

Throughout the entirety of the kingdom of Askr, there was perhaps no place with more destructive and treacherous potential than the Secret Armory of the Order of Heroes. Within its thick stony walls laid a myriad of dangerous weapons and devices that had once been used by Askr's enemies. Terrifying tools which contained power far above your average swords and spears. From leveling entire cities, to decimating whole armies in the blink of an eye. The ungodly potential for domination held by these weapons was nigh unstoppable. It was only through the use of smart tactics, friendship and sometimes sheer luck that the Order of Heroes was able to defeat the wielders of such horrid tools. Which is why, knowing first hand the power of these demonic tools, the Order has decided to safe guard them in this secret vault, never to be opened or used ever again.

The secret of the armory is only told to those who will serve as guards for the vault. These guards are vetted to be the cream of the crop, the most responsible and uncorruptible Heroes in the entire order that would never dream of betraying their post. There is always a group of guards on patrol at all times. And even then, these guards are constantly rotated and use different patrol patterns every day, in order to not become predictable. Moreover, no matter what the reason or cause, not a single Hero is allowed inside of the Secret Armory. Not even the royal family or the guard themselves, for fear one of the many weapons would corrupt even the fairest of souls.

So the fact that Soleil was currently making out with Ophelia in the darkness of the armory was, to keep it lightly, very *very* bad.

The cute, pink-hatted Forrest trembled madly as he peeked through one of the shelves of magical weapons at Soleil and Ophelia sucking each other's faces off. Sweat poured down his face profusely, his gaze shifting left and right with anxiety at the thought of being caught any second. Getting picked to be one of the guards of the Secret Armory was a very honoring experience for Forrest. It was not the sort of position that got offered to anyone, so he wanted to show his thanks to the Order by doing his best job being a guard. However, when Soleil and Ophelia came up to him in the midst of his patrol, begging and pleading him to let them have a peek inside the room, well... Poor Forrest couldn't resist the cute girls' antics and opened the door despite his better judgements.

What Forrest *couldn't* have expected was that the moment the doors would open, how both Soleil and Ophelia dashed deep inside as if they owned the place. Panic filled Forrest. Though he knew he wasn't allowed to enter, he followed the duo anyways and closed the door. Now the three of them were here, in the middle of the dark, dusty walls of the Secret Armory. A place forbidden to all from entering, a place of highly dangerous and volatile instruments. If anyone found out that they were here, they'd be doomed.

"Soleil!!! Ophelia!!!" Forrest scream whispered at the girls, his body wracked with the type of sheer dread that was bad for his clear, feminine skin. "What are you two doing?!?! You can't be here!!!"

Without even turning towards Forrest, the duo of ladies continued to lovingly kiss and caress each other with passion that oozed from their every pore. Soleil had Ophelia pushed back against one of the room's many shelves, her knee stuck between Ophelia's thighs and gently nuzzling against her pussy. Each one of them moaned happily as they felt their breasts intimately press against each other through their clothes. Their hands had no qualms about exploring their partner's body either. Ophelia tightly gripped Soleil's butt while Soleil's finger traced along Ophelia's curves. Even their tongues shivered in ecstasy, crashing against each other again and again to make damp, sloppy sounds.

Ever since the moment Soleil had heard about the Secret Armory, she had dreamed about having sex in there. Its lack of natural lighting as well as private nature made it the perfect place to make love. However, what really turned Soleil on was how *wrong* it was for them to be in here. NOBODY was allowed in the room, the people who were heard even thinking about stepping inside were punished severely. Soleil imagined what it would be like to be caught, to be punished for being a naughty girl. It *really* turned her on, in fact, a part of her wanted to be caught! The idea she could sully such a sacred place with sex as irresistible.

Just like Soleil, Ophelia was also incredibly turned on, though her reasons were quite different. As the chosen heroine, Ophelia *LOVED* the idea of having sex in the middle of so many magical and accursed artifacts. She could feel the sheer supernatural energy of the items contained within flowing into her veins (she couldn't), and it made her pussy flow with lust. Not to mention how Ophelia was most likely one of the first people to have sex in such a venerated sanctum. Ophelia Dusk's divine pussy juices would soon decorate the innards of this mystical room, just as the many other powerful items did. The thought alone was almost enough to make her cream on the spot!

"Hey, come on girls!!!" Seeing as neither Soleil nor Ophelia seemed to respond to his plea, Forrest once again grew loud and uneasy. "We have to leave right now or we're going to be punished!!!"

After what seemed like an eternity of anxiety, Soleil and Ophelia finally seemed to have parted their lips. The pair of ladies gasped breathlessly, their mouths damp with each other's saliva and their gazes connected in tender affection. As they slowly collected themselves, the duo turned to face Forrest. Though they didn't let go of each other for a single second, as Ophelia's hands were firmly placed on Soleil's butt while Soleil pulled Ophelia closer by her hip. They looked like inseparable lovers as they stared at Forrest.

"Be at ease Forrest! Us chosen ones are pure of heart!" Ophelia spoke with a smile, her voice soft but full of that theatrical bravado she was used to. "We do not plan to use any of the accursed items in this sanctum. We umm... We just wanna have some fun!"

"That's right Forrest boy, relax! Just one quickie, and we'll be out of here." Soleil confidently chuckled. As her eyes narrowed, she shot Forrest a lustful, knowing gaze. "Plus, it's mighty hypocritical of you to tell us to leave, when I can see your little guy there is just as excited as us~"

Forrest gasped loudly at the accusation. He felt insulted that Soleil would even insinuate such a thing! Unfortunately, she was completely right... Slowly looking down at his own crotch, Forrest could see his member starting to bulge from his skirt. The throbbing cock was bursting from his panties, twitching up and down in desperate need of attention. It honestly wasn't his fault. Soleil and Ophelia were both his girlfriends. The three of them were in a loving polyamorous relationship, so seeing the two people he loved most so close and passionate with each other would obviously make him aroused, despite the fact they were doing something so wrong.

