

NOVEMBER 2022 PROMPTS

LIST OF PROMPTS:

PROMPT1: Nut Cheating

In order to cheat NNN, a male Garreg Mach student becomes a spirit so as to possess a girl without her knowing; if his body can't cum surely he can cum with someone else's! His unfortunate victim is the straight-laced Annette, but after a couple minutes in her body it becomes clear that his undeveloped and inexperienced body is not enough for his lust. Fueled by his deepest desires and frustrations, he change her body to become more perverse, ending with her growing a dick.

PROMPT2: Ike the Amazon

Ike has been turned into a buff, busty woman with the insatiable urge to be impregnated. Knowing that Soren is always willing to help her, she feels no shame using him to satisfy her lust, forcing Soren into the amazon position and violently fucking him until he impregnates her.

PROMPT3: Unearthing the Forbidden Needs

Desperate for Ike's love, Soren uses a spell to transform himself into something Ike would find irresistible. Expecting to turn into a beautiful woman or a handsome man, he is instead turned into a small, slutty, bratty girl. While a bit surprised about Ike's tastes, Soren sees it as the perfect opportunity to make Ike his. Using his new body to entice Ike, Soren makes a move on the larger man. He mocks and teases Ike while jerking off his cock, insulting him for being such a depraved man. Until Ike is no longer able to take them, and he viciously fucks Soren's pussy to oblivion.

PROMPT4: Not As Easy As It Looks

A successful and established career woman has been possessed by an incel-type loser, causing her to start fumbling around and messing up her job. Unaware of what's happening to her body, the business woman desperately tries to justify her actions to herself, until the person possessing her grows tired of the whole ordeal and takes out their frustration by furiously masturbating their body.

PROMPT5: The Yandere Subjugation

Kiran is no longer the summoner of the Order of Heroes, but that doesn't mean his worries are at an end. Having been hypnotized by the trio of yandere Nyna, Catria and Minerva, the poor man is raped and fucked regardless of what he's doing, treating him as if he's nothing more than their fucktoy.

PROMPT6: Dicks Can't Break True Love

A group of popular girls have a crush on handsome tomboy, but when they find out she has a boyfriend, they're pissed. After sneaking a drug that will make her grow a dick into her favorite sports drink, they hide inside the locker room for her to have sexy time with her boyfriend. Except, instead of the expected break up, the boyfriend is entirely fine with his girlfriend's new dick! As the duo of lovers confirm their affection, all the girls can do is angrily watch with jealousy and desire.

PROMPT7: Peeking Desire

After Yachiyo and Iroha defeat a witch, they look at each other and realize that their outfits got torn in all the right places during the fight, causing both girls to get turned on. Realizing they're in a secluded area at a time when nobody's likely to walk in on them, the two begin passionately fucking.

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As the ferocious winter winds blew a terrible breeze through the mountainous landscape of Garreg Mach, it was clear that the month of the Red Wolf Moon had arrived. For most people, the Red Wolf Moon was no more ordinary than any other regular month. The seasons grew colder, this much was certain. A very many years ago, the Holy Kingdom of Faerghus had been established around this date. But other than that, there was nothing particularly daunting that would warrant any sort of precaution or concern within the hearts of the citizens of Fodlan.

That is, except for all those who participated in the 'Red Wolf Moon Responsible Restraint' challenge, or RRR as it came to be called. RRR was a peculiar little self-imposed challenge that was slowly picking up popularity around Fodlan, and especially within the monastery. It consisted of male students attempting to restrain themselves from any sort of physical pleasures. Those who succeeded would be praised by their peers, a demonstration of abstinence and holiness which the Church of Seiros was more than happy to reward. Any who failed however, were mocked and ridiculed for their lack of responsibility. Most students could complete the challenge without much of a struggle. But for the few that could not, there were some ways of cheating the system, as one particular student who excelled at spirit magic would show...

Within the confines of her room, the cute and cheery orange-haired Annette did not concern herself with such a crude challenge. In fact, she most likely didn't even know it was taking place. As the girl finished the last of her homework, she escaped from her chair with an elated yelp of joy. Had she known her cute voice would attract a wandering wraith, perhaps she would have kept a bit quieter... With an excited smile on her face, Annette quickly began to prepare herself. She put on a modest amount of makeup, picking out her cutest, prettiest uniform. The day was brilliant and classes were finished. There was no better time to go out and have fun with her friends!

Just as the thought entered her head however, a brand-new sensation embroiled her body. Annette squeaked with shock, this cold, ominous chill sinking into the depths of her heart. A litany of breathless

gasps began to escape her lungs, weakness overcoming her bones. Annette had no idea what was happening to her. For some reason, it felt as if she was slowly losing control of her body, like her limbs were rebelling against her will one by one. The girl tried her best to fight it and retain calm. She grabbed the edge of her table, grunting as more of these feelings encroached over her form. But as her eyes rolled to the back of her head and Annette felt this foreign invader sneak into the depths of her psyche, the battle was all but over.

In an instant, all of those uncomfortable feelings were gone, and Annette was standing in the middle of her room as normally as ever. The curious girl looked around in confusion. She patted her own body, as if to make sure it was still hers. But there was nothing out of the ordinary. 'That was strange...' She thought. But she didn't give it too much mind. Now she could go out and have fun with everyone!

Except... She no longer felt like going out of her room any longer. Instead, Annette slowly stepped towards the full-length mirror in her room. The girl turned left and right before her reflection, hands groping her budding bust before slowly drifting down the rest of her petite figure. It almost as if she was inspecting herself for the first time in her life.

"Hmmm... I believe this is the body of that Dominic girl." Annette spoke aloud to herself, not finding anything wrong with speaking about herself in such a distant and unfamiliar manner. "Not exactly what I was looking for, but I guess it will have to do."

Without even the slightest of second thought in her mind, Annette instantly began to undress herself in front of the mirror. All of the clothes from the pretty outfit she'd so carefully picked fell gracelessly atop the floor without any care. Instead, Annette's mind was focused on one thing and one thing only. She was incredibly fucking horny. As the girl's panties dropped below her knees, Annette wasted no time pushing her fingers deep into her pussy. Her mound was already gushing with copious juices of arousal. Her knees bucked downwards, legs spreading wide open in order to give easy access to her cunt. Annette didn't care how perverted or depraved she looked in front of the mirror. All she wanted to satiate that unending heat of lust that had wracked her body with such intensity.

Before this day, Annette had never ever masturbated in her entire life. In all honesty, she wasn't even sure how she was supposed to do it. The poor girl was too embarrassed by the thought to even try. But now, Annette was fingering her pussy like she was a god damn pro. Her slim digits pushed through her labia and into the depths of her fold in a series of smooth, serene rhythmic motions. She effortlessly pushed by the tightness and inexperience of her body, uncaring about any physical strain she might experience as long as her desires were satisfied. Cunt trembling with bliss, Annette continued desperately masturbating as if her life depended on it.

It was strange. If Annette dwelled too much on why she was doing such a disgusting act at this moment, she couldn't really come up with a solid reason. This wasn't something she would usually do! Annette wasn't the sort of pervert who would play with herself like this! But the more she wallowed in the delicious sensations of pleasure that came from her pussy, the less those thoughts mattered in her mind. Though she'd been a girl her whole life, for some reason the pleasures of the feminine figure were dominating her mind! Seeing herself, a prim and lady-like student, devolve into such a horny slut was sending Annette's lust to the moon. She just couldn't take it anymore!!! Annette had gone through too much of RRR and she needed to cum!!!!

“Hnggghh~~ T-This is good but-” Annette gasped, her mind going frenzied with overflowing desires. “I need more~!!! More, I need mooooooooooreeeeeeee~~~!!!”

As Annette cried in desperation, a thick aura of magical energy embroiled her body whole, almost as if it was responding to her desperate plea. Annette’s mouth shifted into a perverted smirk. She had no idea what these foreign forces were planning to do with her, only that she was quite looking forward to them~

Eyes rolling to the back of her head, Annette let out a vicious moan of pleasure. All of a sudden, the girl started to grow taller and taller. Her legs extended upwards in length, torso expanding into a long, slender form. It wasn’t just that the magic was changing her, it felt like it was literally filling up her body, multiplying the amount of heat and pleasure she felt by tenfold. Soon, Annette had already dwarfed her best friend Mercedes in height, coming closer to the size of Lady Rhea or even someone as imposing as Dimitri. Her changes were far from done, however.

