

Morning had once again crept upon the sleepy Garreg Mach monastery, dousing the ancient fortress in a gentle mantle of warm light. The sun's rays of sunshine intrusively illuminated the room of the Monastery's newest professor, Byleth, combining with the cold mountain air to submerge it in a whitish tender morning aura. Gently tucked away beneath the soft covers of her comfortable bed, the professor herself slept in total soundness. Though her rest would soon come to a screeching halt, as a brand-new day thrust Byleth's mind back to reality. A drizzle of shining rays of sunlight dozed onto her sleeping face, forcing her expression to shift uncomfortably. The stiffness of slumber ached within Byleth's muscles, urging her limbs to stretch and crackle in search of relief. However out of all of the things currently developing within Byleth's room, perhaps the thing that brought Byleth out of her slumber the most was the way her bed swayed left and right in a rhythmic, vivid fashion.

"Nnghhh~ Ahhh~ Mmmhhhh~"

A sweet myriad of soft gentle moans peppered Byleth's ears, rousing her imagination with lovely lustful images. The thick manly odor of sweat and training wafted into her nose, invigorating the woman's heart and pumping her body full of life. Byleth's mouth crept into a smugly luscious smile, her mind slowly awakening to the rich sexual musk that filled her room. Though she could not see the cause of this litany of sexual incidents, Byleth knew exactly what was unfolding at the foot of her bed. Arms stretching outwards and a cute little groan ringing past her throat, Byleth slowly rose from her bed with a confident smirk. Her mouth released a tired yawn, her eyelids gently opening to reveal the wonderful scene developing right in front of her.

"Yeaahhh~ Myyyaahhh~ Moooreee~"

Laying down atop Byleth's covers, at the other end of Byleth's bed, were two of the professor's Blue Lions students. From their cute feminine faces and colorful dazzling hair colors, their identities were obviously revealed as the studious Annette and the sisterly Mercedes. However, though their faces remained relatively unchanged from when they'd started their school year, gazing down upon their bodies one could easily see that something incredibly bizarre had occurred to them. Instead of possessing the soft bodies of maturing girls, from the neck down both Annette and Mercedes bore brutishly buff and rugged male bodies that looked more at home on top of trained male body builders than on feminine flowers like them. What's more, with the thick sausages that blatantly clung down from each one of the students' crotches, it was clear that these cute ladies could call themselves girls no more.

These two buffettes were interlocked atop each other in what appeared to be some sort of wrestling position. They weren't merely wrestling though. No, the act that these two 'ladies' found themselves involved in was much more passionate, much more sexual. Damp shiny globules of sweat glistened down their every muscle as the dim sunlight lit their bodies, not a single scrap of clothing covering either of their forms. Their buff commanding figures pressed against each other closely, eagerly wrapping in each other's warmth. From the way they both moved brusquely, their every motion dripping with lust and desire, it was beyond clear that Byleth's little students were clearly having bestial competitive masculine sex. Byleth bit down on her lip sensually, her slit growing lightly damp with arousal. And she was certainly enjoying every second of it.

Currently, it seemed the tiny Annette was on the losing side of this exchange, finding herself pinned down against the bedsheets with her legs pointed up towards the ceiling while her toned ass pointed

towards her opponent. Above her was the gargantuan Mercedes, who bore down upon Annette with all her weight in manner that was powerfully commanding, yet also loving and gentle. And below in their crotch area, Byleth could see the larger blonde laying claim to her partner's asshole with her own virile male genitalia. Anette's cock blissfully throbbed in response, her reddish veiny length bouncing up and down along to Mercedes' strong pumping motions. The two happily panted in unison, their mouths groaning with joy at the delectable sensations that surrounded them whole. Witnessing such an eager encounter, Byleth could obviously tell the two were thoroughly into their cute sexual exchange, which was only made more apparent as the duo continued to fuck each other even after their professor had clearly been awoken. With her deliciously adorable students involved in a deeply passionate session of intercourse, Byleth decided to take a second to admire their beautiful forms.

Annette was the smaller of the two, but only in terms of height, because her muscles were at least twice as big as Mercedes'. From her firm sturdy shoulders, down to her bulked-up legs, every inch of Annette's body was covered in a thick layer of bulging muscular flesh. Two spectacularly flat and tough manly pecs clung to her chest, while a steel six pack shone atop her flat tummy like a set of shiny silver armor. Even her twitching penis showed immense prowess, its girth and length so titanic they could easily match a bull's cock, with two orange sized scrotums to boot. Annette's body had become the textbook definition of raw power, all wrapped up in a cute package that wasn't even taller than Byleth herself.

The girl's beefy arms clung onto Mercedes' wide back, wrapping around the other student tightly in an attempt to flip the two's positions. Byleth could see her biceps flex and strain with force, an absolutely stunning show of force the professor thoroughly enjoyed. Unfortunately, no matter how hard she tried, Annette was soundly stuck there. All the ginger could do was attempt her best to take on her friend's repeated assaults. Despite all the muscle mass that had accumulated on Annette's body, it seemed the girl was all offense and no defense, for she couldn't manage to pull Mercedes off at any turn.

As for Mercedes, unlike Annette who was all strength and no bulk, Mercedes appeared to be a healthy mix of muscle and fat. Not only did she tower over the quaint Annette, but she was also at least a head taller than Byleth herself, easily becoming one of the tallest people in Garreg Mach. Her shoulders were quite wide, with thick beefy arms and plump legs. Her belly protruded outwards into a bit of a beer gut, while frizzly darkish blonde hairs sprouted from her armpits, tummy and above her crotch. Though she was not as beautifully toned Annette, the sheer amount of mass that laid within her arms, upper body and legs was so tremendous one could easily mistake Mercedes for some sort of bear.

In terms of virility, Mercedes was not nearly as hung as her partner Annette. However, what she lacked in quality she more than made up in quantity. Literally! It was a bit hard to see from this angle, but Byleth knew exactly where it was. Right above Mercedes' regularly sized cock sprung another identically erect penis, making Mercedes a buff brutish dual-dicked hunk. Below in her ballsack, four ovoid lumps pulled down on her sack, each one an individual testicle that was readily producing sperm that Mercedes was eager to use. Both dicks were of the same size, about 7-inches. Mercedes could feel sensations from both of them equally, and each of them could syphon sperm from her plump set of four balls. Though the possession of multiple cocks would seem abnormal to most people, as Mercedes plunge both of her dicks into Annette's tight anus with a bright aroused smile, she couldn't be happier to have two delicious sausages at her disposal.

Such were the perverted yet beautiful forms of the students before Byleth. The professor had carefully modeled each one of them herself. Both of them were based off the weapons they wielded in the class

Byleth had instructed them to be. The Warrior Annette was like the axe, extremely powerful and large like her cock, but bound to miss thanks to her unwieldiness and low defenses. Meanwhile, the Grappler Mercedes was like the gauntlets, less damage but more reliable, with two delicious guaranteed attacks. Each girl seemed to be enjoying these changes to their fullest extent. Mercedes eagerly thrusting her twin cocks into Annette's sphincter while the smaller ginger's body spasmed in pleasure and her cock twitched with need. Getting to admire her beautiful couple of creations enjoying themselves in the act of lovemaking made Byleth's body tremble with arousal. Unable to sit still any longer, Byleth flung her bedcovers off, revealing her naked luscious body to the cold open air.

The professor slowly crawled towards her students with a lustful gaze, her eyes not parting from the delightful scene developing before her. Neither Anette nor Mercedes seemed to notice Byleth as she approached, both too invested in their fucking to pay attention to anything else. Only once Byleth was a couple of feet away from the duo did Mercedes finally notice her dear professor was up and ready to go.

"Ah, professor!" Mercedes gasped happily, shooting Byleth a warm sisterly smile while she continued to violently assault Annette's asshole. "Sorry, did we wake you up? We didn't mean to disturb you~ Annette and I just wanted to get some morning training like usual~ Isn't that right Annie~"

"Mmmngggaaaahhh~" Was the only sound that left Annette's lips, her eyes crossing and her body shivering madly while her mind ran amok with pleasure.