"Hey, how about you join us?" Soleil suggested with a devilish smirk, knowing full and well Forrest wanted nothing more than that.

"That sounds like a great idea!" Ophelia pepped up, eyes glimmering with excitement at the suggestion. "Come on Forrest!! Let's do it! That way our chosen bodily fluids will bless this chamber in their holy protection!"

“Yeah, and if you help us finish faster, we’ll leave faster too!” Soleil continued adding to the fire, pulling along at Forrest’s thread like a spinstress.

Without even needing to consider it, Forrest knew the idea was absolutely terrible. The three of them shouldn’t be here in the first place, so adding Forrest to their mix would only make things more complicated and dangerous. Buuuut... Even with all that knowledge, Forrest’s cock continued to pulse with need. His heartbeat thumped at his girlfriends’ words. The two of them were idiots, but he loved them so much. Forrest’s mind told him it was wrong. But sometimes the heart wants what it wants.

“Okay fine!” Forrest relented with a frumpy pout, refusing how excited and happy he was to join Soleil and Ophelia. “But as soon as we finish, we’ll all leave immediately, alright?”

In just a couple of seconds, all of the concern that had been broiling in Forrest’s core seemed to melt away into pure desire as the boy rushed towards his girlfriends. Soleil and Ophelia watched the needy boy approach them with smug smirks, his blonde frills bouncing left and right whilst the bulge coming from his skirt trembled eagerly. They both welcomed him with open arms, happy to include him in their embrace as their lusts continued to rise.

Whilst Ophelia clung tightly onto Soleil’s left side, Forrest noticed Soleil’s empty right side and forcefully snatched it up for his own. The boy vigorously pushed Soleil back against the shelf behind her, his arms wrapping around her waist while his crotch began to grind against her leg. Before even asking for permission, Forrest pushed his lips onto Soleil’s and planted a passionate, loving kiss. Soleil let out a groan at the incredible sensation of Forrest’s tongue pushing deep into her mouth, his soft, pillowy lips massaging against her own. Forrest wasn’t usually this aggressive of a partner, but since Soleil’s and Ophelia’s antics had frustrated him so much, he felt the need to take it out on them. It was a very welcome change of pace for the sopping Soleil.

Not one to shy away from teasing Soleil, Ophelia herself joined on Forrest’s assault. Her right hand pushed underneath Soleil’s butt and pressed against her crotch, fingers eagerly teasing Soleil’s dampening folds with tentative, circular motions. Then, with her other hand, Ophelia started caressing and groping Soleil’s left breast through her mercenary clothes. Soleil’s shirt might have been a bit baggy, but it was no match for the way Ophelia’s digits pressed into her chest, kneading and caressing it with utter tenderness and passion. Ophelia even made sure to keep her mouth preoccupied, by peppering the back of Soleil’s neck with a myriad of kisses and sloppy licks that ran all the way down to Soleil’s shoulders. It wasn’t often that she got to see Soleil on the back foot, and she was milking it for all it was worth.

Standing directly between her impassioned boyfriend and her horny girlfriend, Soleil felt like she had ascended to heaven. Every inch of her body and mind were preoccupied with pure bliss. The soft scent of Forrest’s body mixed with the pleasure that Ophelia was inflicting to create the perfect conditions. There was absolutely nothing that could ruin this moment, which is why Soleil decided to let herself go and enjoy it to the fullest. Caring not for her surroundings, Soleil pushed her back against the shelf behind her while she reciprocated Forrest’s kiss. Her legs wobbled back and forth from Ophelia’s caress, losing any semblance of stability. This only encouraged Forrest and Ophelia to continue pleasuring Soleil harder, a vicious cycle of lust that seemed to be endlessly picking up speed.

What none of them seemed to realize was that the more passionate they became, the more they tussled against the old, unstable shelf behind Soleil. With each one of the trio's brusque motions, the shelf seemed to wobble and quake. Each of the items along its many boards tussled along to this shaking. Swords slid from one side to another, tombs thumping up and down. But only one item in particular out of the many accursed artifacts stacked on the shelf stuck out. Perched at the very edge of the plank, a curious little container made of glass seemed the most at danger to tumble over at any second.

At first glance, it didn't seem very powerful or dangerous. It was little more than a quaint bottle in the shape of a horse, no larger than a regular bottle of perfume. Its design *was* a tad bit... Unconventional. For instead of a regular horse, the container's shape was much more humanoid in nature, a perverse mix of man and beast. The horse's face was humanoid but stretched out with fat, drooping lips. An ominously thick cylindrical protrusion stood out at the bottom. But the artifact's true perils laid within the glass of the container itself, glass which housed a powerful, infectious curse with the ability to change a person's life in its entirety. As long as the bottle's contents remained sealed, everything was safe. Unfortunately, Forrest's and Ophelia's jostling were slowly pushing it closer and closer to the edge until it started to teeter...

As Soleil leaned back against the shelf with another hearty thrust, the balancing bottle finally gave way. Like a rock scattering off the edge of a cliff, the container lurched forwards and careened down towards the trio of youths. However, rather than heading straight to the ground and shattering into a billion pieces, the bottle safely landed on top of Soleil's head with a loud bonk instead. Soleil almost bit her tongue from the impact, but didn't much react as Forrest continued to kiss her. While at first it might have seemed like Soleil had saved herself by catching the bottle with her head, the bottle's entire cap had flown off in the impact, causing it to tip over and spill its corruptive contents directly on Soleil's scalp.

What came out of the thin bottle neck was no sort of viscous liquid or murky miasma. Instead, it was all just sand. A glimmering pile of shiny purple sand, its color vibrant and unnatural. Despite the fact there was no sort of light in the room, it somehow seemed to sparkle brightly with this corrupted shade. The sand began to accumulate in a pile atop Soleil's head. It slowly spilled down the rest of her body, reaching all the way to her shoulders and even a bit on her face. Except, the sand didn't sit there motionless. Each little grain slowly sunk into Soleil's body, gently phasing through her skin until it was completely absorbed. It wasn't a painful experience, but Soleil could feel it vividly. The way the little pile accumulated and sank into her depths turned her mind into a foggy mess.

