianne whispered firmly so that he and only he could hear. "L-Let us meet at the entrance of the sewers right b-before midnight. T-Then we can finally try to expose these nefarious entities."

"M-Marianne..." Unable to hold his excitement, Dimitri wrapped his arms around Marianne and gave her the biggest hug she'd ever received in her life.

A simple hug wasn't enough to demonstrate his appreciation though. Lifting her off the ground with his monstrous strength, Dimitri began to twirl the girl around in circles like she was a ballerina during a complex routine. Feeling the tight grip of Dimitri's hands and the wild motions, Marianne had to admit she felt a bit uncomfortable. However... The sight of pure happiness he displayed, the wild cries of bliss, they thoroughly melted Marianne's heart away. So much so that she even decided to reciprocate his affection with a hug of her own.

"Thank you, thank you, thank you!!!" Dimitri blurted out excitedly. After expending his energy with several twirls, he finally placed Marianne back down on the ground before him. "You have no idea how much this means to me!"

"Oh! I need to make preparations for tonight." Dimitri spouted confidently. Then, without a single other thought in his head, the prince rushed out of the classroom in order to get ready for the big event. Right as he left the classroom, he turned towards Marianne and shot her a thankful expression. "I'll see you tonight at the sewers, alright!"

And then he was gone, rushing as fast as the wind and leaving nothing behind. Marianne gave out a sigh of relief. She had admit, it felt pretty nice to see him this happy. It wasn't often the prince got the moments of levity he deserved. That being said... Marianne's expression quickly soured, her eyes regretful and full of sorrow. If only things had turned out differently...

Of all the places Dimitri had ever expected himself to be excited over, the confines of Garreg Mach Monastery's sewer systems were probably one of the least likely candidates. A pungent, rotten smell festered within his nostrils at all times. The bottom of his shoes had become mired in absolute filth, and the prince couldn't even recline against the sewer walls lest he also sully his uniform with muck that had not been cleaned up in centuries. Not even the little lantern he carried did much to help his situation. Its light was so small, it was barely enough to illuminate his face. And whatever it could illuminate was nothing more than disgusting waste. Armed solely with his lance and his wits, Dimitri was had most certainly found himself in an uncomfortable situation.

And yet, for some reason, could barely hold himself in place. Dimitri's heart palpitated with anticipation... Or perhaps it was determination? After all those days of silence, all those hours of worrying, it seemed like there was finally a chance he could rescue his friends from whatever terrible fate might be keeping them away. Though he still wasn't exactly sure how big of a problem he was

getting into, merely knowing that there was something he could do filled him with hope. Dimitri was ready to give everything that he had. Now all he needed to do was wait for Marianne, and then the two of them would-

Tip-Tap Tip-Tap Tip-Tap

Dimitri's ears perked up as steps rang from the entrance of the sewers. Instantly, his attitude of carefree, jovial excitement was replaced with a cool, serene, almost murderous demeanor. The man dimmed his lantern, gripping his lance tightly as he concealed himself in a corner. There was no sensation of fear inside of Dimitri's heart at the thought of someone approaching. He didn't know who it could have been, nor what their intentions might have been. Nevertheless, he was completely prepared to skewer whoever came through that opening if the need arose. Rather than some inexperienced boy way out of his league, it was incredibly apparent that Dimitri was a soldier first and foremost.

Without delay, a shadowy figure emerged from the entrance to the sewers, directly into Dimitri's line of sight. The prince tightened the grip around his weapon. Sticking low to the ground, he surged from his crevice and darted towards the figure. His heart icy cold and temperate, his body lacking any sort of doubt or second thought. Like a lightning bolt crashing its ways through a cloudy sky, Dimitri closed the distance between him and the figure in less than a few seconds. The boy fearlessly lunged at this mysterious character, ready to impose his will and strength on them when-

"Ah-! Marianne!!!" As the light blue glow of the moon illuminated the figure's face, revealing it to be none other than the skittery Marianne, Dimitri's surprise attack was instantaneously stopped.

In yet another brusque, complete personality change, Dimitri's cold and calculated demeanor shifted to that of a warm and charismatic prince. His sharp, violent motion towards Marianne changed into a friendly and loving embrace. The weapon blade which had been seconds away from piercing Marianne's torso was sheathed and secured as if it had never been a threat to begin with. Rather than smashing Marianne into the ground, Dimitri placed his hands on her shoulders and patted her affectionately.

"I'm so happy you actually came!" Dimitri exclaimed with an earnest smile, leaving not a single trace of that ominous character he'd displayed just a few seconds ago.

"Your highness..." As usual, Marianne's expression was skittery and uncertain. Nonetheless, the girl made sure to respectfully bow for Dimitri like a proper lady of the court would. The prince himself merely chuckled at her gesture.

"Oh Marianne, didn't I tell you to just call me Dimitri?" His smile was so earnest and bright, Marianne couldn't help but blush. Before she could muster any sort of response, Dimitri quickly turned around and picked up the lantern he'd dimmed, relighting it to its full potential. "I hope you don't mind I've been scouting the sewers from a bit earlier than planned." He confessed. "I just couldn't help myself. There hasn't been much movement though..."

"Y-Yes..." Marianne muttered softly, summoning a wisp of flame from her hand to light the way. Shyly pushing over her embarrassment, she quickly passed by and started to delve into the deeper tunnels of the monastery's sewers. "They are usually not v-very active before midnight. L-Let's go further inside. W-We should be able to find some activity if we go deeper."

Holding her hand close to her chest, Marianne could feel her heart rapidly thumping as she rushed through the dimly lit stone walls around her. She did her best not to show it, a task which wasn't difficult considering how usually unemotive she was. But there was no real way to quell the worry that Dimitri had already figured it out. At any moment she expected him to say or do something, for him to catch her in an inopportune moment where she had no way of escape. In fact... A part of her secretly hoped he had figured it out, so that Marianne wouldn't be burdened with what she was supposed to do.

And yet... Nothing of the sort ever happened. Responding with little more than a warm, embracing expression, Dimitri dutifully followed behind Marianne. There was not a shred of skepticism in his disposition. Marianne had no idea whether he was incredibly good at hiding it or if he really was that carefree. Just a few seconds ago, he'd been given the perfect opportunity to deal with Marianne. If he did suspect her of anything, then why hadn't he taken his shot there?

The further along Marianne and Dimitri dwelled into the sewers, the worst Marianne's mood seemed to get. She was never good at dealing with her internal thoughts, especially these days. But what really bothered her was how unquestionably Dimitri followed behind her. The man never made any comments, he didn't doubt a single one of her decisions. Dimitri didn't even try to have idle conversation with her! Knowing that Marianne struggled with those types of personal interaction, the man was being considerate and keeping to himself while he followed behind her. Such a noble man had no business being in this sort of place!

It just didn't make any sense. Why was the prince so trusting of her? Why was he being so kind? The two of them hadn't been particularly close in the past. Not to mention the way Marianne approached him was incredibly suspicious. Of course, no one would have expected to be betrayed by their classmate, but for a man of Dimitri's status and importance, it was quite unbecoming for him to simply trust anyone who crossed his path. Marianne didn't like it in the slightest. But that was just the type of person that Dimitri was. If only it wouldn't lead to his eventual downfall...

"I still cannot understand why you continue to put yourself at risk like this, your highness." As frustration continued to bubble within Marianne, the girl couldn't help but harp on Dimitri's actions. "Are your friends really so much more important than the fate of your country?"

"Hmmm..." Dimitri hummed thoughtfully, carefully considering the weight of Marianne's words. "Perhaps this is a bit of an irresponsible answer to give as a prince but... I think they might be." Marianne felt her heart flutter, but she showed no reaction as Dimitri kept going. "The truth is that they're much more than just friends. They've basically become a part of me. To keep trying to live without them by my side would make me no more than an incomplete man..."

There was a slight pause. The air around them soon filled up with a sense of nostalgia. Dimitri gave a saddened smile in remembrance of his companions.

"Sylvain and Felix... Though their personalities are a bit overtop, whenever it most mattered, they were always there to support me." He resumed speaking as his mind finished replaying cherished memories of his past. "They both helped me get through the harshest time in my life. When it felt like I was at the edge of insanity, it was their friendship that kept me grounded. That kind of support is not one I could forget easily."