As if to complement her elongated form, Annette’s tits started to grow out exponentially. No longer satisfied with their flat-ish A-Cup, they ballooned from her chest unimpeded. Ounce after ounce they grew fatter, areolas expanding and nipples becoming larger. It wasn’t enough that they were large, they had to utterly outsize any other pair. Larger than Annette’s head they grew, filled with a thickness and softness that was unheard of. Only once she had grown a ridiculous pair of J-Cup was Annette satisfied with her titanic bust.

Annette’s ass followed soon after in the transformation, growing thicker and thicker as the girl continued to rub out her needy pussy. Just like her breasts before, Annette’s fat, wobbly cheeks felt no issue expanding on endlessly. Her legs thickened considerably, thighs growing so plump and squeezable you could lose your hand in them. The result was an utterly bombastic figure that would put even Garreg Mach’s most beautiful women to shame. Even Annette’s cute face seemed to grow sultrier and more mature, lips fattening and eyelashes growing longer. There was no doubt that Annette had quickly changed into *the* most beautiful woman in the entirety of Garreg Mach.

But even that wasn’t enough.

“MOOOOREEEEE!!!” Annette screamed in desperation. “I NEED MOOOOOOREEEEEEEE~~~!!!”

In direct response to Annette’s desires, the insides of her pussy began to tremble with might. The girl could feel a protrusion thicken inside of her, causing her inner vaginal walls to grow stiffer and harder. Little by little, Annette’s female physiology began shifting into something else entirely. It pushed through her insides, conquering all it came across in order to incorporate it to its growing mass. Pushing her hips forward, Annette let a yowl of bestial pleasure. As her pussy began to spread wide open of its own accord, a thick, bulbous nub began to emerge from within. Its head was girthy and pink, its tip adorned with a large, pulsating hole. Annette could scarcely believe it, even as its shaft sprung forth from her labia. There was no doubt about it- Annette was pushing out a thick, erect penis from her womb! And she was loving every second of it~

With another desperate scream of bliss, Annette began to swing her hips back and forth wildly. The harder the swung, the further her enormous penis sprung from within her body. Inch after inch it grew, easily surpassing the size of a studly stallion cock. The sight of such an enormous and imperative penis surging from her nether regions should have elicited a reaction of panic within Annette. However, the

only thing she felt was pure ecstasy. Annette loved the idea of having an enormous cock. Her hands rushed to her hardened shaft, viciously pumping it in order to facilitate its escape. She didn't care that she was slowly losing her pussy. It didn't matter that her body was being modified beyond recognition. Annette's desires had overwhelmed any sort of common sense.

"I'M CUMMINGG~!!!!" Annette screamed happily, before unloading an absolute deluge of cum onto the entire surface of her mirror.

As climax overtook Annette's body whole, a pair of fat, thumping balls popped out of her pussy, forever sealing her feminine organ in favor of a heaving, throbbing, masculine cock. Not that Annette seemed to mind in the slightest. Her breasts bounced up and down with excitement, bliss coursing through her shuddering cock. Face warped into a demented expression of ecstasy, the girl eagerly ejaculated all of her common sense away, much more happy to simply follow along to her body's orders than to think for herself.

"Haaah~ Haaaah~ I-I must apologize, Miss Dominic." Annette muttered to herself, holding her still oozing, semi-erect dick with both hands. "But I'm afraid I'll be borrowing this sexy body of yours for this entire month. Maybe even more~"

PROMPT2: Ike the Amazon

Ike has been turned into a buff, busty woman with the insatiable urge to be impregnated. Knowing that Soren is always willing to help her, she feels no shame using him to satisfy her lust, forcing Soren into the amazon position and violently fucking him until he impregnates her.

Soren has never quite been fond of surprises. There was nothing Soren hated more than facing unforeseen events during battle. He was a man of strategy after all, always planning every one of his moves to their tiniest detail. And it was a firm personality trait that made his relationship with Ike quite difficult. The rash leader of the Greil Mercenaries was anything but calculated. Ike was always guided by passion, leaving rationality at the side in order to follow what he thought was right. Soren could no longer even count the number of times Ike's recklessness had gotten them all into trouble. Though tough, every day Soren was getting a little bit more used to it. But if there was anything Soren did not expect, it had to be Ike bursting into his room in the middle of the night looking like a tall, buff, Amazonian woman.

"C'mon Soren! Hurry up!!" The blue haired commander yammered at Soren, her large, brutish hands tugging away at the boy's clothes as if she was unwrapping a little piece of candy.

"W-Wha-!? H-H-Hey!! St-Stop!!!" Soren desperately tried to fight back, though he was much too weak to put any sort of real resistance.

Even as the new, totally gender-bent Ike stood right before Soren's eyes, the boy had a hard time believing this was commander he'd followed for so long. Ike had somehow become taller, first and foremost. Her muscles were thicker and larger, torso rippling with the stiffest six pack Soren had ever seen. But despite that, Ike's new form was still decidedly feminine. Her legs were shapely and thick, as

was her large voluptuous ass. Instead of stiff, flattened pecs, a pair of titanic, heavy breasts sprung forth from Ike's chest, easily dwarfing even Titania's great bust. There was no longer a thick, throbbing trouser snake between his legs, replaced now with a twitching, dripping cunt hungering for Soren's cock. With a rough yet feminine face and hair that reached down to her shoulders, it was painfully clear that Ike was completely female. A fact that was equal parts troubling and intriguing.

"W-Wait!! H-H-How did y-you even turn into a girl in the first place?!?!" Soren spoke the first thing that came to mind, hoping it would somehow tranquilize the hungry woman.

"Don't know, don't care." Ike responded with a nonchalant smile, entirely unfazed. "I was just walking around and then boom, I'm a girl. But it doesn't matter. The only thing I need now is for you to impregnate me with that big cock of yours~"

Soren hissed in annoyance. He had no idea if Ike was under the effects of some weird lust spell or if she was just plain stupid. Regardless, it was clear she meant every word she'd said. Tightly grabbing onto Soren's clothes, Ike wasted no time in ripping the boy's clothes to shreds. His pants were instantly decimated, shirt torn into two. Soren tried to cover his crotch with his hands and legs, but Soren's brittle limbs were no match for Ike's superior strength. As the woman firmly grasped onto his thighs, she forcefully spread open Soren's legs in order to finally get to her prize: Soren's glorious erect penis~

"Hehehe~" Ike giggled to herself, pussy eagerly twitching at the sight of the magnificent member. "You were so intent on complaining before, but just look at the big erection you've got right there~"

As much as Soren wished to contest her claim, there was no use in denying the truth. Soren's cock was rock hard, perhaps the hardest it had ever been in his life. There were many reasons Soren used to try to justify his erection. Perhaps it was the shock of seeing his best friend in such a state, or a natural reaction of fear. But the truth was honestly quite simple. Soren found Ike's new body incredibly attractive, and the idea that of getting his dick forcefully milked by a big, buff, Amazon mommy was sending his senses into overdrive.

Like a girl picking up her doll to play with, Ike effortlessly plucked Soren up off the ground and began happily skipping towards the bed. Soren could scarcely believe how strong and buff Ike's new body was. The boy knew he'd never been particularly heavy, but the fact that she was able to carry him around as if he was nothing more than a toy was incredible. Soren tried to wriggle his limbs and struggle out of her restraint, but he made literally zero progress. His feet weren't even touching the ground! He was being entirely emasculated right now! Though there was nothing more emasculating than his own penis betraying him as it throbbed harder with increased desire for Ike's buff, dominating antics.

When the pair finally arrived at the bed, Ike gently placed Soren face up onto the bed. The boy squirmed back awkwardly, but any dreams of escaping were entirely quashed as Ike climbed on top of him. Lifting his legs up into the air, the woman sat on Soren's petite ass as if it was her personal little throne. Her thick, muscular body bore down on his body with all her tremendous weight, her pussy pushing against the tip of his erect penis. It quite honestly looked like he was the one being bred!

With no hopes of releasing himself from Ike's grasp through strength, Soren turned to pleading as his last resort.

"I-Ike please! W-Why d-do you even want to do it with me anyways?!?" The boy gasped in pure desperation. "I-It's not like I-I'm the hottest- A-And my penis isn't that big!!"

For a few seconds, Ike didn't respond. Soren was correct, his penis was nowhere near as large as Ike's had previously been. Not to say that it was small, Soren's hardened cock was just a tad bit above average. But that wasn't the point. Ike didn't want to breed with Soren because of his superior genes or because he thought it would be an incredible lay. The reason was much simpler.