By the time all of the sand had already been emptied from the container, Soleil's disorientation reached its limits. The girl's head bucked forward, causing the glass bottle to finally fly from her head and shatter into the ground below. The loud, piercing noise of shattering glass finally seemed to pull Ophelia and Forrest out of their lustful daze. The duo turned their attentions to Soleil, who seemed to be almost completely out of commission, and a deep sensation of dread filled them both.

"S-S-Soleil?!? Are you okay?!?" They almost yelled in almost perfect unison.

Ophelia quickly rushed towards Soleil, both of her hands firmly grasping Soleil's shoulders. "Are you hurt anywhere!?" Ophelia screamed, yanking Soleil back and forth as if she was desperately trying to wake her from a coma. "Can you hear my voice?! Are you still with us?!?"

While not as loud and exaggerated as Ophelia, Forrest was just as concerned at the sight of his hurt girlfriend. "S-Should we go get a healing staff!?!?" He muttered anxiously, a shiver of panic coursing down his spine. "L-L-Let's go to the infirmary now! T-They'll know what to do?!"

"I-I'm sshhffineee..." Soleil slurred, pushing through the sluggishness of her brain as her head slowly rose. "I-I'm fine, alrighteee?! Settle down you two!" Standing firmly with some regained balance, Soleil recomposed herself in order to not worry her loves. "I just got a little bruise on my head... Nothing more. If there's anything to worry about, it should be that broken **Cough cough** T-that broken bottle... But I'm fine see! Completely, totally f-**COUGH COUGH COUGH**"

As that final cough burst through Soleil's lungs, the woman's tits exploded out from her chest like a pair of airbags instantly inflating to max capacity. Each one of Soleil's breasts tore through her shirt effortlessly. They tumbled forward with copious amounts of mass, reaching all the way to her knees. That is to say, Soleil's new tits were absolutely *massive*. One second, they were perfectly normal, average breasts, the next they were absolute behemoths of flabby fat. Unlike regular breasts, these new dirty tits were completely saggy and gloopy. There was no perk to their shape, no firmness to their mass. The two titties drooped down from Soleil's chest like nothing more than a pair of thick, blobs of meat that just flopped about.

Even Soleil's nipples seemed to have changed. The once pert and petite nipples she'd possessed now were now thick, bulbous meat nubs that were saggy and deformed. The pores on her nips were so thick and rounded, it looked like one could feasibly fuck it. No longer were Soleil's areolas a cute, tender pink that covered a small amount of her breast. Now, the patch of skin was colored a sickly brownish color, with several moles and bumps to make it look coarse and rough. The two sets of weights on Soleil's chest could be called breasts in the same way a random lady of the night could be called a lover. It was a perverse exaggeration, a foul sexual parody taken to its furthest extreme.

And they were now fully attached to Soleil's body. Gazing down upon her own bust, the only thing Soleil could do was stare eyes wide and shocked. Forrest and Ophelia shared in her reaction, taking a step back to look at Soleil as if she was some kind of alien creature. A part of Soleil wanted to believe that this was some sort of illusion, or that perhaps she was merely dreaming it all. But Soleil could *feel* her new breasts. Their heat bore into her body, their blood pulsing through her veins as with any other part of her body. From the tip of her fat nipples all the way to the widest part of her tits, Soleil knew her body had been thoroughly corrupted.

Worst of all however, was that things were only just getting started. As more and more heat began to permeate through Soleil's body, she could feel another one of those coughs coming. It was the exact same type of cough she'd felt when her tits expanded, a rise of corruptive mucus that made its way up the back of her throat and into her sinuses. Soleil held her breath as hard as she could, she tightened her chest in order to compress the cough from making its way out. At first it seemed to slow the bile down, but soon enough the cough continued to push through her respiratory system anyways, as if completely uncaring of her desires. Soleil's eyes began to water, her lips trembled and her body shuddered. She couldn't let it win-! She had to keep the cough down, or-!

COUGH COUGH COUGH!!!!

Just like Soleil's breasts before, the woman's ass almost instantly ballooned into a thick pair of wobbly cheeks that were twice as wide as her torso. Soleil's tights ripped asunder in seconds from her thickening thighs, rolls upon rolls of fat cascading out of her legs like water from a volcano. The mass just spilled about everywhere, piles upon piles of formless, wobbly fat that was as tender as it was abundant. Though below her knees her feet seemed unchanged, copious amounts of fat and muscle pushed Soleil up, able to hold her increased body weight. These weren't the legs of a human. They were the legs of some kind of enormous beast.

"G-Guys...?" Having experienced yet another complete transformation, Soleil knew there was no point in denying it any longer. Slowly she lifted her face towards Ophelia and Forrest, a pit of dread forming in her stomach. "I-I think... I think there's something wrong..."

A series of loud, uncomfortable crackles rang out as soon as Soleil spoke those words. Her face scrunched up with discomfort, voice crying out with an anguished yelp. While the first couple of transformations had been relatively swift, now it felt like every inch of her body was burning with pain. Her bones snapped and twisted through her body, shifting forcefully to fit a larger frame. Soleil's very organs churned and gurgled, swirling around her insides in a manner which could only be described as debased. Slowly, Soleil could feel her stomach starting to grow thicker and larger, just as the rest of her assets had. With every passing second, the symbols of her humanity were ebbing away in favor of this corrupted creature.

As Soleil's spine twisted and cracked without her consent, the girl found herself unable to stand upright any longer. Soleil's body teetered left and right, a desperate attempt to maintain some sort of balance. But it was futile. Robbed of her ability to remain on two legs, Soleil suddenly lurched forth and crashed to the ground. Thankfully, Soleil's incredibly enormous titties were there to soften the blow. Despite their increased size and sensitivity, any sort of force seemed to translate into pleasure rather than pain. Soleil's arms helped too, letting her push herself up from the floor and at least stand on all fours.