“And Dedue? Goodness... There could be no one more loyal, caring and loving than him.” As Dimitri spoke, Marianne’s heartrate suddenly quickened to lightning-fast pace. “Seriously, there is no one I trust and care for more than him. Speak nothing of him being a wonderful retainer, his personality alone makes him an absolutely amazing man. The way follows heart with such fierce conviction, the deep, genuine care he shows for his fellow man. I am incredibly blessed to have such an amazing retainer as him...”

“W-W-What are you t-t-talking about your highness?!?” Marianne sputtered haphazardly, barely able to hear her own words over the thick thumping of her heart. “T-T-That man i-is just another f-filthy Duscur dog- S-Surely you can find anyone else to be a better retainer!!!”

“Please, do not speak ill of my dear Dedue!” Dimitri responded in a firm voice, yet holding no sort of ill will towards Marianne. “I know he might seem a bit scary and unapproachable at first glance, but I can guarantee he is one of the best, if not the best man I’ve ever met. Dedue has been at my side for so long... He’s always protected and cared for me with such earnest vigor. He... He is certainly the person I cherish the most in this entire world. That is why...” Dimitri tightened his grip, emotion filling his bloodstream. “That is why I must find him, no matter what...”

All of a sudden, Marianne stopped in place. Failing to notice how Marianne suddenly halted, Dimitri accidentally walked into her, staggering back slightly before quickly stepping towards her.

“Ah! Marianne!” Dimitri muttered with concern. The prince placed his arms atop her shoulders, looking down upon the girl with concern. “Is everything alright?”

A simple glance was all it took to tell Dimitri things were far from alright with Marianne. The poor girl’s face was as red as a tomato! Sweat poured down her troubled expression, which shifted between emotions constantly. Her body seemed to be shuddering uncontrollably, and not even the tiny little wisp she held in her hand could maintain any sort of consistency, flickering from sizes and colors with each passing second. It seemed like a specific chord had been struck in Marianne’s heart.

“Goodness Marianne! You’re beet red!” Dimitri gasped. The man placed his hand on Marianne’s forehead. It was completely heated, and what’s stranger, the closer he leaned to look, the hotter her head burned. “And you’re absolutely heating up! Are you feeling sick?! We should get you to the infirmary right a-”

“Why...” Thick, heavy breaths pushing forth from her lips, Marianne slowly pressed her body against Dimitri’s. “Why are you always so nice to me...?”

The moment Dimitri felt Marianne’s plump breasts squishing against his chest, he too began to grow heated. A light blush covered his face, his pulse growing faster. Though he tried to keep it together and think about the situation rationally, seeing Marianne’s passionate face so close to his lit a fire inside his heart.

“I’m not the good person you think I am...” Marianne gasped breathily, looking up towards Dimitri with a desperate expression.

Dimitri cleared his throat, a desperate attempt to appear composed. “T-That’s not true Marianne!” He tried to say in his most casual voice. “I think you’re a wonderful girl!”

“No...” Marianne continued. She pushed her chest even further against Dimitri’s body. Her face climbed closer to Dimitri’s, giving him a clear view of her soft, feminine lips. “I’m not a good person because... If you keep being so nice to me then... I’m going to get the wrong impression~”

Unable to hold herself back, Marianne closed her eyes and pushed her lips against Dimitri’s with a passionate lunge. Dimitri’s eyes instinctively shot wide open in shock. But as the man felt Marianne’s soft tongue invading the confines of his mouth, Dimitri could feel any semblance of surprise being replaced with acceptance. Eyelids slowly flickering close, Dimitri started returning more and more of Marianne’s affections. His body flowed with passion, his loins burning with desire. Though he’d never shared a kiss with anybody, for some reason her lips had this sensation of incredible familiarity and comfort that soothed him to his core.

Like a duo of dancers twirling around each other on the stage, Dimitri’s and Marianne’s tongue continued to swirl within their partner’s mouth completely unimpeded. Nothing but the sounds of their gasps and their breathy moans filled the air of the sewers around them. Despite his better judgement, Dimitri couldn’t help but let himself get lost in the amazing softness of Marianne’s lips. The more he got to taste her mouth, the greedier and greedier he became. Dimitri’s passionate responses to Marianne’s advances were so intense, he didn’t even notice as a strange pill-like object moved through his mouth and down his throat in the blink of an eye.

It was only then that Marianne finally broke off her kiss with Dimitri, leaving thick lines of saliva connecting their mouths as she leaned back down. Dimitri instinctively tried to continue his kiss, but he wasn’t in the right state to really accomplish anything. His mind was bogged down in this lustful haze he had little experience controlling. Eyes glazed and cheeks bright and red like a tomato, the prince merely stared down at Marianne while he did his best to get his thoughts in order.

“M-M-Marianne!” Was all that he could say, caught completely out of his element. “I didn’t- I never-! S-since w-when did-”

“I’ve liked you for a long time, your highness.” Marianne confessed earnestly, her brilliant blue eyes glimmering in Dimitri’s dim lantern-light. “I just... Didn’t have the courage to admit it before.” The girl looked up to Dimitri with an expectant, almost pleading expression. “You like me too, don’t you, your highness...?”

“I-I-I-!” Dimitri gulped loudly, heart thumping so loud through his chest he couldn’t even hear his own thoughts.

Before he could even give a proper response however, Marianne’s hands sharply shot towards the front of Dimitri’s pants, her fingers tightly gripping on the rapidly enlarging bulge that was surging in front of his crotch. Dimitri gave a loud yelp. While he’d been focused on Marianne’s face, the prince had managed to completely forget about his penis, which was growing harder and harder by the second. Dimitri’s spine tingled blissfully as he felt his dick throbbing with Marianne’s tight, but tender grasp. The devious look of perversion she had on her face was taking his breath away.

“That’s alright, your highness.” Marianne continued talking in a breathy tone. “You don’t have to say anything embarrassing. I can see how much you like me with my own eyes...”

Without breaking eye contact with Dimitri for a single second, Marianne slowly slid her way down the length of Dimitri's body until she was kneeling on the floor. The woman pressed her face against his bulge, giving a deep, satisfied whiff and shuddering as she felt his thick, masculine cock musk infect her entire system. While using one hand to gently rub the length of his shaft, Marianne unbuckled his pants with her other hand, allowing Dimitri's enormous penis to finally pop free from its constraints.

Like a barrel of gun powder that has been ignited and cannot keep itself whole, Dimitri's hardened penis blasted forth from his crotch with a stiff, unstoppable erection. Marianne whimpered blissfully as she felt the thick length smack her forehead violently. To say that Dimitri's penis was large would be an understatement. Stacking up to an impressive 11-inches hard, Dimitri's cock could only be called a womb-breaker. His balls were large and plump too, heaving down with two orange sized-testicles that were quickly filling up with fresh cum. Not a single sprout of blonde hair sullied his pristine shaft, with very few thick veins or protrusions either. The way his snow-white skin glimmered in the light almost made him look as perfect as a plastic toy.

Lusciously licking her lips, Marianne prepared herself to get a taste of Dimitri's superior member. However, the prince himself felt he'd already had enough.

"W-W-W-Wait!!! M-Marianne-!! S-St-t-top right there!!!" Dimitri spoke loudly to Marianne, though his stuttering made him sound a lot less commanding than usual. "Y-You m-mustn't! W-We're in the middle of-!"

"Shhhhhh~" Marianne whispered in a calming tone, smiling tenderly at Dimitri while she held his throbbing penis in her hand. "That's okay your highness, you don't have to worry about anything. From now on, I promise to take care you once again~"

Hands grasping tightly onto Dimitri's wide hips, Marianne assertively slurped the girth Dimitri's fat glans with a vicious, dominating lunge. Little by little, the usually demure woman pushed more of his thick length into the depths of her throat. The prince let out a howl of arousal, his legs totally immobilized by the increasing pleasure of Marianne's mouth. Despite his superhuman strength, the pleasure from Marianne's delicious mouth was so overwhelming, it left him completely immobilized. In a strange twist of fate, it had been she who'd overcome Dimitri.