Byleth merely smiled in response. "That's alright Mercedes." Byleth answered blankly in an almost monotone fashion. "There's nothing that makes me happier than waking up to my two beautiful students training their bodies like that."

Though Byleth's body language did not carry much emotion, the arousal that dripped down from her pussy more than proved her words. Byleth was absolutely soaking, her bedsheets growing sticky with her vaginal fluids. Without uttering another word, the professor sat atop the bed before Mercedes, spreading her legs out wide in order to provide easy access to her pussy. Byleth stared deeply towards Mercedes before speaking plainly once more. "Take me."

A gentle smile spread onto Mercedes' face, her cheeks glowing red with arousal. "I would love to~!"

Without skipping a beat, Mercedes quickly pulled her cocks out of Annette's tight asshole, easily breaking free from the rattled ginger's grasp. Her twin dicks throbbed happily in the open air, their lengths covered in a slick mantle of precum and sweat. Each pulsated to their own tempo, different blood flowing through each shaft. Though they both hungered for the same thing: The professor's luscious body. Body shivering with desire, Mercedes quickly hopped onto the bed before Byleth. She slid closer to the professor until she was firmly on top, her enormous body causing the professor to look like a tiny ant comparison. Then, aiming both of her cocks towards Byleth's eager holes, she slowly began to push her hips forward, her titanic legs urging her on until-

*SHLOORP!*

With a tenacious violent thrust, Mercedes plunged her dicks into both Byleth's pussy and asshole. The grappler moaned blissfully in response, all of her strength ebbing away as the delicious tightness of her professor's holes wrapped around each of her dicks. Byleth too let out a moan, though one that paled compared to Mercedes' considering the blonde's larger beefier lungs. For a moment or two, Mercedes

found herself completely unable to move any further. Even though she'd been fucking Annette's ass a few mere seconds ago, the delirious sensations of Byleth's body were so much stronger that the gigantic Mercedes was simply paralyzed with awe. Like an Elephant who'd been put to sleep by a tiny little dart, Byleth's juicy holes contained the perfect drug to make the buff Mercedes totally docile.

Cooing and groaning in utter bliss, Mercedes happily basked in the sensations of her professor's sex. Though Byleth's pussy and asshole felt wildly different as they wrapped around both of Mercedes' lengths, each one stimulated Mercedes' dicks in their own unique ways. Byleth's pussy was slippery and damp, its soft walls wrapping around Mercedes' upper penis with a soft mantle of tissue that was malleable but also bumpy and firm. Byleth's ass on the other hand was thoroughly course and tight, making penetration harder to achieve yet managing to fill Mercedes' lower cock with the delectable buzzing of harsh pleasure. Moreover, Mercedes could also feel the way her cocks were sandwiched within Byleth's body, almost as she was frotting them together herself. It was a delicious concoction of stimulation that would make any normal man go wild. Mercedes would have loved nothing more than to sit there enjoying her professor's body for the rest of time.

Unfortunately, it seemed the rest of her body did not agree. Mercedes' cocks throbbed with desire, urging her to pursue more and more pleasure. Simple penetration wasn't enough to satiate the titanic grappler's lust. She wanted to absolutely ravage Byleth, to destroy her professor's perverted holes to the greatest extents possible. And so, fueled by an animalistic hunger, Mercedes' hips began to pump back and forth almost of their own volition, thrusting her dual cocks in and out of the professor's tight holes. Mercedes didn't have the body of an Adonis just for show, she knew exactly how to use it. Her motions were sharp, her movements commanding. She would shift all her weight forward, letting slam her pelvis into Byleth's ass and pussy with tremendous force. Every one of the blonde's thrust was like the explosions of a cannonball being dropped upon a still unmoving lake, and the waves of pleasure she created in response reverberated through the very core of her system.

And despite her meager pants and almost unchanging expression, Byleth too found herself thoroughly enjoying her sexual encounter with Mercedes. The professor's anus and pussy twitched in unison as Mercedes' thick lengths plunged inside them, her holes eagerly receiving Mercedes' tough affection. Her hips rocked up and down in a rhythmic fashion, guiding every one of Mercedes' thrusts with attention. Though one would normally think that the strong and commanding Mercedes would be the one reigning total control over Byleth, in this case, it seemed to be the other way around. Like a rabid beast in the midst of a frenzy, Mercedes was totally lost in the sea of pleasure that was Byleth's erotic holes. Byleth meanwhile, measured her every movement, coldly calculating every single position of her body in order to goad Mercedes into a further furor in the same way a jock would stride its horse into a powerful victory.

Seeing the demure and calm Mercedes being forced into this crazed lustful state filled Byleth's heart with a gratifying sensation of ecstasy the likes she'd never experienced before. Not to mention the excruciating pleasure that arose as Mercedes pounded both of Byleth's holes into oblivion. There was simply no better feeling than waking up and getting fucked by her two hunks. Especially Mercedes, who Byleth could easily say was one of her favorites. The way the adorable blonde was still so sweet and kind despite having a titanic body was totally entrancing to Byleth. It made her want to mess with Mercedes more and more~ With a devious smile, Byleth tightened her lower muscles, squeezing down on both of Mercedes' dick. The large hunk growled in response, her body almost tensing up as pleasure coursed

through her members. And if she kept giving such wonderful reactions, Byleth was more than happy to keep on teasing her.

Meanwhile, as Byleth and Mercedes made passionate steaming love together, the once pinned down warrior Annette slowly began to recover from her lust haze. Her eyes cleared up, regular thought processes rolling through her mind with more ease now that two plump cocks weren't jamming up her anus. With troubled breathing, the ginger gently lifted herself up from the sheets, her body still sluggish from a mixture of numbness and lust. It seemed Annette was still thoroughly aroused despite the tremendous pounding she'd just received, as was plainly apparent from the way her enormous cock throbbed with desire. Confusion filled the girl's mind. Her dick hadn't cum yet, but Mercedes was nowhere nearby. Where could her rival have gone in their middle of their morning match?

Head still groggy, Annette slowly looked around the room in search of Mercedes. Luckily for her, it would not take Annette long to realize where Mercedes had gone off to. Less than a few feet away from her face, the taller blonde was down on all fours fucking their professor's holes tightly like a bitch in heat! Annette growled lightly, her cock twitching in both anger and lust. How could have Mercedes abandoned her in the middle of their training?! Did she really think she could claim victory despite not having delivered the final blow?! It was downright humiliating! And Annette had no intention to take this insult sitting down.

Quickly bolting onto her feet, the enraged Warrior firmly stomped towards the distracted duo. Her expression was fierce, her muscles pulsating with anger. Annette had already been peeved that Mercedes was dominating her in the previous match, and this little discovery did nothing to help. Normally, the tiny and excitable Annette wouldn't find herself being this angry and competitive. But thanks to the immense influx of male hormones that flowed into Annette's body, the girl simply couldn't help herself. The duo's relationship had changed similarly. Where before, they would act like supportive girly BFFs, always eager to help each other out and talk about their feelings, now the two acted like a couple of jock dude bros, competing over every little thing they came up with. From how much they could lift, to how well they did in school, to even the hardness of their muscles or the number of girls they could fuck, at any opportunity they got they would compete with each other for superiority. In the end though, the two still cared as much for each other as they did before, which was plainly apparent considering their favorite type of competition who could fuck the other the hardest.

Before long, Annette had arrived at the pair's location as she stared down upon Mercedes' large toned back. With a serious expression, she promptly knelt onto the bed, proudly pushing her pelvis forth towards the berserked Mercedes. From the way her cock pulsated vividly, to the way her muscles bulged out from her skin with tension, it was clear that every ounce of Annette's body was exuding a heated anger. And of course she was angry. Seeing Mercedes fuck the professor in this manner felt like Mercedes triumphing over her in yet another competition.