But as Soleil put pressure on her arms and feet for support, these two began to undergo their own transformation. The back of Soleil's arms grew thick and meaty, their circumference expanding outwards like a drumstick until they bulged against the arms of her shirt. They hadn't grown as large as Soleil's thighs, but they were certainly larger than any human legs she'd ever seen. More worryingly than that was the way Soleil's fingers began to twist and merge with each other. The more weight Soleil put on her hand, the more it seemed to contract in on itself. Any sort of dexterity was ripped away, utility replaced with sheer force. A similar process occurred with her feet, which tightened into a single identical appendage. These limbs were for standing and standing alone. These were hooves.

With the assistance of her girther limbs, the rest of Soleil's torso started to thicken and grow. Her belly and back ballooned outwards, expanding in every direction to make a more voluptuous, cylindrical shape. Copious amounts of fat rolled out of her previously taut and flat tummy, hanging downwards with soft, squishy meat that was akin to her breasts. The thicker she grew, the more she seemed to stretch out her poor clothes, which struggled to wrap around her fattening frame. It didn't take long for her torso to be twice as big as before, stretching as long as a whole human person. By this point, Soleil more closely resembled some kind of large farm animal than a human!

“Soleil!!” Cried Ophelia, her worry bubbling over until she found herself rushing to Soleil’s side. Though she knew not what was happening to Soleil, nor what kind of risk she would be putting herself in by getting closer, Ophelia just had to reach out to do- Something!

“D-Don’t worry Soleil! I’m here for you!” Ophelia wrapped her arms around Soleil’s widening shoulders as tight as she could manage. “It’s alright!! W-We’ll find a way to fix you!!!”

Forrest on the other hand, was more averse to approaching. He couldn’t exactly put his finger on it, but something at the back of his mind told him this was bad news. They were in the storage room that contained an endless supply of forbidden weapons after all. If one of those devices was the cause of this then... They would need a LOT of help. Slowly, Forrest began to back away from Soleil and Ophelia. A subtle gesture which Ophelia immediately caught.

“Where are you going?!?” Ophelia yelped at the top of her lungs, still clinging to Soleil like she was holding for dear life.

“W-We need to find someone to help us!” Forrest responded defensively. His heart was torn at the idea of leaving Soleil, but he felt as if this was the best course of action.

“But we can’t leave her all on her own!” Ophelia replied back, unwilling to entertain such an idea in the middle of Soleil’s plentifully obvious distress.

While the duo began to argue with each other, yet another surprise arose from Soleil’s depths. Like a little seedling blooming out of its shell, Soleil’s clit started growing longer and wider. Its circumference thickened to the girth of a human arm, its length elongating until it reached the floor. But even with this incredible size, the member didn’t seem satisfied. The pink stub wiggled left and right, pulsating with a maddening need that sent shivers through Soleil’s whole body. As this strange throbbing reached its apex, the tip of Soleil’s clit split into two, and slowly what had only been one ridiculous rod of pink were now two. But their havoc was only just getting started.

Stretching as far from Soleil’s sopping pussy as they could manage, Soleil’s monster started to slither on the floor as if they had a mind of their own. The way they slowly wriggled forth, completely undetected by either Ophelia or Forrest, almost made it seem like they were predators on the hunt. It was clear that they were looking for something. However, their true intentions would only be revealed as one of the pink rods snuck underneath Ophelia’s legs. Gazing up at Ophelia’s dampened crotch, the pink nub between her legs shuddered with excitement. Without making any sudden movements, it began to rise towards her backside, aiming its tip directly at Ophelia’s buttole ...

“Gyhhh!!!” Ophelia yelped loudly as she felt a strange protrusion push through the rim of her anus.

Instinctively, her buttole tensed up in an attempt to keep the tentacle from further invading her body. It was a completely useless attempt. Soleil’s clit-tendrill shamelessly pushed into the depths of Ophelia’s anus, making the tight anal cavern into its home. Ophelia knelt down and gripped the tendrill with both hands, before attempting to yank it out as hard as she could manage. Despite how hard she pulled though, the only thing Ophelia achieved was making herself moan. In just a matter of seconds, the tendrill had already merged with her insides, making it impossible for her to even try and remove it. Worse of all, Ophelia’s nervous system had already merged with that of the tendrill, effectively combining the two into one.

Eyes wide in terror and shock, Forrest could only watch as Ophelia was slowly dragged towards Soleil's crotch. No matter how much she tried to gasp or struggle, the tendril was able to effortlessly pull her along the floor. It was then that Forrest's gaze caught a glimpse of the second one of Soleil's pink clit-tendrils, which had been stealthily slithering towards him. The tentacle froze in its tracks for a couple of seconds, as if to pretend it was no threat to Forrest. But the moment it understood its subterfuge would no longer work, the member sprang towards Forrest on the offensive.

As the tentacle violently lunged at Forrest, the feminine boy was barely able to avoid it by sidestepping its attack. However, if he didn't want to suffer the same terrifying fate as Ophelia, he *knew* he had to get away and FAST. Shifting his attention towards the door, Forrest dashed towards freedom as far as his legs would carry him. He did stop for a single second, heart twinging with guilt at the thought of leaving both of his beloved girlfriends in such a hideous state. But Forrest also realized if he wished to save them, this was the only reasonable course of action.

Unfortunately, that one singular second of doubt was all it took for the tentacle to catch up with him. Soleil's pink clit-tendril followed diligently behind Forrest, stretching as far as it desired without any semblance of struggle. While it could not directly pierce the boy's buttocks as it desired, it could certainly immobilize him in other ways. Darting between Forrest's legs, the tendril quickly wrapped itself around the entirety of his calf, causing him to gracelessly tumble onto the floor. Forrest's body hit the ground with a thump, the air escaping from his lungs as his chest received the brunt of the impact. And now that he was no escaping at high speeds, the tentacle could take its time slowly rolling up Forrest's legs and taking his most intimate spot.

