

As is completely common in any sort of organization of a large scale, the Order of Heroes is host to a vast number of rumors and legends that oft circulate among its members. Most of these rumors surround the order's intentions, as well as the mysterious summoner and the power he holds over summoned heroes. Does an institution with so much strength really want nothing more than to protect its people? Or might there be some nefarious plot underneath? Was this all powerful summoner truly benevolent, or could it all be a façade...? Other common types of rumors even involved some of the summoned heroes themselves. Since so many of them held contentious pasts or were straight up, actively evil, no one was certain when one of these trustworthy allies would snap and turn their blades towards the order itself.

However, perhaps the most mystical rumors of all were those that involved the Order of Heroes' castle itself... Serving as the base of operation for the entire group, as well as the place where all of the heroes lived, it only made sense that some gossip would emerge around such a hallowed place. The castle was several centuries old by this point, maybe even as old as Askr himself. The amount of history that had taken place throughout its halls was literally unknowable. How many epic battles and spilt blood had accumulated within its ground? How many spells or curses had become to its very walls? It made a perfect place for Heroes to whisper among themselves about its ethereal intricacies.

It gave way to a litany of rumors both benign but also mystical in nature. There was the usual 13th step, an extra step on the staircase that led you to an alternate dimension. Another popular rumor was that of the ghost sword, where the sounds of clashing swords could be heard at night in the arena even though there were no people present. And who could forget the rumor of the haunted suits of armor, which turned to look at you, but whenever you turned back, it was always facing straight. These silly rumors were the most commonly exchanged within the order, mostly baseless affair intending to incite fear and mystery between trusted companion's heart. But none of them could compare with the unique strangeness that was the rumor of the *unmarked bathroom*...

With such an innocent description, the rumor of the unmarked bathroom might not seem like a particularly worrisome one at first. At any point in time, completely randomly and without explanation, one of the bathrooms within Askr will lose all its markings. The male and female symbols completely disappear, and the bathroom themselves might switch sides, making it impossible to tell which bathroom is which until it is too late. Once someone steps in the bathroom however, they are compelled to stay inside, their body changing to fit these new surroundings...

At the end of the day however, the rumor of the unmarked bathroom is little more than a rumor. Very few heroes in the order actually believe in its validity, with many more finding it to be some kind of joke. In fact, it's actually more likely that someone will believe the rumor of the 13th step of the haunted suits of armor than that of the unmarked bathroom. Most heroes think that the rumor of the unmarked bathroom is nothing more than an excuse that perverts or clumsy heroes use to justify being in the wrong bathrooms. What none of them could ever come to expect is that within the ancient, mysterious halls of Askr's castle, sometimes truth is stranger than fiction...

The last thing on Chloe's mind as she rushed towards the nearest bathroom was any sort of silly rumor. After having one too many servings of intestine juices, the poor girl's bladder was reaching its absolute limit. She'd flown way too close to the sun by waiting this long to get some relief. But it wasn't her fault! The spiced sea urchins they were serving at the mess hall just wouldn't let her go...

Cute face scrunched up into a pained expression, Chloe's attention was more focused on deep, rhythmic breathing to calm her anxiety. Her thick thighs pushed closely together as they propelled her forward, a desperate attempt to prevent any sort of leakage. All that mattered at this point in time was that she could get to a toilet without any accidents. Luckily for her, the perfect place was just around the corner.

Sitting directly in front of the exit to the mess hall was the main bathroom. It was a place Chloe was intimately familiar, considering how much she enjoyed trying different types of strange food no matter how harmful they might have been to her gut. As she approached the entrance to the restroom however, Chloe noticed something strange. The usually large markings to indicate it was a bathroom were completely gone. These two doors could have led to storage rooms for all Chloe knew. Even more noteworthy however, was the fact that the gendered signs for each door were just as absent.

As bewildering as such an occurrence might have been, unfortunately Chloe did not have the luxury to stop and analyze it all. Her bladder bubbled loudly, pressure slowly rising within her to the point it felt like she was about to explode. Perhaps if Chloe wasn't in such a precarious situation, she would have been to question the odd changes. Maybe if she wasn't at the end of her rope, she could have figured out which bathroom was which. Alas, time was not a resource Chloe had to spare. Instead, the desperate woman was forced to reach towards the rightmost door and yank it open as hard as she could. By the time she stepped through the opening and into the bathroom, her fate was completely sealed...

