

List of Prompts

PROMPT1: Pride Month at Garreg Mach

To punish Rhea for her homophobia, Edelgard uses the dark magic/technology of TWSITD to make her understand what it means to be queer. But something goes wrong, and the technology/magic affects the whole monastery! Men and women become gay, people's genders/sexes are swapped, and all become different flavors of LGBTQ+

PROMPT2: BrainCOCKED Status!

While traveling through the depths of Mementos, Ann, Makoto, Haru and Futaba come across a strange shadow that inflicts them with a new perverted status ailment. One that makes them grow cocks and turns their entire lives and minds into cum, effectively leavin them as a bunch of horny, mindless, perverted futanaris.

PROMPT3: The Rat is Out

Tharja has, for some reason, invited Virion to a quickie in the bathroom. Always the womanizer, Virion happily agrees. However, unbeknownst to Virion, a curse has transformed Tharja into a chubby, smelly rat man. The only reason she still looks like a woman is because a perception hex that makes her look normal to everyone else. A haunting realization for poor Virion the moment Tharja's perception hex runs out in the middle of sex...

PROMPT4: Ahead of Others

A bored Loki decides it's time to make some mischief by casting a special spell that will make it so every time a woman sees a man, the man's head becomes a complete copy of the woman's including personality, though the changes go unnoticed and everyone thinks it's normal. Though Alfonse tries to stop her, it's too late and chaos spreads through the Order of Heroes as multiple men's heads start transforming suddenly.

PROMPT5: Tauric Tales

Corrin wakes up and sees that everyone in their army has had their lower bodies replaced with their steeds' bodies, with everyone else believing it normal. And it's not just regular centaurs they're turning into, but all sorts of different tauric creatures!

PROMPT6: Backup Calli

A guy answers an ad asking for help working on a music video. Upon arrival, it turns out the help needed is backup dancers for a Mori Calliope video. As he protests that he has no dance experience, they assure him that they just need people there to be moving so they

can digitally overlay her model later. But in reality, they turn him and the other "volunteers" into fat assed bimbo Moris, who now only know being hot and dancing.

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"RELEASE ME THIS INSTANT!!!"

The angered, high-pitched voice of Archbishop Rhea roared through the empty halls of the Holy Catacombs, reverberating in equal parts fury and loudness. Though usually hers was the voice of serenity and reason, her tone had been thoroughly poisoned by rage and indignation. A most certain far cry from the holy woman so many people in the Church of Seiros looked up to. Yet no matter how much she screamed, no matter how furious she became, no one would soon come to her aid.

Rhea's body was bound to a simple wooden chair deep within the ancient halls underneath the church. Her wrists and ankles were cuffed to the chair itself, making any sort of large motion basically impossible. No matter how hard she struggled, the cuffs simply refused to budge, and the chair she sat on remained sturdily planted to the ground. However, the strangest parts of her restraints had to be the huge, rounded metal helmet that hovered just inches above her head. Unlike the simple wooden chair she sat on, the steel helmet above her was connected to a strange, futuristic looking machine by a series of tubes and pipes. A litany of strange runes and shiny, ominous, blueish panels decorated the face of this box-shaped contraction, no doubt the controls of whatever this devious contraption was meant to do.

"YOU- YOU BLASPHEMOUS HEATHENS!!!" Rhea's face strained as her nails dug into the armrests of the chair.

"Oh, quiet down, Archbishop."

Across from Rhea stood Edelgard von Hresvelg of the Adrestrian Empire, her arms crossed and her expression full of self-righteous satisfaction. It was clear that she was enjoying every second of Rhea's distress.

"It is really unbecoming of someone of your stature to act this way." Edelgard spoke in a smug manner, looking down upon Rhea like a predator staring upon a wounded deer.

"TRAITOROUS CHILD!!!" Rhea barked back with pure fury, causing the chair she sat on to bolt forward from the force of her motion. "YOU WILL GET WHAT IS COMING TO YOU!"

At that statement, Edelgard's face instantly soured, becoming much more serious and sterner. "No. If there is anyone who is getting what is coming to them, it's you!" She snapped back with her own righteous fury. "Long have you oppressed the land of Fodlan with your puritanical, heteronormative laws! Not being able to marry those of the same sex? The strict, implementation of gender roles? All of these draconic commands come from the teachings of your normative religion!"

Out of the shadows, like a spirit emerging from the night, the orange-haired assassin Kronya suddenly spilled forth. Her smile was wicked and devious, a genuine look of sadistic satisfaction displayed on her face. Slowly, she stepped forward to the machine that Rhea was connected to. With the press of some buttons and the sliding of some panels, the machine suddenly began to whirr with life. The sound of gears turning began to pour forth, the odd machine slowly shaking with pulsing magic. Rhea's previous bravado slowly shifted into dread, having no idea what this thing could truly do to her.

"Now... It is time for you to know how it feels." Edelgard continued her speech with an imperative manner, her face flourishing once more with victorious bliss. "All this time you've enjoyed the bliss of being the one on top. But I wonder how your mind will change once you're the one being oppressed..."

All of a sudden, the insides of the helmet that was hovering above Rhea started to glow brightly with all the colors of the rainbow. Rhea's pupils shrank as her eyes shot wide open. Little by little she could feel it, strange new thoughts invading her head. A desire to love, a desire to be free. A desire... To be open to everyone's preferences. Edelgard watched the Archbishop's brain being rewired in real time with a pleased smirk. Getting the Archbishop to accept all things gay and queer was but the first item in her agenda. Finally she'd be able to love all of the beautiful women in her empire, but after that-

BZZZTTTT!!!

However, before Edelgard could imagine her bright new future, the tubes holding the helmet above Rhea's head began to shake wildly. The machine started to bounce up and

down without any control, its various panels shining brightly while a piercing, warning sound started to ring continuously on and off. Most strikingly of all, however, was how all of the beautiful rainbow colors that were previously pouring into Rhea's head were now spilling out of the helmet and blasting out in every direction. Edelgard watched in amazement as ray after ray of color bounced off Rhea and shot into every corner of the monastery, completely phasing through the walls without any resistance.

"H-Hey, what's going on?!" Edelgard turned to Kronya with distress.

Unfortunately, it seemed Kronya was just as clueless as Edelgard herself. The pale-skinned woman looked down at the panel with panic and confusion. It was as if she was trying to solve a puzzle, but had no idea what the first piece even was. She pressed buttons and slid panels at seemingly random, but the machine only whirred louder and faster.

"I-I don't know!!" Kronya wailed back helplessly. "Solon said the machine was perfectly calibrated for a human! All I had to do was turn it on!"

"Turn it off now!!" Edelgard commanded, before turning towards Rhea. Without waiting for a single second, she began to undo the restraints and tugged the helmet away from Rhea's head. But the effects of the machine had already spread out into the rest of the monastery...

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"Awww, come on Dorothea! Why don't you go on a single date with me~?"

The red-headed womanizer Sylvain walked along the halls of Garreg Mach monastery doing exactly what he knew best, flirting with other girls. To his side was the beautiful Dorothea, famous songstress and one of the most popular girls in the entire academy. The way she sped as fast away from him as she would usually be a good indicator that she wasn't interested, but it was clear that Sylvain wasn't great at taking hints.

"Aww Sylvain, I'd love to go on a date with you!" Dorothea retorted in a mocking tone. "But I think you overbooked yourself with two other girls today, and I'm not the type of girl who enjoys playing the backup parts!"

"Come on Sylvain, just leave her alone!"

Walking further behind the duo were Sylvain's two best friends, Ingrid and Felix. Ingrid seemed just as if not more bothered than Dorothea, annoyed that she had to keep babying

Sylvain around like this. Felix meanwhile, looked like he just detested being there in general.

“It’s clear she’s not interested, so stop bothering her!” Ingrid scoffed with disappointment. “Come on Felix, say something to him!”

“Tsk...” Felix scoffed loudly, far from caring in the slightest about the whole situation.

It was about as normal of a scene as one would have expected from these four. Everyone acted in the same exact ways they were known to act, a picture that anyone with the slightest familiarity to any of them could easily describe. That is, until a strange beam of multicolored light crossed through each one of them.

The odd rainbow colored beam passed through them so fast, a single blink was enough to miss it. All four people stopped right in their place for a couple of seconds, before they continued walking as if nothing at all had happened. Though a drastic change had most certainly occurred... Instead of clinging to Dorothea, Sylvain lagged and stepped back. He slowly came closer and closer to Felix, pushing himself between Felix and Ingrid, before wrapping one of his hands around Felix’ waist without a single word. Usually, Felix would have yelled or gotten angry with Sylvain, but for some reason he said nothing. Instead, the faintest of blushes surged on Felix’ cheeks, one which he desperately tried to hide with his stern expression.

On the other side of the hallway, Dorothea slowly approached Ingrid with a hungry expression. Ingrid blushed brightly as she saw Dorothea’s piercing eyes. She jolted in surprise as she felt Dorothea’s fingers forcefully interlocking with hers. She said nothing however, her heart thumping with excitement at the thought of having someone as beautiful as Dorothea so close.

“Hey Felix, are you really going to go train some more at the training grounds?” Sylvain asked in a soft, needy voice. “Why don’t you come hang out in my room some more?”

Felix clicked his tongue loudly. “A-And what the hell makes you think I would want to-MMPHHH?!?”

But before Felix could finish his sentence, Sylvain pulled his face closer and began to lovingly kiss him in the middle of the hallway. Felix’ eyes went wide with shock, then with anger. Yet the more he felt Sylvain’s soft tongue entering his mouth, the more Sylvain’s soft lips pressed against his, the more Felix mellowed out. All of Felix’ anger and rage was quelled and replaced with soft, fluffy love. His feet stopped where they were, all resistance seizing as Sylvain pushed him against the closest wall. Felix’ boyfriend was so stupid sometimes, but he loved him so much~

“F-Felix! S-Sylvain!” Ingrid gasped loudly at the sight of two boys making out in the open. Not out of outrage, but out of embarrassment. “Y-You guys can’t just make out in the hallway!”

“And why not?” Dorothea suddenly came up behind Ingrid, wrapping her hands around Ingrid’s waist as she pressed her breasts against Ingrid’s back. “Don’t they look so cute kissing?” Her eyes shimmered as she poked her head beside Ingrid, soft lips curving into a delicious smile that made Ingrid gasp. “Wouldn’t you want to do the same thing?”

“H-Huh?! W-W-Wha- I-I d-d-don’t-” Ingrid gasped back breathlessly, hyperventilating as her heart desperately thumped from her chest. “B-B-But t-that’s not- I-I-I w-would n-never-”

However, the temptations were too strong for Ingrid to resist. Quickly turning around, she pushed her lips against Dorothea’s and began to greedily suck. Ingrid’s entire body quivered in bliss as the delectable taste of Dorothea’s lips seeped into her mouth. Dorothea giggled at the adorable response, but soon enough she was returning the favor in kind. The two girls pushed together in a loving manner. Sappy, wet sounds emanated from their mouths, as they shared saliva in the middle of the hallway. This was the true power of Edelgard’s forbidden machine...