Yet even in this state, Forrest continued to fight. Forrest wiggled his right leg up and down wildly, desperately hoping to shake the tentacle off his calf. He grabbed onto the tentacle's length, pulling it back and away even as it slithered through his grasp. Alas, there was little Forrest could actually do to stop this monstrous protrusion. The soft pinkish tube of flesh was able both slide through his fingers without any friction, while also holding onto his leg as if they were glued. All Forrest could do was powerlessly sit there as the tentacle pushed between his cheeks and its tip pressed against his tightened buttocks.

Head rolling back, Forrest gave out an unwitting moan. With just one single thrust, the tendril had ripped through his undergarments and penetrated his anus, just as with Ophelia before him. Forrest's body pulsed with a strange, pleasurable heat. His breath quickened the further Soleil's clit-tentacle pushed inside him, his cock growing erect as it merged with Forrest's butt. The part of the tentacle that had wrapped around his leg now tore through his clothes until it was perfectly merged with his body. Caressing the edge between Soleil's limb and his own, Forrest could scarcely tell where one started and the other ended. It made his whole head fuzzy, as he found himself slowly getting pulled back towards Soleil's crotch.

And he was far from the only one. The sensation of snatching up Forrest with her clit was tearing up Soleil's mind like a typhoon. It was so insane! He could feel every inch of his body as part of her own. From the way his back slowly dragged against the floor, to his twitching member and his buttocks tightening against her tendril. Such was the case with Ophelia too, even her slightest breaths and littlest struggles sent shivers through Soleil. Being fully aware of how wrong it was, Soleil didn't want to let herself go. She wanted to fight against this corrupted pleasure, to stay strong while she and her loved ones were distorted beyond recognition.

But it was just soooooo hard~ No matter how much Soleil resisted, her body continued to twist and change against her will. Soleil's neck extended upwards with a slow, meticulous stretch, bringing her head all the way up to the sky. Its elongated length thickened with mass, becoming veiny and pulsating as if it was some sort of penile shaft. From between her fat buttocks, Soleil's tailbone started to lengthen and grow. This new little protrusion swished about excitedly, twirling left and right as it grew longer. It almost seemed to resemble a tail, for its animated motions responded perfectly to each one of Soleil's desires. If there was anything to indicate Soleil's dwindling humanity, the tail most certainly did a good job.

Overwhelmed by all this foreign pleasure, Soleil felt herself losing balance of her new form. Her torso arched backwards as if to retake the familiar bipedal form she'd been used to all her life. But thanks to her new, more limited limbs, Soleil merely ended up falling on top of her own butt. The shelves around Soleil trembled from the weight of her body, which was now as large and thick as a horse. Her neck was so tall, her head was able to reach the tops of the shelves with no trouble. Whilst Ophelia struggled to part herself free from Soleil's crotch, Soleil's breasts sagged around her, pressing against the other girl's body with their overflowing mass. It was here when Forrest's body was finally dragged to Soleil's crotch, where the two would be forever linked.

The way that Soleil's and Forrest's body combined into one was very prompt and with little fanfare. Forrest's butt was simply lifted from the ground by the tentacle, before it was pulled into her crotch and effortlessly melted into Soleil's skin. Forrest's entire ass was consumed in this manner, leaving his torso to pop out of Soleil's crotch awkwardly while his legs dangled a little bit further below. There was something oddly impressive about it all. Despite the fact Forrest had easily sunk into Soleil, he was so firmly attached to her now he couldn't budge an inch. He could still kind of move his legs, but there was no mistaking that he was now fully a part of Soleil.

To Forrest's left, he could see Ophelia still struggling against her restraints as hard as she could possibly manage. Ophelia's torso wiggled from side to side, her hands pushed back against Soleil's soft, malleable tits in a desperate attempt to pull her from Soleil's body. Even her dangling legs seemed to sway lightly as if attempting to slither out.

"Hnggh-! C-Come on Forrest!" Ophelia gasped in a pained tone. Even in such a perilous situation, she did not let despair take hold. "As chosen ones, w-we should be able to escape no problem! W-We must fight to save Soleil!!!"

By this point however, Forrest was seeing the writing on the wall. His eyes caught a glimpse at the duo's legs, which began to slowly inflate and thicken on the spot. Forrest's already numb limbs felt like they were becoming wider and emptier. His feet lost any semblance of definition, shoes slipping off as they merged back into his legs. Meanwhile, Forrest's very legs tore through his pants, merging into one singular, sagging, rounded protrusion. This floppy bag drooped downwards with weight, its outside wrinkled and sensitive while its inside seemed to inflate with two girthy, stiff weights. It was as if Forrest's bones were coagulating together into two big, rounded lumps that weighed the whole organ down. Before long, Forrest's sack combined with Ophelia's, creating one enormous girthy pouch that housed four enormous leg sized nuts. If Forrest didn't know any better, he would have guessed their lower bodies had been transformed into fat, pulsating testicles.

The formation of these new organs sent a wave of arousal through Forrest's bodies that caused him to gasp and blush brightly. His body seemed to be quivering intensely, intoxicating lust invading the depths of his mind. From his hardened nipples to his fingers, every inch of Forrest's form felt much more sensitive than before. Even just moving in his clothes seemed like it was making him teeter in the edge of orgasm. Forrest quickly noticed Ophelia to be in a similar situation, as she seemed to pant and tremble with even more passion than before.

But if anyone was receiving the full brunt of this attack of arousal, it was most certainly Soleil. Long neck winding left and right, Soleil could only groan like a beast as her body succumbed to the incredible biological needs of her new set of fat, pulsating testicles. She could feel every one of Ophelia's and Forrest's little trembling and twitches as if it was her own body. Even their very breathing sent goosebumps through her skin, as if Soleil's most erogenous zones were being endlessly teased without any possibility for release. Soleil LOVED this feeling, her body was just begging her for more and more!