She wasn't merely angry though, a little bit of Annette felt jealousy as well. After approaching the professor in unison, the duo had agreed to both become the professor's 'boyfriends' (A title which equally mystified the both of them considering the two were perfectly normal girls), as they were both truly in love with the professor and miraculously the professor loved them back. However, despite the fact she shared this same title of boyfriend with Mercedes, she always felt like Byleth gave the blonde preferential treatment over her. These feelings of jealousy and anger at her lust combined within Annette to form a terrible concoction of vengeful desire, which Annette was more than ready to release.

With the blonde's ass defenselessly pointing towards Annette's direction, there was nothing Mercedes could do to stop little Annie from wrecking her puckered butthole. The ginger warrior smiled smugly. Cock pulsating harder than before, the girl slowly slid towards Mercedes' taut ass. She carefully pressed her dickhead against the rim of Mercedes' asshole, burrowing her the tip of her member within Mercedes' rim. The larger girl took no time to respond. Mercedes instantly stopped dead in her tracks, a girlish yip escaping from her mannish body. The sensation that bustled around the girl's anus was all too familiar, Mercedes didn't even need to think twice to know who it was. The girl's head quickly turned back towards Annette, her expression morphed into one of anxious fright.

"Wait Annie-!" Mercedes gasped desperately. "Y-You can't!!! If you put it in when I'm inside the professor, then-!"

"Oh shut it, Mercie!" Annette smugly shut her down. "I'm not gonna let you keep beating me over and over like that!"

These were the last words that came from Annette's mouth before the girl tightly grabbed onto Mercedes' hips and commandingly thrust her cock forward using every single ounce of strength she could muster. The reaction was instantaneous. Like a hot knife cutting right through butter, Annette's cock effortlessly pierced through the rim of Mercedes' butt and plunged deep into her anus, causing the two to blissfully groan out in unison. It was a delectable feeling both girls had happily grown used to, Mercedes' anal muscles eagerly wrapping around Annette's arm-sized cock as memories from their previous fuckings returned. Though with the sensations of Byleth's holes tightly compressing down on her dual cocks, Mercedes was in for a world of pleasure that would utterly fry her mind.

Which was exactly what Annette had planned, to beat Mercedes by striking her in her weak spot! Hands tightly gripping onto Mercedes' body, the cocky ginger viciously cocked her pelvis forward, sliding the rest of her penis directly into Mercedes' anus. It felt amazing to finally have the upper hand once more. The high of victory combined with the ethereal sensations of Mercedes' butt were so strong Annette felt like she could pass out right this moment. This wasn't the time for that though, Annette wanted to keep demonstrating her strength for as long as she could. Slowly pulling herself back, Annette gently tugged her length from Mercedes' hole, only to slam back into Mercedes' tightened asshole with all of the strength in her muscular legs. Then she pumped forward again, then again and again, steadily building up a powerful rhythm of thrusting until she was soundly pounding away at Mercedes' asshole with barbaric force.

The poor defenseless Mercedes could do nothing more than moan as her butthole was forcibly taken by her best friend. The larger girl had tried to fight back at the start, but any strength she could produce had been totally drained away by the pleasure from Byleth's ass and pussy, leaving her completely at Annette's mercy. Mercedes' gently rocked back and forth along to Annette's motions, the ginger's thrusts being so powerful that Mercedes' body couldn't help but be carried away in to Annette's will. As a result, Mercedes had started unwillingly thrusting her dicks into Byleth's holes as well, forcing her to both give and take a tremendous penile pounding.

This magnificent combination of feelings stewed in Mercedes' mind like lava within an active volcano. Every part of Mercedes' body buzzed with excitement. So many overpowering sensations accumulated throughout her system it felt like she was going to blow up! And yet... Mercedes didn't hate a second of it. In fact, she was more aroused than she had ever been before! Receiving love from her best friend and

her professor at the same time had to be the most exciting feeling a human being could experience! Any resistance Mercedes' body could have produced quickly died out, as the girl completely surrendered her body to her best friend's desire.

Below Mercedes, Byleth found herself quite enjoying their current situation as well. Though she didn't have the same type of control she did earlier, seeing Mercedes being twisted so deliciously by Annette's cock more than made up for it. Byleth basked in the pleasure of observing Annette's and Mercedes' new relationship naturally develop. The way each one played their parts perfectly after Byleth had corrupted them so much made Byleth's pussy shiver with more pleasure than any cock could make her feel. Although the way Mercedes' dual cocks carelessly impaled Byleth's holes was pretty amazing as well, so Byleth was more than happy to admit she was feeling quite satisfied.

Mind bursting with ecstasy and power, Byleth confidently grasped Mercedes' chin and gently pulled the girl's face towards her own, forcing the two's lips together into an amorous embrace. Mercedes' eyes shot wide as her professor's tongue delved deep into her mouth, her lips shifting in soft, succulent motions that melted Mercedes' heart. All that Mercedes could muster as a response was a whimpering moan. She'd tried her best to hold herself back, to not succumb to the extreme amount of pleasure that surrounded her every breath. But she could hold back no longer. Mercedes' body and mind had been filled with Anette's and Byleth's love, and she was extremely eager to give some love back.

Hips bucking back and forth in a mindless repetitive manner, Mercedes' voice blissfully howled out in Byleth's mouth as her twin cocks started to spurt shot after shot of Mercedes' creamy milk directly into Byleth's pussy and ass. There was no question in Mercedes' mind of whether or not she should pull out. All of Mercedes' sperm belonged to her dear professor and lover, so she would make sure to pump every last drop of her seed into her professor's holes. Mercedes' quad pouch of balls tightened considerably, her sack pulling them inwards as sperm was squeezed out from their innards and through Mercedes' cocks. Both penises were provided with an equal amount of jizz, which each of their shafts was eager to use as they throbbed wildly. Every ounce of pleasure that Mercedes had accumulated to this point was being released, and Mercedes would make sure there was nothing left.

Even Mercedes' asshole responded heavily to her orgasm, tightly squeezing around Annette's titanic cock with so much force, she halted the smaller girl's thrust dead in its tracks. Annette grunted loudly at the increased tightness within Mercedes' anus. Her fingers dug deep into Mercedes' skin as Annette's cock throbbed wildly with desire, her balls gurgling with a deep-seated desire to release. Though Annette wished to continue pumping her enormous dick into Mercedes' butthole, she could not muster enough force to move her dick from its place. And as her cock was forcefully wrapped around Mercedes' insides, her length found itself on the edge of climax.

"Aaahhh~::~" Annette gasped desperately, doing her best to hold back the tsunami of cum that was about to burst forth from her shaft. "M-Mercie you're-!!"

But before Annette could even manage to finish her sentence, her cock had already surrendered to the power of Mercedes' ass. As her urethra burst wide open, Annette's reddish throbbing cock began to violently fill Mercedes' asshole with her hot dickmilk. The ginger doubled forward in bliss, stuttered moans escaping her quivering lips as her cock exploded in ecstasy. All of that previous cockiness and anger from before had been drained now that she was cumming into Mercedes' ass like a beast in lust. The insides of Mercedes' intestines were slathered up in Annette's sticky seed, her ass muscles greedily

slurping all of Annette's juices up. And as Annette emptied her jizz tanks into her friend and drifted into a state of semi-conscious bliss, all she could think about was how happy she was to have beaten Mercedes this round.

As for Byleth, while her two himbos busied themselves in mindbending orgasm, the professor found herself succumbing to a similar climax as well. Her anus and pussy squeezed down on Mercedes' cocks, milking sperm out of the dirty blonde like milk out of a cow. She made sure to continue thoroughly sucking on Mercedes' mouth as well, almost leaving the girl without breath as she passionately kissed the larger student. With how much she poked a prodded the grappler, Byleth almost felt like she was bullying the girl. Luckily, Mercedes didn't seem to mind in the slightest, at least if her dreamily orgasmic expression was anything to go by.