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Similar scenes replayed all over the monastery. In the gardens, Claude and Annette gathered together in private. Annette looked shy and restrained, as if unsure what to say.

“S-Sorry Claude, I don’t think I could go out with you...” Annette sighed sadly. “B-Because-!!!”

Phsssshhhh

As soon as the rainbow-colored beam blasted through the gardens, Annette lifted her skirt, revealing not a tiny, cute feminine pussy, but a soft, uncut penis.

“I-I’m actually trans!” Annette chirped shyly. “I-I wouldn’t want you to be with a fake woman...”

Claude said nothing, he only smiled. Slowly, he approached Annette. His hand gently shifted onto her cheek. Though Annette at first tried to pull back, the warmth of his hand felt so nice, so comforting, she gently nuzzled against it.

“That won’t be a problem Annie...” Claude spoke with a firm, confident tone.

In a sharp, swift movement, Claude pulled down his pants, only to show a plump, juicy, ebony pussy with a fat, bulbous clit.

“Cus I’m also trans~” Claude’s smirk shone even brighter than before. “I guess this must mean we’re made for each other, huh?”

Annette’s eyes instantly lit up with excitement at the sight of Claude’s pussy. Her cock throbbed harder and harder until it was fully erect, desperately hungering for Claude’s most intimate part. Though she’d tried to convince herself that she and Claude could not be together, though she’d spent so much time giving up on her love, now that she found Claude’s acceptance. Now two shared in their intimate personal situation... It felt like Annette’s heart was being overwhelmed with joy.

Without need for any more words, Annette pushed her body against Claude’s. The two slowly lowered themselves on the garden’s earthy soil, faces and bodies closer than ever before. Annette’s breath came in desperate pants. She leaned towards Claude’s face, causing her throbbing erection to rub against his pussy. Then, as she went in for the kiss, her penis delved deep into his pussy, and their sounds of love making soon filled the natural walls of the greenhouse.

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Back in the depths of the Holy Tomb, Edelgard finally managed to pull out Rhea from the chair. The two slumped back with a violent yank, Rhea’s semi-unconscious form drooping on top of Edelgard’s smaller frame. She shook the dazzled Rhea in her arms, but Rhea didn’t seem to react. Even after the machine had stopped sending the strange energies into her brain, it seemed like her brain wasn’t functioning all that correctly. A sensation of worry and anxiety filled Edelgard. She just wanted to warp Rhea’s mind, killing or harming her would be a terrible mistake!

But just as she thought Rhea was gone, the Archbishop’s eyes lit up with recognition.

“L-Lady Rhea!” Edelgard yelped with concern. “A-Are you alright?!?”

Rhea smiled, a hazy type of smile with few thoughts behind her eyes. Then she slowly came closer to Edelgard and planted a deep, intimate kiss. Edelgard’s face became beet red as Rhea pulled back. It felt like her breath had been caught at the back of her throat.

“Oh, I’m quite alright, miss Edelgard.” Rhea responded in a seductive. “Especially now that I have such a cute little girl like you in my arms~”

Edelgard gulped loudly. Well... It seems her plan had worked. Perhaps a little too well...

PROMPT2: BrainCOCKED Status!

While traveling through the depths of Mementos, Ann, Makoto, Haru and Futaba come across a strange shadow that inflicts them with a new perverted status ailment. One that makes them grow cocks and turns their entire lives and minds into cum, effectively leavin them as a bunch of horny, mindless, perverted futanaris.

The depths of Mementos pulsed with its usual dark, corrupted energies. Unnaturally glowing colors seeped from every surface, all concocted together by the amorphous will and desires of the masses. It did not take a genius to know that this sort of ethereal mindscape was shock full of dangers. Which is why the Phantom Thieves made sure to always be prepared. In an abandoned train tunnel deep within the many layers of Mementos, the trio of Ann, Makoto and Haru were already in battle formation. Small, sheepish Futaba cowered behind them, eager to help in any way except physical. The girls clenched their weapons tightly in their hands. They stood their ground firmly, ready to face the shadow that had crossed their path.

“Futaba, what the hell is that?!” Ann barked with distress, not exactly sure what she was looking at or if it was even real.

“I-I-I don’t know!” Futaba yelled back fearfully. She checked her many digital screens, performing as many analyses as she could. “I-It’s some kind of creature made of perversion, I think! It’s way more powerful than any of the other shadows around here!!!”

Standing before the trio was a tall, menacing shadow, an imperative cognitive being that stretched a couple of heads above any of them. However, unlike most of the shadows they’d previously met, this one had a very particular shape. Instead of being some sort of humanoid or mythical creature, the shadow... Well... It looked like a huge penis on legs. Just a semi-hardened, floppy cock shaft, along with two set of huge testicles, sitting on two long, slender female legs.

The mere sight of it was making Ann, Makoto and Haru ill. Much of their dislike of it came not from it being an enemy, but from the mere fact that it existed. Each one of them waited patiently for it to make the first move, just so that they could beat it up and wipe the memory of its appearance from their heads.

“I-It doesn’t appear to be aggressive. And it doesn’t have a lot of attack! Just a huge amount of defense!” Futaba continued, her voice increasingly confused at the info she was pulling from the creature. “B-But it could be a trap! So be careful!”

“Heh, don’t worry Futaba.” Ann spoke with a cocky grin. “I’m gonna show this stupid monster not to mess with a girl!”

Darting forward as skillfully and gracefully as a ballerina, Ann rushed at the monster. From the way the penis was lazily flopping left and right, not a single thought to be contained in its demeanor, Ann figured this would be an easy take down. She’d just rush in and out before it could do anything to her, defeating the disgusting idol to masculinity without even wasting a second. Her shapely leg rose towards the shadow’s ballsack, pointed heel of her shoe directly pointed towards its soft flesh. Then with a powerful kick, she buried her leg deep into the shadow’s skin.

However... The shadow barely reacted, its legs completely firm on the ground as if it hadn’t felt a thing. While Ann’s face dropped with shock and dread, her leg still digging into the monster’s ballsack, the shadow’s penis slowly craned downwards to face Ann. The tip of its urethra began shifting open, its entire cockhead directed at Ann. A few seconds of silence ensued, enough for Ann to realize she’d seriously messed up. Then-

SPUUUUURTTTT!!!

In an instant, a flush of cum blasted from the shadow’s cockhead and splashed all over Ann’s face and much of her upper body.

“ANN!!!” The trio of other girls yelled in shock and worry.

As the thick blast of hot jizz covered Ann’s entire upper half, the girl finally pulled her leg free of the shadow’s heavy balls and slowly stumbled backwards. Makoto, Haru and Futaba all rushed to her side, though none of them dared lay a hand of the sticky whiteness that enshrouded Ann whole. Swiping her arms up and down, left and right, Ann began to clean the jizz off her body. The girl let out a series of coughs and disgruntled noises. Her face looked to be in absolute disarray the moment she’d removed enough jizz to make it visible. A salty, stickiness clung to every inch of her skin, seeping into her hair and clinging onto her bodysuit.

“BLEH! BLEH! EUGH, WHAT THE FUCK?!?” Ann sputtered loudly in anger, trying her best not to get any of the gross liquid in her mouth. “I-I can’t believe that thing came all over me!!!” She complained loudly.

What Ann didn’t notice was the way the lower half of her body began to tremble and throb with need. Heat, lust and uncontrolled desire began to amass in Ann’s loins. Her clit

started growing. Not slowly or subtly, but seriously pushing out from the rest of her body. Over a matter of seconds, the once tiny nub had gone from less than an inch, to 4 inches, until it reached a serious 20-inch pole. The rest of her pussy did not stay intact either. Her vaginal lips quickly shot close, and in their place a huge, hefty sack of skin began growing. As Ann's very inner organs inverted in on themselves, the sack was filled up with the remnants of Ann's femininity, a uterus turned into two fat, pulsating male testicles.

"Alright girls, this shadow is tougher than it seems." Ann continued, entirely unaware of her changing biology. "If we want to take it down, we're going to have to work together as a team!"

Her teammates however, were quite aware of the drastic changes undergoing Ann's form. Haru, Makoto and Futaba slowly stepped away from Ann, a look of pure disgust and dread displayed upon their faces. They could see in real time as Ann's growing clit reshaped itself, tip getting fatter and rounder, shaft getting girthier and more cylindrical, until it looked like a huge, horse-sized cock. Her balls gurgled and inflated further, dragging and stretching on her outfit to its limit. It was more than obvious that something wasn't right with Ann.

"Huh? Why are you guys making those faces?" Ann's eyebrow rose in confusion. Noticing their eyes, she began to shift her gaze downwards. "And why are you guys looking- WHAT THE FUCK?!?!"

As Ann's gaze fell upon her newly grown enormous penis, the girl stumbled backwards. At first, she'd thought some kind of strange creature had landed atop her lap, but as she stepped back, it was clear that this 'creature' was most certainly attached to her. Finally seeing her new protrusion, Ann was flushed with powerful sensations of lust and desire. Her cock rose further and further, until it became fully erect. Ann's breaths became ragged as she struggled to comprehend what she was even looking at.

"W-W-Wait- W-What?!? N-No-no-no-no!!" Ann began to panic, her voice trembling as her heartbeat fastened. "W-W-Why d-do I have a- N-No, I can't have a-!!!"

Then all of a sudden, Ann's expression froze. Her eyes became vacant, her body losing any type of control. Unbeknownst to her, unbeknownst to any of them, now that Ann's cock had finished growing, it craved for fuel. Instead of creating sperm of its own, her balls began to suck up Ann's consciousness. They grew bigger and thicker as they fed on her thoughts, her memories, her skill and desires. Everything that made Ann herself, her very identity, was slowly sucked into her balls and churned into cum. After a couple of seconds, there was no Ann to worry about her new appendage. Only an Ann-shaped body with a needy cock ready to blow.

“A-Ann-chan?” Haru reached out in a concerned, shy manner. Though she was scared of Ann’s condition, seeing Ann freeze up and stop like that worried her too much for her to remain still. Cautiously, she began approaching the frozen Ann. “A-Are you alright...?”

SPUUUUUUURTTTT!!!

Without any sort of warning, Ann’s cock began shooting thick rope after thick rope of cum into the air. The jizz hit Haru square in the face, a direct hit that brought her tumbling onto the ground. Makoto and Futaba thankfully managed to avoid being doused in jizz. But Ann? As she came, something seemed to change about her. Ann’s expression seemed to slowly shift from worry to one of excitement and need. Her eyes remained as ominously vacant as before, but now they shone with something akin to life.