Within a very short span of time, the halls of the sewers were filled with the sloppy, slurping noises of Marianne's energetic blowjob. Dimitri's cock was nothing to scoff at, servicing such a large member would be a difficult task for even the most experienced women of the night. And yet, Marianne's fellatio of Dimitri's thick penis was absolutely flawless. First, she'd managed to swallow the entirety of Dimitri's length down to his base, layering a litany of kisses on the prince's crotch as she did so. It was no easy feat, requiring her to overcome her gag reflex while the throbbing cock bulged through the girl's tight throat.

Not content with that alone however, Marianne continued to pleasure Dimitri's penis with an impeccable combination of servitude and competence. Her head bobbed back and forth, lips tightly wrapping around the length of Dimitri's member. With every one of her motions, the girl's tongue slid up and down Dimitri's hot shaft, making sure to caress every little inch of the man's cock. Throughout it all, Marianne did not break eye contact with Dimitri for a single second, her glimmering green irises glowing with a sensation of pure affection and desire. It was too much for any regular man to handle.

Letting out yet another moan of blissful pleasure, Dimitri finally surrendered to his desires as he felt every last shred of resistance evaporate from his body. Strangely enough however, resistance wasn't the only thing which seemed to be escaping Dimitri. Marianne's hot tongue dulled his senses, her repeated smooth motions made his mind foggy and unclear. Such feelings were common when a man fell prey to his feral needs, but this time they were amplified. Dimitri wasn't just 'feeling weaker', the man soon found himself completely unable to move arm or leg in the slightest. His brain wasn't just 'getting muddled', any sort of coherent thoughts became totally impossible. More than being overcome with pleasure, it felt like Dimitri's entire person was being conquered.

As Marianne's fellatio continued, these feelings only intensified further. Dimitri's vision got blurrier and blurrier until he could no longer discern anything at all. The pleasure that came from her luscious slurping triple, sending thunderous shocks of ecstasy through Dimitri's brain. It wasn't just that Marianne was sucking Dimitri's dick, soon it felt like she was slurping on Dimitri himself. Every little lick on his urethra was more like a kiss on his head. The length of his dick became his quivering body, excited to be wrapped in a mantle of hot, sticky warmth. In a strange way, it felt as if Dimitri's consciousness had been transposed onto his penis, making him more cock than man.

And yet, despite all the bizarre and questionable nature of this situation, Dimitri did not fight against it in the slightest. Rather, the man actually embraced it. The man throbbed happily as he felt Marianne's lips run up and down his length, his balls gurgling with fresh seed. For some reason, he felt like he could trust Marianne. It didn't matter that he had no idea what was going on, or that Marianne was behaving in such a strange and out of character manner. He could feel her love with each one of her slurps. That was enough to earn the prince's complete trust.

Having now embraced the full range of Marianne's passion, there was nothing left to defend Dimitri from the powerful wave after wave of pleasure that smashed into his consciousness all at once. The length of Dimitri's cock-body throbbed with intensity, balls trembling as they grew fuller and fuller. All that Dimitri could focus on was the way Marianne's tongue twirled around his cockhead skillfully. Soon Dimitri grew detached from his limbs, his consciousness becoming fully independent from his physical form. Little by little, the entire world around him seemed to be melting away as the sensation of orgasm until-

Squuuuuiirttt!!!

Dimitri's ballsack tightened, his urethra widening as cum pushed forth from his member. It was as if an enormous wave had washed upon Dimitri's mind, and he was getting swirled away by the waters without any semblance of control. Pleasure combined with this sensation of detachment. Dimitri's cognitive grasp on reality slipped as his connection to the physical world was severed. An explosion of ecstasy sent his mind into overwhelming bliss. And then... There was nothing but darkness...

Shlorp~ Shlorp~ Shlorp~

Dimitri stirred in his sleep.

Shlobber~ Shlooorp~ Shlooop~

A myriad of damp, sticky noises filled his ear, as did a feeling of penile pleasure. The sensation was enough to cause Dimitri to grumble and shift in place. Unwilling to shift its state of mind, his brain tried to fight off and ignore all the stimulation. But as the thoroughly sloppy sounds continued, Dimitri's thoughts only became brighter and more alert. What was the source of such a noise? Why did it fill Dimitri with these feelings? Most striking of all though, why was this situation so familiar? It was incredibly reminiscent to the time... The time when Marianne had given him a blowjob in the sewers!

Dimitri's eyes flicked open like a whip. The sewers! Marianne's actions! Him losing consciousness after his orgasm! All those memories poured back into Dimitri's mind like a punch to the gut, instantaneously snapping him back to reality. Giving a moan of delirious pleasure and confusion, the prince looked around his surroundings to gather his bearings. No longer was Dimitri located in the monastery's sewers, instead the man found himself within the confines of a student's bedroom. It wasn't his own room either. Giving the room a closer look, Dimitri could see plenty bottles of perfumes, kits of makeup, and dresses strewn about messily, rather than the simple, orderly room Dimitri kept.

The warm light of morning shone through the bedroom's window. It was clear that nighttime had long passed, but how long it had been since Dimitri passed out, he did not know. As his strength returned, Dimitri slowly pulled himself up from the bed. But strangely enough, his chest felt a lot heavier and wobblier than usual... The reason itself was plainly easy to see. Shifting his gaze down his body with curiosity, Dimitri was met with a pair of enormous, round, heaving titties instead of his normal masculine pecs!

Dimitri gasped loudly at the sight, though his voice oozed with more pleasure than shock. These were! They were female breasts!!! For some bizarre reason, he'd grown a pair of enormous tits. The man could scarcely believe it. Were he not able to feel the way they swayed and twitched with desire, he would have chosen distrust his own eyes. His 'breasts' were far from the only change either. Lifting his arms to his range of vision, Dimitri could see they were lean, soft and dainty, with demure hands that looked like they hadn't worked a single day of their lives.

Little by little, Dimitri's gaze followed the shape of his body, seeing how it had all changed to become womanly and pristine. His previously toned and firm stomach was now flat and smooth. His wide, blocky hips were curved and plump. Even his legs, once firm and muscled, were filled up to the brim with plump thigh fat. Yet despite this incredible feminine makeover, Dimitri's fat cock still sprung forth from his crotch, as massive and girthy as ever. In fact, it looked even bigger now that it was on such a lean and slender body.

To top it all off, sitting between his two thick, meaty, spread open legs, was the girl who had started it all, Marianne. With a look of passionate desire plastered on her face, Marianne made sure to lovingly suckle and slurp on Dimitri's fat penis just as she had done so in the sewers. Rather, it seemed her sucking was much more intense and loving than before. Dimitri shuddered as the girl's head slid up and down the length of his member. Even now, stuck in such a strange and crazy situation, Dimitri could not deny that she was truly skilled at fellatio. Unlike last time however, Dimitri had no intention of remaining quiet.

"M-M-Marianne?!?" Dimitri muttered out between his muffled moans. Rather than his usually low, and firm voice though, his words rang out in a soft girlish tone that shocked even Dimitri himself.

Hearing Dimitri's new sing-song tone, Marianne looked up from her blowjob and exchanged glances with Dimitri. Slowly she pulled herself away from the prince's cock, making sure to leave a thick trail of saliva along the entire way until she released his penis with a sopping lip smack. Giving Dimitri's cockhead a loving kiss, Marianne looked up at Dimitri with a glimmering smile.

"Good morning your highness!" Marianne spoke with tenderness and warmth, though her voice was as shake and demure as usual. "Or should I say... Lady Hilda~"

A powerful thump of dread beat through Dimitri's core. Panic surged through his system, forcing him to bolt from the bed and onto his two feet. The man sharply scanned the entire room until he found the closest mirror. Marianne's words bounced around in his head, but he didn't want to believe it. Growing breasts? Changing genders? This all had to be a trick, right? Some kind of illusion or dream? Bolting towards the mirror at top speed, Dimitri desperately hoped to find any evidence that would disprove his suspicions. But of course, the answer was obvious from the start.