"Soren you dummy." Ike responded with a soft, tender smile. "I wanna breed with you cus I like you!"

Slamming her hips down with all of her force, Ike inserted the entirety of Soren's cock into the depths of her vagina. Soren began to gasp breathlessly, his tongue lolling out of his body while his eyes rolled to the back of his head. Between the amazing tightness of Ike's pussy and the incredible force of Ike's thrust, it felt as if all the air had been punched out of Soren's lungs. His cock throbbed with the mind numbing heat of Ike's folds, which were tight enough to wrap around every inch of his member but also loose enough to let him move through Ike's innards with ease. As a virgin with no sexual experience, this alone would have been enough to make Soren go insane. But Ike was only getting started with him.

While Soren was still trying to catch his breath, Ike began to rapidly swing her hips up and down against Soren's ass. The Amazon woman grunted happily with each of her thrusts, as if she was merely doing reps for her daily exercise. Though her body didn't show it, she was totally loving the way Soren's cock scrambled her insides. Ike's blushing face twitched each time her pussy pushed against the base of his cock, sending pulsations of bliss throughout her whole body. Despite having the body of an Amazon, in the end Ike was still quite the sensitive maiden. Merely taking the penis of the person she loved was enough to make her entire body squirm with bliss.

And she was far from the only one. The more Ike's pussy squeezed onto Soren's hardened cock, the more he felt he was about to lose his mind. Each one of Ike's thrusts was filled with incredible amounts of intensity, an unstoppable wave of arousal which Soren could not contain. In a desperate attempt to maintain his sanity, Soren tried to desperately wriggle out of Ike's grasp, hoping that perhaps he'd reduce the levels of pleasure he was experiencing to at least something manageable. But Soren was left entirely immobile. His body and cock weren't even his to control. All that he was, all of his sexual desires belonged to Ike now. He was nothing more than her submissive sex toy.

"I-IKEE~~!!!" Soren screamed at the top of his lungs, mind going overboard with unending amounts of ecstasy. The boy's cock throbbed happily. He tried to keep it in, he tried to resist the temptations set before him. But Soren's will was no match for Ike's sexual desire, and his body gave in to the curse of pleasure. "I'M-!! I'M CUMMINGGGG!!!!~!!!"

Cock throbbing uncontrollably, Soren began to unload his thick, healthy jizz directly into Ike's pussy. The amazon slammed her hips down with one final thrust, pushing her cunt tightly against Soren's crotch so that she would not spill a single drop of his seed.

"Yes Soren, yeeeesssss~!!!" Ike cried out of pure joy, her own cunt tightly wrapping around his dick in orgasm. "Pump it into my womb and impregnate me~~"

As Soren's cock continued to pump out an endless cascade of semen inside of Ike's cunt, the duo were embroiled in a blanket of sappy, lovey warmth. It wasn't just the afterglow of sex, the calm serene wave

that comes after the satiating of calming desires. Rather, it was the affectionate warmth of a love fulfilled, for behind all of the lust and perverted desires, there was nothing better than the sugary sensation of being with the one you love. For a few minutes, the duo remained in their stiff positions, not wishing to disturb the balance of their calming ecstasy. Soren breathed a sigh of relief, a combination of sexual gratification as well as the thought that he would finally be liberated from Ike's commanding embrace. However, when his cock finally spurted its last shot of cum, Soren would soon find out his job of impregnating was far from over...

"Hehe~ I hope that's not all you got Soren~" Ike giggled in a menacing way, eyes glimmering towards Soren like a predator gawking at its prey. "I'm going to milk you until nothing will come out anymore, kay~?"

Soren's entire body tingled in a mixture of fear and arousal. The boy thought that things would be finally over for him, but his growing erection proved that even he had a little bit more energy inside of him. Maybe Soren didn't mind some surprises every now and then...

PROMPT3: Unearthing the Forbidden Needs

Desperate for Ike's love, Soren uses a spell to transform himself into something Ike would find irresistible. Expecting to turn into a beautiful woman or a handsome man, he is instead turned into a small, slutty, bratty girl. While a bit surprised about Ike's tastes, Soren sees it as the perfect opportunity to make Ike his. Using his new body to entice Ike, Soren makes a move on the larger man. He mocks and teases Ike while jerking off his cock, insulting him for being such a depraved man. Until Ike is no longer able to take them, and he viciously fucks Soren's pussy to oblivion.

Ike had known Soren for such a long time, the man liked to think he had a good grasp on the sorts of things Soren was willing to do. It wasn't as difficult as one might think, to be honest. Soren was a boy of order and planning. He had his schedule of set routines he liked to follow almost religiously, avoiding as much spontaneity throughout the day as he could manage. For a man such as Soren who considered himself a paragon of knowledge and self-control, falling prey to one's own passion was basically an impossibility. What Ike failed to consider however, was that true desperation could make even the sturdiest of men weak at heart.

"S-Soren please!!" Ike begged with dread in his heart. Though as much as he wished to bolt onto his feet and rush to Soren's aid, his body remained tied up onto a chair with stiff, hefty rope. "Y-You don't have to do this!!!"

"Oh but I do..." Soren responded scraggily. The way his eyes glared at him unblinkingly, Ike could tell it was the determination of a madman.

It seems after having his romantic advancements rejected by Ike a countless number of times, Soren had reached his breaking point. Before Ike knew it, the man had woken up in some kind of secluded shed, completely devoid of clothes and tied up to a chair. Ike wasn't particularly worried for his life. He was

physically stronger than Soren for starters, but most importantly he knew that Soren didn't want to hurt him. No, what truly worried Ike was what Soren had planned to do. Even in the dim light of the shed, he could see the glimmer in Soren's eyes. Standing fully nude in the middle of the room, Soren held the strange concoction that Ike knew was going to ruin his life.

"I know that you don't want to become my lover because you don't find my body attractive." Soren continued, his usually tempered persona completely consumed by deep seated desire. "But I don't care about my body! That's why I'll change it! I'll change it just for you! After drinking this potion, I'll become the thing you find the sexiest in the whole world! And then we can finally be together~"

Ike shuffled uncomfortably in his seat. "D-Don't do it!!!" Ike pleaded as best he could. "I-I-I'm begging you S-Soren, d-don't!!!"

But it was too late. Without even the slightest bit of hesitation, Soren lifted the concoction towards his mouth and downed the entire drink in one single gulp. The flavor was a bit sour and unpleasant, but Soren didn't mind. Instead, he gave a loud gasp of bliss, letting the glass fall onto the floor and shatter into hundreds of little pieces.

"Mmmmm~ I wonder what kind of body I will have after this~" Soren spoke in a sultry voice as he began to slowly strut towards Ike, his hand slowly circling around his belly in a tender massaging, motion. "Perhaps a big busty lady~? Or maybe a thick, muscular man~?"

Thankfully for Soren, it would not take long for the answer to materialize. As Soren's body began to twitch with an overpowering sensation of heat, the boy embraced his changes steadily. His cock began to twitch uncontrollably, its length retreating in on itself while his ballsack started to shrink. This much was expected. Ike was a virile young man, of course he'd wished to be with a woman. Soren moaned blissfully as he felt his testicles sink into his body and start burying inside him to create a new uterus. The thought of having a fully functioning womb and bearing Ike's children made him happier than ever. But just when Soren's penis changed into a vagina and he thought his changes were only going to grow stronger, something strange happened.

Instead of growing taller and plumper, Soren actually started to shrink. The tactician had never been particularly tall, and yet little by little his length was sapped away until he barely reached up to Ike's chest. From his arms, to his legs and his torso, it all became smaller and compact as if it hadn't fully developed. There was no sort of mass conglomeration around his bust. Rather, it was more like his already flat-ish chest became softer and pudgier, his nipples puffing out to form barely A-Cup sized breasts. Even Soren's face seemed to be growing younger, his soft voice becoming more androgynous whilst his hair grew to give a girlish aura.

Soren didn't understand what was happening. Why wasn't he sexually maturing into a beautiful, voluptuous woman? Why wasn't his body evolving into one of a fit tomboy, or a plump mommy? It wasn't until Soren's belly slowly inflated into a tiny, completely underdeveloped tummy that Soren finally understood what he'd turned into. In that moment, it all clicked. All of Ike's vehement rejections, his panicked and finicky sentiments. Soren had finally discovered what it was that made Ike's dick go wild.