Having been freed of Ann’s original personality, Ann’s body was free to pursue whatever it wanted. There was no need for shame, no need for inhibition. Self-control and discipline were entirely meaningless. No... The thing that Ann truly wanted now was pleasure. To make herself feel as good as humanly possible. And thankfully, Ann had just been gifted with the perfect tool to achieve some goals. The old Ann was now just a pile of semen slowly drying on the floor. It was time for the new Ann to achieve all of the pleasure she could have ever dreamed of.

“Cock~! Cock~! Cock~!” Ann began to cry blissfully as her hands wrapped around her new penis. Her hips started to thrust forward violently, hands tightly rubbing every inch of her engorged shaft. “Cumming! Cum! Want to cum! Cum!!!!”

Futaba and Makoto watched Ann’s complete eradication in what could only be described as abject horror.

“W-What’s happening to her!?” Makoto gasped with dread, looking at her friend as if she was a stranger.

“I-I-I don’t know!!! I don’t know!!!” Futaba sharply snapped back, feeling more lost than ever before. “I think- I-It’s a status ailment of some kind! A-And it looks like it might be contagious?”

“A-Ann-chan!” Futaba and Makoto turned right to see Haru still sitting on the ground. She had wiped off all of the cum from her face and looked angrier than they’d ever seen her before. “W-Why would you do such a horrible thing?!”

However, the thing that truly terrified them was that the enormous, erect penis that now pushed through Haru’s own shorts. Makoto and Futaba could scarcely believe how fast Haru’s cock had grown. They’d ignored her for no longer than a couple of seconds, and now a huge phallus the size of an arm made its home between her legs, with its two fat balls

drooping down onto the floor. Whatever kind of status effect they were dealing with was more than just a gimmick, it was a serious threat.

“Huh?” Haru shifted her head sideways as she noticed Futaba’s and Makoto’s dread-filled gazes. Her heart dropped as she thought about what they could entail, only for her fears to be confirmed when she looked down. “N-No way! T-This can’t be possible! I d-don’t want a-”

But it was too late. Within seconds, her consciousness was instantly transferred into her nutsacks. Both of her fat, heavy balls pulsed and gurgled as they became larger from Haru’s dreams. The light behind her eyes dimmed until it was clear that nobody else was home, expression becoming stuck in a discomforted scowl. It didn’t matter how unfair it seemed, or how fast it had all happened. Haru’s identity was transformed into nothing more than thick, sloshy jizz for her cock, and once it had fed enough, it would free it into the world.

SPUUUUURTTT!

Haru’s cock came without warning and without care, splattering jizz all over the floor and beyond. Makoto shifted back, ready to avoid Haru’s cumshot, when her eyes landed atop Futaba. Unlike Makoto, who was prepared to dodge at any second, Futaba merely stood in front of Haru like a deer in front of headlights. Her face was shock-full of fear, her body completely planted in place. Though Makoto could have easily stepped away and saved herself, she couldn’t bear to let Futaba suffer the same fate as her other friends.

“Futaba watch out!” Makoto yelled as she forcefully shoved Futaba out of the way.

A part of Makoto hoped she’d be fast enough to push Futaba AND avoid being hit by Haru’s cum. But as Futaba fell aside and Makoto felt a surge of sticky warmth splash her stomach, she knew it was over. Makoto fell upon the ground with an unceremonious thump. Her body creaked and ached, dust rising from the floor. She would have liked to just lie down on the ground for a while, but she knew she didn’t have very long. With a grunt, she knelt up from the ground and turned towards Futaba, who was sitting on the floor beside her with a shocked expression on her face.

“Listen Futaba!” Makoto spoke firmly and seriously. Placing both hands in Futaba’s armpits, she helped both herself and the younger girl onto their feat. “We don’t have a lot of time, so this is important-”

“M-Makoto...” Futaba’s face began to tear up. Her eyes became shiny and damp, snot oozing down her nose along with a myriad of sniffles. Futaba looked down at Makoto’s crotch with an expression of pure sadness.

“Don’t worry about me, I’ll be fine!” Makoto tried her best to reassure her in her brusque manner. “What matters is that you get out of here and find the others as quick as-”

However, Futaba was not paying attention. Her eyes were squarely focused downwards, looking at the space between their crotches. Mind filled with curiosity, Makoto looked downwards too. She, of course, saw a huge throbbing penis pressing against her pants, balls straining from her outfit and tip ready to blow. What she *hadn’t* expected was to see a similarly huge dick stretching out of Futaba’s body suit, throbbing eagerly as it clung to her clothes.

An expression of dread and confusion came across Makoto’s face. “N-No- No! But I-” She stuttered, not knowing what to say. “I saved you! I pushed you out of the way!”

“M-Makoto...” Futaba continued sniffing, until-

SPUUUUUUURTTTT!!!

Both of the girl’s cocks erupted in unison, bursting through their outfits and dousing each of their faces in an eruption of white stickiness. The moment their orgasms ended, gone were the worried expressions on their faces. No more did their eyes seem to be blessed with thoughts or intelligence. All that remained on their feminine expressions was an unending amount of lust and desire.

“COCKS~ COCKS~ COCKS~~!” The duo happily screamed into each other’s ears as they frothed their thick erections together, no thoughts left in their empty heads save the desire to pleasure themselves.

Beside them, Haru would have been screaming a similar kind of obscenities, if only her mouth wasn’t wrapped around her fat cockhead as she greedily sucked herself off. Ann had not moved a single inch from where she’d originally stood, relentlessly jerking her member off back and forth to the point she’d actually already ejaculated again!

And as for the strange shadow that had caused this in the first place? It just wordlessly waddled away, wandering deeper into Mementos. Whether it would ever be found again would be impossible to know.

PROMPT3: The Rat is Out

Tharja has, for some reason, invited Virion to a quickie in the bathroom. Always the womanizer, Virion happily agrees. However, unbeknownst to Virion, a curse has

transformed Tharja into a chubby, smelly rat man. The only reason she still looks like a woman is because a perception hex that makes her look normal to everyone else. A haunting realization for poor Virion the moment Tharja's perception hex runs out in the middle of sex...

Virion's smile couldn't get wider than it already was as he watched Tharja lock the door to the bathroom behind them. Usually, he was the one chasing and pining after beautiful women. There was just something about women of the Ylissean continent he couldn't understand. Back in his home country of Roseanne, girls would happily flirt and look out for him with loving eyes. But for some reason the moment he abandoned his country and lost power, not a single woman seemed interested in him anymore! Which is why the moment Tharja actually approached him, Virion was more than pleasantly surprised.

"My illustrious lady Tharja!" Virion spoke in his pompous, flowery manner. "I am so honored to have been chosen as your companion for the night! I will make sure the archiest of archers does not disappoint!"

"Yeah, yeah. Whatever." Tharja snapped back in her usual venomous tone as she began to undress. "Just pull your pants down and shut up."

Why Tharja had chosen Virion precisely was still a mystery to him. Tharja was perhaps one of the most beautiful ladies in the entirety of the Shepherds. Her body was curvaceous and slim, yet she still had plenty of meat in her bosom and her shapely ass. Tharja's lithe clothes helped quite a bit to show off her body as well. The see-through belly, semi-transparent thigh-highs and ample cleavage window had been designed to withstand the heat of the Plegian desert, yet they also served the incredible function of exposing every inch of Tharja's feminine form. If she wanted, Tharja could have certainly bagged any man that she desired in the whole army.

It wasn't like Tharja was particularly promiscuous either. Sure, everyone knew her obsession with Robin, the army's tactician. It seemed like there wasn't any bridge she wouldn't cross or curse she wouldn't cast in order to get their attention. However, such interest was squared solely on Robin, and she seemed generally antisocial with anyone else. The sight of Tharja interacting amicably with anyone was incredibly rare, let alone the sight of her flirting with a man. That being said... It was true there were rumors of Tharja acting strangely as of late... Perhaps she was just now breaking out of her shell?

None of these things truly mattered to Virion in the end. As a man of passion and pleaser of women, the fact that Tharja had asked alone was more than enough for him to happily comply to her request. Without wasting a second's time, he began to undo his

undergarments, freeing his penis from its constraints. Virion's mouth opened with a smirk, ready to invite Tharja to join him in a passionate embrace. But before he could say a thing, he found himself getting pushed down onto the toilet by Tharja.

"Woah! M-Milady!" Virion exclaimed in surprise as his ass met the toilet seat. Not that he was bothered in any manner, instead slyly smiling at Tharja. "You have quite the firm hand when it comes to matters of love, eh? Fret not! For a beautiful flower such as yourself, my body is made of steel! You may be as rough on me as you ever desire!"

Tharja merely rolled her eyes in annoyance. "Didn't I tell you to shut up?"

From the seat of his porcelain throne, Virion could now see every inch of Tharja's spectacular feminine form, now barely obscured by any sort of clothes. Tharja's bosom was large, round and shapely. Her two breasts drooped downwards with the perfect heft, bouncy F-Cups adorned with pert, dazzling pink nipples that looked like they could melt to the bite. Her stomach looked just as good without the dark linen as it did with, her waist curving out to form a perfect hourglass shape. But the part that interested Virion the most, the one which Tharja had never shown even in her revealing outfit, was her plump, damp, heavenly pussy.

Tharja's bare vagina was nothing short of a delectable treat to the eyes. The way it oozed needily, copious dribbles of desire dripping down from its folds and clinging to her legs. Its soft yet vibrant pink color, which accentuated the femininity of her womanly folds. Even the slightly enlarged clit, throbbing and pulsing with serious desire. It was truly the perfect organ for a lady as beautiful as Tharja. One look as all it took for Virion's cock to become firmly erect, pointing upwards with the majesty and pride of a noble such as himself.

Unbeknownst to Virion however, not all was as it seemed. While to Virion, Tharja's body was the perfect exemplary form of a female, if one pulled back the curtain of dark magics and forbidden hexes, the truth would be quite different. Instead of a bountiful set of breasts, Tharja's chest was barren and empty, just a slightly saggy set of flat pecs with two nipples tinged with the darkest color that could still be considered pink. The flat stomach and thin waist that Virion adored were actually a plump stomach that pushed forward with a certain roundness. Her ass was still somewhat fat, though the hourglass shape that Virion liked had all but been destroyed.

These were far from the greatest changes, however. No, much more noteworthy perhaps was the fact that most of Tharja's was completely covered in a layer of thick, greasy gray fur. The musky fur reeked with an earthy, animalistic scent. The only part of her that wasn't covered in hair was her hands and feet, which had become leathery, pink-colored protrusions with sharpened claws at their ends. From her tailbone, an actual pink-colored

tail swung left and right of its own volition, its length covered in a series of rings until it ended in a conical shaped tip. Rather than a human, it kind of looked like Tharja was...

A rat.

Tharja turned into a huge, anthropomorphic rat.

These changes were most apparent in her face, which had extended into an animalistic snout. A cute, round pink nose rested at the top of her snout, with two large rat-teeth sticking out from her mouth. Instead of human ears, two large, circular mouse ears propped at the side of her head. She even came with whiskers, which flickered up and down every now and again. If not for her dark black hair, which still rested atop of her body, she would have been close to unrecognizable.