Rather than seeing the reflection of his regular, masculine body he'd so longingly wished for, the only figure Dimitri found was none other than that of Hilda Valentine Goneril. The sight of the beautiful and dazzling Hilda staring back at him with a dumbfounded and confused expression was incredibly jarring, if not downright traumatizing to Dimitri. Whatever movement he made, the Hilda in the mirror would perfectly replicate. Even such brutish actions like grabbing and squeezing her breasts she'd follow without question. Not to mention how Dimitri's very own cock hung from her crotch with a girthy erection. Yes, there was no mistaking it now, Dimitri had somehow *become* Hilda.

"This is..." Dimitri muttered under his breath, but he couldn't complete the thought. He was entirely taken aback by his complete transformation it left him unable to come up with any sort of response.

"Amazing, isn't it?" Marianne asserted with total confidence.

A part of Dimitri wanted to disagree, but the words didn't come out of his mouth. Instead, the prince continued to carefully inspect every inch of his body as if he was doctor examining a sick patient. No matter how hard he tried, he couldn't avert his eyes from Hilda's beautiful form. Her breasts were perfectly round and voluptuous, her thin waist ballooned into a beautiful large ass that was as fat as it was alluring. And that dazzling pink hair was as cute and shiny as ever. Though Dimitri loathed to admit it, he was quite enraptured by his new form.

"B-But how...?" Was the only thing he could add, too afraid to admit any sort of pleasure from his feminine figure.

"You wanted to know what happened to the missing boys right? Well, this is what happened." Marianne responded, rising from the floor and walking towards Dimitri.

"W-What?!" Dimitri snapped back. "I-I don't understand!!"

"Back when I kissed you in the sewers, I slipped you a specialized new kind of drug." Marianne began to explain, no longer having any reason to hold back. "It's a drug that coagulates your essence into a liquid. When you came from my sexual act, you weren't just ejaculating, you were expulsing your very self into a liquid form. After that, all I needed to do was feed your essence to Hilda. And then... Well, you can see the results for yourself~"

Even after Marianne clarified it carefully, Dimitri still didn't quite comprehend it all. Why would Marianne do such a thing to Dimitri? She was such a sweet and tender girl, what possibly could she have to gain from pulling such an act? Not to mention how much closer Marianne was to Hilda than she was to Dimitri. It didn't make any sense for her to trick both Dimitri and Hilda at the same time!

"The main reason I know is well..." Marianne spoke with a tender voice, pushing her body besides Dimitri's. "I'm the same as you~"

As Marianne's whole figure entered the mirror's reflection, Dimitri could finally get a good look and her entire nude form. The girl was quite beautiful. She was a bit thinner than Hilda, her assets specifically a bit smaller as well. But what really caused Dimitri to jump was when he felt another thick, hardened object pushing against his cock. Right there, springing from Marianne's crotch like a mighty pine tree in the middle of a barren plain, was an absolutely monstrous cock that even put Dimitri's own massive penis to shame. Whereas Marianne's skin was totally pale and snow white, the color of this titanic penis was a rich, darkened brown. Its base was covered to the brim with a thick bush of gray hair, and to titanic orange-sized balls clung down from its shaft. Such unmistakable hue, that incredible size- A single glance was enough to tell Dimitri who it really was.

"D-Dedue?!?" Dimitri gasped in abject disbelief.

'Marianne' or rather Dedue nodded bashfully to Dimitri's assertion, a light blush glowing on the demure girl's face.

"My liege..." She turned towards Dimitri and smiled as earnestly as she could. "I duly apologize for hiding my true identity all this time, your highness. But you must understand I did it for your safety."

"After I was transformed by the people who captured me, they promised me that they'd leave you alone if you didn't cause any problems." Dedue spoke in an apologetic yet earnest voice. "That is why I tried to stop you before. Even though I wasn't allowed to tell you anything, I still did my best to follow you discreetly and keep you out of trouble. I thought if I just stuck by you, then I'd be able to spare you from what happened to me and keep the rightful prince of Faerghus safe."

"But then... Hearing you speak of me with such high praise~" Dedue's big black cock began to throb mightily. Wrapping Marianne's dainty hands around his heaving shaft, Dedue began to gasp and groan as he masturbated before the mirror. "It made me so happy I couldn't help myself, I just had to make you join me~"

The sight of Marianne rubbing her ferocious cock with such intense fervor sent shivers down Dimitri's spine. And the fact that it was actually Dedue who was in control of her body did nothing to diminish Dimitri's arousal, in fact it only made his own penis tremble with desire. They might have possessed female bodies, but their libidos were as powerful and male as ever.

"I'm sorry your highness, I must be a terrible retainer for felling prey to my own desires instead of protecting you~" Dedue moaned out, though his hands did not stop rubbing his girthy penis for a second. "I'd understand if you came to hate me. I won't complain. But in that moment, it was all that I could think of~"

"No, there is no way I could come to hate you Dedue." Dimitri reassured his companion in his usually understanding and gentle tone. "You were in a quite precarious situation. The fact that even after

having your body transformed, you continued protecting me is more than enough to show me what a wonderful retainer and friend you are.”

Dedue’s cock throbbed excitedly at the compliment, his expression one of drunken bliss.

“But what of the others?” Dimitri continued. “Did Sylvain and Felix suffer the same fates?”

“Oh those two? Yeah, they’re totally fine~” Dedue confessed, not giving them much thought. “More than fine actually. Sylvain got put inside Edelgard’s body, while Felix took over Petra’s body. The two of them basically stay all day inside of Edelgard’s room fucking each other’s brains out though.”

The more Dimitri heard about his friends’ experiences, the more comfortable he became in Hilda’s body. To think that Sylvain and Felix weren’t in danger, that they were actually enjoying their feminine forms quite a lot. Even someone stoic as Dedue was happily masturbating his fat penis with his feminine hands. Dimitri did have to admit there was something alluring to the whole thing. Having such beautiful bodies, getting to use them to their heart’s desires... The pulsating erection surging from Dimitri’s crotch told him how much it aroused him. Still, there was one thing that didn’t sit quite right with Dimitri yet...

“So, if the guys who have been disappearing are fine...” The prince questioned, a feeling of uncertainty swelling within him. “What happens to the girls whose bodies we take?”

Dedue merely smiled at Dimitri, his hands pausing for only a moment. “I don’t really understand how it works well but... It seems their minds are transferred onto our dicks.”

“W-What?!?” Dimitri stepped back aghast, not even sure how such a thing was feasible.

“You can probably feel it if you pay attention. All the phantom twitching and erratic movements.” Dedue continued to explain. The moment he did so, Dimitri felt his penis tremble uncontrollably. It wasn’t merely the twitching of lust though, each little motion had definite purpose and will to it. It was as if they were fully intentional. As if... His dick was calling for help. Normally, Dimitri wouldn’t have even entertained the notion of his penis having a mind of its own, but after all that had happened today, he was willing to believe anything.

“If I had to take a guess, I suppose it’s similar to the way we feel before we unloaded our essence through orgasm.” Dedue’s short pause from his masturbation ended, and he began to pump his fat dick once more. “Unlike our situation however, it seems the girls are stuck as our dicks, their senses forever locked. They’re a bit rowdy and uncomfortable at first, but they tend to get used to it pretty quickly.”

“By the goddess...” Dimitri looked at Hilda’s reflection with dread. His eyes fell upon his own penis, which now throbbed to the will of another person. In each of its twitches, he could feel for her concern. “That’s horrible...”

For a few seconds Dimitri stared at himself almost wistfully. A small part of him almost preferred this new form but... He knew what the right thing to do was.

“Very well. So how do we transform back?” The prince asked, once again filled with determination.

Instantly, Dedue stopped masturbating and turned towards Dimitri with a look of pure shock, as if he’d suggested something truly outrageous. “Turn back?” He asked bewildered. “Why would we want to turn back?”

"We *have* to find a way to turn back Dedue!" Dimitri spoke in a loud, boisterous tone that was completely unlike the usually lazy Hilda. "Not only were we placed in these bodies against our own will, we're also forcefully stealing them from their rightful owners! Trapping their minds in our genitals- It's despicable!"