“Oh... My... God!!!” Soren gasped in abject surprise, her mouth slowly shifting into a devious smirk. “So this is why you never talked about what your type was~ Because the truth is that you’re actually an enormous, depraved pervert!!!”

An enormous blush came upon Ike’s face, submerging his cheeks in a sea of red. He had never felt as embarrassed as he did now that his deepest secret had been revealed, not to mention one of his closest friends was the one to discover it. Ike could just imagine his reputation utterly nosediving in Soren’s mind. From proud and respected leader to little more than a criminal sicko. Ike felt totally ashamed. And yet, his cock was harder than it had ever been before, its length fully erect and throbbing at the sight of Soren’s underdeveloped figure.

“I really can’t believe this is the kind of body you lust for...” Soren continued as she stopped directly in front of where Ike was sitting. Despite the initial shock, the truth was that Soren didn’t quite mind her new form. In fact, she was quite enjoying his current situation. Soren had never seen Ike in such a troubled and flushed position. His shameful face caused her pussy to quiver with desire. She didn’t know if it was because of her transformation or if it was something more innate to her inner self, but she just wanted to keep teasing Ike until he broke. “For goodness’ sake, I’m barely older than your sister!!”

“Ahem- *Oohhhh Big brother~*” Soren cried out in a soft, girlish voice, one which came totally natural to her new form. “*Would you please ravish me with that **big, manly cock** of yours~~*”

As soon as the words came out of Soren’s mouth, Ike couldn’t help but let a delirious groan. The man’s cock throbbed eagerly, his tip sputtering copious amounts of precum. Seeing such a pathetic response, Soren made a defiant chuckle. She had Ike totally wrapped around her thumb~ Lowering herself onto Ike’s lap, Soren pushed her pussy against the thumping cockhead of Ike’s penis. Ike shuddered with delight, his body instinctively excited to penetrate Soren’s virgin mound. But Soren never actually pushed Ike’s dick inside of her pussy. Instead, she merely toyed with the cock, rubbing the edge of her cunt against his member while she rubbed its length with her small, slender hands.

“I bet this is what you want, huh~” Soren eagerly teased Ike, not letting the man any room to breathe between her hot whispers and perverse caresses. “I bet there’s nothing you’d desire more than to rape the cute, defenseless little girl in front of you~” She let out a nefarious chuckle, before her face became incredibly serious and firm. “You’re such a sick freak, you know that? You absolutely disgust me. What would your sister think if she saw you like this~? How would the company react if they found out you were a helpless pervert~?”

Ike’s body convulsed uncontrollably, his chair bouncing up and down with so much force it felt as if it was going to break into pieces. The man wanted nothing more than to deny Soren’s horrid accusations. He wasn’t a pervert! He wasn’t some kind of sick freak! But in reality, Ike knew there were no lies in Soren’s words. Every single ounce of Ike’s body craved for Soren’s virgin pussy. His cock pulsated with downright anger, ready to skewer Soren’s cunt into oblivion. Ike could feel a conflict brewing inside his mind. To give in to his perverted desires, or to try and keep being the respected and loved leader he’d always aspired to be.

“Just accept it, you immoral freak~” Soren whispered lovingly into his ear, her sopping, vaginal juices dripping onto Ike’s cock. “You just want to rape my virgin, little girl pussy, don’t you~ Then do it. Become the disgusting pervert you were meant to be and rape me~”

In that moment, it felt as if something snapped inside of Ike's mind. All of his inner turmoil slowly dissipated like clouds clearing from the sky. Right now, Ike couldn't care less about his status. His reputation meant absolutely nothing under the tons upon tons of desire swelling within him. Anything contained within the logical part of Ike's brain was promptly discarded. Ike wanted sex!! He wanted to conquer Soren's pussy!!! He was tired of holding back for so long- The man was ready to go absolutely primal!!!

Like a terrible monster being awakened from its eternal slumber, Ike rose from his chair with a horrid growl. The man's bulging muscles snapped through the ropes that were supposed to hold him in place. Not even the chair he was sitting on could contain his tremendous amounts of power, as it snapped into several pieces the moment he stood up from it. The tiny, soft Soren fell on her butt onto the cold floor. She was relatively unscathed, though a primal fear filled her heart as she saw this primal Ike being unleashed. For a few seconds, she started to wonder if perhaps she'd made a mistake.

But it was too late. Before Soren could even think twice about it, Ike slammed his entire body on top of her, smushing the poor girl between the firm floor and Ike's stiff muscles. With a devious glint in his eyes, Ike pushed his enormous cockhead against Soren's labia. Panic entered Soren's mind. There was no way Ike's cock would fit inside her!! She was going to get split in half!!! Filled with dread, she tried her best to wriggle away from his grasp. Unfortunately, Soren's attempt was promptly stopped as Ike wrapped his firm hand around her neck and pinned her to the floor.

"This is what you deserve you little whore!!" Ike screamed with anger, before slamming the entirety of his dick inside of Soren's cunt.

The duo instantly cried in utter bliss. For the longest time, Ike had been unsure about his preferences. But now that he got to get a taste of that sweet, forbidden fruit, all of his pain felt justified. Soren's cunt was the tightest, juiciest thing Ike had ever experienced wrapping around his dick. Every little movement was met with mountains of resistance, making it the perfect sex toy for him to abuse. Without any concern for Soren's well being, the man began to violently thrust into Soren's pussy, utterly demolishing its insides with his superior cock.

Despite all the aching and pain, even Soren was enjoying herself at the moment. Her pussy trembled happily as its walls were deformed by the massive girth of Ike's dick, which sent reverberations throughout her whole body. For the first time in her life, Ike was finally showering her with affection. He was showing her a side of himself that he'd never shown anyone. That alone was enough to cause her entire body to tremble with bliss. Though that could have also been the lack of oxygen.

"Taunting me with that slutty body of yours... Thinking you can command me with desire." Ike grumbled angrily, his cock trembling with desire inside of Soren's womb. "Well no more! From now on, you're going to be my cum dump!!!"

With one final thrust, Ike began to unload thick blast after blast of his semen directly into Soren's pussy. The sensation of Ike's hot sperm bloating her insides made Soren tremble with happiness. Soren tried to cry in delight, but Ike's grasp on his neck made it little more than a breathless gasp of bliss. Regardless of his new form, regardless of Ike's desires, one thing held true. Finally, Soren had gotten exactly what he'd always wanted.

PROMPT4: Not As Easy As It Looks

A successful and established career woman has been possessed by an incel-type loser, causing her to start fumbling around and messing up her job. Unaware of what's happening to her body, the business woman desperately tries to justify her actions to herself, until the person possessing her grows tired of the whole ordeal and takes out their frustration by furiously masturbating their body.

Anais Cassel had always been a very talented and successful woman. From a very small age, she'd excelled at her studies and been at the top of her class. After attending one of the country's top universities and graduating with honors, she was able to join one of the most prestigious corporations right off the bat. Whatever Anais set her mind to, she could achieve. She became known throughout the business world as the Saint of Enterprise, able to lift any company from the brink of bankruptcy to the top of the market. Corporations fought tooth and nail to get her to join them. And even as she started to reach the ripe age of forty, she still looked as dazzling and beautiful as ever. In every sense of the word, Anais could be considered the absolute paragon of what a businesswoman should be.

Which made the fact that she was currently struggling with the most mundane of accounting tasks a total mystery.

Sitting in her comfortable chair of her private office, Anais stared at the several monitors on her desk with an expression of dread and confusion. Each one of the screens was filled with a litany of complex business documents and excel sheets. These were Anais' bread and butter. She was able to knock out a couple of contracts and finish a pair of reports like it was nobody's business. Yet... For some reason, she wasn't filling any of them out correctly. Analyses were rushed out and basic, research was done sloppily and without care. Never in her entire career had Anais worked with such recklessness and disregard, yet here she was utterly phoning what was supposed to be the work of her life!

The worst part of it all was that Anais knew that she was doing it wrong. She could see herself making mistakes in real time, she noticed every single erroneous detail she placed into her work. But no matter how hard she tried, she couldn't force herself to fix any of them. It wasn't that Anais felt she had no control of her body. She felt as normal and able as ever before. Rather, it was as if there was some sort of mental barrier within her that prevented her from acting. In a way, it felt as if there was some other person in control of her body and mind, forcing her to go along to its whims.