Thanks to the growing frustrations in her increasingly corrupted form, Soleil allowed her gaze to drift towards Ophelia. Except, the moment her eyes fell on her girlfriend's twitching form, Soleil was filled with an unexplainable thirst. Soleil's mouth became parched and dry. Her tongue slowly slithered outwards, becoming longer and longer until it was twice the length of her very face. For some strange reason, Ophelia looked absolutely *delectable* this moment. Almost like a c- Soleil's heart began thumping louder, blood boiling in her veins. A dire desire arose from within her, a need to wrap her mouth around Ophelia, to cover the girl's entire body in her hot saliva as if she were a c- Soleil shivered with bliss. She knew it was wrong, b-but-!!!

When Forrest noticed Soleil slowly lowering her head towards Ophelia, his eyes shot wide open with pure dread. This was nothing like the Soleil he knew. Her eyes were filled with nothing but animalistic lust. Her mouth opened in an openly perverse manner, tongue slithering out way past what could be considered human as if it was a snake ready to snare its prey. A monster had taken over Soleil. It would soon take Ophelia as well. And all Forrest could do was watch.

"A-Aaahh!! I-I-I can feel it!! S-Something's happening!!!" Ophelia exclaimed with excitement, her limbs quivering as she too was filled with the heat that filled the three of them. "I'm getting close Forrest! I'm gonna free us in no- MMMFFFF?!!?"

As Soleil's mouth stretched way past should have been humanly possible, Ophelia's entire head was enveloped in one single gulp. Ophelia's muffled screams echoed down Soleil's throat, her hands desperately pushing Soleil's face away. Unfortunately, this did little to dissuade Soleil from fulfilling her unsatiable hunger. Eyes glazed with a needy gaze, Soleil continued to take more and more of Ophelia into her mouth. The troublesome hands Ophelia was using to try and keep Soleil away were quickly dealt with, slurped up into the depths of Soleil's throat with ease. Soleil's mouth slid over Ophelia's shoulders without so much as a sign of struggle, while her tongue lovingly swirled between Ophelia's breasts and around her tummy. Seeing Soleil eagerly slide her lips past Ophelia's taut tummy, it was clear that she wasn't going to stop until she'd lapped up every inch of Ophelia's form.

Once Soleil's lips were pressed against the base of her crotch, she let out yet another ghoulish moan of bliss. Her tormenting of Ophelia was far from over, however. Whilst Soleil's lips kissed and suckled her own crotch, her elongated, snake like tongue twirled in circles around the entirety of Ophelia's figure. It licked every one of her curves, caressing every detail of her body. Even while being held within the

depths of Soleil's throat, Ophelia still continued to fight back. Forrest gazed at the contours of her body bulging through Soleil's throat, observing the way she swung left and right with what little mobility she had left. Unfortunately, the longer Ophelia stayed inside Soleil's throat, the weaker her struggling became. Even the contours of her form seemed to be receding, almost as if the very shape of her body was shifting...

With a depraved giggle and a smile oozing perverted bliss, Soleil finally began to pull away from Ophelia. As she did so, Soleil's mouth and lips began to stretch and lag. The lower part of her mouth protruded forth like a sort of muzzle, cheeks growing longer and face becoming wider. Her lips thickened and fattened with copious amounts of supple mass, taking on a natural pinkish color that was brighter and hornier than her regular hair. Soleil's tongue too had become not just longer but also wider, a dexterous, elongated plate that was as slick as it was needy, wrapping lovingly around Ophelia's form. And the further Soleil pulled, the further her face stretched out, until it was no longer the face of a huma, more closely resembling a horse.

However, what truly terrified Forrest the most was just how much Ophelia's body seemed to have changed. When Soleil's lips lifted from Ophelia's torso, Forrest found no tummy or waist. Ophelia's breasts had completely disappeared, her shoulders and arms nowhere to be seen. All that was left in Soleil's wake was one singular, thick, cylindrical shaft with thick, pulsating veins and incessant twitching. A sensation of dread thumped through Forrest's whole body at the thought of what had become. But his suspicions were only confirmed once Soleil let go of Ophelia's head with a sopping pop. Instead of a head, the only thing Forrest saw was a bulbous, mushroom capped tip. Ophelia was- She'd been turned into a!!!

"Cock hehe~" Soleil mindlessly giggled to herself, almost as if proud of her handiwork. "Cooock ehehe~~"

Instead of the beautiful woman Forrest and Soleil had fallen in love with, in Ophelia's place was nothing more than a long, fat, pulsating penis. Its head was rounded and thick, foreskin bundled up underneath its flared base as it bobbed up and down. There was no face, no nose, no ears mouth or any sort of human features. Ophelia was all cock. The only indication that she'd ever been human that remained was the fact that rather than the usual pink, Ophelia's cockhead was colored a bright yellow, the same color as her inherited hair.

The cock that had been Ophelia trembled up and down in excitement. Or could it have been fear? Forrest had absolutely no idea what Ophelia was thinking in that new form of hers. Hell, he couldn't even tell if there was any sentience remaining in there! It honestly terrified him. How much of his beloved girlfriend was in that yellow tipped cock? Had she too fallen victim to the sensations of her new form, or was she still fighting to remain human even in the appearance of a throbbing cock? It was impossible for him to know. What Forrest did know, was that he soon would undergo a similar fate...

Forrest's body began to twitch up and down incessantly, his innards quivering with butterflies that made it difficult to even breathe. Pure lust was filling his body whole, a corrupting animalistic desire which strove to send him to the edge. Merely gazing up at Soleil, he could tell this was all her doing. Soleil's ravenous, expectant gaze bore into Forrest like a set of daggers, excessive amounts of drool oozing from her mouth as she continuously smacked her quivering lips together. The way Soleil looked at Forrest was exactly the way she had just been looking at Ophelia. Unlike Ophelia though, Forrest had no intention of

going down with a fight. Closing his eyes and taking a deep breath, the boy embraced his inevitable destiny.