"I-I-It's not that bad!" Dedue snapped back defensively. "Sure, it's certainly jarring to have another living person inside your cock at first- I'm sure Marianne was as bothered as I was with the experience too. But the girls really do come to love every second of it! I couldn't imagine living without Marianne anymore!"

"Even so Dedue, it's still wrong!" Dimitri continued to argue defiantly. "I can't stand in the sidelines knowing there's this plot to turn men into girls and girls into dicks. These sorts of things utterly disgust me. Regardless of whether or not I've been affected too, I must bring it to an end."

Turning his gaze away from the mirror, Dimitri walked back towards the bed with new conviction. He began to gather Hilda's scattered clothes so he could go out and try to stop this whole operation, just as he'd tried that night in the sewers. Once Dimitri got into one of these pridefully stubborn moods, there was nothing one could say to change his mind. Dedue knew that all too well. He could see it real time as the prince ignored his raging erection in favor of his strict sense of justice.

This unexpected demonstration of defiance and moral firmness certainly put Dedue in a precarious situation. On the one hand, Dedue had always followed Dimitri's lead, no matter what his liege did. He questioned not Dimitri's actions nor his thoughts, instead willing to put all of his faith that Dimitri knew what the right thing to do would be. On the other... This was the closest he had ever gotten to Dimitri. His entire body thumped with bliss at the thought that he could share this experience with his lord. Would he betray all of the trust he'd built up to this point for his own selfish desires? The question seemed difficult. But in reality, ever since Dedue's cock had started to throb with arousal, he'd already known the answer.

Crash!!!

Before Dimitri could even put on a single article of clothing, the boy was violently thrown on top of Hilda's bed as Dedue jumped him without warning. The prince grumbled loudly, falling flat against the soft bed. His eyes turned to Dedue with confusion.

"D-Dedue?!?" He asked, Dedue's surprise attack having taken him entirely off guard. "What are you doing?!?"

"My apologies, your highness. I never wished to bring you any displeasure, but..." Dedue planted himself firmly on top of Dimitri's lap, forcefully pinning him down against the bed. Pushing his ass against the tip of Dimitri's erection, Dedue began to gently rock back and forth.

"I've been following you for so many years as your faithful servant, nothing but a pawn for you to use me as you saw fit. And yet you always treated me with more kindness than I'd ever known." His soft, feminine asscheeks squeezed down on Dimitri's cockhead. "Being with you made me happy, it gave me purpose! I always told myself I'd be content just to be by your side, even if our relationship never progressed any further. But now that we're both like this... I-I can't let this opportunity go!"

"I love you prince Dimitri!" Dedue confessed in earnest. Dimitri's cheeks grew flushed, though he did not feel an inkling of disgust or disdain. "That is why..." Dedue continued. "That is why I must stop you... I'll teach you the pleasures of being a woman, and then the two of us can be happy together~"

Without giving Dimitri any time to respond back, Dedue forcefully smashed his ass downwards, pushing a good amount of Dimitri's thick girth into the depths of Marianne's tight ass. The troubled prince couldn't help but groan out with arousal, his body shuddering uncontrollably in response. Strength was continuously drained from Dimitri's body as inch after inch of his cock were swallowed up by Marianne's sphincter. Up to this point, Dimitri's only sexual experiences had been Dedue's previous blowjobs, so to suddenly throw him into this advanced act of pleasure was left him totally paralyzed.

As the last inch of Dimitri's penis snuck inside of Marianne's ass and Dedue lovingly nuzzled his butt against the base of Dimitri's crotch, the retainer gave a happy mewl of bliss. Finally, after all this time, he could feel Dimitri inside him, and it was just as good as he had dreamed. Dedue absolutely loved its womb-breaking size, for it was so similar to Dedue's own massive dick. The titanic cock filled up his insides with love and warmth. All those hours he spent practicing with his ass so he could take on Dimitri's monster python finally felt worth it, since Dedue had managed to replace any discomfort and aching with pure ecstasy. There was no doubt about it, this certainly had to be Dedue's happiest moment in his entire life.

That being said, Dedue had no intention of letting Dimitri off the hook so fast. When he said he was going to teach Dimitri about the pleasures of their new bodies, he was being completely serious. Grabbing tightly onto Hilda's slim waist, Dedue began to swing his hips up and down, sliding Dimitri's fat dick against Marianne's tight inner walls in the process. Dedue's large hanging cock bounced about to the rhythm of his motions, quite flexible due to its length despite its erect firmness. His fat cheeks too clapped loudly with each swing of his hips. While Marianne's chest might not have been as big as Hilda's, she was at least well-endowed with a healthy amount of junk in the trunk that was enough to drive Dimitri's penis wild.

All of these efforts combined to form quite the heavy toll on Dimitri's body and psyche. As much as Dimitri liked to think of himself as chaste and tempered, even he couldn't resist against the delicious sensation of Marianne's anal walls tightening around his fat penis. Every time Dedue made even the slightest of movements, Dimitri's body betrayed him and poured irresistible amounts of bliss into his mind. No matter how hard Dimitri tried to temper his mood or calm his arousal, his needy penis would always happily respond to the pleasure of Marianne's butt. Little by little, it felt like Dimitri's rationality was being chipped away at by mountains upon mountains of pleasure.

What worried Dimitri the most however, was Hilda. The prince could feel her control of his cock this whole time, and he could intuitively decipher what she was feeling. But when Dedue started to overwhelm her with pleasure, things took a turn for the worse. All of a sudden, Hilda's resistance and ire started to waver. Instead of staying firm and fighting against the stimulation, her length began to throb with anticipation from all of the deliciously damp and wrapping sensations. Even Dimitri's balls began to gurgle energetically, slowly bellowing out with hot sperm. Dimitri didn't want to believe it but... Could it be that the girls did eventually find themselves loving their new forms...?

Not that Dimitri himself was doing much better against all of these waves of pleasure. As more sweat poured down his slender body, Dimitri's breathing quickened and his heartrate increased. Though he

tried his best to remain quiet, the boy continuously let out a series of breathy moans and girlish gasps that could only be considered as totally sexual. Somehow, it felt like his body had become even more sensitive than before. The feeling of Marianne's tight anal walls clinging onto his dick was so fierce, it left his limbs totally limp. The mere sight of Marianne bouncing up and down his cock was enough to leave him breathless. Never in his life had Dimitri felt so wimpy and powerless.

It was perhaps one of the greatest gifts Dedue could have asked for. Getting to experience his beloved Dimitri in his most vulnerable state made Dedue's big black cock throb up and down with abject arousal. Every little twitch of Dimitri's cock made Dedue's spine tingle with excitement. Even the slightest of the prince's shy reactions were enough to pump blood into Dedue's big black cock. He'd never seen Hilda with such a serious expression, desperately trying to remain chaste and pure as his lord would. The curved, sexualized curves and enormous heaving breasts honestly fit Dimitri to a tea. Dimitri had gotten the most perfect body Dedue could have imagined!

"Goddess, lord Dimitri... You have such a slutty appearance now~" Dedue moaned with a thoroughly perverted expression, eyes entirely lost in a sea of endless lust. "How can you say you want to go back to your regular body with tits as big as these~?"

Lunging down towards Dimitri's chest, Dedue firmly grasped both of the prince's tits firmly. Poor, unexpectant Dimitri let out a mewl of arousal, like that of a kitten in heat. Not only had he not been expecting the sudden charge, but the stimulation of his new voluptuous set of breasts was so foreign, it caught him entirely off guard. As Dedue lovingly squeezed Dimitri's soft breasts mass and pulled onto his nipples, Dimitri could feel his cock aching with increased fervor. Every part of his slutty feminine body was designed to overwhelm him with bliss!!!

"T-T-They're so soft and squishy~" Dedue drooled as he continued to grope Dimitri's tits. The more he caressed them, the harder his cock continued to throb. "I bet... I bet I can just...~"

Body almost moving in instinct, Dedue thrust his crotch towards Dimitri's chest, shoving his large cock in between the prince's two fat, jiggling breasts. As the enormous pair of mounds enveloped his cockhead whole, Dedue couldn't stop himself from deliriously pumping his cock into the soft pair of melons. Dedue's cock was so large, and Dimitri's breasts were so massive, that the retainer could easily fuck his master's tits while Dimitri's cock was firmly planted in the depths of Marianne's anus. Pump after pump, Dedue's thick, dark member rubbed against Dimitri's soft flesh. Thrust after thrust, he got to experience every last bit of their warmth. Never in Dedue's wildest dreams could he have imagined he was going to taste so much of Dimitri's bountiful fruits.