All of this amounted to what could only be described as one of the most harrowing experiences in Anais' life. To a proud businesswoman like her, there was nothing more horrifying than being forced to watch herself destroy everything that had gotten her to where she is today. It was clear that this terror wasn't exclusive to her mind either. Anais could feel her body gasping with anxiety, and elevated heart rate pumping sheer dread throughout her entire form. It just didn't make sense! If Anais hated this so much, and she knew exactly how to fix this, then why wasn't she doing so?!

While Anais watched her portfolio burn into ashes, the woman tried to justify her own actions to herself. Maybe she'd become a bit mentally exhausted after working so much. Or perhaps it was just one of those errant off days which rear their heads more often than you'd like. Hell, at this point Anais

wanted to blame her period. It was the most chauvinistic and cliché thing to blame, but Anais was so desperate for answers she'd take anything!

"God fucking damn it!" Anais slammed her hand onto the desk, acting in a brutish manner which was unbecoming to her. "As a man, I should have been ten times better at doing this than that stupid whore! But I don't understand anything at all!"

The sentence didn't quite make sense to Anais, despite the fact she'd been the one to say it. Never had Anais considered herself a man. She was a woman, loud and proud! A woman that knew precisely how to manage all of these documents with expertise. Yet, for some reason, Anais didn't question it. It was as normal as the fact that she couldn't physically bring herself to correct all of the mistakes littered on her report. Regardless of how factually correct or how much sense these facts made, Anais could not be moved from her perpetual state of tepid acceptance.

As the documents piled up and the mistakes continued to propagate, Anais' frustration only grew. A swath of emails began to pop on Anais' screen with deafening ring, each one of them filled with more confusion and dissatisfaction than the last. Anais read the disappointment and shock expressed by her boss after seeing such sloppy work, her employees replied with concern and bewilderment over Anais' terrible directions. Everything that Anais loved, all that she'd worked hard to achieve- It was all falling apart at the seams. Anais' breathing grew exasperated. The more she messed up, the more her stress levels rose exponentially. She couldn't take this torture anymore!!! All this pressure- All this dread- They made her feel like she was about to-!!!

"You know what- Fuck this!!" Filled up to the brim with anger, Anais kicked her desk like she was some kind of animal. "All of this work mumbo jumbo is bullshit. There's only one thing women are good for!"

Unable to hold back her frustration, the woman turned all of that pent up distress on herself. Anais' hands greedily darted towards her tight business dress and began to pull on it without mercy. It seemed like she didn't even care in the slightest if she stretched, teared or even ripped it. Her large, sagging tits popped out of her blouse with deliciously rippling bounces. As her skirt was split open and her panties torn asunder, Anais' twitching, sopping pussy was exposed to the elements. Fueled by a set of powerful, uncontrollable desires, Anais could not stop tugging away at her clothes until she was entirely in the nude.

This was far from enough from satisfying her however. In a desperate haze to quench that beastly distress she was feeling, Anais started to grope her big, fat luscious breasts. A litany of womanly moans began to pour out from her painted lips, her nipples twitching with desire. Despite having a mature body, her sexual organs were incredibly responsive. Anais could already feel her pussy trembling with lust, and she was more than happy to oblige. Dipping her right hand between her legs, the woman started to violently masturbate her needy cunt, making sure to fit as many of her fingers inside as was humanly possible. Eye rolling to the back of her head in a display of utter perversion, Anais vented all of her frustrations by molesting her plump, feminine form.

Just as she was starting to get into her masturbation however, a moment of clarity arose within the woman. W-Why-!? Why the hell did she suddenly start masturbating in her office! Anais was a serious woman, one who respected her job quite dearly. It made no sense for her to start acting like some hornied up frat kid! Yet no matter how odd it might have been, Anais could not find it fully strange. She

couldn't even denounce it! This just felt like the totally natural thing to do, despite the fact she'd never done this before. It was just what made the most sense, though Anais herself could not explain it.

The more pleasure that ran through Anais' body, the more she could feel herself losing this mental battle. Anais gasped with a blissfully mindless expression, all of her worries slowly melting away as she gave in to the excitement of her feminine figure. This was only a one time thing surely, a way to blow off steam after being so frustrated. Anais tried to convince herself that this wasn't how she usually acted, but her twitching cunt wrapping around her fingers made it hard to justify. Could it be... Could it be that Anais was a useless pervert this entire time? There was no way someone as proud as Anais could have admitted it. But the evidence was hard to deny. Anais lurched forward with a debauched expression. Her masturbation grew more desperate, every inch of her body clenching for desire. One last glimmer of Anais tried to break through, hopelessly trying to get the woman back into her senses. But as soon as her body seized up in orgasm, it was already gone.

With a loud, unintelligible howl of desire, Anais began to cum all over her chair and floor. In an instant, all of her dread and worries had disappeared. The words she'd spoken earlier suddenly came back, as if they were implanting themselves in her brain. This was all that women were good for. And god damn it was it amazing. Anais didn't care about her work or her position or any of that bullshit. Her mind had been entirely refocused on the one thing that mattered- Abusing that perverted body of hers.

Still gasping and heaving from the force of her climax, Anais relaxed onto her office chair with a smile. She let her vaginal fluids seep all over her leather chair and drip onto the floor, only concerned with embracing her delicious orgasm. Of course, she was still concerned about her work. But this was the only thing she wanted to think about. Then, like a flash of inspiration, for the first time in quite a while it seemed like her body and her mind had become perfectly aligned. If she couldn't do her job herself, she could most certainly get someone else to do it for her. With a devious smirk, Anais picked up her phone and rang for her intern.

"Hey Joshua~? Why don't you come to my office so we can have a little talk~?"

PROMPT5: The Yandere Subjugation

Kiran is no longer the summoner of the Order of Heroes, but that doesn't mean his worries are at an end. Having been hypnotized by the trio of yandere Nyna, Catria and Minerva, the poor man is raped and fucked regardless of what he's doing, treating him as if he's nothing more than their fucktoy.

Life for Kiran had changed quite a bit ever since he'd publicly quit his being the Order of Heroes' summoner on that fateful day. No longer did Kiran have to go out into battle or prepare the Order's logistics. Instead, Kiran now spent most of his days at home, barely leaving his house for anything. He still helped the Order of Heroes with some tactical planning and strategical guiding. But his previously busy and responsibility laden life had settled down into one of tranquility.

At least, that's what Kiran liked to believe. The reality was that though Kiran no longer left his house, he was far from alone. Nyna, Minerva and Catria, the exact same group of women that had dominated and mind-broken him to the point of futility were now living alongside him. No matter how much of a relaxed lifestyle Kiran wished to partake in, there was no way he could ignore that incredibly menacing and overpowering trio.

Just like Kiran, all three women had happily resigned from their positions in the order of heroes, merely so they could spend more time with the man they were all so obsessed with. They never ever left their house, hell, they barely even left Kiran's side. No matter what it was that Kiran was doing, the trio would always loom over him, like vultures ready to feast upon a fresh carcass. Kiran never felt safe with such hungry women following his every move. It was basically impossible to tell when they would strike. Sometimes, they would simply tease him, whispering lustfully into his ears or groping his body just to get him on edge and see his reactions. Other times their mere presence was enough to send shivers down Kiran's spine, forcing an awkward erection that left him shivering while they watched him with luscious smiles.

But whenever they did decide to take him, the three did so without showing a single shred of mercy. It didn't matter where Kiran was, it didn't matter what he was doing. Everything else was secondary to having Kiran satisfy their selfish, perverted desires. One such example was when Kiran was often assaulted in the middle of cooking. Since Kiran was not allowed to wear any more clothes than perhaps a kitchen apron, the sight of his bare ass was enough to enflame any of the yandere's lust.

"Ahh!" Kiran gasped in surprise as he felt Nyna's soft hands grab onto his supple cheeks firmly.

"Oh Kiran~ Your butt looks so delicious~" Nyna whimpered with a blissful moan, her fingers lovingly digging into the soft mass of Kiran's fat cheeks. "I just need to partake in them~"

Despite bearing the appearance of a kind a gentle princess, Nyna was not demure in the slightest when it came to eating out Kiran's ass. Her hands firmly gripping onto both of his cheeks, the woman spread Kiran's butt as far as it could go while her head nuzzled lovingly against his anus. Nyna's tongue effortlessly spread open the rim of Kiran's asshole. Not that it was much of a challenge, for Kiran's anus had been abused so much, it accepted Nyna's pleasure eagerly. Kiran let out a delirious whimper of pleasure. His legs began to tremble with desire, his cock quickly growing fully erect. He could feel the way Nyna's tongue slithered inside him, tickling every bit of his inner walls. She was fast, she was vicious. Not even Kiran's prostate was safe from her pleasure, as the woman made sure to lovingly rub it several times. It was clear that Nyna was total crazy for Kiran, and she wanted him to go as crazy as her.