The door to the bathroom led to a long hallway with a corner at the end that turned left. In this manner, it was basically impossible for any person to see which gender bathroom it was until one walked deep into the bathroom itself. Not that it really mattered to Chloe at this point. Body fueled by adrenaline, Chloe pressed deeper through the hallway without fear. Her breasts swayed left and right rapidly, almost threatening to spill out of her cleavage. Chloe's long, blue wavy hair trailed behind with each of her desperate motions. Honestly, at this point Chloe wasn't even worried about entering the wrong bathrooms. She was so familiar with the mess hall bathrooms she instinctively knew the right one was the correct choice. Rather, what worried Chloe the most was whether or not she'd be able to reach the stalls in time...

Quickly turning the corner at the end of the hallway, Chloe finally found herself in the bathrooms proper. A large line of tall, wide stalls littered the left side of the room one after another. It was precisely what Chloe needed to save herself from her perilous predicament. Yet... When Chloe reached for the closest stall, she found it to be locked. As was the next one. And the next one, and the next- In what could have been perhaps the worst-case scenario for someone in her position, Chloe had been caught strictly in the middle of the post lunch rush, leaving no open stall for her to get the relief she so desperately desired.

As the true peril of her situation settled in Chloe's mind, panic began to spread. Much to the woman's dismay, all Chloe could do at this point was wait and pray. The girl's legs closed even more fiercely than before, a sliver of shivers running down her spine. She began to hop in place like a little overenergetic bunny, focusing her mind on other anything else in hopes a stall would open soon and bring her salvation. In the midst of all of this frantic waiting, Chloe's eyes drifted to the right side of the room, where she noticed another incredibly strange detail.

Though the right side of the women's bathroom was typically empty, for some unexplainable reason Chloe found it to be filled with a lane of urinals. The urinals were perfectly aligned next to each

other, with several *MALE* heroes currently using without concern. A swift sensation of confusion promptly surged from within the depths of Chloe's mind. The lack of signs outside of the bathroom was one thing, but if there was anything Chloe was certain about it was that there should *NOT* be any urinals in the women's bathroom. Not to mention she could literally see members of the opposite sex in the bathroom alongside her. Could it be they added urinals to the women's bathroom for some reason? Was this some kind of gender-neutral restroom? Or perhaps... A more likely reason could be that Chloe had accidentally entered the wrong ba-

But just as suddenly as the thought came, it disappeared. All of her doubt and confusion was instantly whisked away into a cloud of nothingness. What a silly notion- Of course Chloe had entered the right bathroom! There was no way she could have entered the wrong gender restroom, even if she had been in such a hurry before. Just being inside this bathroom somehow felt... Right. The more Chloe looked at the urinals, the more familiar they became. Knowledge about how to use them filled her mind, as if she'd been using urinals her whole life!

In fact, the idea of using a urinal became so normalized within Chloe's mind, that she started to think about using one right now! Previously her mind was set on waiting for someone to vacate the stall so she could finally let her tinkle out, but... If she was only gonna pee, then the urinal would have more than satisfied her needs. It would have actually been a more normal thing to do too! Toilets were for sitting down and taking your time- What Chloe needed now was nothing more than a quick emergency leak!

Propelled by this almost instinctive feeling, Chloe's body moved her towards one of the urinals. A couple of them were already occupied, but luckily Chloe was able to sneak in between a pair of big gruff men who were preoccupied emptying their own tanks. As she stood before the urinal, Chloe spread her legs apart. She lifted her skirt, pressing both hands against her fatty vulva and pointing it towards the bowl. Bladder tightening, Chloe prepared herself to finally get the bodily relief she'd so desperately craved.

Except... Chloe stopped herself. Something... Something was off here. Chloe couldn't quite put her finger on it, but for some reason it felt as if something was missing, something which prevented her from peeing even though she was right in front of a urinal. Frustration growing from this unknown cause, Chloe started to look around for some kind of answer. Both of the guys to each of her sides seemed to be peeing without any problem, so why couldn't Chloe do it?

To her left was Lex, a tall, blue haired cavalier with a carefree nature. His shoulders were broad, his arms bulky, and his cock was absolutely gigantic. Even though he was fully soft, he could barely wrap his hand around his girth. Completely oblivious to Chloe's gaze, the man merely whistled as he continued to pee. On Chloe's other side was Raven, the fiery headed mercenary. Although perhaps not as masculine as Lex, Raven most certainly had an air of gruffness around him. His eternal scowl made him look quite intimidating, as did the firm musculature of his arms and chest. He held his much smaller penis in place with one hand, letting it shoot straight into the urinal with an aloof demeanor.