"Aahhh~ Aaaahhh~ M-Marianne and I~ W-We've been lusting for Hilda's breasts for so long~" Dedue groaned deliriously, hips moving back and forth as if they were physically unable to stop "B-But they really are the best~~~~"

Seeing Dedue in such a wild state certainly awoke something inside of Dimitri. His cock throbbed excitedly as Dedue moaned to the sensation of Dimitri's tits. His heart thumped with bliss at the sight of Dedue's arousal. Did his breasts really feel that good? Without even thinking about it, Dimitri pushed his arms against his tits, squeezing them together to Dedue could fuck them with even more ease. For some reason, the mere sight of Dedue's sexual pleasure was more than enough to further fuel Dimitri's own arousal.

“E-Even though t-they’re so big~ M-My dick still pops out from the top!!” Dedue’s perverted thoughts and desires were now leaking out completely uninhibited, any sort of mental filter long gone. “C-Could you~? C-Could you lick it too, y-your highness~?”

Every time Dedue’s thick, chocolate tinted cockhead surged from within Dimitri’s cleavage, Dimitri could feel his mouth watering with desire. The prince unwittingly licked his lips. He knew perfectly well he shouldn’t do it. He was supposed to be resisting all this, not indulging in Dedue’s lust and his own perverted wants! And yet... The more he felt the warmth of Dedue’s penis between his chest, the less these rational thoughts meant to him. Dimitri *knew* what he was supposed to do. Whether he could keep that up was another matter in its entirety.

Eyelids peacefully flicking closed, Dimitri pushed his head towards his cleavage and lovingly wrapped his plump, feminine lips around the tip of Dedue’s cock. His hot, damp breath tickled the tip of Dedue’s thick penis, before his warm, luscious tongue began to swirl underneath his foreskin and around the bulbous head of his dick. Immediately, Dedue stopped in place, a guttural groan of arousal surging from his lungs and paralyzing his body. Unlike Dedue’s previous movements, which were completely mindless and brusque, Dimitri’s delicate slurping was very careful and passionate, a sensation so overwhelming they brought even the raging bull that was Dedue to a stop.

“Ngggghhh~ Nyyyooooo- M-M-My lieeeegeeeee~” Dedue began to gasp rapidly, his heartrate doubling while his breathing grew more and more erratic. “I-I d-d-didn’t t-think y-you’d actually do it!!!” “I-I-If y-you keep going t-then I-I’m gonna~~~ CCUUUUUMMMMM~”

Though he tried his best to hold his desires back, the amazing feeling of Dimitri’s slippery tongue around his cockhead combined with the tight sensation of Dimitri’s throbbing member deep inside of Dedue’s ass were too much for one man to contain at the same time. Entire body helplessly quivering in place, Dedue let out a blissful moan as his dick began to unload thick blasts of semen directly into his lord’s hot mouth. His eyes rolled back, his thoughts spilling out of his head like the cum that flowed from his urethra. The only one enjoying Dedue’s orgasm more than him was Marianne, who surrendered to the pleasures of being a cock now that she finally acquired a taste of Hilda’s plump lips.

With his lips dutifully wrapped around the girthy member throughout the whole thing, Dimitri was more than eager to swallow every last drop of Dedue’s climax. He’d heard before that semen had a tangy, salty and slightly unpalatable taste, but Dedue’s cum tasted as sweet as the man himself. No matter how much jizz shot into his mouth, no matter how much power the jets shot with, Dimitri effortlessly swallowed every single droplet. He simply couldn’t get enough! The rich taste of Dedue’s masculine member... His hot, creamy and sweet seed... It was enough to drive any man wild!

It was in this manner that Dimitri finally succumbed to the massive orgasm he’d been trying to avoid with so much desperation before. Groaning tepidly while cum coated the insides of his mouth, Dimitri’s cock throbbed happily as it began to spurt his own juices in the depths of Dedue’s ass. A sensation of disappointment filled him. He couldn’t believe he’d failed to live up to his own expectations and given in to such primal desires. However, the strangest thing was how a little part of him didn’t care... Almost as if he’d thoroughly enjoyed not doing what he was supposed to. As if he was ready to cast away any semblance of responsibility and just enjoy his life.

Of course, Dimitri could never do that. He had too many things that depended on him. Too many debts that remained unpaid. Dimitri was a man of firm moral fiber. He knew exactly what he wanted to get in life, what he was meant to achieve. Which made this bout of rebellion all the more mortifying. There was no way Dimitri would want to forsake his path... Right?

All of these idle and troubling thoughts finally escaped Dimitri as the last drop of Dedue's cum finally oozed from the tip of his cock and down Dimitri's throat. Dimitri's tongue instinctively rolled around the fat, bulbous head of Dedue's penis. It tucked underneath his foreskin, swirling about in a circular motion as if to leave it spotless and clean. Then, with a loud sopping kiss, Dimitri finally released Dedue's penis from his mouth, sighing blissfully whilst the taste of Dedue's cum and cock permeated on his tastebuds.

"Alright... Alright..." Dimitri gasped, cock still throbbing in Dedue's ass. "I will admit. That was certainly fun."

Little by little, Dedue began to rise from Dimitri's crotch. As he did so, Dimitri could feel his still hardened cock throbbing from the stimulation. The orgasm had certainly dulled much of his sensitivity, but there was no denying how amazing Marianne's ass felt even now. Not only was it as tight and warm and ever, the coating of Dimitri's sticky, gooey cum all over her insides made the whole experience even better. It was really hard for Dimitri not to pop another full fledged erection from the act of merely pulling out of Dedue's ass. With a big loud pop, Dimitri's fat cock finally slipped out of Dedue's ass, letting much of his goo ooze down his member and onto Hilda's crotch.

"But just because it was fun..." Dimitri panted, eyes unintentionally ogling Marianne's cute butt as he regained his energy. "It doesn't mean it's the right thing to do."

Rising from the bed once more, Dimitri tried to gather any set of clothes he could get his hands on and finally saunter outside. Unfortunately, he'd once again made the grave mistake of turning his back away from Dedue...

"Now that we got that out of your system..." Dimitri continued, entirely unaware of the lean girl that was approaching him with perverted intent. "Let's get dressed and- Woah!!!"

This time, Dedue pushed Dimitri atop the bed on his hands and knees. His arms locked around Hilda's taut stomach from behind, giving him the complete advantage over the Dimitri.

"Not so fast your highness." Dedue spoke in a succinct and sharp manner.

"D-D-Dedue?!? Again?!?!" Dimitri's voice was whiny. Not like that of a prince, but like that of an annoyed brat. "You already had your chance to prove your point and you finished! Y-You can't do it again!"

"I'm afraid that was only the beginning, prince Dimitri." Dedue responded in a monotone manner. "I did say I was going to show you the pleasures of being a *woman*, did I not? So far, you've only felt the pleasures of being a man~"

Cocking his hips against Dimitri's butt, Dedue pressed his already erect member against Dimitri's butt. The unexpectant prince let out a little yip, his cheeks growing bright red. He could feel all of Dedue's cock-warmth pushing against the rim of his ass. Though its length was damp with Dimitri's saliva, its sheer size was thoroughly intimidating. Dimitri had no desire to find out how it felt to be on the

receiving end. So why was his heart beating so fast at this moment? Why was his already spent cock quickly growing erect again?

“Y-You can’t mean-!!” Dimitri yipped, his entire body freezing as he felt Dedue’s warm cockhead nuzzling his cheeks.

A sly, perverse smile crossed upon Dedue’s face. His grip tightened around Dimitri’s slender body, cock throbbing in abject anticipation. “I most certainly do~” He whispered sensually into Dimitri’s ears, before fiercely pushing his cock into the depths of Dimitri’s ass.