As much as Kiran wanted Nyna to stop, there was nothing the poor man could do to save himself. His hands were completely occupied with the stew he was cooking, stirring the pot slowly in order for it not to burn. But even if they weren't, poor Kiran was completely helpless to fight back against the trio in any capacity. His mind had been conquered by a hypnotic spell, that made any sort of resistance entirely futile. His body too, had entirely surrendered to the pleasures they gave him, happy to let Kiran be dominated at his own expense. Kiran wasn't really much of a person anymore. He was more of a personal sex toy, a tool for the trio of nefarious women to use for their sick desires.

"Hmmm~ I have to agree~" While Kiran was trying to focus his mind and withstand Nyna's fierce anal assault, the boy's ears perked as he saw Catria sneaking in front of his legs. The blue haired woman

smiled up at him with a nefarious smirk, clearly showing she was up to no good. "As much as I love your cooking Kiran, there is something else I find much tastier~"

Face darting towards Kiran's crotch, Catria swallowed the entirety of Kiran's erect penis in one single gulp. Kiran's dick twitched blissfully within the confines of Catria's tight mouth. After so many months of practice and abuse, her blowjobs were so good Kiran instantly lost the moment her lips were wrapping around his throbbing member. Like a vicious serpent refusing to let go of its prey, Catria twisted her mouth while her head bobbed back and forth. The girl's lips tickled and kissed at the base of his crotch, her tongue rubbing around his tip and tickling at his every inch. Catria smiled smugly as she expertly deepthroated Kiran's dick. She knew how good her blowjob felt, she was proud of how it utterly dominated Kiran's senses. There was nothing she loved more than seeing Kiran squirm under her grasp.

Between Catria's sloppy blowjob and Nyna's vicious ass eating, the poor Kiran felt like he was going to lose it once again. Body succumbing to pleasure, Kiran collapsed onto the counter as his legs gave out. His hands trembled uncontrollably, causing the pot to shake and the stew to swivel left and right. It was just too much for him to handle! All he wanted was to live a relaxed life, one without much worries or concerns. But he couldn't even cook successfully without getting assaulted!

"HEY! WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING?!"

But before Kiran accidentally spilled his stew from all of the pleasure Nyna and Catria were assaulting him with, Minerva stepped up with an angered expression. The woman looked down at Kiran as if he was a doggy who'd peed on the carpet. There was no semblance of respect. To her, he was nothing but an inferior.

"You're going to spill the stew!" Minerva reprimanded him. "Wasting food is a terrible crime! You better not spill a single drop, or else... Here, let me help you hold it steady~"

Wrapping her big, muscled arms around Kiran's body, Minerva pulled the man in for a tight hug. Kiran's face pushed in between Minerva's large bust. He could feel her strong abs pressing against him, while the warm, heat of her breasts wrapped around his head. Kiran began to desperately gasp for air. Even after being sedentary for so long, Minerva was just as strong as ever. Her arms crushed Kiran's poor body around, leaving him little oxygen to work with. He was entirely trapped. Not only was Kiran being sexually assaulted, he could no longer even move.

As the lack of oxygen combined with all of the pleasure that Kiran was receiving, the man could feel his brain growing slower and slower. His arms started falling limp until they let go of the stew and spoon in its entirety. His legs no longer held him up, leaving only Minerva's grasp to keep him upright. It was a moment that really made it shine in his mind. This was Kiran's new life. As much as he would have loved thinking about this as his retired life, the truth is that he hadn't just retired from his job, he'd retired from being a real human being. From this point on, he was nothing more than a toy for these evil women to play with and abuse for their pleasure. And though that sounded quite bad, Kiran could feel his cock start to tremble with orgasm at the realization, happy to dump its seed into Catria's mouth in submission.

Once the delicious sensations of climax overcame Kiran's body, the man finally fell into a state of happy slumber. It would be the most peace he'd receive until he woke up again, ready to be used once more.

PROMPT6: Dicks Can't Break True Love

A group of popular girls have a crush on handsome tomboy, but when they find out she has a boyfriend, they're pissed. After sneaking a drug that will make her grow a dick into her favorite sports drink, they hide inside the locker room for her to have sexy time with her boyfriend. Except, instead of the expected break up, the boyfriend is entirely fine with his girlfriend's new dick! As the duo of lovers confirm their affection, all the girls can do is angrily watch with jealousy and desire.

There was no one more popular at the College of Berkwall than Amanda, Barbara and Cindy. The trio were known as the Bitch Queens of the school, incredibly beautiful and dazzling but also boasting icy hearts of cold. Whenever they wanted something, they got it. With their sexy bodies and alluring personalities, they could goad most guys and even many girls into doing whatever they desired. And since they were all the daughters of rich millionaires who provided most of the school's budget, the staff was totally helpless to stop their reign.

The Bitch Queens basically owned the entirety of Berkwall College. Though each one of them was incredibly greedy and selfish, being close childhood friends they actually enjoyed sharing with each other quite a lot. From taking the same classes, to buying the same purses and even sharing their partners, there was nothing that could stop the combined power of Amanda, Barbara and Cindy. So when they confessed their feelings to the Julie, the freshman tomboy athlete that had just joined, they were in for a shock.

Unlike every other person they'd interacted so far who would instantly bend to their feet, Julie rejected them plainly and firmly. It wasn't anything malicious, she just honestly explained that she already had a boyfriend she dearly loved. But to the group of girls who'd always had everything they wanted handed to them, this was incredibly out of line. No matter what the trio said or offered to Julie, the tomboy wouldn't budge. She was unbreakable. Even threats to dismiss her from the school were faced with bravery. At the end of the confrontation, it seemed that Amanda, Barbara and Cindy would not pursue Julie anymore. But the Bitch Queens of Berkwall did not easily forget...

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Hiding at the back corner of the school's locker rooms, Amanda poked out from one of the lockers with a devious smile. From here she could see that beautiful tomboy Julie, standing in all of her muscled glory. She had just finished club activities for the school's track team, leaving her body covered in deliciously glimmering sweat. The girl's lightly mocha skin glowed through the texture of her almost-see through white shirt. Though her bust wasn't too large, her pink lacy bra was clearly visible too. Julie's face was rugged, but decidedly feminine. Her long black hair was done in a winding ponytail. With a firm set of abs and thick, toned legs, there was no wonder Amanda would fall in love with the tomboy. And she was going to do everything in her power to get her...

Beside Julie sat Marco, her loving boyfriend. Marco was a very thin and slender man, almost as dainty as a flower. The pair happily flirted and chatted away in the privacy of the locker rooms, sharing smiles every second of their interaction. It was blatantly clear that the two had a perfectly loving and stable relationship. In fact, it was almost sickening how sweet the two were towards each other. Amanda stared at Marco with hatred, the soft spoken man that had taken her beloved. If she wanted to get with Julie, she'd had to make him willingly leave her. Luckily for the girl, the plan to have Marco abandon Julie was well under way.

"Is it starting? Is it starting?!" Barbara poked her head alongside Amanda with excitement, her body shivering with anticipation at their nefarious plan.

"Shhh!!!" Amanda angrily quieted the girl down. "She already drunk the formula." The girl's evil smirk widened. "All we have to do is wait~"

"Do you really think it's gonna work Amanda?" The last of the trio too poked her head out from the lockers too, still doubtful but happy to assist.

"It's gonna work!" Amanda barked back! She was the mastermind of this operation afterall. There was no way her perfect plan would go awry in any way~

As the trio of gals continued to peek from the back of the room, they were soon treated to the realization of their plans. All of a sudden, Julie began to sweat profusely, even harder than she did when she ran. The girl's cheeks grew heated and red, her body became weak and she stumbled back against the locker rooms with a loud thud.

"J-Julie are you okay?!" Marco sprung up from his seat with a worried expression on his face.