Grappled tightly together in a close embrace, the two hunks continued blasting their cum uninhibitedly until their entire reserves had been replenished. And though both of their endurances were wildly superior than that of the average soldier, like most men, the moment they'd emptied their tanks they were out for the count. With orgasm and exhaustion washing over the two girl's manly bodies, both Annette and Mercedes collapse next to each other on the bed, panting and breathing heavily while they recovered from their workout.

Beside them, Byleth stretched her body playfully, feeling extremely energized and ready to start the day. She could feel her heart beating wildly from her recent encounter, she could feel Mercedes' hot jizz dripping down her recently taken pussy and ass. Though she'd just had savage sex with her couple of hunky boyfriends/students after waking up, she felt more energized than ever. And the day was only getting started~

.....  
*Creeeeaaak!*

Professor Byleth commandingly flung open the doors to the Blue Lions classroom, her visage producing an air of authority that could make any of her students twitch. With a smug smile on her face and a slim magical notebook firmly nestled within her right hand, Byleth slowly marched down the room's main aisle as her two boyfriends followed behind her, ready to start today's lessons. Along the rows of the classroom itself, the rest of Byleth's students dutifully waited for the professor to arrive. By Byleth's own hand, every single one of them had been personally modified and corrupted to her perverted array of specifications. Observing all of their new fun figures filled Byleth with the same excitement she felt when she'd first created them.

In fact, as Byleth walked through the center of her classroom, the professor was able to set her eyes upon one particular trio of students that was a favorite of hers. Standing to the rightmost end of the group was the beautiful blonde Ingrid. This dutiful lady was one of the most diligent students in Byleth's class, thoroughly motivated by her desire to become a knight. Currently however, the blonde seemed to be in a less than composed state. Her cheeks were flushed brightly, her expression morphed into one of anxious worry. Like a shy child hiding behind its mother, Ingrid clung closely to the boy that stood beside her.



“F-F-Felix!” Ingrid pleaded desperately, lightly pulling down on the sleeves of his uniform with her slender hands. “P-Please-! Y-You have to help me!!”

The source of Ingrid’s woes was quite obvious to see. Though from hips up, Ingrid possessed that same youthful feminine body she’d started her school year with, below her torso, where her slender legs should have been, there instead was a massive black-furred horse torso, complete with a fluffy tail, four sturdy horse legs and a large spotted and erect horscock hanging below her hind legs. Ingrid was a regular girl no longer. She was purebred, magnificent centaur. Half female-human, half male-horse. Before her transformation, Ingrid often complained about wishing to be a knight but being bound by duty to become nothing more than a child-bearing housewife. But now that she was literally fused with her horse, the choice had been made for her. Possessing both the intelligence and poise of a noble lady but also the animalistic strength and stamina of a trained steed, Ingrid was free to become one of the greatest knights of her kingdom. And thanks to her new maleness, she would not have to carry her heir herself either. The only real problem Ingrid has now were her troubles controlling the animalistic lust that constantly assaulted her male genitals.

“Absolutely not!” The black-haired Felix quickly shot back with anger, quickly swiping his arm from Ingrid’s grasp. “I’m not helping you with *that* again!” He angrily replied.

“F-Felix p-please!!” Ingrid whined with fierce anguish. “Y-You know I c-can’t concentrate in c-class if I d-don’t calm it down!”

“Get someone else to do it!” Felix furiously barked at her, the bright red blush on his face heavily contrasting with his steely stern expression.

“B-B-B-But F-Felix!!!” Ingrid stammered. “You’re the only one with erm...” The girl gulped, her tongue getting caught up in her mouth while her cheeks flushed with a vibrant red color. “Assets that are big enough to satisfy me.”

Felix’s bright red blush of embarrassment only grew brighter at Ingrid’s comments. The boy folded his arms with displeasure, causing his enormous set of fat tits to bulge upwards from his chest. Of course, Felix knew exactly what Ingrid was talking about. He knew that she was completely right as well, for instead of possessing the honed body of a skilled swordsman, from the neck down, Felix’s body resembled that of a plump voluptuous female bishop. A large round ass protruded back from his whitish gown, which hid a pair of deliciously thick legs and a juicy pussy. Curves adorned the sides of his body, blatantly sticking out of his conservative dress in the shape of a perfect hourglass body. And most prominent of all, Felix’s pair jumbo breasts stuck out from his chest area like enormous supple fatty lumps. Each tit was easily twice as large than his head, giving the boy not only the largest bust in the entire class, but also the entire academy.

The reason why Byleth had given Felix such a form was very simple. When the professor had first joined their class, Felix always acted in a rude and combative way, caring for no one and nothing else than his sword training. Such disrespectful behavior was utterly unacceptable, so Byleth made the only reasonable course of action and took away Felix’s ability to fight. All of his skill with the blade was completely replaced with knowledge of white magic, and his toned and trained masculine body was transformed into a plump feminine form. From how soft and fickle Felix’s new womanly body was, it

was clear that the boy would never pick up a weapon again, instead relegated to healing and supporting his allies for the rest of time.

"I-I j-just don't want to do it!" The 'boy' replied. Felix turned his gaze away from Ingrid, his eyes burning with a mix of shame and anger. "Doing that sort of thing with you is embarrassing!"

That was when the third member of the group sprung up from Felix's left. His mouth twisted into a smugly devious smirk, the fiery-headed Sylvain lunged towards Felix while his right hand dove down and groped the other boy's pussy. Felix instantly reeled back in response, but the damage had been done, as the moment Felix's dress returned to its regular position, a large blotch of feminine juices was blatantly soaked within the threads on the spot where Felix's organ was supposed to be.

"Come on now Felix. No one likes a boy that plays hard to get~" Sylvain spoke in a soft boyish voice that was dipped in a thick sexual tone. "I could feel it clearly from that little touch I had, you want to help Ingrid with her *little problem* as much as she wants you to. You're absolutely dripping wet~"

Felix responded with nothing more than a deathly glare, his brain too embarrassed and enraged to form any proper sentences. Sylvain giggles coyly at his response.

"Heehee~ Felix, you really should learn to be more honest, like Ashy and I." Sylvain commented sweetly. "If my cute-iful boyfriend asked to fuck me, I'd happily be on all fours in an instant~"

To accentuate his comment, Sylvain made a sensual pirouette, pulling a beautiful dance move that complemented his dancer outfit perfectly. Although perhaps 'outfit' was too generous of a description considering what he was wearing. A set of traditional dancer garbs granted to the winner of the Heron Cup competition were in fact draped over Sylvain's toned body. Unlike the regular dancer outfit however, Sylvain's black and reddish robe were almost completely see-through, leaving not a single part of his body to the imagination. Merely staring at Sylvain would allow anyone to gawk at his muscled pecs, his sturdy arms, his chiseled abs... And down lower, poking from the tip of his crotch, a pretty pink pussy protruded from Sylvain's crotch in the spot where his penis should have been.

The red-haired boy's new form was a mixture of lean beautiful masculinity and feminine sultriness of a horny damp pussy. It had been assigned to him by Byleth for being such an insensitive flirtatious man, who'd decided to turn the tables on him and see how he liked it. His new job would be sensually dance for all of his fellow classmate, filling them with large amounts of energy and arousal from his delicious body. And as the class' only dancer, he would also be in charge of satiating their every desire. Now Sylvain would spend his days flirting with every lady he came across no more. Instead, both men and women would be flirting with *him*, filling the boy with that life of careless swinging he'd always sought after.

"Oh, shut it you damn whore!" Felix furiously barked back, his whole body shaking at from the strength of his voice. "You'd let *anyone* who asks fuck that slutty cunt of yours!"