Getting his body completely swallowed up by Soleil was a surprisingly swift and painless process, Forrest found. There was no sort of pain when Soleil's lips wrapped around his neck, slowly working their way down his shoulders and all the way to his waist. Forrest didn't feel any discomfort being tightly compressed within Soleil's throat. The sticky saliva that coated his skin wasn't much bothersome, and her mouth had this sort of soothing smell that was almost relaxing. Even Soleil's tongue seemed to treat Forrest with some tenderness and affection, sliding between his muscles and licking his figure with gentle and meticulous motions.

What Forrest hadn't been expecting was the absolute explosion of ecstasy that would arise from within him as Soleil's throat took him whole. With each passing second, Forrest felt his body becoming more and more sensitive. The twitching of his torso became fiercer and more sporadic. His body began to throb and flail against the inner walls of Soleil's throat, as if it was begging to be squeezed tighter. Forrest tried to hold himself back by taking deep breaths and clutching his own arms. But it was no use. Little by little, Soleil's perverse pleasure was infecting his brain. The corrupting magic delved into his very genetic makeup, shifting and twisting him to the point of no return.

With one final yelp of arousal, Forrest shuddered in pleasure as he felt his body rebel in order to fulfill Soleil's will. His hands regressed into formless blobs, arms slowly sinking back into his body until his very shoulders had disappeared. Forrest's torso thickened, smudging away any sort of useless details like nipples or belly buttons in favor of pure, meaty mass. All of Forrest's defined musculature was replaced with plump, throbbing girth. Bulging, pulsating veins became the only sort of adornments to Forrest's increasingly conical shaft. Not even Forrest's internal organs were spared, his complex inside biology replaced by a simplistic, singular tube that connected his mouth to Soleil's sloshing balls.

Slowly, Soleil began to pull her lips back up Forrest's body. Except every inch of Forrest she uncovered had none of his humanity left, only pure, pulsating cockflesh. As the changes bundled up at the base of Forrest's neck in the form of bulging foreskin, Forrest felt himself choking up on precum. There was so much of Soleil's hot steamy jizz coming up his new urethra, it oozed out of his nose and mouth. He could taste every little drop of her seed, its powerful, tangy flavor etched itself into his taste buds whilst his tongue merged with the rest of his mouth and his lower face pushed forward almost like a conical muzzle.

An explosion of ecstasy struck directly into Forrest's brain as his mouth twisted sideways, lips thinning out to make the perfect entrance for his urethra. Little by little his nose began to shrink, eyes and nose consumed by the growing flare of his thickening cockhead. All those lovely hair drills he'd taken care of disintegrated in instants, as did his pretty pink hat. In return, all that Forrest got was for his girthening dickhead to turn a pretty pink color, exactly like that of his adorable outfit which was now being torn apart by Soleil's mouth. His head was that of a penis, his body identical to a throbbing shaft. This was it, Forrest had turned into a cock.

When Soleil's lips finally parted from Forrest's body, there was nothing human left of him, only penis. Forrest throbbed up and down with ecstasy. He looked the same as Ophelia did, two thick, throbbing poles with nothing to differentiate them except for their colors. Forrest could no longer see, his hearing was muffled and his sense of taste and smell had been completely overwritten to only feel Soleil's

steamy, sputtering semen. But the worst part of it all was how much Forrest's new cock body seemed to be twitching in horny bliss!

As much as Forrest wanted to tell himself he was hating every single second of this, his shaft body continued to endlessly pulsate with unbearable amounts of arousal. Both Forrest and Ophelia twitched madly from Soleil's crotch. They accidentally rubbed against each other, pushing between Soleil's enormous breasts to fill their minds with more corrupting pleasure. Every second of their existence was being pumped full of lust. All of Soleil's desperate need pumped directly into them, forcing them to gleefully accept their perverted new forms. A part of Forrest wanted to reaffirm Ophelia, to let the fellow cock know he was okay even in this penile form. But it was impossible. Forrest couldn't talk, he had no way of communicating. As a cock, all he could do was throb needily.

"Cocks! Ehehe~! Cocks!!!" Soleil muttered excitedly at the sight of her powerful, throbbing cocks, completely unaware that they had once been her lovers.

If there was any semblance of humanity or reason left within Soleil's mind, it was completely impossible to tell at this point. Every single part of Soleil's body had been corrupted to produce numbing amounts of pleasure. Soleil's four fat balls churned and bloated with fresh hot sperm, her dual cocks throbbing in dire need of release. From her overflowing, sagging breasts to her plump, cushiony rear, Soleil's body had become incredibly sensitive and easy to arouse. Not to mention Soleil's sopping pussy and ass, which despite being empty continued to fuel on Soleil's endless need for release. Any thoughts of cute girls or flirting were completely gone from her head. Her usual cheerful and upbeat personality was nowhere to be seen. Soleil was nothing but a machine for sexual pleasure now.

A role which Soleil was more than eager to fulfill as she eyed both of her erections with hungry need. Lusciously licking her lips with her long, snake-like tongue, Soleil found her desire to slobber over her own cocks growing exponentially. Sure, she'd gotten a little taste of each of them earlier. But that had been nothing more than an appetizer. Soleil needed to get the taste of penis imprinted onto her mouth, she wanted to feel her own shafts quivering in delight until they spurt their sweet seed inside her. The thoughts were instantly transmitted to both Ophelia and Forrest, who began to hornily throb against their own will. Though their opinions didn't really matter anyway. Since they were part of Soleil's body, she could do with them as she pleased~

Head diving downwards in a violent motion, Soleil happily began her latest bout of self-fellatio. This time however, Soleil had managed to fit both of her girthy cocks inside of her stretchy mouth at the same exact time. As her lips extended almost all the way down to the base of her crotch, Soleil's head energetically slid up and down the length of twitching shafts with swiftness. While the tight inner walls of Soleil's muzzle tightly pushed against the two dicks, the tip of her extended mouth squeezed both cocks together. Saliva slathered each of the penis' length, assisted by Soleil's dexterous tongue slid around and between the throbbing shafts with serene, slithering motions. It was perfectly clear Soleil was sparing no expenses when it came to pleasuring her own dicks.