But Julie did not respond. Her mind was overwhelmed with a whirlwind of sensations that did not relent for one second. Without even noticing, Julie thrust her hips outwards. Her crotch was burning with an intense burning sensation that made her cunt start spasming uncontrollably. With every thump of her heart, her crotch reflexively pumped forward, with each one of her breaths she could feel her clit start to grow fatter and larger. Within just a matter of seconds, there was a large, cylindrical lump starting to bulge from her tight, sport shorts. Julie groaned as she felt it rubbing against her pants, growing ever larger and larger until-

RIIIP!!!!

With a thunderous tearing sound, Julie's shorts were ripped wide open, and in the place where her cunt once rested there now stood an enormous, cacao-colored, throbbing cock. Marco gasped as he saw it, trembling and twitching with unearthly desire. Julie herself could scarcely believe what had suddenly grown from her crotch. A part of her wanted to think it was some kind of illusion from exhaustion. But she could truly feel the penis as a part of her own. It's every throb, each little twitch, they were as hers as her very breathing.

"I-Is that..." Marco gulped. "Is that a dick...?"

That was when reality hit Julie like a sack of bricks.

“Noooooooo!!!!” The girl screamed at the top of her lungs, shifting sideways in a desperate attempt to hide her humongous erection. “D-D-Don’t look at me!!! How could such a disgusting thing grow on me like that?!? I-I’m-!! I’m a freak!!!”

A litany of thoughts ran rampant through Julie’s mind at the moment. But the most salient one was fear. Fear that her boyfriend had seen the freak organ that had just grown on her. Fear that he would no longer love her because of it, that she would forever be tainted in his mind and that the two’s loving relationship would come to a crashing end.

But no such thing happened. Instead, Marco calmly walked towards Julie. He knelt right before her, grabbing onto both of her thighs in support and looking up at the girl with a glowing smile.

“You’re not a freak, Julie.” Marco spoke earnestly from the bottom of his heart. “I don’t know how this thing randomly grew on you. But honestly, I don’t care. It doesn’t matter to me whether you’re a girl or a guy or whatever else. I love you for who you are.”

Then, as if to demonstrate the lengths of his love, the boy closed his eyes and wrapped his mouth around the entirety of Julie’s cock. A litany of gasps rang loud throughout the locker room. The trio of Amanda, Barbara and Cindy gasped in abject surprise, barely believing that Julie’s boyfriend would be so bold. Julie’s gasp however, was one of pure ecstasy. In a single moment, it felt as if all of Julie’s concerns and worries had been instantly converted into pleasure. Being overcome with a such a powerful and drastic change in emotions, the poor girl couldn’t help but buckle forward as her cock gave in to the deliciously hot sensations of Marco’s mouth.

Biting into her lips with an errant groan, Julie did her best to fight back against the growing pleasure in her penis. As loving and accepting as her boyfriend might have been, the tomboy still detested the idea of having a dick. There was no part of her that wished to surrender to the amazing pleasures of cock. No matter how incredible Marco’s mouth felt, she was still a girl deep inside. Julie just loathed the idea that her loving boyfriend had to force himself to do something he didn’t want in order for them to remain together.

But... When she looked down upon Marco’s face, Julie found no signs of trouble. It didn’t look like Marco was forcing himself in the slightest. In fact... It actually looked like he was enjoying it all very much. Marco’s glimmering blue eyes stared up at Julie with a tender, loving gaze. His soft, pinkish lips slid back and forth along Julie’s length with incredible speed, almost locked into some sort of smirk. The way his tongue slithered around her shaft, eagerly prodding the underside of her dick and caressing the ridge of her tip, there was no way someone could do such tender movements against their will. Marco even moaned- He MOANED! From nothing more than pushing the head of Julie’s dick up to the back of his throat. Julie had no idea if Marco was merely open minded, or if this was something that he’d desired his entire life. But one thing was for certain, seeing his excited attitude, Julie could feel something changing inside of her mind as well.

All of a sudden, the idea of thoroughly dicking her boyfriend’s throat did not sound so bad to Julie. For some reason, she didn’t straight up reject the pleasure that surged from her cock as much as she did so before. Julie’s penis grew harder and longer, her balls fattening up with thick amounts of heavy sperm. As if following nothing but pure instinct, she wrapped gently placed her hands atop his head to hold him steady. She gently nudged him back and forth, trying to gauge how much of it Marco could take. But

when it became clear that her boyfriend would not complain one single bit, Julie fully unleashed herself. The girl began to greedily thrust her dick into his mouth, hips flying back and forth while her hands slid Marco's mouth along the length of her cock. All of those previous worries and inhibitions were bullshit. She loved having a dick!!!

"Ohhhhh Marco~~~" Julie cried out in bliss, her mind overflowing with delicious arousal. "Y-Y-You're the best fffucking boyfriend in the world~~~" She confessed as her cock utterly ravaged his mouth. "I-If I'm w-w-with you, t-then... I wouldn't mind becoming a full-on boy~~!! I-I love youuuu!!!!"

The sight of Julie mouth-fucking her boyfriend as perverted as it was sweet. Despite that, the only thing Amanda could feel as she watched the two love each other was utter hatred. This wasn't supposed to happen! Marco was supposed to be disgusted and leave! The only person sucking on Julie's cock should have been her!

"Mmhhhh~"

But Amanda's train of thought was interrupted as she heard a breathy moan coming from behind her. Turning around with a fiery expression, Amanda found Barbara staring longingly at the duo, hands dipped between her pants as they needily masturbated her sopping cunt.

"What the hell are you doing?!?" Amanda whisper-yelled at her masturbating friend.

"S-Sorry!" Barbara gasped apologetically, though her hands continued to pleasure her needy mound. "I-It's just- S-She's still really sexy! P-Plus- Cindy s-started doing it first!"

Gaze shifting towards Cindy, Amanda could see Barbara was speaking the truth. Unlike her friend, who was idly rubbing her crotch with desire, Cindy was laying down on the locker room floor, legs spread wide open while she pushed her fingers into her bare pussy without even the slightest of inhibition. It seemed she didn't even care about being discovered, too involved in her own pleasure to look inconspicuous.

"Mmmff~ What can I say~ I still have a crush on her~" Cindy confessed entirely unfazed by Amanda's anger. "You said it was gonna work and it didn't. I'm just making the most of it. Not that you're one to talk Amy~"

A light blush came upon Amanda's face. For as superior and mighty as she presented herself, Amanda's hands too were dipping into her hungry pussy, hammering away at the sight of her beloved having sex with another man. Amanda quickly turned her attention away from Cindy and back towards Julie. The girl gasped needily as she watched Julie's firm body dominating that pathetic boy. Her inner vaginal walls clenched around her fingers at the sound of Julie's commanding voice moaning. When Julie slammed her hips against Marco's face and started to pump her seed down his throat, Amanda imagined herself as the one getting doused with seed. Her pussy trembled with desire, her own body ricking with a powerful orgasm. And she wasn't alone, for her two companions beside her also felt climax come from their mere desire.

Gasping and panting from her orgasm, Amanda stared at the loving duo with a mixture of anger and lust. The two might have gotten the upper hand today. But Amanda always gets her way in the end...

PROMPT7: Peeking Desire

After Yachiyo and Iroha defeat a witch, they look at each other and realize that their outfits got torn in all the right places during the fight, causing both girls to get turned on. Realizing they're in a secluded area at a time when nobody's likely to walk in on them, the two begin passionately fucking.

With the loud, piercing noise of shattering glass echoing through the air, a shroud of darkness slowly dissipated from the rooftops of Kamihama City. The skies returned from an ominous purple back to their regular bluish color, the labyrinth's aura of evil being lifted from the surroundings. Taking a long, deserve deep breath, Yachiyo Nanami felt a wave of relief come over her. Despite being an experienced magical girl, dealing with witches was always and arduous experience. A magical girl never truly knew which battle would be her last. The fact that she had been fighting alongside Iroha Tamaki didn't help things either. Not because Iroha was a bad magical girl, far from it. Rather, it more the compounded fear of seeing someone she truly cared for get hurt.

Luckily, none of that had happened during this confrontation. Sure, the two were a bit beat up. But it was nothing a little bit of Witch Seeds and rest couldn't fix up. Yachiyo turned towards Iroha with a warm smile.

"Good job there Iroha." She complimented her partner honestly. "You really handled yourself well today."