Though Chloe didn't know exactly why, she felt as if the answer to her predicament was in Raven. What was it that he had that she didn't? Why could he pee freely, while she was completely backed up? Could it be his tall body or decently muscular frame? Perhaps that forlorn attitude that was so characteristic of him? Feeling totally stumped by this question, Chloe just awkwardly stared at the man until Raven finally broke the silence.

“What the hell are you looking at?” Raven barked in an unfriendly manner, having growing tired of Chloe’s gaze. “You gonna pee or what?”

“A-Ah!” Chloe stumbled in place. Her cheeks lit up with a light pink, feeling slightly embarrassed to be called out by Raven. “Y-Yes of course!”

“Then pull your dick out and stop looking at me.” Raven retorted with anger, before focusing his attention back on his own urinal.

Almost immediately, Chloe’s eyes shot wide open in surprise. That was it! How could she have been so foolish! The thing that was missing was her penis! She couldn’t pee at the urinals if she didn’t have a penis, so all she had to do was pull her out! How she hadn’t come to such a simple conclusion, she had no idea!

Grunting and gasping loudly, Chloe started to flex her vaginal muscles in order to ‘take out’ her dick. It might have seemed like a completely ludicrous and silly thing to even attempt, considering Chloe was a regular woman. But the very moment such a thought had entered her head, Chloe’s insides began to shudder and reverberate with mad force. The magical qualities of the bathroom all coalesced within Chloe’s most intimate parts, altering the very genetic framework of her biology.

All of a sudden, the entrance of Chloe’s womb tightened. The tip of her cervix started to grow thicker and plumper within the confines her very pussy. Its head pushed out further and further until it had taken a bulbous, conical shape, while the hole at its tip slimmed into a slender slit. Though once familiar and tender, the shape of Chloe’s womb was now completely foreign and aggressive. This new modified member throbbed wildly, as if it just couldn’t bear to sit in place. With each passing second, it quivered harder and harder. A surge of newfound energy filled her tip, causing her to tremble and rebel until its head violently pushed forth and away from her pussy.

The moment Chloe’s womb dislodged and started to push out of her, the woman’s entire body spasmed in pure ecstasy. Her vaginal walls trembled, a thick blast of juices spurting forth with bliss. It felt as if her pussy was getting smashed from the inside. The girthy head of her cervix stretched out her vaginal walls as it pushed forth, sending wave after wave of ecstasy through Chloe’s system. But Chloe’s womb wasn’t merely evacuating from the depths of her hole. Rather, with every inch that it traveled, it seemed to incorporate Chloe’s pussy into its physiology, turning Chloe’s inner walls inside out as they became part of a thick, bulbous shaft.

In the midst of it all, the contents of Chloe’s womb did not remain unchanged either. Chloe’s tubes shrank sharply, pulling both of her ovaries closer and closer. These pair of ovaries began to grow fat and thick in turn. They bulged within the confines of her uterus, expanding into a pair of plump egg shaped protrusions that were as heavy as they were large. Even the eggs contained within Chloe’s ovaries shifted, each one of their atoms dividing as they transformed into millions of little male sperms. As Chloe began to produce wild amounts of testosterone from her body, the woman’s femininity was slowly but systematically eliminated from her form.

When Chloe’s cervix had finally traversed the entirety of her tunnel, it pushed forth from her vulva with a mighty pop. Except... The protrusion that came from her labia looked nothing like a feminine organ. Its head was bulbous, violent pink, tip drooping downwards with a thick set of vertical lips. Even the simplest of people could be able to tell what it truly was. Chloe had given birth to a fat, throbbing cockhead. And she was far from over.

Giving some more hearty grunts and heavy gasps, Chloe continued pushing this girthy penis out of her tight pussy. The shaft that slowly slid from her vaginal lips was incredibly wide and coarse. Its

head was fully exposed and devoid of foreskin, whilst its meaty pole throbbed up and down with endless arousal. Thick veins decorated its length, each one of them twitching from the overbearing pleasure that was rubbing against her own pussy. But perhaps the peculiar aspect of all was how large and magnificent Chloe's cock truly was. Even after she'd surpassed Raven in length and gone past the 10-inch mark, her penis continued to grow and lengthen. Chloe's mighty cockhead started to leak copious amounts of clear liquid. The throbbing of her shaft intensified as her dick became fatter and longer. The woman was truly hung like a horse.