Unlike Dedue’s anus, who had been thoroughly prepared to receive an enormous girthy member of Dimitri’s superior size, Hilda’s virgin butt had been caught entirely off guard. Dimitri let out a desperate groan, his tongue unwittingly lolling out of his tongue as heat fumed from every part of his body. Dimitri’s could feel every single inch of Dedue’s fat length as it delved further and further inside his anal walls. Since this was only Dimitri’s first time, Dedue made sure to take it nice and slow. Even then, it was quite the strenuous ordeal, considering Dedue’s cock was so massive it could literally rearrange Dimitri’s insides.

And yet, the strangest part of all was how okay Dimitri felt with this whole situation. Nay, how much he *actively* enjoyed it. His tight, anal walls tingled with a blissful sensation of pleasure his body embraced completely. The prince’s cock throbbed up and down madly, twitching with so much more arousal than it had when it was inside of Dedue. A sensation of warm satisfaction filled him as Dedue pushed the rest of his length inside of Dimitri, his crotch pressing against Dimitri’s soft ass. Dedue’s cock was so large, it filled out every inch of Dimitri’s hot anus. He could even feel Dedue’s hardened member poke through the other side and bulging through his stomach. It was almost like... It made Dimitri feel complete...

“G-G-Goddesss~~!!!” Rubbing the tip of Dimitri’s penis that bulged through his flat belly, Dimitri gave a drunken, feminine moan. “Y-Y-You’re so b-biigggg Dedue~” He groaned out as if it was a complaint, though the tone of his voice made it sound like he was really grateful.

As the last couple of inches of Dedue’s cock pushed inside Hilda’s tight ass and Dimitri grew accustomed to its incredibly girth, Dedue wasted no time exploiting his prince’s delicious hole. His hips began to gyrate back and forth, his cock stretching out Dimitri’s insides with every little motion. Though his movements were slow, each one was accompanied by a firmness and bluntness that was signature of Dedue. There was no space for delicacy in Dedue’s mind, much preferring to smash into Dimitri’s ass boldly rather than give him any room to breathe.

It was an unforgiving style that proved particularly effective on the sexually inexperienced Dimitri. Ass twitching with heated bliss, Dimitri did his best to hold back his shaky moans. The prince could scarcely believe how amazing it felt to have Dedue’s cock tear his insides asunder. The way it dominantly thrust inside him made his body quiver with bliss. Even Dedue’s breathing was enough to send tingles down Dimitri’s spine. Not to mention how Dedue’s fat dick was so large, it effortlessly banged against his prostate and caused his cock to throb with delight. It would take the iron will of the Goddess herself to resist such incredible desires.

Still, Dimitri was nothing if not a man of his convictions. Even after all the pleasure, even through all the overwhelming sensations, he continued trying to fight off these feelings of ecstasy. Dimitri tried tightening his butt, a futile effort for Dedue could break through without even second thought. His arms

and legs pulled away from Dedue, though they lacked any sort of real power or intent. More than successfully repelling Dedue, he was more stubbornly tolerating him.

“Com now your highness~” Dedue cooed as he noticed the little inklings of Dimitri’s resistance. “There’s no need to keep forcing yourself like this! I mean, just look at Hilda!”

Hands darting around Dimitri’s body and onto his throbbing cock, Dedue gripped the prince’s member with his slim hand and began to pump it tenderly. The womanly moan Dimitri had been holding back for so long finally escaped his soft, pinkish lips. But Dedue’s intention wasn’t merely to drown Dimitri in sexual pleasure.

“She’s not fighting back or resisting or complaining anymore, is she~?” Dedue continued, his hands eagerly rubbing Hilda’s length up and down. “She’s already more than happy to be your dick, so just give in and accept your new body~”

Drool dripped down from Dimitri’s open mouth. At first, he thought Dedue was just trying to trick him. There was no way Hilda would give up like that. This was her body after all! She was stuck in the form of a disgusting cock instead of a cute girl, who would be happy with such a transition! But the more Dimitri concentrated on the sensations around his penis, the more he came to see what Dedue had been talking about. Instead of those scared, aggressive movements she’d been doing just a few seconds ago, Hilda was throbbing and twitching happily to all the pleasure. Rather than remain chaste and looking to change back, she eagerly pushed against Dedue’s palms as if she was begging for more. Dimitri had no idea exactly what had happened, or what Hilda’s direct feelings might have been. But from the way she throbbed so eagerly, one thing remained crystal clear. She no longer cared that Dimitri had stolen her body, she just wanted to cum.

“Ngggghhhh~ E-Even so I c-caaan’tt~” Dimitri moaned, hips eagerly pushing against Dedue’s hands. “I-I need t-to do the right thing-!!! A-A-As t-the prince o-of Faerghus- I-It’s my duty t-to-!”

“But you’re not the prince of Faerghus anymore, milady.” Dedue interrupted him abruptly, accentuating his words by thrusting into Dimitri’s ass again. “You’re the lady of house Goneril.”

Dimitri blinked in confusion a couple of times. His cock throbbed happily for a couple of seconds, the weight and responsibility rising from his shoulders if only momentarily. But soon Dimitri snapped back to reality.

“N-No- T-That’s not!” He tried to argue, only for Dedue to cut him off yet again.

“Y-You might not be aware of it, but t-this particular transformation has some noteworthy peculiarities.” Dedue continued, not letting up the heat so that Dimitri would be completely unable to get his bearings. “I-It would be more accurate t-t-to say we ‘become one’ with the person we transform into, rather than simply say we s-s-stole their bodies.”

Dimitri’s eyes widened in shock, though his mind was having a bit of trouble keeping up thanks to Dedue’s fierce double teaming of his ass and dick.

“M-Maybe it’s to make us f-fit in better but... W-We’re forced to act a bit like the girls we replace. T-That’s why I s-s-struggle speaking more than I did before...” Dedue’s soft tender voice sunk into Dimitri’s

ear like honey, though his dick ravished Dimitri's anus like a hammer. "I-If you dig inside your mind, y-you'll even find all of Hilda's memories perfectly implanted."

In an instant, Hilda's whole life flashed before Dimitri's eyes. Her growing up alongside her brother Holst, her time studying at the academy with the Golden Deer and even her very close relationship with Marianne. It was more than just a series of pictures presented to Dimitri though. Dimitri felt as if he had lived them himself. These weren't just Hilda's memories, they'd become a part of him as well.

"W-What I'm trying to say is I know there's a bit of Hilda in there right now!" Dedue's hips began to pick up speed, he smashed into Hilda's ass with so much force it wobbled and jiggled back in response. "And if Marianne and I know anything about Hilda... It's that she loves being lazy and having b-butloads of hot, sweaty sex~"

Without even realizing it, Dimitri let out a whimpering moan. His ass tightened around Dedue's girthy shaft, entire body tensing with desire. His cock particularly seemed to respond positively to Dedue's suggestion, spurting out a healthy dose of precum as an appetizer to its replenished reserves of semen that were ready to overflow at any moment. It was hard to believe that Dimitri could get so excited over the prospect of sex, but his body was completely betraying him in earnest pursuit of lust. T-That couldn't be him, could it? Surely this was only because of Hilda's promiscuous body...

"I bet just thinking about it is just making you *throb*~" Dedue leaned closer to Dimitri, his hot and sweet breath caressing that back of Dimitri's ear. "No more responsibilities, no more need for concerns~ Ignoring all those annoying and bothersome duties just so you can have sex all day long~ Avoiding all obligations for your own selfish pleasure~ Doesn't that sound amazing~?"

It was true. As much as Dimitri hated to admit it, all that Dedue said was true. After having carried such a heavy burden for such a long time, Dimitri was absolutely tired of it all. He didn't want to be the responsible prince any longer, he didn't want to carry the weight of the past on his shoulders. All he wanted to do was get railed by Dedue, to abuse this perverted new body of his to its fullest potential. It was a totally self-centered request, one Dimitri would never have even given the time of day before. But now that it had been presented, it became incredibly hard to ignore.

"I-I-I c-can't!!!" Dimitri cried, a storm brewing inside him between his duties and his desires. The thick waves of pleasure fought against the morality that had been imparted to him in an even confrontation, making it feel like he was going to be torn apart. "I-I have to be responsible! For my country! F-For my family..."