"Teehee! I guess you're right!" Sylvain giggles gleefully, his shining face beautiful enough to make any person fall for him. "Those are just the responsibilities that come with being a sexy dancer like me~"

Again, Sylvain twirled coquettishly, his every movement oozing with pure sexuality that was hard to resist. Once his dance move was done, his right hand dove onto his crotch and spread out his glistening pussy, lewdly presenting it to Felix with a coy smile on his face. There was no need to exchange another

word after that. Sylvain's dance and expression did everything they needed to do. Felix looked away hastily, biting down on his lip while his hips trembled. Even he couldn't resist Sylvain's lustful movements, and now his already burning lust began to overflow from his body.

By this time Byleth had already arrived towards the trio, halfway through on her way to the front of the class. With a gentle smile adorning her face, the professor nodded and waved at the group, happy to see them interacting in such a positive manner. However, before Byleth could continue making her way towards the podium, the professor was promptly stopped by the sound of a wailing student.

"Professor!!!" The voice rang out loudly and powerfully. Its intonation was seeped in anger, its tone brimming with passion. It did not take more than a couple of seconds to figure out that such a voice could have only come from the hot-blooded Felix ready to enter another fight of the verbal variety. Byleth's expression didn't change in the slightest. Keeping the same tender caring smile she bore when she entered, the professor quickly turned to face her student.

"Felix." Byleth spoke in a curt yet professional way. "What can I help you with?"

"You know very *damn* well what you can help me with!" Felix exploded with rage, the way his plump body angrily marched towards Byleth making him look a bit ridiculous.

"I've asked you before, and I'll ask you again!" Felix accusatively poked the professor's shoulder. "I want a class change! I'm sick and tired of being on the sidelines and healing others. I want to fight again!"

"You want a class change, now do you?" Byleth chuckled loudly at the boy's request, her mouth twisting into a smirk that was almost malefic. "Let's see then..."

Lifting her right hand upwards, Byleth opened her little notebook up and began to inspect it intently. She turned page after page, muttering quietly to herself while her brain generated an endless amount of possibilities. Felix unsteadily stepped away from the professor, the way her eyes glimmered with a hint of craziness filling his stomach with a pit of dread. It was too late for Felix to regret his decision though, for the moment Byleth slammed her book closed and looked down upon Felix with a smug aura, her decision had already been made.

"I think you're right Felix. You *do* deserve a class change!" Byleth spoke with an ominous tone. "Let's go ahead and get you changed then~"

Felix opened his mouth to speak, except before a single sound could escape his lips, the boy's entire body was enveloped in a blinding white flash. A glowing warmth filled every inch of his system, as Felix felt the fabric of his very being self being restructured at a molecular level. Though it only lasted a second, Felix felt as if his mind had been thrown into the void for an eternity.

Soon the light surrounding Felix dissipated, flinging the healer's mind back into reality. Felix panted heavily, his body pulsating lightly as it resumed regular functions. Head still groggy, the boy quickly turned downwards in order to gaze upon his new form. Much to his dismay unfortunately, the first thing he saw as his eyes focused downwards were the large set of round tits he'd come to scorn so much. It would be incorrect to say Felix was still the same as he was before, however. Felix's bust was contained within a shining breastplate as his upper body was draped in thick riding armor instead of a thin dress. More importantly, below Felix's waist where a set of shapely legs were supposed to be there was now a large white-furred feminine equine body. Felix gasped loudly as his eyes laid upon his new quadruped

lower body, his hands gently caressing his soft horse back almost as if to check if it was real. Even as he felt his horse body gently rise and fall to his own breathing and his new four legs flowed with virility from his very blood, Felix's brain could barely register what had happened to it. There was no doubting Felix's new form though, the boy had been completely transformed into a full-fledged female centaur.

"What the hell!!!???" Felix cried out with shock and disgust, his horse legs reflexively moving about in surprise. "You turned me into a horse?!?"

"A centaur, actually." Byleth calmly explained. "Your father is also a Holy Knight, correct? Well, since you were so eager to obtain a new class, I've decided to make you into the best Holy Knight you could ever be!"

"AAAGGGHHHHH!!!" Felix erupted at the top of his lungs, his blood boiling with the utmost of rage. Felix didn't know whether it was because he'd been given the same class as his father, or because he'd been given such an animalistic form, or simply because he still couldn't fight, but the hatred that pulsed within Felix's body just couldn't be contained. "This is *NOT* what I asked for!!! I only wanted to be able to fight on the frontlines, not be some sort of freak! And I still can't use anything but white magic! What you've done to me is-! T This is-!!!"

"Perfect!" Ingrid suddenly interjected, before Felix could finish. Her eyes glimmered brighter than the stars, her gaze lovingly fixated on her friend's new form. "Felix, your new class is perfect~! You look absolutely beautiful~"

As if she'd been caught in a trance, Ingrid slowly trotted towards Felix. Her gaze was fixated on Felix's dripping horse pussy, her heart pulsating faster and faster as she stared at Felix's dazzling figure. Acting of their own volition, Ingrid's forelegs bounced towards Felix's backside, hoisting Ingrid's black horse body atop Felix's white horse back. And from the way Ingrid's veiny horse cock throbbed wildly, there was no doubt what the girl's intentions were.

"I-I-Ingrid!?!?" Felix stammered with surprise. He tried to squirm away from Ingrid's grasp, but thanks to his lack of experience moving his equine form, Felix found himself completely bound to Ingrid's more commanding form. "Wh-Wh-What ar-r-r-e you d-doing!?!?"

"I'm sorry Felix, but I just can't contain myself anymore~" Ingrid explained, her mouth basically salivating. Her eyes twitched with an animalistic desire, her voice cracking with crazed lust. It almost looked like a beast had taken over Ingrid's mind and it wanted to do nothing more than fuck Felix's brains out. "I can smell your pussy from here~" She continued. "It's simply *begging* me to fuck you~ If I don't put my cock inside you right now, I think I might go insane! I hope you find it in yourself to forgive me~"

A thunderous shudder tingled Felix's spine from top to bottom. Seeing Ingrid in such a lust-maddened state filled him with a sense of dread that took his breath away. And yet, the way his sloppy horse pussy ached, it shivered with more arousal than his regular pussy had ever shivered before. Felix could feel the heat of Ingrid's large horse cock radiating a few inches behind his pussy. It caused every inch of Felix's new body to quiver with excitement. Though Felix wished nothing more than to run away, to escape from Ingrid's promise of a thorough pussy pounding, his legs had entirely surrendered to her. Whether he liked it or not, his body was ready to let Ingrid fuck him into submission.

Wasting not a second longer of time, Ingrid dominantly cocked her hind legs forward, slamming her ebony horse cock deep into Felix's fat horse pussy. The boy couldn't hold back his reaction for even a second, for a piercing womanly moan escaped his lips the second he felt Ingrid's thick member stirring up his insides. Not to say Ingrid herself fared much better, her head arching back in bliss and her voice singing out joyfully while her cock pillaged Felix's demure fruit. Pulling her whole horse body atop of Felix's, Ingrid kept mindlessly pushing forward until not a single inch of her cock was left outside of Felix's hot cunt. And once only her fat horse ballsack hung down from the entrance to Felix's pussy, the girl quickly wrapped her hands around the other boy's human torso, pressing their bodies together so tightly it almost looked like they could never be forced apart.

Eyes rolling backward in pure bliss, Ingrid joyfully groaned as she felt the leathery length of her veiny shaft being tightly constricted by Felix's vagina. The way it was loose enough to hold the tremendous size of her length, yet also tight enough to lovingly wrap around her girth made the needy centaur feel like she was ready to blow her load at any second. Of course, the utterly aroused Ingrid would never be pacified with a single thrust. No, her animalistic thirst could only be quenched after the most intense, passionate, dick wrecking sex she could possibly have. So without putting any further thought into it, Ingrid's body started to instinctively rock its hind muscles back and forth in a vicious takeover of Felix's cunt.