It was only once the tip of Chloe's dick was inches away from the porcelain of the urinal that her massive cock finally stopped growing. A burst of juices exploded from her already jam packed pussy, the last ones she would ever expulse from such a hole. For with a loud, satisfying pop, a pair of fat, dangling balls exploded from her hole, turning Chloe's cunt inside out as they sealed her vaginal entrance completely. The only traces of Chloe's pussy that remained now were the slick juices that coated her fat cock.

Speaking of fat, Chloe's new testicles were perhaps the perfect companions to her enormous dick. The two incredibly heavy and hefty nuts clung down from her crotch low, her sack damp with sweat and droplets of her pussy's lubrication. Each of of them trembled as they swelled full of freshly produced sperm, and endless amount of masculine essence that filled her body to the brim with newfound vitality. Chloe could not feel any freer now that the two almost orange sized nuts were no longer constrained by the tight, damp space they had once been constrained in.

"Ahhh there we go~" Chloe sighed with a blissful breath of utter relief. "Much better~"

With a huge almost perverted smile spreading onto her entire face, Chloe happily grasped her titanic cock with both hands. The shaft was so ridiculously thick, even her two palms were incapable of wrapping around the entire girth whole. Her slender fingers lovingly squeezed onto the semi-stiff but still malleable meat of her dick. She could feel the heat of her impressive prick sizzle onto her fingers, enveloping them with warmth and a slight, sticky slickness. Standing before this urinal with her twitching cock in hand, Chloe could tell this was exactly what she had been missing. That strange hole in heart was now totally fulfilled.

The fact that Chloe hadn't just pulled out her cock in the first place was incredibly strange in retrospect. It seemed like such a silly mistake at this point. Having it locked up in that uncomfortable space was such a horrible feeling. Chloe didn't want to experience it ever again. It felt much better to spring it out in the open like this, letting its massive girth free to experience the open air. That's what the bathroom was for after all, to let her most intimate bits free from their restraints so one could get some well-deserved relief. And now that this little issue was solved, there was only one final thing to take care of. Aiming the tip of her cock at the bowl of the urinal-

Psshhhhhhhhhh~

A flurry of golden fluid started spouting freely from Chloe's trembling urethra like rain pouring down from the heavens. Chloe's spine tingled with a shiver of pure ecstasy, spreading goosebumps that prickled throughout her skin. After needing to hold it in for so long, nothing compared to the relief she felt right at this moment. The way all of that pressure slowly dissipated from her bladder was absolutely gratifying. She could feel every ounce of powerful piss flowing through her girthy cock, engorging her urethra from the sheer amount of pressure and mass. This instinctive pleasure of clearing all of the previous toxins and gunk from her system soothed Chloe of all of the previous ailments and concerns she might have held.

Piss was far from the only thing being cleaned from Chloe's body. A strange sensation tugged at the back of her mind, newfound memories supplanting themselves in the depths of her consciousness. All of a sudden, Chloe could remember playing sports with the boys and using the urinals with her dad. Things like flowers or make-up no longer seemed to interest her. Instead, her mind became preoccupied with images of women's big breasts and sopping pussies that made her cock tremble with lust. As more of Chloe's yellow liquid escaped from her urethra, so did every little scrap of her femininity. Little by little, Chloe's brain was wiped clean of her womanly desires until it was a den of masculine debauchery. Until *he'd* become a full blown man.

Embracing the full extent of his new male identity, Chloe let out a pleased moan. He felt his fat hog grow hard in his hand as his stream intensified from the throbbing pleasure. It was as if a huge mental fog had been cleared from his head. The reason why there were urinals, the reason why he was surrounded by guys, it all finally made sense now. Chloe had entered the **MEN'S** bathroom, and he was a guy, a dude, a proud, cock-bearing **MAN**. This was the exact place where he was supposed to be.

With one final powerful blast of piss, Chloe emptied the last remnants of liquid from his bladder. The man gave a satisfied sigh, yellow droplets leaking from his wide urethra. Using both of his slim hands, he rapidly shook the tip of his penis up and down to quickly cleanse any urine that might be left. It was a motion completely natural and confident, the exact type of thing any man would do. Chloe was a man after all, he didn't have to think twice to know exactly how to handle his own penis.