But perhaps the worst change of all, the most radical departure from what Tharja used to be, was that instead of possessing the beautiful, glistening pussy Virion dreamed of, Tharja now had a fat, heavy, drooping rat cock. A long, girthy shaft extended forth from Tharja's crotch, which was covered to the brim with a thick bush of Tharja's black-colored pubes. It came along with two heavy, furry balls, which were just as enshrined in pubic hair as her crotch. But its tip was covered with so much thick, leathery, bundled up foreskin, her cockhead wasn't even visible! Though she was only half-mast, Tharja's cock was already longer and thicker than Virion's. But she was sure it would only get bigger once he was inside her~

How and why Tharja had become a huge, chubby, smelly rat-man was a mystery even to herself. It was entirely possible it could have been the work of some enemy dark mage, a hex that backfired or some entirely unrelated reason. What Tharja did have for certain was that she could not undo her current form. No matter how hard she tried, her body would never twist away from her grotesque new shape. She had thankfully found a perception spell, one which would hide her most disgusting attributes and make it possible for no one else to realize her true form. However, her dreams of being a normal woman were all but dashed.

At first it infuriated her. Being turned into such a grotesque creature, being bested by another hex mage than herself, it was all so enraging. And yet, the more Tharja kept living inside of her animalistic rat body, the more he seemed to enjoy it. Masturbation quickly became one of his favorite pastimes, as his increased libido demanded more sexual stimulation. Without realizing it, he'd started to think to himself and refer to himself as male. The idea of being a slutty rat man became so much more tantalizing than being a woman ever had been.

That is exactly what led Tharja to virgin this evening. Dildos were no longer pleasurable enough to satisfy his needs. Tharja's fat rat asshole craved for something more real, and his cock oozed with precum ready to squeeze more pleasure out of him. Tharja smiled as he looked down at the eager Virion, completely unaware of what he was truly getting into. He knew it was dangerous to do it with a man but... Tharja could no longer hold in his perverted desires.

Stepping forward, Tharja sat on top of Virion's legs while facing him directly. Virion let out a loud exhale as he felt her weight on top of his thighs. Tharja was a bit heavier than he expected, but Tharja's perception altering hex was so powerful, Virion couldn't even feel the fur of Tharja's furry legs pressing against his own.

"My, my! Quite the intimate position, no?" Virion spoke with a smirk, his bravado as strong as ever.

"Do you not like it~?" Tharja retorted with a luscious smile. As annoying as he found Virion, the thought that he would be tricking this pompous womanizer into fucking a fat, smelly rat was seriously turning him on.

"Nay, nay!" Virion protested back. "I would do most anything to please a lady!"

With that, Tharja adjusted himself on Virion's laps. He inched back and forth until his thumping buttocks were pressing against the tip of Virion's cock. The duo gasped in anticipation, each of their bodies trembling with unyielding excitement, until-

Shlurkk~

With a firm downward motion, Tharja finally managed to push Virion's whole cock into his ass. Both men groaned out in excitement. Tharja's ass pulsed blissfully, his inner walls eagerly clinging to Virion's hardened shaft. But to Virion the experience was entirely different. Instead of pushing into some tight, sweaty ass, the noble felt as if he was sliding into the softest, slickest of pussies. His cock trembled with excitement at the mere thought of entering a lady's pure womanhood. He actually felt soft, sticky vaginal juices running down his length, despite it only being sweat and the musky air that clung around Tharja's rat anus.

Little by little, Tharja started to slide his body up and down faster. His muzzle shifted into a hazy smile, his grotesque, fat-foreskined dick thumping against Virion's stomach as it grew harder and harder. Never in his life did Tharja think it would feel so good to have his musky rat ass filled to the brim. He'd masturbated with his old pussy before but, his new engorged anus could swallow so much more than his tight vagina ever had. Virion's dick slid in and out of Tharja's ass with ease. His hardened cockhead pounded directly into Tharja's

prostate, causing his limping cock to slap against Virion's abs repeatedly. Every inch of Tharja's perverted body was craving for more.

Soon, Tharja began to feel like he was about to lose himself. By this point, Tharja's dick had become fully erect. It's dark pink tip barely poked out of the enormous hood of foreskin, slathering precum all along Virion's torso as it spasmed left and right. His balls felt plump and ripe, gurgling loudly as they grew along to Tharja's lust, whilst Tharja's ass clenched onto Virion's cock as if refusing to let go. In this moment, Tharja felt like he had no desire for his old, useless pussy. His fat oozing cock throbbed full of life, his gaping ass twitched with relentless desire. The sweaty, hot musk of his furry body filled his mind with lustful desire. Becoming this horny rat man was making Tharja lose control!!!

As Tharja became too invested in the sexual intercourse, his concentration wavered. The perception hex Tharja cast began to flicker. Virion jolted as a strange creature flashed before his eyes. His nose wrinkled at strangely musky, foul scent that filled the bathroom, one that seemed to be everywhere, yet somehow, he hadn't noticed until now. There was even a strange sensation directly where Tharja sat. For some reason, Tharja's legs felt a lot softer than before, almost furry? There was a heat and slickness from her hot sweat that wasn't there before. For some reason, Tharja's image became blurrier and blurrier. Virion leaned forward, glaring deeply at Tharja as if to make out what it was...

Only for the illusion to all fall apart in an instant. All of the horrible sensations Virion had slowly been perceiving came together in into a terrible realization the moment he saw Tharja, a large, husky rat man, straddling his lap. A mixture of disgust, fear and confusion all filled Virion at the same time. He tried to back away instinctively, but he was trapped between the toilet and Tharja's heavy furry form. He had no clue about the how or why of the current situation, only that he wanted to get out.

"W-What the hell is going on?!?" Virion cried out like a baby.

Unfortunately, it was too late for him. Tharja had already gotten what he desperately wanted. Head drifting back with desire, Tharja gave in to the pleasure and began to cum violently. His ass sat down imperatively on Virion's dick, squeezing it so tightly the archer couldn't help but involuntarily spurt some cum himself. The real winner of the whole scenario was Tharja's cock though, as it began blasting thick load after thick load of yellowish cum onto Virion's body. Virion visibly gagged as the stench of Tharja's semen hit his nostrils. The weight of the musky cock as well as the heft of its sticky cumshots against his form were so noxiously viscous, it felt like he was never going to get them off.

As Tharja gasped and panted heavily from his orgasm, she didn't seem to be alarmed that Virion had discovered his secret. Instead, Tharja looked directly at Virion, his muzzle shifting into a twisted smile.

"That was just what I needed, lover boy~" Tharja cooed in a voice that now sounded masculine and virile to Virion. "How about we go again? But this time, I'm on top. You did say you'd do anything to please a *lady*~ Eheheheheh~"

Tharja's voice began to echo through the halls, and Virion couldn't help but gulp. The idea sounded atrocious, and yet he was still hard...

PROMPT4: Ahead of Others

A bored Loki decides it's time to make some mischief by casting a special spell that will make it so every time a woman sees a man, the man's head becomes a complete copy of the woman's including personality, though the changes go unnoticed and everyone thinks it's normal. Though Alfonse tries to stop her, it's too late and chaos spreads through the Order of Heroes as multiple men's heads start transforming suddenly.

The door to Loki's bedroom shot wide open with a violent swing. Light seeped from the hallway into the dark room, as the tall figure of Alfonse slowly stepped in through the doorway. Alfonse's face was set in an alarmed, discomforted expression, his Folkvanger clenched tightly within hand. Slowly stepping further inside, Alfonse peered throughout the whole room, until his eyes fell on the form of the room's very owner.

Over on the opposite wall to the door, sitting next to a desk illuminated by nothing but a tiny lamp, was the nefarious trickster goddess Loki. She sat facing away from Alfonse, not caring enough to turn around and towards the prince who had just broken into her room. Instead, she seemed to be tinkering with... Something. Magical sparks sprouted about as she fiddled with this mysterious object.

"Loki!" Alfonse spoke out firmly. "I don't know what it is you're planning, but I want you to stop right now!"

"Oh~ Whatever could you mean, dear prince~?" Loki sang in a sweet, tender voice, one whose innocence did not match the sinister nature of its owner. "I don't have *aaaaanything* planned at the moment!"

“I don’t believe you.” Alfonse responded curtly, as he began approaching Loki. “You’ve been locked up in your room for days, and you haven’t tried causing any mischief. It’s too suspicious.”

“Aww, that’s so flattering! You know me so well!” Loki spoke with earnest excitement. Slowly, she began to turn until she was facing Alfonse. In her hand she held a strange staff, an arcane pole with a strange red jewel at its tip. Nothing close the usual Thokk she carried. “Unfortunately... You’re just a tad bit too late~”

And with that, the bright red jewel began to glow and pulsate. Without any warning, a shockwave of magical energy shot through the room in every direction. It went right through Alfonse, pushing him back. But it didn’t stop once it hit the wall, instead it kept going. It phased through the solid stone structures of the Askrian castle, extending on endlessly and hitting every hero in its path. Alfonse tightened his grip and closed his eyes, bracing himself for whatever sort of curse was going to get a grip on his body. However... As time passed, it seemed like the shockwave didn’t have any direct effect on his body.

Instead, something strange started swirling inside Alfonse’s head the moment he felt Loki’s eyes on him.

A odd sort of aching began to pound at the back of Alfonse’s head. His sword slipped free from his fingers, hands slowly rising as if to clutch his head. Before they could get any close however, Alfonse’s head started shifting. Alfonse’s nose got smaller, while his lips got larger and fuller. His eyes became purple, his eyelashes growing long and feminine. The sound of his bones cracking rang loudly as his very facial shape began to reform. A deep hue of purple began to take over Alfonse’s dark blue hair color, while his hair itself slowly lengthened into a ponytail. Alfonse’s facial features were changing so fast, it almost looked like his head was spinning like a twister.

Even Alfonse’s thoughts seemed to have been getting swirled around into a slush of soup. His memories remained relatively the same, but his manner of thinking was slowly getting twisted. Instead of being a responsible and dutiful prince, Alfonse found himself thinking about how enjoyable chaos was and how much he wanted to mess with people. It was almost like... Like he was starting to think like Loki...

Once the strange twirling inside his head stopped, Alfonse placed his hands atop of his head. However, something was clearly different. His hair felt longer and silkier. His breathing was so much softer, and his neck felt tighter than before. Alfonse couldn’t see it, but Loki could. And her grin on this moment could not get any wider if she wanted to. For instead of his own head, Alfonse now had an exact replica of Loki’s head between his firm, masculine shoulders.

“Now that you know of my sinister plan, whatever will you do, *prince Alfonse~?*” Loki spoke in an obviously fake scared, timid voice. “Are you going to report me to the summoner?”

Most of the time, Alfonse would have instantly responded with yes. He would have gotten Loki to turn things back to normal no matter what and set things right. This time, however... Alfonse’s feminine mouth slowly twisted into a smirk, making an exact copy of Loki’s own expression.