The centaur girl's thrusts were rough and animalistic from the start. Not an ounce of caution was put into Ingrid's motions as her whole fat horse body lunged forward, slipping her mighty girth into the deepest recesses of Felix's cunt. Not a shred of mercy was provided to the quivering centaur boy as he moaned out blissfully every time Ingrid's heavy balls slapped against the entrance to his pussy. Her tremendous cock effortlessly slid through the insides of his viscous pulsating cunt as if it had been made to fit its exact shape. Carnal, brute force was the name of the game, and Ingrid had that in spades. From the way her horse body slammed down on Felix's frail horse figure to the way her arms possessively gripped onto his human torso, Ingrid absolutely dominated both of Felix's animal and human forms.

And yet, despite all the fury and roughness that was being forced upon the helpless centaur Felix, the only thing the foul-mouthed black-haired boy could muster to do was moan out like a mare in heat. His pussy eagerly lubricated the length of Ingrid's fat dick, its insides happy to accept the force of their new master. His horse body bucked backwards along to the motions of Ingrid's thrusts, hoping to get the more dominant centaress to absolutely demolish his needy organ. Any sort of resistance Felix could have kept at this point was all but erased, as his body completely accepted its biological necessities and gave itself completely onto Ingrid. It seemed that behind his façade of an edgy, angered young man there was nothing more than a bitch hoping to be thoroughly bred.

"Hyyaaa~ Mmfff~ Aaaahhh~" A litany of perverted whinnies escaped Felix's mouth, his fighting spirit totally broken by endless cascades of lust. Now that his stud was deep inside him, there was nothing else to complain about.

Sylvain smiled upon the impassioned duo with an air of smug superiority. Bearing that same sensually confident grin as before, the dancer slowly walked up to the groaning Felix and firmly groped the centaur boy's tights tightly, eliciting a high note pleasures mewl from Felix's mouth.

"What did I tell you Felix?" Sylvain giggled coyly, his fingers teasingly kneading the fat of Felix's breasts. "Can't you see that it feels so much better when you're honest with yourself~?"

Brain too high on pleasure, Felix couldn't muster the slightest of response to what Sylvain had said. Ingrid on the other hand did respond, but not in a very positive way. The mere sight of her mare being touched by another man sent an influx of aggressive male hormones into the centaress' mind, causing her to angrily growl at Sylvain. Like a spoiled child not wanting to share their toys, she quickly swiped Sylvain's hands away from Felix's fat tits as she began to violently grope them herself. Her eyes piercingly glared into Sylvain's soul, while her hind legs began to pump Felix's pussy with further furor. It looked like the spirit of the alpha male had taken over Ingrid's body, and she was ready to fight tooth and nail to keep control of her mate.

"Alright, alright! I get it~" Sylvain giggled teasingly, not interested in entering Ingrid's competition of maleness in the slightest. "I guess I'll just leave you two love horses alone. I've got my own cute boyfriend to be lovey dovey with anyways~"

Quickly blowing a kiss and a wink at the lovely couple, Sylvain bid his goodbyes and gracefully slid away towards the other side of the room. His feet expertly propelled him past the room's central aisle in a beautiful bouncing motion that looked like it was out of the opera. And once he'd skillfully landed onto one of the left side benches, the boy lovingly snuggled the larger student that sat to his left. Said student was wearing the signature long, thick blackish robe of dark mages that obscured any sort of details of his form beneath the clothes. They seemed to be focusing intently on a magical tome on the table before them, though their attention quickly shifted once they'd felt the beautiful Sylvain at their side. From the short grayish grizzly hair atop his head, one could safely guess the identity of this student. But any remaining doubts Byleth could have had were entirely eliminated as the boyish freckled face of Ashe turned to face Sylvain with a widened smile.

"Hey Ashy~" Sylvain spoke softly with a lustful grin.

"Ah! Sylvain~" Ashe gasped breathily.

There were no more words the two needed to exchange. Acting in almost perfect conjunction, both boys gently flicked their eyes closed and pushed their lips together, joining for an amorous embrace. Their lips greedily pushed together, the wet slurping sounds of slick passionate kissing echoing around them. Their tongues fluttered around each other energetically, almost as if they were trying to pull the other tongue in with a strange game of tug of war. Byleth had never seen such a display of raw emotional force emanating from any other person's kiss. Even her own smooches with her boyfriends paled in comparison to the sexual power that surged from the two boys. Though she wasn't involved in the kiss herself, Byleth felt she was going to melt by simply watching the deliciously sweet show that was Ashe's and Sylvain's intimate kiss.

Time seemed to come to a halt as the boys lovingly kissed. And once their mouths finally parted from each other, lewd strings of saliva dripping down each of their lips, Byleth could not tell whether five minutes or five hours had passed. Their gazes were firmly interlocked together, their voices gasping heavily in a heat of passion. Neither boy felt the need to produce a single word, as they could both tell exactly what the other wanted by simply looking into their lover's eyes. That was when a sudden phallic protrusion bulged out from the crotch of Ashe's bulky dark mage robe, steadily growing larger and stronger by the second. Without breaking away from Ashe's gaze, Sylvain's right hand slowly began to wrap around it, his slender fingers eagerly pumping its thick length. Soon each one of the boys' smiles widened, their bodies trembling ecstatically at what was to come.

“Oh my Ashy~” Sylvain panted lustfully, licking his lips as he firmly rubbed the conical shaft that was sprouting from Ashe’s robes. “Is that a big book of yours or are you happy to see me?”

“Heheh...” Ashe chuckled with a breathy tone. “I-I’m sorry Sylvain, you’re just so sexy I can’t help but get aroused when we kiss~”

“That’s alright baby~” Sylvain planted a quick peck on Ashe’s cheek, his pussy starting to dampen as her hand gripped onto Ashe’s fat cock. “I love it when I get you horny~”

As Sylvain’s body finally grew tired of sitting still, the dancer boy promptly propped himself up onto his feet. He graciously slid onto the table in front of them, gently pushing Ashe’s books away as he laid himself before his boyfriend in his semi-transparent garb. Shooting Ashe a confident and lustful expression, Sylvain shamelessly spread his legs out wide, his hands sinking onto his crotch and spreading his soaking pussy for Ashe to see.

“Now why don’t you take off that stupid robe of yours and fuck me~?” Sylvain mewled in a both submissive and commanding tone.

Ashe chuckled warmly. “I’d love nothing more~” He gasped joyfully, cheeks flushed red with lust. That was all the encouragement Ashe needed.

Unceremoniously rising up from his stool, Ashe tightly gripped his darkened robes to effortlessly fling them off his body. And what laid beneath those unassuming bulky clothes was truly a wonder to the eyes. Standing proudly beneath Ashe’s cute boyish face was the body of what could best be described as a plump, heavy MILF. Two set of large round breasts clung down from his chest, with thickly delicious inverted nipples that would only poke out when thoroughly aroused. Though they weren’t as large as Felix’s, each flesh orb was still girthy enough to overflow from even the largest of hands. His arms and legs were filled with soft jiggly fat, while a cute pudgy belly happily protruded from his midsection. A light coat of body hair surged from his crotch and armpits, generating a musky perverted scent that stewed within his robe. And in the place where one would expect to find a fat cunt, an enormous bulbous man-stick sprung forth in a fully erect state, with a girth and length that was twice as big as average men and two round testicles that were filled to the brim with hot sperm.

This corrupted figure of the quiet, gentle Ashe had been yet another gift of Byleth’s creation. Although funnily enough, most of the changes to Ashe’s body had been done by the boy himself. When Byleth had initially thought of ways to transform Ashe, she’d decided it to keep it simple. Shy quiet boys usually hid a huge perverted personality, and Ashe was one of the demurest kids she’d seen. So all Byleth did was pump Ashe’s mind full of sick perversions along with granting him the dark magical prowess of demented Dark Bishops of old. The results had been spectacular. In just a couple of weeks, Ashe had willingly transformed his boyish body into that of a sexy mature large-cocked MILF! Byleth couldn’t have been prouder of him the day she’d seen him walk into class with that huge rack of tits.