As Chloe stepped away from the urinal and made his way deeper into the bathroom however, he didn't feel the need to hide his cock or pull up his underwear as he usually would. For some reason, being inside this restroom made him feel more relaxed and freer. Like it was a place where he could let out all of his maleness without any sort of worry about modesty or judgement. In fact, Chloe felt so comfortable that he actively removed his panties and set them apart, allowing him to walk around with his cock out without any sort of restraints.

Chloe was far from the only one either. All around him, the man could see men stripping from their pants and walking around with their malehoods in full display. Perceval and Camus passed by Chloe, their faces serious in a discussion about horse riding while their dicks hung free from their pants. A cute and skittish Alfonse caught Chloe's sight, as he desperately tried to cover his tiny wiener while a blush colored his face. It seemed no man was immune from this aura of freedom that surrounded the bathrooms. There even seemed to be a set of wooden racks where men could place their pants and undergarments for temporary storage, making the process basically mandatory for all who stepped further inside.

Perhaps the thing that Chloe enjoyed most however was just how much bigger his cock was than that of his competition. Even though Chloe was half erect from her intense pissing, he could tell he far outsized many of the guys around him. The proud man puffed his chest forward, letting his massive dong wave around without any semblance of shame. He even gave huge guys like Caineghis and Gilliam a run for their money. Penis size was a huge point of pride between men, which made Chloe incredibly happy to know that he was in the top ranking throughout the entire order.

Having satisfied his male ego, Chloe focused on walking towards the sinks where he could wash his hands. A huge line of sinks littered a wall that stood perpendicular to the urinals and booths. Attached to the wall above the sink was a mirror, which reflected whoever currently used said sink.

And as he began to wash his hands on the sink, for some reason he couldn't help but let his eyes fall upon his own image.

Though Chloe wasn't one to usually look at himself in the mirror, he had to admit there was something odd about his appearance today. It was honestly pretty amazing that he hadn't noticed until right now, considering it was so blatantly apparent. But now that had come face to face with it, he would be remiss to ignore it. Chloe looked... Chloe looked incredibly fucking manly today! A huge cocky smile spread across the man's face, his cock throbbing lightly at his incredibly masculine appearance.

From his long, flowing blue hair that reached down to his shoulders, to his curvaceous body and wide, rounded hips, there was no part of Chloe that didn't look manly and hot. Chloe just loved how firm her totally flat and slender belly looked. Her face had a shining brilliance with those big blue eyes and her plump, lightly pink colored lips. Even her fat, voluptuous thighs looked like they could crush anything. Chloe looked so good today, she was completely surprised nobody else had noticed it and given her a compliment. She was perhaps the picturesque definition of what a man should look like.

"Hey there Chloe!"

Without any sort of warning, an overly friendly Hinata snuck up from behind Chloe and gave him a big brotherly hug. Hinata's hands were incredibly forward and shameless. He took a firm hold of Chloe's body, even wrapping around her tits. Were Chloe a woman, it would have most certainly been seen as an improper gesture. But such camaraderie was completely normal between close men.

"Oh, hey what's up Hinata?" Chloe responded with a smile, completely uncaring that his plump tits were firmly within Hinata's grasp.

"Not much heh. Just thought I'd stop by to say hi." The man responded with a big earnest smile. Though his actions were most certainly sexual in nature, Hinata's bright smile held no sort of malice or perverted desire.

"By the way..." Hinata's fingers slipped underneath Chloe's top, intimately wrapping around his bare chest. Without any sort of inhibition, the boy started to squeeze Chloe's soft, pillowy melons between his fingers. He could feel every ounce of that soft, almost goopy mass slipping between his digits with each little squeeze. "Have you been working out dude? Your pecs feel huuuuge!"

Almost instantly, Chloe could feel a sensation of confidence spike through his body. The man puffed his chest, proudly pushing them into Hinata's hand. "Oh yeah dude, you know how it is." Chloe's voice was cocky and smug, the ever competitive masculine spirit flowing freely through his veins. "Been eating a ton of protein to supplement my workouts. I guess I must have put on a bunch of bulk."