“And ruin all the fun? Now, whyever would I do that~?” Alfonse responded sarcastically, his voice now sounding exactly the same to Loki’s. “I think a more *personal* punishment is in order~”

...

While Alfonse dealt with Loki, the magical shockwave that came from her staff rampaged through the castle. A lot of people seemed to notice the strange surge in magical energies, but no one gave them much mind, as there seemed to be no immediate effects.

In the dining hall, cute princess Fjorm made her way through row after row of tables. The dining hall seemed specially packed today. Not only were all the tables taken, but she could scarcely walk around without running into someone. Moving slowly, Fjorm did her best to get in front of anybody’s way. Unfortunately, she failed to realize the huge, hulking form of an imposing body stomping towards her.

TWHUMP!!!

Fjorm stumbled forward as she felt someone crash into her. She wobbled forward, barely able to stop the tray from slipping away from her hands as she regained her balance. Anxiety filled her as she swiftly turned around to face whoever it was she collided with.

“O-Oh, I’m sorry!” Fjorm yelped apologetically.

As Fjorm’s eyes focused in front of her, however, the first thing she saw was a wall of pure armor and muscle. Slowly, Fjorm’s gaze shifted upwards, going past the several golden pauldrons of armor and a huge broad chest, until they finally landed on the person’s head. Fjorm gulped loudly. For out of all the people she could have run into, she’d run into the imposing, maliciously evil King Surtr. Unlike Fjorm, who seemed regretful of her mistake, Surtr’s expression was full of nothing but pure rage. His ginger haired shimmered like a fiery flame, his crown as pointed and menacing as ever. Surtr’s mouth opened to scream-

When all of a sudden, his face began to twist and shift in every direction. Just like what had happened to Alfonse before, King Surtr’s entire head was being warped in real time. Features turned and slipped so quickly, it looked like a whirlwind. After a couple of seconds

passed, the changes were done. And instead of Surtr's dark-skinned head, atop the king's shoulders was none other than a perfect copy of Fjorm's own head, complete with her blonde hair and her icy blue eyes. King Surtr smiled gently at Fjorm with her own mouth.

"Oh, don't worry at all, princess Fjorm!" King Surtr spoke softly and tenderly. "It was my mistake, really. I wasn't looking where I was going either."

"Nonsense King Surtr! I-I still should have paid more attention!" Fjorm responded adamantly.

"Heehee! Very well, let us say we are both at fault." King Surtr giggled girlishly. "How about you make it up to me by having lunch together?"

Fjorm smiled excitedly. "I'd love to!"

And then the two began walking side by side, each one of them bearing brilliant grins on their faces. Neither of them seemed to acknowledge Surtr's complete transformation, whether in terms of his appearance or behavior. It was as if Loki's spell was retroactively twisting the fabric of reality itself.

...

This same scene repeated itself all over the castle. In the castle's shops, an eager Severa dragged her father Gregor from one store to another. The two entered a shop full of expensive clothes, causing Severa's eyes to widen with excitement.

"Come on dad!" Severa spoke boldly. "You said you'd buy me anything I wanted, didn't you?"

However, instead of his own regular head, Gregor's head was an exact replica of Severa's own. His ginger hair had become a brilliant red, his short, rugged haircut extending out into two enormous twin tails. Gregor's shoulders were just as wide as before, his body was still a whole head taller than Severa. And yet his head was as soft and feminine as could be, with sparkling eyes far younger than the rest of his body.

"Yeah I did say that, but like..." Gregor rolled his eyes in annoyance. "You're totally gonna run daddy dry!"

Severa picked up a cute dress from a rack and pressed it against her body, showing it off to Gregor. "Well... What do you think about this~?" The girl cooed with a cocky raised eyebrow. "Don't you think it would look totally banging on me~?"

Gregor folded his thick masculine arms, while his soft feminine head looked away with a blush. "Y-Yeah, w-whatever." He muttered shyly. Though he thought it looked incredible on

her, he was having a hard time admitting it. Not only did he not want to admit someone was cuter than him, he also felt a bit of jealousy he couldn't wear something so cute. "I-I guess it looks fine."

"Oh daddy, pleeeaseeeee buy it for me!" Severa begged cutely, before lunging towards Gregor and planting a kiss on his cheek.

Gregor's feminine face instantly blew up into a shy blush, his cheeks burning bright with embarrassment. "I-It's not like daddy cares about his daughter's affection!" He spoke in a bashful tone, his mind alight in a mixture of happiness and embarrassment. "B-B-But I-I-I guess d-daddy will just have to waste all of his money on his little princess again."

...

Back in Loki's room, the door to her bedroom was finally closed. Inside, both Alfonse and Loki were still inside, however, the two were now laying on the bed fully devoid of any clothes. Loki was on the bottom, her fully bare body splayed out as her legs spread apart and her heavy breasts drooped from her chest. Alfonse lay on top of her, continuously thrusting into Loki's pussy over and over again with a series of soft, feminine grunts. While it looked like Alfonse was doing most of the work, the two were enjoying themselves handily.

"I've always dreamed about tempting you into bed with me, Prince Alfonse~" Loki confessed as she felt Alfonse's shaft spread her vaginal lips open. "I just never thought it would happen this way~"

"Hnggggh~ Oh Loki, I have no idea how or why I resisted this for so long~" Alfonse responded passionately, his voice the exact same teasing, lustful tone as Loki's. "You are truly the most beautiful goddess known to mankind. No, in the whole known universe!"

"Ohoho~ What an incredible flirt you've become~" Loki felt herself trembling as Alfonse continued to thrust. "I guess in the end, the only one who can appreciate my true greatness is myself~"

The duo then leaned, eyes closing gently as they began to passionately kiss. Their plush soft lips met together, their breaths and saliva holding the same smell and taste. Though their heads were completely identical, their bodies were radically different. It was a twisted, chaotic mishmash that turned Loki on more than anything before. As to if and when the strange, reality altering spell would run out, it would remain to be seen. Surely at some point Loki would go back and turn things back to normal. Perhaps when she finally became bored with the whole scenario. But for now... Loki was having the time of her life.

PROMPT5: Tauric Tales

Corrin wakes up and sees that everyone in their army has had their lower bodies replaced with their steeds' bodies, with everyone else believing it normal. And it's not just regular centaurs they're turning into, but all sorts of different tauric creatures!

Corrin slowly stepped out of her tent by letting out a huge, tired yawn. Her face looked extra sleepy, eyes drooping open and closed with several bags beneath them. Up in the sky, the sun was already high and glowing, a clear indication that it was already noon. For some reason, it seems Corrin slept in late today. And no one had even come to wake her up! As the leader of the army, it was very improper for her to do such a thing. They were in the middle of war god dang it! Which is why she had to set an example for the rest of her soldiers! Shaking her head firmly, Corrin tried to scrape off any sleepiness that might have still clung to her consciousness. It was a brand new-day! The perfect time to give her best first step forward!

As Corrin walked forth however, she almost instantly ran into a huge, hulking figure.

TWHAK!!

Corrin stumbled back as she walked into a heavy, sturdy person. Whoever she'd run into barely moved, as if Corrin running into them headfirst had felt like nothing more than a tiny nudge, even though it took Corrin some time to even gain her footing back.

"O-Oh sorry!" Corrin yelped, turning upwards to see whoever she'd run into. "My apologies, I didn't see you there!"

Gaze shifting higher, Corrin's eyes met the pretty face of Sophie, Sila's clumsy cavalier daughter. Sophie did not seem bothered in the slightest to have clashed against Corrin so brusquely. Instead, she gave the white-haired princess a tender smile.

"Don't worry about it, Lady Corrin!" Sophie spoke cheerfully. "You know Avel and I get into trouble much worse than that!" She said, gently patting her back with a firm hand.

Corrin couldn't help but giggle at Sophie's comment. It was true, she and Avel always seemed to be cooking up some sort of chaos. However, there was something about the whole situation that didn't feel right. Something that stirred a sensation of doubt inside of Corrin's mind. Sophie hadn't always been that tall, had she? Corrin remembered usually speaking to her at eye level, but now she had to look up to see Sophie. Moreover, she patted her back when she said that thing about Avel. Wait... She patted... Her back...?

Letting her gaze fall further below Sophie's body, Corrin almost stumbled back again, though this time purely from the shock. Whilst Sophie's torso looked completely normal and human, a slender feminine body draped in cavalier armor that had a little space for her bust and showed her slim figure. Further below her waist... Sophie's human body seemed to be directly attached to the neck of a fully grown horse! Corrin's mouth dropped as far as it could, bewilderment filling every corner of her mind as she tried to comprehend what was going on.

Gone were Sophie's lower legs, along with any sign of her lower body. Corrin could see the exact place where her skin melded into that of the horse below her, a perfect blend of human and animal that made it apparent this was no trick. The horse body itself looked so real and lifelike. The way her four horse legs firmly held her up from the ground, complete with sturdy hooves that dug into the earth. Sophie's huge horse torso heaved as it breathed, and her tail flickered instinctively with clear signs of life. Corrin couldn't help but extend her hand and place it on Sophie's horse body, feeling the warmth of its body and the softness of its gray fur between her fingers.

"A-Aah! L-Lady Corrin, please don't touch me like that!" Sophie chirped up, a huge girly blush coming onto her face.

And it didn't take long for Corrin to realize why. A quick glance between Sophie's hind legs gave Corrin the perfect view of Sophie's new anatomy. For instead of a sopping, wide horse pussy, Sophie's crotch was adorned with a heavy, flopping horse cock, which was slipping out of its sheathe and growing larger and larger with each passing second. The thick, black-colored horse cock looked wide and heavy, its balls hanging low as its testicles gurgled with fresh sperm. The tantalizing excitement contained in Sophie's forms was now proudly being displayed.

"S-Sophie..." Corrin gasped to herself, still unable to believe what she was seeing. "Y-You're a-!! Y-You're a-!!!"

Before Corrin could finish that thought, the sound of loud flapping wings along with wind coursing through the air came closer and closer to Corrin. The girl tried her best to cover her face from the sudden gust, while Sophie behind took advantage of the moment to trot away in embarrassment. Turning her face towards the source of such a draft, Corrin could scarcely see the outline of two huge creatures off in the distance. She knew they were close because of how big they appeared compared to how far away they seemed. Little by little the duo began to grow closer to Corrin. Corrin's eyes winced as the figures became clearer. It looked like it was a pegasus and a kinshi? No, not quite... It was...

Within no more than a couple of seconds, both creatures swiftly dove from the sky and onto a patch of clear ground no more than a couple of feet away from Corrin. At a distance, they looked like just a wild kinshi and a wild pegasus racing in the sky. But Corrin could now see that the two were actually Reina and Hinoka. In the exact way Corrin had just seen Sophie with the lower body of a horse, her eyes were now incredulously observing Reina's upper body sitting atop the neck of a gracious kinshi, while Hinoka's tomboyish form stood atop the neck of a pegasus.