Of course, even after his transformation, Ashe continued acting like a kind, gentle soul in front of everyone else. He cared for the plants in the greenhouse, happily participated with class activities, and socialized perfectly with his fellow classmates. But Byleth clearly noticed the changes in his demeanor. The way he hungrily leered at other girls in his class, how he’d slip to the back of the room and furiously rub himself in secret, a clear pattern of lateness and unfinished homework most likely due to endless sessions of masturbation. Without a doubt, Ashe had become a first-class pervert!

It was actually Ashe's perversion gotten him and Sylvain so close. Sylvain, who was the source of lust for every single person around them, and Ashe, who lusted for anything and everything he could set his eyes upon. With Ashe, Sylvain could get utter admiration that truly enriched his heart, and with Sylvain, Ashe could fulfill his crazed desires at his every whim. The two suited each other so perfectly it was almost as if they'd been made to be together. And so, the loving couple of boys spent every moment they could together, as Ashe utilized his knowledge of the dark arts to conjure all sort of fetishy magical situations while Sylvain happily assisted his devoted boyfriend in all the perverted dreams he wished to play out.

Thus, as Ashe confidently towered above the begging Sylvain, large cock eagerly throbbing with carnal desire, the dark mage was ready to ravage his twink boyfriend's overflowing pussy. Before he could even make the first move though, the rim of his asshole twitched pleurably, his innards rumbling in an odd manner.

"Mmfff~" Ashe lustfully moaned out, his mouth curling into an eerily knowing smile. He could feel strange movements in his bowels, as if a large object was threatening to push out. Ashe didn't fight this feeling though, he embraced it. Relaxing his anal muscles, he eagerly let the thing writhing inside him press outwards, his cock throbbing at what was to come.

Without any sort of warning or indication, a thick jet-black tendril jet burst from Ashe's anus, stretching out his buttohole as it slithered away from his body. This tentacle didn't seem to have any fecal qualities however, nor did it seem to be some kind of odd toy. In fact, the odd protrusion that came out of Ashe's butt appeared to be very much alive from the way it snuck in between Ashe's legs and slowly began to rise up towards Sylvain! The tip of its long tentacle body flared outwards into a mushroom-shaped tip like that of a penis. Its skin was soft but also firm and slimy like that of a dildo. Yes, there could be no question about it, the thing sliding out of Ashe's butt had to be a living tentacle creature the boy had summoned at some point!

Ashe moaned out blissfully as he felt the large tentacle slowly crawling out of his tight anus, his erect cock throbbing the further it slipped away. Though Byleth could not say for certain, the professor had a feeling Ashe was controlling it using his magic. Like a snake stalking its prey, the cock-tipped tendril carefully sneaked towards Sylvain, rising from Ashe's crotch and slithering onto the table. It sat beside Sylvain silently, pulling more of its mass away from Ashe as it waited for the perfect moment to attack.

Throughout it all, Sylvain had been totally unaware of any strange happening around him, preferring to simply wait for his boyfriend to lovingly take him. By the time he finally did notice something was off, it was already too late. In a rapid motion that was like that of a lightning bolt crashing down on the ground, the tendril quickly lunged itself towards Sylvain, instantly wrapping around his arms and torso until he'd been completely immobilized.

"Eeep!" Sylvain yelped girlishly in surprise, his arms fearfully struggling within their constraints in a vain attempt to escape the tentacle's grasp. "A-Are those the tentacles we talked about yesterday?"

"Yes~" Ashe cooed in response, his eyes leering hungrily at Sylvain's helpless form. "I did a bit of research, and I think I know how to control them pretty well~"

Spending an insignificant amount effort, Ashe easily lifted Sylvain off the table using only his tentacle. He slowly pulled the red-head towards him, dragging his body closer and closer until the lips of his pussy



were pressing against the tip of Ashe's shaft. Sylvain's legs dangled down limply in the air, his arms and torso tightly bound together within a leathery tendril. Inside his chest, Sylvain could feel his heart beat with a twinge of fear. He hadn't expected for Ashe to pull up with this so suddenly, and Sylvain had never before played with this kind of toy. And yet, the incredible levels of arousal he could feel dripping down from his vagina were impossible to deny. Whatever it was that Ashe had in store for him, Sylvain was ready for it.

Preparation which would soon come in handy, for a mere couple of second later Ashe pulled on Sylvain down fiercely, piercing Sylvain's vagina with his tremendous cock in one swift motion. Sylvain cooed out happily as he felt Ashe's dick effortlessly slide deep into his damp pussy. His heart thumped powerfully against the black tentacle, his red-hot clit twitching with arousal. For some reason Sylvain could feel his organ pulsating excitedly as the tendril gripped tightly on his body, as if the thought of being squeezed and manhandled almost to the point of harm by his pervert boyfriend was thoroughly arousing him. Despite his initial inhibitions, it seemed that Sylvain was finding himself enjoying his current situation further and further.

Ashe himself also seemed to be basking in the fruits of his labor. Hips bucking forth mechanically, the boy panted and groaned at the delectable sensations of Sylvain's slutty pussy wrapping around his cock. His large tentacle tenderly pumped Sylvain's body up and down Ashe's cock in a rhythmic manner, plunging Ashe's girthy member into the deepest recesses of Sylvain's vagina. Because of the automatic swaying motions of the tentacle, Ashe didn't need to thrust hard into Sylvain's pussy. Still, the mage boy was more than eager to assault Sylvain's cunt, as his large breasts bobbed about with every one of his commanding pelvic lunges. With how much control Ashe possessed over Sylvain, the scene looked less like the regular consensual sex of two adults and more like Ashe was using Sylvain as a living fleshlight, his cock turning Sylvain's cunt into nothing more than a toy.

"Mmhhh, yeah Ashy~" Sylvain panted lustfully, hoping to further enflame Ashe's lust but also genuinely eager for more. "Fill me up~"

A devilish smirk formed on Ashe's face, Sylvain's choice of words lighting yet another spark of lewdness inside his mind. Without stopping his regular pumping motions into Sylvain's pussy, Ashe started controlling his large black tentacle once more. The dick-shaped head of the tendril silently slithered down towards Sylvain's crotch, while more and more of the tentacle's length escaped Ashe's butt. Using sniper-like precision, Ashe pressed the tip of his tendril against the rim of Sylvain's butt.

"Woah- Hey!" Sylvain instantly sputtered with surprise, his eyes opened wide from the sudden shock. "Wait- Where are you-? That's my b-butt- O-ohh-! *Ooohhhhh~*"

But before Sylvain could attempt to muster any further complaints, the tip of Ashe's tendril had already punctured the rim of Sylvain's anus and was already plunging deep into his sphincter. The red haired twink's body shivered in bliss, his limbs writhing uncontrollably as the wriggling feeling of a tentacle coursing inside him tingled his spine. Though Sylvain wasn't new to the anal department, the way Ashe's slimy and bulbous tentacle slithered inside him made for a sensation Sylvain had never experienced before. Its rubbery girth pulsated inside of Sylvain's asshole, bulging so far out of his anal walls it was as if it was rubbing with Ashe's cock as he continued thrusting into Sylvain's pussy. Sylvain could clearly feel as the tentacle slithered up further and further inside him, causing his insides to buzz with a blissful tingling sensation as his inner organs were forcefully opened up by a foreign protrusion. It was strange,

it was wrong. And yet, Sylvain couldn't help but shiver in ecstasy as this tentacle forced its way up the wrong side of his digestive system, traveling through his intestines, up his stomach until Sylvain could sense it as a lump in his throat. The whole experience felt like Ashe was slowly taking control of every part of Sylvain's body, and Sylvain was more than eager to let himself be completely taken over by his perverted boyfriend.

"Aaahhhh~ Ashe-!" Sylvain moaned drunkenly, the tips of his fingers tingling as Ashe's tentacle throbbed inside him. "I-I-I c-can feel it~ It's about to come ouuuughhh~"

As Sylvain's words trickled out into gibberish, the dancer's lips were violently pushed apart by Ashe's commanding black tentacle, which writhed with happiness from having found its freedom. Sylvain's eyes rolled backwards in bliss, every inch of his body trembling without his control. He could barely breathe, he couldn't manage to move a single limb in his body, and his mind felt like it was about to pass it at any second. Yet Sylvain's pussy shuddered with force, coating Ashe's cock in his juices as he experienced the strongest orgasm he'd ever felt. There was no doubt in his mind, Sylvain was drowning in bliss.