"Your highness..." Cusping Dimitri's chin with his free hand, Dedue shifted Dimitri's face so it could face his own. Looking at Dimitri with an expression of deep affection, Dedue smile gently. Dimitri's eyes glistened, a feeling of breathlessness filling him as he stared deep into Dedue's beautiful eyes and Marianne's pretty face.

"You've been working so hard for so long, don't you think it's time you got a break~?" Dedue spoke in a completely honest and loving tone, soft enough to melt Dimitri's heart. "Just think about it. No Kingdom to worry about, no responsibilities to fulfill. Whenever you want to get fucked, I'll always be right beside you. Instead of a burdened prince, you'll be my pampered princess. Please your Highness, from now on I'll take care of you~"

Before Dimitri could even process Dedue's words, Dedue closed his eyes and pushed his lips against Dimitri's, sinking his slippery tongue into the depths of Dimitri's mouth. Almost immediately, all of Dimitri's defenses were penetrated and torn into shreds. The prince's eyes became crossed, a delirious moan of muffled bliss escaped from his lips and into Dedue's mouth. Without realizing it, his own tongue began to wrestle with Dedue's whilst his mouth lovingly sucked onto Dedue's lump, feminine lips. Poor Dimitri was so overwhelmed, he couldn't help but instantly start reciprocating Dedue's kiss of passion with lustful remarks of his own.

Dimitri's struggling, rational mind kept being stretched thinner and thinner, to the point that it was soon to reach its limit. Every part of his body was conspiring against him. Dimitri's tight ass quivered blissfully as Dedue's length stretched out its insides. His cock happily throbbed within Dedue's soft grasp, sputtering copious amounts of precum as if they had never intended being anything but a needy penis. The fat pair of tits on his chest rebelled too, nipples twitching and demanding to be groped while they swung back and forth from Dimitri's motions. They all continued to produce and inundate Dimitri's thoughts with pleasure so that he could finally be brought down.

Even Dedue seemed to have doubled his efforts in this critical moment. Dimitri had no idea if Dedue had done it merely in order to push Dimitri further, or if Dedue had just fallen prey to his own selfish sexual desires. In reality, it didn't matter. The way he pistoned his hips into Dimitri was thoroughly dominant. His hanging, ebony balls flopped back and forth with every one of his imperative thrusts. Not to mention how Dedue didn't skimp on masturbating Dimitri's own penis, his hands flying up and down as fast as they could along Dimitri's throbbing length. It was a total and merciless sexual assault on Dimitri's body.

But regardless of how much torment he took, no matter how desperately his body cried for him to surrender, in the end Dimitri could always count on his mind... .. Right...? The reason only he was resisting was because he wanted to be that responsible prince. It was his own desire to carry that burden for himself. There was no way Dimitri could have wanted to abandon all of these personal weights. It was unfathomable to think that he would have preferred to just laze around and get pounded all day long.

So then why... Why did it feel soo goooood~? As desperately as Dimitri tried to convince himself that he didn't like this, the truth was that he was loving every second of it! The way Dedue's fat cock rushed in and out of Dimitri's anus was delightful, its every bump marking his anal walls whilst his fat cockhead nuzzled against Dimitri's prostate. His enormous cock flopped up and down uncontrollably, throbbing so much with absolute pleasure it could literally not sit still. Dimitri could feel the hot jizz bubbling inside his nutsack, desperately trying to release from all the accumulated pressure. Every second that Dedue smashed into Dimitri's ass was like an eternity of unending, sparkling bliss.

Dimitri knew perfectly well this was all wrong. He knew that not only morally, but also ethically, it was his duty to resist against these horrible feelings. But the longer he tried to keep up this façade, the faster it seemed to be falling apart. Before he realized it, Dimitri's ass was pushing back against Dedue's crotch, hoping to gobble up the entirety of Dedue's thick member. His cock pushed against Dedue's palm, while his lips lovingly suckled and slurped Dedue's mouth as if he was trying to swallow it whole. Dimitri struggled to separate them from himself. But...

What if Dimitri *didn't* actually want to resist. What if he did want to laze around all day, doing nothing but getting fucked...? With each thrust of Dedue's fat penis, more and more of Hilda's personality

became intertwined with Dimitri's to the point they were indistinguishable. Dimitri could literally not differentiate whether his desire to merely lay down and take Dedue's cock was his own or Hilda's. All the perverse desires rolling around in his mind were so familiar and intense, Dimitri struggled to separate them from himself. It felt like Dimitri's entire personality was crashing around him. He didn't know what he wanted, he didn't even know who he was supposed to be!! He was-! He was-!!!

SPUUUUUUURTTTT~~~

Something inside Dimitri's brain snapped. His eyes became crossed, entire body freezing up in place. Spreading wide open like a geyser ready to erupt, Dimitri's urethra widened as thick, copious blasts of ejaculate began to explode forth from the tip of his penis. But unlike his previous orgasm, which had been nothing out of the ordinary, the semen that now splattered over the bed was much stickier and richer than ever before. His latest climax had been more than just a physical reaction, it permeated into the depths of his soul. Now that his inhibitions were gone, he was finally able to release all of the semen that had been backed up in the depths of his balls. All of the worries and resistance Dimitri and Hilda held had coagulated into the thickest, hottest liquid that now flowed freely from the tip of Dimitri's penis.

Even as he jazzed his brains out, Dimitri didn't quite know the answer to those questions that had been tormenting him. Was he Dimitri? Was he Hilda? Or perhaps some mixture in between? There was no way to tell, but honestly at this point it didn't matter anymore. The important thing was that Dimitri felt happy, he felt free. This exact situation he found himself in, getting absolutely smashed by Dedue's fat, masculine cock, it was exactly what Dimitri wanted. To convince himself of anything else would be disingenuous.

"Muaahhh~~~" Dimitri gasped as he finally pushed away from Dedue's kiss. "F-Fine! F-F-Fuck it- I-I don't care!!! I-I'll do anything- I'll become Hilda if you really want me to, j-just-!!! P-Please don't stop fucking me Marianne~~~!!!"

As soon as Dedue Marianne heard such blissful words, her eyes lit up with excitement. "M-Mylady!!!" She muttered to herself with a smile, before she started pounding Dimitri's Hilda's fat ass once again.

Never in her life did Marianne think she would be able to experience the bliss of conquering her beloved Hilda. The fact that she would be the one to bring Hilda love and happiness now was enough to make her heart soar. Marianne tried to keep her current fucking rhythm on for some time, but her cock throbbed with such excitement she couldn't help but cum inside of Hilda's tight ass before long. Smashing into Hilda's fat butt with one final thrust, Marianne moaned happily as a deluge of semen began pouring inside Hilda's anus.

The mind-bent Hilda could only moan in further arousal. Her cock sputtered yet another fat glob of hot cum all over the bed below her, while her ass eagerly accepted all of Marianne's warm, gooey love. Ounce after ounce of semen poured into Hilda's digestive system, flowing all the way to her stomach where it accumulated and bulged against her tummy. The more poured inside her, the harder Hilda came, almost as if she was being powered by Marianne's jizz. It showed how the two were interconnected in both body and soul.

Though Hilda had been begging for more with such fervor, she was the first one to get knocked out as soon as her orgasm finally reached its culmination. Face stuck in a perverted and luscious expression,

Hilda thoughtlessly collapsed forth onto her bed, plopping right atop the absolute mess of semen her very own cock had created. Marianne too collapsed on top of the bed beside Hilda. She had enough energy to remain awake, lovingly caressing Hilda's sleeping body with care. Though despite having sufficient energy to cuddle with the slumbering Hilda, Marianne didn't bother pulling out of Hilda's tight ass. She liked the feeling of keeping the two of them joined together, if only slightly.

The sight of Hilda's happy and fulfilled sleeping face was like a dream to Marianne. This was it, the culmination of his desires, to be Dimitri's one and only. A part of him was ashamed that he'd stolen the proud and competent prince from the people of Faerghus. But on the other hand... Dimitri now completely belonged to her~