"T-Thanks!!" Iroha's face lit up like a firework show. She truly was a simple girl. All it took to make pick her up were a couple of compliments. "You too, Y-Yachi-"

Then all of a sudden, the earnest bliss was sucked out of Iroha's face, replaced with what Yachiyo could only describe as shock. Iroha's hands flew towards her face, desperately trying to cover her eyes. Her gaze turned away from Yachiyo, almost as if in fear. Instantly, Yachiyo was filled with a sense of alertness. What could have sent Iroha into such a state?! Was it another witch?! Perhaps one of their foes from the Wings of Magius?! Reacting quickly, Yachiyo gripped onto her spear firmly.

"What is it Iroha?!" She yelped with a voice of alertness.

However, there was no danger to be found, no enemies to be overcome. Instead, Iroha merely pointed at Yachiyo's clothes with an embarrassed expression.

"Y-Y-Yachiyo-san..." Iroha gulped awkwardly. "Y-Your... Your clothes..."

Looking down upon her own form, Yachiyo could see exactly what Iroha was talking about. It seems during their scuffle with the Witch, their clothes had taken most of the damage. Yachiyo's magical girl outfit was torn and ripped in several parts. The entire bottom part of her dress was missing, there were tears all over her gloves. But most important of all, one of breastplates had been thrashed in its entirety, leaving one of her pale, puffy breasts entirely exposed.

"Oh goodness..." Yachiyo gave another sigh of relief. As bad as it was that her outfit had been destroyed, it was a much better way than the alternatives. Honestly, the fact that Iroha would worry about such a

thing even now was like a breath of fresh air. "It seems I've had a bit of a wardrobe malfunction. And I'm not the only one~"

As Yachiyo's words rang in Iroha's ears, the younger girl quickly turned towards herself. At first glance, it seemed like her outfit was in much better shape than that of Yachiyo. That is except for one spot... Right in the middle of her crotch. In the exact place where Iroha's skirt and pants were supposed to cover up her private areas, there now stood nothing but a wide, open hole. Iroha's eager little cock poked through the whole entirely uninhibited, reaching a firm erection that showed she was perfectly healthy.

Immediately, an avalanche of embarrassment began to pour through Iroha's mind. The girl's face could not get any redder from the shame. Her hands desperately tried to hide her erection, but it was too late. Yachiyo had already seen everything. All of Iroha's desires and embarrassment were laid open for Yachiyo to see. Of course, Yachiyo didn't think less about Iroha at all. Quite the opposite in fact, she found the younger girl's reactions incredibly cute. Mouth shifting into a teasing smile, Yachiyo slowly began to make her way towards Iroha.

"Iroha, you little perv~" Yachiyo cooed in a sweet, womanly tone. "Did you really get hard just looking at one of my breasts~?"

Iroha did not respond. She felt too embarrassed to even speak. And yet Yachiyo's teasing only served to further inflame Iroha's arousal, causing her penis to grow even harder within her grasp. Though she couldn't dare to look up at Yachiyo's face, Iroha could feel the other girl slowly approaching her. She wanted to be confident, to be firm. But the closer Yachiyo came to her, the more she could feel her hormones go wild.

Stuck in this entirely vulnerable and defenseless position, Iroha could do nothing to stop Yachiyo from pulling close wrapping an arm around her shoulder. Yachiyo's heart began to beat faster as she pressed her body against Iroha's, her bare breast just a few inches away from the other girl's face.

"To think that after all the time we've been together, just the sight of one of my breasts is enough to get you this hard~" Yachiyo moaned softly, looking down upon the shy Iroha with utter affection. "It's incredibly flattering, honestly~" As Yachiyo pulled Iroha's head closer to her chest, Iroha could feel all reason vacate her mind. Her thought process slowly down to a crawl, lust taking over her every instinct. "But I think you deserve a little bit more than just one breast~"

Taking hold of her remaining breast plate with her free hand, Yachiyo mercilessly yanked the armor off her body and threw it onto the floor. Her nails dug into the thin veil of her dress, ripping through the cloth with a powerful pull in order to expose her remaining breast just for Iroha's desire. Now free from the restraint of clothes, Yachiyo's thick nipples twitched eagerly from her modest bust. Though the woman's tits weren't incredibly large, they were beautiful and round enough to make Iroha go crazy.

Finally succumbing to her most perverse desires, Iroha flung herself towards Yachiyo and began to lovingly nuzzle the older girl's breast. Her pert lips wrapped around the entirety of Yachiyo's left nipple, tongue tickling her areola while her teeth greedily sunk into Yachiyo's skin. Iroha didn't know what kind of impression she would leave on her beloved senpai and lover, but she could no longer care. Her face was at the perfect height to enjoy Yachiyo's delicious breasts, and she was not going to waste the opportunity.

While Iroha earnestly gorged herself on Yachiyo's bust, Yachiyo herself focused on another one of Iroha's body parts. With her arms still draped around Iroha's body, Yachiyo's hands slowly sunk down towards the girl's crotch until they were entirely wrapped around her twitching dick. Iroha gave a little whinny as she felt Yachiyo's slender grasp tighten around her member, but she didn't stop suckling on Yachiyo's breast for one single second. Rather, she seemed rather pleased to give into Yachiyo's hands, her quivering hips greedily thrusting into the other girl's grasp.

The sight of Iroha turning into this submissive, needy little creature was nothing but bliss to Yachiyo's eyes. As if to reward Iroha for her actions, Yachiyo happily began to pump the smaller girl's dick. Her fingers gently slid up and down Iroha's shaft, playing her foreskin and lovingly rubbing its tip. Yachiyo even made sure to dip and finger underneath Iroha's balls and tickle at her sopping pussy. Iroha's devotion to Yachiyo's touch was complete. Her body yearned for it more than anything else.

"Jeez Iroha, you're such a handful~" Yachiyo continued to tease her. "Why is it you can never control yourself around me~?"

"Mmmmmffff~" Iroha moaned out as her teeth chomped on Yachiyo's tits. She was totally under Yachiyo's spell, but this time she managed to pull herself together enough to summon some kind of response. "I-It's because-!!!" She grumbled, saliva still pooling from Yachiyo's breast. "It's because I love you Yachiyo-san!"

Instantly, Yachiyo's eyes shot wide open. She could see in Iroha's innocent and expectant gaze that she was being entirely honest. Yachiyo could feel it from the palpitations of Iroha's heart and the throbbing of her cock. Iroha loved Yachiyo with every fiber of her being. And though the serious, experienced magical girl could handle lust, love was something entirely out of her league.

The moment Iroha's words finally synthesized in Yachiyo's mind, a huge blush covered the entirety of her face. Though this wasn't as huge as the enormous erection that popped out from underneath Yachiyo's dress. Yachiyo's impressive dick reached its full hardness in a matter of seconds, fueled solely by the power of Iroha's feelings for her.

"H-How can you say stuff like that so easily...?" Yachiyo grumbled with frustration. She wanted to be Iroha's reliable and confident senpai. But hearing talk with such earnest honesty was simply frustrating.

"Because it's true!!" Iroha spoke in a tone of conviction.

This time, it was Iroha's turn to go on the offensive. Her hand quickly darted towards Yachiyo's penis, fingers tightly locking around its length as she began to rub it. Despite having a cock at least twice as large as Iroha's, Yachiyo's large penis was much more sensitive. The taller girl buckled forward with a whimper of lust, her hips giving in to the motions of Iroha's fingers while every inch of her body quivered with lust. It wasn't just that she loved the way Iroha rubbed her dick. Yachiyo too loved Iroha from the bottom of her heart.

"I love you Yachiyo-san!" Iroha continued her assault of love. "I love you from the bottom of my heart! More than anything else!"

As Iroha spoke, she continued to eagerly rub Yachiyo's dick. She wasn't the only one either. Even in her daze from Iroha's incredible massage, Yachiyo too pumped the length of Iroha's penis. The duo of girls happily masturbated each other's cocks with bliss. Their hips moved in unison, desire and affection

filling them up both. With her head lowered to meet Iroha's levels, the pair of lovers stared into each other's eyes while their cocks trembled with ecstasy.

"I-Iroha~" Yachiyo gasped dreamily, the loneliness etched out of her heart thanks to the lovely sight of Iroha's love.

"Yachiyo~" Iroha responded, happy to embrace the love of the woman who had helped and mentored her so far.

Closing their eyes and pushing their faces together, the duo began to lovingly make out right then and there. Immediately, a blast of pleasure and happiness caused both of their cocks to start squirting thick lines of ejaculate all over the floor before them. There were no thoughts in their heads, no doubts or worries. The only thing that mattered was sharing their mutual affection~