"My, princess Hinoka~" Reina spoke with a cocky grin, though her voice rang out sweet like honey. "It seems you still have a lot of training to do if you want to catch up to me~"

To say Reina's lower body was amazing would be an understatement. Her entire kinshi form was covered in a set of sparkling white feathers, not a single one discolored or decayed. Her main body was pudgy and round, like that of a peacock. But her wings were so incredibly wide and majestic, they were like those of an angel. Two thick drums stuck to the side of her form, each one adorned with clawed feet apt of a predatory bird like the kinshi. And a set of brightly colored feathers sprung free from her back, each one more vibrant than the last.

"Hey, it's not fair! Kinshis are faster than pegasi!" Hinoka grumbled back in annoyance.

Hinoka's form was quite similar to that of Sophie's. Both of them had sturdy, thick equine bodies. However, the main difference between them was the set of glorious wings that adorned the side of Hinoka's form. Currently they were neatly folded together, but when they opened, they could extend as wide as her entire equine form itself! That and Hinoka's thick, brilliant white fur, which shone as brightly as the clouds. Besides those things, Hinoka too seemed to possess the same drooping horsecock, heavy with lust and equine hormones.

"Anyways, a deal is a deal so..." Hinoka's cheeks flushed lightly, as she slowly turned around and presented her equine asshole. "You may take your prize..."

Reina did not say anything, she only smiled warmly. With a couple of flaps of her kinshi wings, the kinshi-taur flew onto Hinoka's back. It's thick, avian claws dug into Hinoka's skin, not hard enough to prick it but firmly enough to keep her on top. Then, as her tail-feathers flapped upwards, Corrin could see it. A slit at the back of Reina's crotch. It slowly slipped open further and further, giving way to a pink, slick, avian cock that extended outwards until it was easily larger than Hinoka's own horsecock. And with a firm downward thrust, she began pounding into the pegasus.

“Oooohhh~ Princess Hinoka~” Reina gasped in bliss, her face distorting with pleasure. “Your hole feels as tight as Queen Mikoto’s~ Could it be you’re also practicing down there~?”

“S-Shut it!” Hinoka snapped back angrily, though the growing horsecock made it pretty clear she was enjoying herself.

BAANGG!!!

The sound of a huge explosion pried Corrin’s attention away from Hinoka’s and Reina’s copulation. And when the princess turned, what she found was even more shocking than all of the bizarreness she’d already experienced! Over in the training grounds, Corrin could see Takumi’s body poking out of the huge, armored carriage of his mobile ballista. The ballista itself looked like it usually did. It was a wooden cart with four wheels, its rectangular body covered on each side with thick armored pauldrons that shielded it. And at the front, it bore a huge circular cannon where the ballista rivets were shot out of.

However... As Corrin looked closer, she noticed Takumi wasn’t just ‘sitting atop’ the ballista. Instead, his torso was actively merged into the rest of the mechanical wooden structure! It didn’t matter that the ballista carriage itself wasn’t alive, somehow it melded into Takumi’s body perfectly. The carriage moved along to Takumi’s will. There was no need for a driver or any other sort of physical controlling mechanism. Takumi was just as in charge of his mechanical lower half as Sophie or Reina.

“Darn, I can’t believe I missed again.” Takumi sighed, his cheeks faintly red with embarrassment.

“Worry not, Lord Takumi.” Kagero slowly stepped beside him, her face serene and collected. “The important thing is that you visualize your target and concentrate.”

It was then that Corrin noticed Kagero’s lower body. Just like Sophie and Hinoka, Kagero seemed to have a quadrupedal lower body. However, Kagero’s lower body was most certainly not biological in nature. Though much of its form was covered by a thick red blanket, Corrin could see four wooden legs stomping along the ground. A series of strings seemed to tie every inch of her lower body together, pulling and tugging limbs like a puppet. And her backside was completely barren of any sort of sexual organs, just a flat cylinder of wood with several slots and slits. It looked like Kagero had become some kind of puppet-*taur*, her lower body shifting into one of those mechanical puppets Mechanists used!

“Alright, I’ll give it a shot.” Takumi replied with renewed energy. He slowly aimed his canon towards a target, eyes focusing on the target before him when-

“Hnggggh~!” Takumi groaned loudly. His canon throbbed up and down gently, and then its tip shot out a huge ballista that flew through the sky and smashed into the target he’d been aiming towards.

Corrin felt like all of her breath had been taken from her. It looked like... Everyone else in her army had turned into some sort of tauric creature! From centaurs to kinshi-taurs. Even mechanical-taurs that did not make any sense! And the worst part of all was that no one found it out of the ordinary except for her! Everyone else seemed not only to be okay with the state of affairs but actively enjoying it! As the leader of the army, what was Corrin supposed to do?! Should she try to find how it all happened? Maybe some way to turn things back?

Fwoooooosh!!

Corrin’s eyes instinctively closed as she saw a huge shadow dart towards her without any sort of warning. Although... No impact ever came. Blowing wind began to caress Corrin’s face and wave her hair, a sensation of lightness coming over her body. Slowly, Corrin flicked her eyes open again. Only to realize there was nothing in front of her except for the bright blue sky. Corrin’s feet were no longer planted on the ground. Both of her arms were extended away from her body, each one held tightly by what could only be described as sharp, firm, reptilian claws. Turning her head upwards slightly, Corrin could only see the titanic torso of a huge purple wyvern, its sharp scales and hardened underbody piercing through the wind. Corrin was- She was flying in the air!!! Some kind of wyvern had just snatched her up into its grasp!!!

“Oh darling Corrin~” An incredibly familiar, sickeningly sweet, motherly tone rang out nearby.

From the front of the wyvern’s torso, Corrin could see Camilla’s upper body leaning down to look. And just like with all of the other people she’d seen today, Camilla’s torso was perfectly ingrained into the wyvern’s neck, fusing them into a single creature.

“I’ve been looking for you all morning, my lovely sister!” Camilla pouted needily, “I think it’s about time the two of us spent some much needed sisterly bonding time~”

As Camilla spoke, Corrin could feel a heavy, slick object thwack her right shoulder with a hefty thud. Corrin didn’t need to turn to figure out what it was, its damp musk and slick texture made it perfectly clear from the get go. But she did so anyways, and as she turned left she could see a huge, smooth wyvern cock pressing against her body, its tip already oozing with needy precum. Corrin gulped loudly to herself. Whatever happened to all of her fellow companions, she was about to become intimately familiar with it...

PROMPT6: Backup Calli

A guy answers an ad asking for help working on a music video. Upon arrival, it turns out the help needed is backup dancers for a Mori Calliope video. As he protests that he has no dance experience, they assure him that they just need people there to be moving so they can digitally overlay her model later. But in reality, they turn him and the other "volunteers" into fat assed bimbo Moris, who now only know being hot and dancing.

“This way Mr. Collins.”

Edward stepped through the office door into the state-of-the-art dance room before him with an uncertain expression. The dance room was as pretty and professional as it could get. Shiny, reflective wooden floors, an array of mirrors lining up every wall, and bright lights that illuminated each corner of the room. It was the sort of place that yelled serious business, which is why Edward still wasn't sure why he was being brought here. Behind him, a cute, dark-haired assistant lady with round red glasses pressed him onwards with a smile and her earnest attitude.

“So what is it I'm going to be doing again?” Edwards asked with confusion.

“Just put on this mocap suit and wait until we're ready to get started on the music video with Ms. Mori!” The manager replied with an adorable voice, taking the bright blue suit with balls attached to it and handing it over to Edward.

Edward's face twisted into anxiety as he felt the soft fabric of the mocap suit against his fingers. “A s-suit? Wait, I didn't come here to be a dancer!” He complained with a whine. “I-I have no dancing experience! All the add said was that you guys needed assistance shooting the video! I thought I'd be carrying stuff or running errands!”

“Oh, do not worry in the slightest, Mr. Collins!” The manager calmly responded to Edward's concerns with warmth. “Here at Cover Co., we are working with the latest reality altering technology! How else do you think we made all of our talent omnipotent? The only thing you have to do is put on your mocap suit, and we'll do the rest! We'll make so you're perfectly trained dancers who have done this your entire lives!”

The comment seemed to ease Edward's worries only slightly. It was good to know that he wouldn't have to do much, even if the idea of being a backup dancer for some VTuber's music video didn't seem too appealing. But when Edward finally managed to muster the courage to complain again, it was too late. The manager lady was already making her way

out of the room, and within seconds she'd left him behind, closing the door shut with a loud slam.

Wait... Did she say reality altering?

As Edward looked at the suit in his hand, he resigned himself to his fate with a sigh. The money was pretty good so... It wasn't like he could say no. Stripping himself of all of his clothes save for his underwear, Edward began thinking about all this Hololive and Cover stuff as he slowly slipped the mocap suit on. He knew they'd been making waves recently. Something about omnipotent idols? Edward wasn't really sure. He hadn't been keeping up with any of them, and he didn't even have any interest in VTubers in the first place. The most he knew about it was from his ex-girlfriend, Nerissa, who said the two couldn't be together because she was too busy 'jacking it to every one of Nerissa Ravencroft's streams'. Whatever the hell that meant...

Once the suit was safely secured to his body, Edward looked around the room to see that he was far from the only person present. A couple of other guys stood around him, all of them wearing the same blue mocap suit as they waited around bored. Every one of these guys was different in appearance and background. There was a really tall and muscular African American man who towered above the rest, a short fat white kid who barely fit in his mocap suit, a sniffing, slender Asian guy sniffing with allergies. Edward wondered if any of these guys were fans of Hololive, or if like himself they just came because of the job add. Regardless, it was pretty safe call to say this Hololive stuff reached a pretty wide audience.

"Alright everyone! We're ready to start now!" The manager's voice rang out from a speaker somewhere, taking everyone's attention.

All of a sudden, music started to blast through the dance room. An energetic, thumping beat that came accompanied by lyrics from a harsh-spoken lady. It wasn't Edward's thing really, but he had to admit it wasn't all that bad. However, the thing that really confounded Edward was that... He didn't know what he was supposed to do...? Why did they just start pumping music without warning? What were they expecting all of these mocap wearing guys to do? Just start dancing randomly with no instructions?

Yet, as ridiculous as the concept sounded, Edward suddenly found his right arm moving rightwards. He hadn't intended to do so, and when he tried to move it back to his side, he felt it stuck in the air. It was like Edward could still feel his arm as a part of himself, but for some reason he had no control over it. Edward even tried to pull it down with his free hand, but found it firmly stuck in place. Confusion and worry began to fill Edward's mind. Why was this...?

Then it happened to his left arm, which forcefully shot towards his left. Then one of his legs, and another. In a matter of seconds, Edward had control of the entirety of his body. The man grunted loudly as he tried to inch forward. He huffed and puffed as he strained, desperately trying to summon all of his mental power to perform a task he'd long been accustomed to. But nothing happened. It was like he was a prisoner in his own body, his limbs rebelling against his own will to do whatever they wanted.