"Hell yeah dude!" Hinata confidently supported his bro. And after what finally seemed like an eternity, he finally let go of Chloe's breasts. "Well, I gotta bail. But next time, you have take me out to eat some of that weird stuff you'll like. Maybe I'll be able to put some more muscle, like you!"

"Sure! Any time bro!" Chloe cockily waved Hinata goodbye, watching him walk away with a smile in her face.

Wiping his hands dry of the water, Chloe stood in the middle of the bathroom with a sensation of fulfillment he'd not often felt before. Having released all that piss into the urinal was good for sure,

but he also felt this thumping sensation of masculine pride that made his heart swell. Now that his main business was done, it was probably time for Chloe himself to leave. Although a part of him didn't want to go out just yet... For some reason, just being in the bathroom filled him with an intense amount of masculine energy and testosterone that fueled his every motion. But more importantly... Looking down at his semi-erect and slowly hardening cock, Chloe could see that he was far from fully *relieving* himself~

While most bathrooms in Askr only had facilities to dispose of waste and wash one's hands, Chloe could see this specific restroom was special. Hidden away in a secluded corner next to the urinals was a little hole in the wall with a sign indicating it was the '*Masturbation corner*'. Several different benches and chairs sat along the walls of the masturbation corner, as did a number of shelves and chests. However, what truly made the masturbation corner special was the fact that within said shelves and chests laid every single possible masculine sex toy known to man.

The absolute breadth of variety and quantity of male sex toys within the masturbation corner was absolutely astounding. Every single type of pocket pussy was in display, from simplistic pink tubes of flesh to completely anatomically correct vaginal tunnels and fully sculpted replicas of female torsos. One could even find toys aimed at the anal side of male pleasure, with a litany of beads meant to stimulate the prostate or full on plastic dildos to slam into the depths of your intestines. It was a corner of perverted paradise, where all kinds of sexual stimulation could be brought to life.

A number of guys were already happily taking advantage of this interesting little facility, but the one who caught Chloe's eyes the most was one of his fellow men, Hilda. Instead of taking one of the seats to relax and relieve himself, Hilda was currently making use of one of the masturbation corner's sex toy mount.

The sex toy mounts weren't particularly complex devices. They consist of a sturdy metallic pole that is attached to the ground and stretches up to a person's crotch level, where one can easily fit any of the onaholes provided. They're even built with handles for easier grip, as well as a condom at the end so that cum doesn't spill on the other side. Functionally, the devices are similar to horse breeding mounts, except they're perfectly crafted to fit human males.

"Uooogghhhhh Marianne~~"

With both of his hands firmly gripping onto the pussy holder's handles, Hilda's hips desperately smashed against the pink onahole's squishy entrance. His usually cute face was scrunched up into an expression of unbearable pain and ecstasy. The long, pink, feminine twin tails of his hair flapped back and forth as he thrust with abject need, a desperate lust fueling his every motion. Hilda was so pent up at this moment in time, he couldn't help but let out all of his luscious energy like a mindless beast in heat, regardless of how much of a show he made in front of other men like him.

One of the first things that Chloe noticed about Hilda was that his dick was incredibly small. These were one of the sorts of things men like Chloe cared about the most, so that was what he initially looked for. But it wasn't even that difficult to figure out in the first place, considering no matter how hard or violently Hilda thrust into his toy, he wouldn't even make a bulge in the onahole. More than just the small penis however, Chloe could sense a strong sense of dejected anguish coming from Hilda's demeanor.

"Haah~ Haaaah~ I love you so much~" Hilda gasped at the top of his lungs, legs pumping forth at their own volition. "Y-Yet you never look at me~~~!!!"

It seems Hilda had gotten himself in quite the precarious situation. While Hilda's flirtatious attitude and attractive figure could get any man to do whatever he desired, every single girl that he met saw him as nothing more than a good friend. Even his latest crush, the gentle and caring Marianne, held only platonic feelings for Hilda while he was head over heels for her. The girls didn't do it with any sort of malicious intention. It was just that Hilda's gossipy nature and laid back attitude led them to see him as more of a girl friend than a guy friend. And the fact that his penis was quite small most certainly didn't help either.

As a result, the only thing poor Hilda could do to relieve all of his overflowing male desires was to fuck these sex toys as hard as he could possibly manage. Hilda's pants rang out incessantly with his every pump, his tiny dick barely making a dent in the sex toy he was penetrating. The man's fat, jiggling breasts bounced harder than his tiny sack, though at least his fat ass gave him a good amount of thrusting force. It just wasn't fair! Hilda was as much of a man as anyone else in the room! He deserved some love too!