Pure, mindbending pleasure which effortlessly coursed through the entirety of Forrest's pulsating shaft. Between the damp, constraining sensation of Soleil's lips and the wriggling tender movements of her tongue, all poor Forrest could do was shudder in ecstasy. The cock-boy throbbed happily in the warmth of Soleil's mouth, its length quivering harder and harder as more and more of that hot, slimy saliva continued to coat him. A healthy amount of precum started to dribble from his trembling cock lips, his

urethra already prepared to spill its juices. For a poor cock like Forrest, this was the ultimate test of resistance!

Beside him, Forrest could feel Ophelia throbbing and trembling mightily. Her fat shaft twitched up and down repeatedly, pushing out against the constraints of Soleil's mouth while trembling at the touch of her tongue. The cock-boy wondered if she was going through the same sensations as him. Was her mind also struggling to remain leveled, did she too feel like her brain was being squeezed with pleasure to the point of breaking? Was she still trying to resist like him, or had she already gone full cock? Forrest would never learn the answer of these questions. His only source of information was the way Ophelia's blond tip quivered until it started to ooze thick precum.

Unfortunately, Forrest could not afford to worry about Ophelia for too long, because the way Soleil's tongue was able to so easily pump Forrest's cock skin up and down with its soft, pillowy mass slowly etched away at his sanity. With each passing second, the heat of Ophelia's cock and Soleil's mouth brought him to an ever-climbing state of nirvana. Despite Forrest trying to do his best to resist, every shred of his new physiology was telling him to give up. His throbbing veins twitched with lust-filled blood, his uncontrollable shaft twitching in order to squeeze out every scrap of pleasure possible. Forrest didn't want to turn into a penis! He didn't want his lovers to be corrupted into these perverse forms! He had to fight against this stimulation as much as he could!

Yet... A part of himself actually looked forward to cumming. A small voice at the back of his head told him to give up his humanity and just become a full cock. It was an almost intrinsic sentiment ingrained in Forrest's new form. Though he knew he was supposed to be a human, he also felt somewhat content being just another part of Soleil's body. He didn't feel bad about being suckled and slurped in such a luscious way, because she was his master which meant she could do whatever she wanted with him. Forrest just wanted to bring Soleil bliss, he wanted to make her shudder with pleasure. It felt like his entire existence was in service to her.

And the more Soleil pleased him, the stronger this feeling became. Forrest could tell there was something going wrong with his psyche the more his body continued to throb in ecstasy. The twitching of Soleil's balls made his mind fuzzy and unclear. His ego became blurry, as if his very self was being pulled from his being. No matter what happened, Forrest knew he couldn't cum. If Soleil climaxed, if Forrest's shaft shuddered in penile orgasm, he knew he would never be the same. This was his final stand if he wanted to maintain any shred of humanity!

Unfortunately, that same pleasure was exactly what propelled the recklessly horny Soleil to suck on her cocks harder and harder. Increasing the suction of her mouth, Soleil's tight lips wrapped around Forrest's and Ophelia's girths like glue. Spit splattered everywhere, mouth violently rushing up and down without even the most remote semblance of control. Soleil's long tail swished left and right in excitement, it's tip palpitating madly as if it were about to burst. Soleil's one and only purpose at this moment in time was to cum. And there was nothing- *NOTHING*- that would prevent her from doing so.

Spluuuuuurrrtttt~~!!!

Regardless of how much Forrest and Ophelia tried to fight back, in the end they were mere parts of Soleil's body. She was the one in control, which is why she was more than happy to ejaculate directly into her throat with her throbbing dual cocks. Soleil moaned in ecstasy as she felt the sticky juice coat her

tongue, eager to savor every bit of her own cream. It felt as if she had achieved enlightenment, her brain rewarded with the most pleasurable chemicals as reward for her submission. Then as if to accentuate her rebirth, a fat, bulbous cockhead sprouted from the tip of her tail, sputtering lines of cum that spread even more pleasure through her body. This was it, Soleil finally understood this was what she was always meant to be.

Forrest and Ophelia were going through a similar experience too. As cum flowed from their urethras and into Soleil's gut, they could feel bits and pieces of themselves being spurted away. It was such a strange and ethereal experience. Bit by bit, Forrest's thoughts and memories were being churned into jizz that was carelessly dumped inside of Soleil's innards. Forrest could feel first hands as pieces of his very identity were ejaculated away. His homelands, his parent's faces, even the very names of his loved ones. Pink cock couldn't remember any of them. In fact, Pink Cock felt like he was forgetting something very important too...

In place of their human identities, the duo of cocks were blessed with immense amounts of devotion and lust for their master. Yellow Cock throbbed happily as she... No, it didn't make sense for a penis to be female. As *he* blasted more of his jizz into his Mistress' maw. For some reason, there was a feeling of something wrong. Like Yellow Cock was supposed to be a human? However, that was simply ridiculous! Yellow Cock only remembered a big fat penis along with his brother Pink cock! The pair of dicks had always been attached to Soleil! And their only purpose was to cum and piss for her! Any other thoughts were simply meaningless!

As the last sputters of cum blasted from the cocks' urethras, the dicks shuddered in bliss. For some reason, it felt as if a huge weight had been lifted off them, but... They didn't really care ~ In fact, the cocks were feeling very content! They had ejaculated inside of Soleil's mouth, one of the greatest pleasures cocks like them could feel. A little voice at the back of Pink Cock's mind screamed that something was wrong. That he was to break from his spell. But Pink Cock didn't give it any thought. He was just a penis after all, so he didn't need to think~

Satisfied with her delicious meal, Soleil finally released her slippery maws from her dual cocks. Soleil's extended maw drooped downwards, saliva and precum oozing from her stretched lips. She felt amazing. Having been turned into a Superior Dorse Queen, every inch of her body reverberated with power and lust. But for her to truly become a queen, she would have to create a kingdom~ With a perverted smile, Soleil got on all fours and slowly marched out of the storage room, ready to create a wonderful new world for herself.