But his body did not remain entirely stationary. Instead, his legs started moving in tandem to the music. His arms followed the flow of his body, accentuating his motions in a rhythmic manner. Though Edward had never once danced in his life, his hips seemed to be intimately accustomed to these types of movements. Despite the fact this was his first time hearing this song, his body seemed to match each one of its beats immaculately. Edward's body was stepping left and right without any mistakes, his masculine figure twirled around with the grace of a professional dancer.

And he was far from the only one. From his peripheral view, Edward could see all of the other guys matching his movements flawlessly. Every one of their body types was different, yet somehow they all moved with perfect synchronization. Not a single person was ahead of time, not a single person was off beat. It almost looked like they had all practiced this dance an endless amount of times before, getting to the point where they could all perform it together without making a single mistake. Which made no sense, because they were all basically strangers!

Stranger than his sudden perfecter dance moves however, was the sudden pressure in Edward's chest. The more he danced, the harsher it became. A thick beating that came from within him, one which came in tandem to the sick beats of the song. Edward could only grit his teeth as the sensation became stronger, for his body had long abandoned his control. Thump after thump it pushed away from his chest, until-

FWOOOOMP!!!

Without any sort of warning, two titanic breasts suddenly exploded out of Edward's chest. They swung up and down with each one of Edward's dance moves, flopping about in exaggerated motions that seemed to defy physics. Edward's eyes widened as he looked at the way his huge, bouncing boobies pushed out of his upper body. They were so perfectly soft and plump, nothing like the flat pecs he had as a man. Each one of them was easily larger than his own head, and yet it felt like they weighed nothing the way they bounced like balloons. His new sensitive nipples strained against his tight mocap suit, their shape clearly imprinted through the blue outfit. What the fuck was-?!

FWOOOOOMP!!!

But before Edward could question it any further, the same exact thing happened again, this time focused entirely on his ass. Edward's relatively innocuous butt all of a sudden burst into two titanic, jiggling buttcheeks, an ass so plump and fat it put his new enormous breasts to change. Edward's legs thickened in order to support the new weight in his butt, causing the mocap suit to stretch and creak as it expanded outwards in every direction. His thighs became meaty and girthy, the surface of his ass jiggling with every motion like waves in the ocean. With every passing second, his form became more twisted.

It didn't take long for the changes to spread to the rest of his body. Edward's stomach instantly flattened out into a spotless flat belly, with a waist that was thinner than those of the most beautiful models. His shoulders sunk, arms becoming slender as his hands became daintily feminine. Though he did not shrink, every last inch of Edward's body was becoming more and more feminine. A fact which was specially accentuated the moment Edward felt his penis getting forcefully sucked into his crotch, his organs squelching loudly as they reversed into a feminine pussy.

Soon, Edward could feel the strange pressure rising all the way to not just his head, but his very brain. Edward couldn't help but groan out as short hair began to push outwards, his blonde hair taking on a vibrant, pastel pink color. Edward's face cracked loudly, his head becoming smaller while his features softened. His eyes began to pulsate madly, changing from a bright blue color to a deep bloody red in real time. Even his vocal cords weren't safe, cracking and twisting until they rang out with a firm, feminine voice.

Calliope Mori gasped loudly as her face finished transforming into the visage of the grim reaper she was so used to. Except... That wasn't her name, was it? Her real name was... She couldn't remember, the only one she knew was Calli. And she wasn't a girl before, was she? But then, why did her pussy feel so familiar? How come the clap of her asscheeks and the bouncing of her breasts felt so normal? Looking at herself across the dance room in the mirror, Calli could not see a single difference between her original self and her new one. What exactly had changed...?

Unfortunately, Calli would not have a lot of time to worry about that, as her mocap suit began to shimmer beneath her. Directly at her stomach, Calli's one piece suit tore into two. Both halves shifted and distorted around Calli's form in real time, perfectly wrapping around each of her expanded assets. The top became shorter and shorter, shifting into a white crop top with a pink skull on it. The bottom meanwhile turned into a set of bulky black colored pants. The suit was even morphing around her feet, shifting into two white sport suits. And her head was not spared, as her cap twisted into an actual black baseball cap! From the mirror reflection, Calli seemed to recognize the outfit. It was her casual outfit! Though how she recognized it was anyone's guess.

Similar things were occurring all around her. Instead of the men Calli had seen when she walked into the room, everyone around Calli was an exact replica of herself. They all had titanic breasts that jiggled wildly, they all had fat, plump butts that moved without restraint. Just like Calli herself, they continued dancing in unison, their bodies not stopping for a single second even as they morphed unnaturally. The only thing that differentiated was their outfits, which seemed to be distinct. One Calliope Mori wore a beautiful red dress, while another wore a stylish cowboy outfit, and one of them even had some sort of bunny suit!

Once all of the Calliope's mocap suits were no more, the group suddenly stopped their dance. The song continued to ring in the background, their chests heaving with tiredness. Then, without any sort of warning or command, all of the Callis dropped into a squat. Calli panicked loudly as she went down, still fruitlessly trying to take command over her form. A few seconds of ominous silence ensued, a motionlessness that made Calli's heart thump. When-

Clap! Clap! Clap! Clap!

All of the Callis began violently twerking their asses in unison. The sound of Calliope Mori's fat, wobbly buttcheeks colliding together rang over and over through the dance room. There was no pause, no rest, no interruption between claps. It was a cacophony of soft, plush mass meeting with force. An unyielding song of human physicality that went on repeat. Calli felt a flush of embarrassment fill her body, though there was nothing she could do to stop herself. It wasn't just the embarrassment though, there was something else... The more she clapped her cheeks, the more she heard the meaty sound of fat asses clapping together, the more her brain seemed to strain. It felt like there was a tugging inside her mind, a string that if pulled, would unravel her entire being.

"Hngggghh~ I'm like~ Calliope Mori~!" One of the Calli's screamed out in a blissful voice. "I'm your totally stupid bimbo Shinigami who loves twerking her fat ass~"

Calli gulped as she heard her twin moan mindlessly. It almost felt like the words were being pulled straight from her own brain. And looking at the messy-haired, nightgown wearing Calli saying it, Calli could see there was no more resistance in her eyes. Tongue lolling out and body moving swiftly, this Calliope Mori had entirely given up in to her new form. And Calli knew that if she didn't resist, she would be next.

"Yo yo yo! Bimbo Calliope Mori speaking!" Another Calli screamed out happily, unable to contain her voice any longer. "You deadbeats wanna like, hear me clap my ass? Cuz that's like, the only thing I'm good for!"

Calli trembled at the voice that sounded exactly like hers. Every inch of her body was screaming to submit. From the way that her ass clapped so delightfully in her ears, to the hot, blissful sensation of her cheeks coming together. The music that played in the background rang with such a familiar tone, her body thrummed with warmth that made her brain feel happy. Calli couldn't give in-! She had to fight it! She had to rest! Because if she didn't-

"I-I-I-It's ya boy, Bimbo Calliope Mori!!!" But it was too late. The moment Calli had walked into the dance room her fate was sealed, and the last scraps of her original identity were totally erased. "Time to like, let all my rhymes just like my fat, bubble ass claps~"

By this point, all of the men in the room had completely become nothing more than Bimbo Calliope Moris, stupid dancers who only had enough brains to dance and be incredibly horny. They would never replace the original, they wouldn't come even close. But they would be quite useful when it came to the dance video, and whatever other perverted uses Cover Co. might have for them...

As the Callis continued to twerk mindlessly, the door to the dance room burst open with a violent slam.

"Is this them?" The familiar voice of Calliope Mori rang out. Except this time, it wasn't vapid and empty, it was harsh. It was firm. It was the voice of the real, the original Calliope Mori.

"Yes, these are your new backup dancers, Ms. Mori!" The manager spoke candidly, standing beside her with an innocent smile.

Mori looked at the row of thick clapping asses. The sound of fat, meaty claps filled her ears like music, sending pleasant tingles down her spine. Calli's smile shifted into a cocky smirk. A thick bulge surged from her dark robe.

"Good. I've had a rough recording session, so I really need some stress relief right now~" She spoke with a menacing tone.

The door to the dance floor shut firmly. It seems the Moris' first assignment would not be a music video.

PROMPT7: Forrest's Frilly Curse

Forrest finds a curse that is supposed to give you cute clothes and asks Rhajat to help him cast it. What they don't realize is that a side effect of the curse is that everyone's clothes turn into cute lingerie and they transform into big-dicked herms that cum on a hair trigger!

"Are you really sure you want to do this, pretty boy~?"

Deep within the dark, creepy confines of Rhajat's tent, it seemed like the only thing glowing were her ominous purple eyes. Rhajat's mouth morphed into a haunting smirk, her pristine white teeth sparkling from the darkness. An ancient Nohrian tome of curses and spells laid in her hand, one which had been sealed for so long, its contents laid forgotten. With the power of this forbidden spellbook, Rhajat could have easily taken the world. Or at least put up a good fight while trying. And yet, to her side, the cute fashion-loving troubadour Forrest stood without a single shred of worry on his face. The boy's outfit was as pristine and upbeat as the gentle smile on his face.

"Curses can be very dangerous and life altering things, you know~?" Rhajat continued taunting the boy, letting a venomous tone flow freely with her voice. "One little mistake would be more than enough to destroy everything you know and love~"

"Oh, I know that Rhajat!" Forrest waved off her concerns with a giggle. "Father has taught me about Nohrian curses very well! But when I found this book with a curse that makes all of your clothes super adorable, I just knew I had to try it! Please, oh pleaaasee help me unseal it!"

Rhajat couldn't help but chuckle at herself hearing the feminine boy's boldness. Despite how wimpy he dressed, he was most certainly confident. Peering back down at the book in her hand, Rhajat gave the curse another glance. It was supposed to morph the victim's clothes into the cutest pair of underwear imaginable, both top and bottom. All in all, it seemed like a generally innocuous spell, considering that the book Forrest had brought her contained some of the nastiest, most horrifying curses she'd ever seen. It was no wonder the book had been sealed and probably stored at the back of some stuffy library never to be seen again. Realistically, unsealing such a dangerous curse book was probably not a good idea. But if the curse wasn't that bad and Forrest only planned on casting it on himself... Then it should probably be fine, right?

"Alright, alright." Rhajat gave in with a sigh and a smile. She wasn't really concerned that much over the curse, she just wanted to see if she could scare Forrest a bit. "I'll unseal the book for you."

Taking a couple of cursed ingredients from her desk, Rhajat began to cast the spell on the tome. A purple glyph started glowing above the laying book, while Forrest leaned in to look with an excited smile. This was Rhajat's specialty, and it made her pretty happy to see people appreciate her for it like Forrest did. It wasn't often people cared about curses, and when they did it usually involved getting rid of them. So suffice to say, Rhajat was pretty excited to help. The dark mage who originally sealed this book must have been rolling in his grave as the seal cracked aloud, filling Rhajat with pompous satisfaction.