"Marianne~ Marianne~ Mariaaanneeeee~!!!" Hilda yelled at the top of his lungs, his hips smashing into the pole one final time. His cock throbbed a couple of times, before spewing a pair of weak, strings of cum that didn't even make it to the other side of the sex toy. "I'm cumming for youuuuuuu~!!!"

Chloe couldn't help but shake his head at such a display. It was honestly such a shame. Hilda was quite a handsome gentleman. Perhaps if he worked a bit on that lazy personality of his and learned how to interact with women in a more direct manner, he'd be able to get what he wanted. Unfortunately, the cards were stacked against him from the start. With such a pathetic dick, he would have to do a lot of extra work to overcome his faults. Chloe could empathize with the boy, but he most certainly couldn't relate. Chloe's cock was so big, he could basically get any woman that he ever desired~

"Are you shitting me Emm?!? You really fucking Lissa?!"

Instantly, Chloe's ears perked up at the sound of some interesting talk going on nearby. No longer interested in Hilda's pathetic show, the man subtly turned towards the voices, which came from an entrance that stood between the sinks and the masturbation room.

Slowly emerging from a door frame dressed in nothing but white towels were Exalt Emmeryn and princess Celica. The duo's bodies were covered in droplets of water, their hair totally damp. Neither of them seemed to care about covering themselves up either, as their bare pecs and softened cocks were completely visible for anyone who cared to take a look. It was plently apparent that they had both just come out of the showers together. Chloe couldn't remember there being any showers in the mess hall bathrooms, but that mattered little in the face of some very juicy gossip.

"W-Well... I-It's just that..." Emmeryn stuttered back at Celica, his gaze low to the ground and distant. "M-My little sister is soooo cute... I-I just can't help myself sometimes!"

"Still dude, that's pretty fucked up!" Celica playfully shoved Emmeryn's shoulder. Though his words seemed very antagonistic, the smile on his face indicated he was proud of his shy companion's conquest. "Consensual incest is still incest."

"N-Not that you're one to talk!" Having grown weary of Celica's teasing, Emmeryn piped up by shoving Celica back. "You're fucking Mae even though she's married to Boey!"

“Heh... What can I say? I’m a bit of a player~” A look of pure, cocky confidence decorated Celica’s face. There was no shred of responsibility or integrity in his demeanor. He knew what he was doing was wrong and he was owning it. “Mae’s always been head over heels for me. I’d be an idiot not to take her offer. Plus, it’s not my fault that Boey’s got no game. Maybe if he knew how to satisfy his own wife, she wouldn’t go around sleeping with her best friend.”

A moment of silence ensued, each of the men in deep thought about the intricacies of their intimate relationships. Chloe couldn’t help but admire them a bit as they stood next to each other. Emmeryn’s breasts were quite bountiful and round, with a fat drooping cock to match. He had the air of a quiet but confident daddy who could dominate you, with that soft chubby tummy and thick, plump hips.

Celica’s energy was on the opposite end of the spectrum, that of a naughty, slick, fast talking play boy who could always get what he wanted. His breasts weren’t as big as Emmeryn’s, but he more than made up for it with a slim and youthful body that could no doubt go at it for hours. Not to mention how his cock was pretty long for his size. Not as big as Chloe’s of course, but certainly sufficient for Mae at least. Each one of them was an exemplary display of masculinity, it was no wonder their sex lives were quite active.

“Awww damn it, look at what you’ve done.” Celica grumbled at her partner as he looked down at his penis, which sprung forth from his crotch with a meaty erection. “Now I got a huge hard on.”

“... Y-Yeah, me too...” Emmeryn commented softly, his fat, girthy cock stretching out in much the same manner. “Wanna go to the relief stations and let out some steam?”

“Hell yeah I do.” Celica enthusiastically agreed.

And with that, the two walked to the other side of the masturbation corner, where all of the relief stations were set up. Chloe found their exchange to be quite entertaining. It was always fun to hear about other guy’s dramas and sex lives. But much more interesting than that was the prospect of a ‘relief station’. Looking down at his own penis, Chloe could see he was at full mast. Those raunchy conversations must have pushed him just over the edge from his to be completely aroused. Perhaps it wouldn’t be a bad idea to give these relief stations a look for himself~