Rhajat didn't even need to say anything afterwards. As soon as the seal was lifted, Forrest dove at the tome and began casting the curse. His eyes were burning bright with excitement, genuine enthusiasm notable in his intonation. It actually surprised Rhajat how well this cute, seemingly innocent boy was casting the curse. Even if he was supposedly a healer now, that Nohrian dark magic education of his was paying some serious dividends. Rhajat watched Forrest with a smug, satisfied expression. It felt kind of nice helping people for a change.

That is, until Forrest turned the page. Rhajat's eyes instantly went open with shock. W-Why did he go into the next spell? The clothes changing curse was supposed to only be on that one page, Rhajat had double checked it, right...? Except... It turns out she'd been wrong. What Rhajat had originally thought were two spells in actuality turned out to be one. And Forrest was too blinded by his enthusiasm to realize that the second half of the curse was much more dangerous than the first. With a desperate expression on her face, Rhajat reached out to take the tome from Forrest's hands. But it was too late.

All of a sudden, the scent of lavender filled the room. Forrest's body thumped with giddy excitement as he felt a strange, pulsing sensation in his stomach. The threads of Forrest's pants began to come undone. Silk after line of silk started weaving around his body of its own volition, almost as if they were living beings. It wasn't just his pants either, as his underwear started unraveling just as fast too. In a matter of seconds, Forrest was basically naked, except the twirling threads of cloth did not just disappear. Instead, they started rewrapping around his body, fitting themselves around his legs, perfectly morphing around his figure as they shifted into a new set of cute clothes.

A similar process occurred at his top, which swirled off his body until it left his flat chest exposed. In a series of twirls and twists, the top reformed itself into a cute frilly bra with a soft pink color and a pretty white ribbon. Forrest's bottoms had turned into an adorable set of white panties with a series of fluffy white ribbons wrapping around his length. The panties were quite revealing, as they came with a set of ball bras that left most of his testicles exposed and his cock visible. As soon as the clothes had finished shifting,

magical roses appeared like sparkles, accompanied by a pretty glittering sound. It was the perfect cutesy gesture to accentuate Forrest's new cutesy clothes.

"Woah! They're so pretty!" Forrest gasped as he looked down at himself. The boy twisted his body left and right, taking in every ounce of detail from his soft bra and exposed panties. "I will say, it is a tad bit overexposed for my taste. But honestly, it doesn't look so bad at-"

Shleeeeeerk~

But before Forrest could finish his sentence, his crotch shot forward of its own volition as the boy's penis began to expand out from his body. Forrest let out a troubled groan as he felt the cock grow fatter and fatter. Its girth tripled in size, its length growing as long as an arm. His balls were not left behind in this incredible spurt growth, as they began drooping down further and further, dragging the cute ball-bra that held them with them. Though Forrest's cute underwear had only been meant to contain his normal sized endowment, the clothes were expanding in tandem to Forrest's imperative growth, almost as if they were designed to do so.

In a matter of seconds, Forrest's cock was as big as that of a horse. The titanic penis throbbed up and down with need, its fat, pink cockhead peeking ever so slightly out of its foreskin. His balls felt heavy and full of pent-up desire, full of enough need and weight that they would have surely been sagging were it not for his ball-bra. And if that wasn't enough, Forrest could feel a strange slit forming itself open underneath his scrotum. The slit wasn't painful, as if he'd cut himself open. Rather, it felt damp and hot. Its lips pulsed with life and desire, as liquid began to ooze from inside. If Forrest didn't know any better, he would have figured he'd just grown a pussy...

"W-What the hell...?" Forrest gasped loudly, his pants getting heavier as he felt heat overpower his form. "What the hell is hap-AAGGGHHHH~"

Unfortunately for Forrest, his changes were far from over. As the boy's chest lurched forward of its own volition, his breasts suddenly exploded in mass. Each one of his boyish pecs grew immensely fat and round. The bulged violently against the new bra that had formed around his body, stretching it further and further with each passing second. Forrest's nipples grew fatter and thicker, his areolas expanding past his bra whilst his nips bulged through the bras. By the time it was all done, Forrest sported a titanic set of G-Cup tits sprouting from his chest.

"W-Wha-!?! W-W-W-Why?!" Forrest gasped to himself, his mind twirling with a myriad of powerful conflicting sensations. "R-R-Rhajat-!"

Forrest stopped in place as he faced Rhajat. His eyes rolled to the back of his head in absolute pleasure. Though Forrest hadn't even been able to understand what had happened to him or why, his brain was getting completely fried with pure, unabashed, gargantuan levels of pleasure. Forrest's cock became fully erect without any need for external stimulation. His balls were already getting thicker and fatter, producing a relentless amount of sperm. Every inch of his form was screaming out in pleasure. A desire for release beat within the depths of his form.

Clenching his teeth, Forrest tried his best to hold back. Even though it felt like he was about to cum, he didn't want to fall prey to whatever this was. Forrest wasn't even doing anything specific to feel this good! His brain was too overwhelmed to even think about anything perverted! But his huge, wobbly tits felt so amazing hanging off his body... His brand new pussy pulsed with heat, squelching and throbbing underneath his scrotum with desire. Even Forrest's own cock seemed to betray him, pulsing up and down by itself as precum started to flow free from its tip. Forrest hadn't intended for any of this!! H-He just wanted to feel cute! A-And he felt so cute in his underwear right now~

"C-C-CUMMING!!!" Unable to hold himself back, Forrest's body stiffened as his cock started blasting out thick spurts of cum all over Rhajat's tent.

The hyper-sized penis flopped up and down wildly as cum spurted everywhere. Forrest's bubbly breasts bounced along with each of its throbs, while his balls tightened and pulled back in tandem. Except, they never really got smaller. Instead, it looked like Forrest was producing as much sperm as he was cumming right now. The itching arousal of his new pussy only made his orgasm ever stronger.

Rhajat watched the entire scene with horror on her face. She stepped back in order to try and escape. By this point, she realized that the curse was dangerously infectious. But the moment she smelled that delicious scent of lavender, she knew it was over. Stumbling backwards, Rhajat could do nothing as her bottoms reformed into cute frilly black panties with a space for a penis she did not have. Her top did not change too much, though it became a lot cuter and fluffier than she would have ever wanted. The particle flower shaped particle effects and whimsical magical sound taunted Rhajat as her outfit finished reforming. The worse was still yet to come however.

With little more than a pained grunt, Rhajat was shocked to see her clit suddenly explode into a massive, growing cock. She'd expected it to take longer than Forrest's transformation, considering she didn't have a penis in the first place. But within seconds, her tiny red nub was a huge, girthy, veiny rod. Rhajat's new ginormous appendage throbbed firmly far ahead of her body, complete with a set of inflating, heavy balls. Her endowment

effortlessly wrapped around her cute panties, fat balls falling effortlessly into their new frilly ball bra as if they'd always been there. Her pussy did not get sealed up, but it most certainly lit up with fiery heat that made her new penis throb harder and harder.

The inflation of Rhajat's chest wasted no time in coming next. Rhajat had always thought of herself as relatively well endowed in the chest department, but it seemed like the curse did not think so, as her breasts ballooned out even further than before. Each one of the heavy bosoms pulled her forward slightly, their wobbling weight much stronger than what Rhajat had been used to. Though Rhajat had always been used to her feminine mammaries, for some reason these ones felt so hotter and more sensitive than hers ever did...

As soon as Rhajat's transformation was finished, she tried to collect herself. The curse was bad, but as long as she cast a counter curse it should be manageable. However, what Rhajat wasn't expecting was for her body to be as aroused and sensitive as it was. When Rhajat first saw Forrest cum she'd just discarded him as weak and wimpy, but Rhajat was having a genuinely difficult time not giving in to her urges. With every breath, her cock throbbed violently in need. Her heavy balls weighed heavily on her mind, each one of their pulsations a painful reminder of her need for release. Rhajat bit her lip tightly. A curse expert like herself wasn't about to fall victim to a curse as stupid as this! She wasn't going to lose to her new needy cock! She wasn't going to give in to her sopping pussy. Who cared about the cute clothes?! A-And how cute she looked now~

"HNGGGHGH FHCKKK!!!" Rhajat screamed loudly, before her own penis started to pulsate with a violent orgasm. As much as she thought she could beat it, as great as of a mage as Rhajat presented herself, in the end the powerful sensation of the curse completely melted her brain in pleasure.

And so, with no one left to stop it, the curse soon made its way through the rest of camp...

...

A shrub on the outskirts of the training grounds rustled wildly by itself, when all of a sudden Nina's curious head peeked from its top. Pulling a set of binoculars to her eyes, the girl's serious expression quickly turned into one of lecherous debauchery.

"Eheheh~ I see them now! The dashing prince Siegbert and the illustrious singer Shigure are getting all close together~" Nina whispered to herself, her voice becoming droning as drool began to drip from her lips. "They might be talking about how to take care of their steeds, but soon they'll start to notice how much they want to take care of each other~"

"I'm boooooooooored!!" From the right side of the bush, Soleil groaned with an unamused expression. Unlike Nina, who was totally invested in Shigure and Siegbert's interaction,

Soleil was just resting against a branch without even caring to look. “We’ve been staring at boys all day! Can’t we just go chat up some cute girls?”

“SHUT UP, YOU!!” Nina snapped back, face full of fury and indignation. She pulled her binoculars down and directed all of her rage at Soleil. “I ALREADY spent the entire GODS damned morning watching you flirting with girls. Now let me enjoy my boys in peace!”

Nina quickly shifted her attention back to the boys out in the field. Her binoculars looked about until they focused on Shigure and Siegbert. Except... Something was wrong... For some reason, the pair didn’t have any undergarments on now. Their chests too were bare of armor. And it looked like... It looked like they both had huge cocks! And huge breasts! W-What the hell was going on?!? Nina shifted her binoculars away from them and towards Midori, who was standing nearby. But Midori too had a huge cock, and was endlessly cumming as she grinded a huge cock against the floor. Then she shifted her sights again, only to land on Sophie and Caeldori who were rubbing their arm sized lengths against each other.

W-Was it some sort of curse?! Had they all been infected with some sort of ailment? And... Why did it suddenly smell of lavender?

“N-Nina!!!” Soleil gasped loudly.

Nina turned back to look at Soleil, who was now staring at her with a look of horror. The sound of sparkling magic made Nina look down at herself. But instead of her regular clothes, all she saw was a super cute bra holding up G-Cup titties and some delightfully frilly panties adorned around her huge erection. Before Nina could react, her hips shot backwards and she began violently ejaculating out of the shrub. The last thing she remembered seeing before her lust took over was the sparkle of Soleil’s clothes as she too got a super cute bra and panties.

It looked like everyone in Corrin’s army was about to become super cute~