Seeing his boyfriend in such a primal, basic state sent blissful goosebumps throughout Ashe's body, causing his penis to throb with excitement. He slammed his cock into Sylvain's dripping cunt, making sure to not let up his wrecking of the dancer's ass and pussy at the same time.

"Goddess, Sylvain, you look so hot now~" Ashe groaned longingly.

With the final component of his perverted dream realized, Ashe couldn't help but pant with utter joy. Hot-blooded lust-fueled passion courses through his veins, forcing him to to forgo his thoughts and fully give himself to his bubbling lust. So, closing his eyes and pushing his face forward, Ashe pressed his tender lips against Sylvain's locking the two in a tender sloppy kiss. It was less of a kiss and more of Ashe needily sucking the tip of the tentacle that came out of Sylvain's mouth while the redhead enjoyed himself in dreamland though, as Ashe lustfully twirled his tongue around the tendril as if it was trying to please a succulent cock. Though their relationship might have been considered strange by some, the way the two fucked so passionately at this moment made it perfectly clear they were meant to be together.

The two boys remained this way for some time, fucking and kissing in a manner so perverted most would feel their eyes burnt by its brilliance. Byleth was not like most people however. The professor stared intently at Ashe's and Sylvain's lovemaking, her mouth drooling at the deliciously creative and perverted scene developing before her very eyes. The idea was so strange and unexpected Byleth felt like she couldn't have come up with something like that herself. She felt extremely proud of her little Ashe, so much so that she even started doubting her own perversions. The sight of the two boys fucking was truly mesmerizing to the eyes and mind.

"Professor... Are you ok?"

All of a sudden, Byleth was yanked out of her trance as she felt Mercedes' thick hand land on her shoulder and her soft voice enter her ears. Quickly shaking her head awake, Byleth swiped the drool off her lip and shook off her confusion. Of course, Ashe could have been a wonderful pervert, but she had to remember: *She* was the professor, *she* was the one in charge. At the end of the day, all the control was in her hands, so there was nothing for Byleth to feel bad about. Smile returning to her face, Byleth turned to Mercedes with a brightened expression.

“I’m perfectly alright Mercedes, thank you.” Byleth responder happily.

Having wasted enough time with her students, Byleth turned away from the boys and began to march towards the center of the room once more. She quickly and efficiently made her way past the lines of desks and stools until she finally arrived at the front podium, where she could lay down her teaching materials while her boyfriend/bodyguard duo dutifully sat on the front row. With an excellent view of the entire classroom before her, Byleth promptly lifted her head to gaze upon the beautiful scene unraveling within her domain.

Around her, almost every single student was involved in some sort of profoundly sexual activity. The chorus of moaning students rang so loudly within the classroom, Byleth could recognize them from voice alone. Byleth carefully observed every one of them, justifying her pause by saying it was to take attendance of her starting class, but knowing deep inside she just wished to stare at her students having weird fetish-y sex. Like the obedient, diligent students they were, most of Byleth’s class found themselves present. All but two were currently present in the class, and Byleth knew exactly the identity of the ones that were missing.

“Alright, alright! I’m here okay!!!”

The piercing feminine yell resonated loudly through the rows of the classroom, echoing deep into the room and into the professor’s ears. The loud clacking of expensive high heel shoes landing on stone followed soon after, curling Byleth’s lips quickly into a wide smugly devilish grin. Whoever it was that had abruptly entered the classroom made their presence more than known, their thickly dominant aura drowning out even loudest of groans and slaps whilst they made their way to the front of the room. And as this person passed the last row of seats and confidently stood before Byleth and the podium, their identity could no longer be concealed, revealing themselves to be ‘Dimitri’, the crown ‘prince’ of Faerghus and the current leader of the Blue Lions house.

“Oh, hay professor...” ‘Dimitri’ spoke in a tone that was wholly unenthused. Byleth merely smiled in response.

This was not the same Dimitri that had once been the pride and joy of the kingdom of Farghus, however. For one, *she* didn’t even seem to be a man at all! Two enormous orbs of flesh clung down from her chest inappropriately, with two slender arms and two shapely legs forming into a perfect hourglass-shaped figure and a face that was soft, small and devoid of any masculine features to make her look like a bombshell beauty rather than a dull prince. Instead of wearing some sort of elaborate and official uniform, this woman wore just enough clothes to not be considered naked. A jet blue tube top held her large breasts at bay, though it was so small it looked like both orbs were ready to spill at the moment, while a black thong covered the slit that appeared to be Dimitri’s pussy, which was thin enough that it looked like ever her tiny clit was bulging out. From her posture, the way she stood with one hip cocked to the side seemingly uncaring about anything other than herself, accompanied by an expression of annoyance that screamed that she didn’t want to be here, it seemed that this lady held no sort of respect for Byleth’s authority from the professor. Considering how radically different this ‘Dimitri’ was from how he looked and acted before, it was blatantly obvious the name ‘Dimitri’ no longer fit the bitchy woman that currently took a deformed version of his visage. A much more appropriate name for her now would be Dimitra, Bimbo Slut Lord of the Blue Lions house.

Behind her, a huge mountain of a man quickly dashed along, doing his best to rush his muscular body at a fast pace. He ran through the middle aisle until he reached Dimitra's side, where he stopped a moment to catch his breath. His hair was a short and gray, his skin colored a rich brown, and a combination of muscle and height gave him a truly threatening aura. Though despite his steely appearance, the soft expression of a caring and gentle man adorned his face. This man was of course, Dedue, loyal retainer to the bitch princess Dimitra.

"I've... Arrived... Professor..." Dedue panted heavily, his body not used to moving at high speeds. He respectfully bowed at the professor, acknowledging her authority in a complete opposite way to his liege.

In terms of his appearance, Dedue did not look too different or seem to act much too different from his regular self. At least that's what one would see if they were not very observant, for the tips of both of Dedue's ears stretched on backwards into pointed tips, while their skin became turned a scaly dark gray. The fact was that Dedue wasn't quite human anymore. He was what one would consider a 'Manekete'. Though Byleth had only heard about them in legend, she thought it would be fun to try and create them herself. These are half-human half-dragon creatures that can easily transform between the form of a human and a dragon. Dedue would be able to change into the commanding and destructive form of a dragon at will, though he would also transform automatically when his emotions were running high. Byleth believed such a form to be very fitting for the Duscur man, as she enjoyed the idea of a large yet demure man transforming into an imposing dragon when enraged or impassioned.

"Dimitra. Dedue." Byleth spoke curtly, though her smile was still shining brightly on her face. "I see you're both late."

"We're very sorry professor!" Dedue pleaded apologetically. "We promise not to-"

"Bah, like whatever!" Dimitra uncaringly interrupted her guardian. "It's like I give a crap about stupid classes!"

The statement seemed to agitate Dedue quite a bit, who felt it was not correct to disrespect their professor like that. However, Byleth's expression didn't change in the slightest. She merely shifted her gaze, turning her head towards Dimitra. "So Dimitra, might I ask why it that you've come so late?"

"I was up all night fucking some of my fellow citizens of course~" Dimitra proudly revealed, lifting her hand to pump an imaginary penis while she morphed her mouth into plump O-shape. "As the royal princess of Faerghus, I have to make sure I satisfy every one of the Blue Lion students~"

"I assume you haven't done your homework either then?" Byleth added.

"Of course not!" Dimitra cackled loudly, her breasts heavily bouncing up and down with her every laugh. "There's no way I'd waste my time on that boring shit!"

Such a disrespectful response would have normally insulted most professors, but Byleth couldn't help but simply smile. It was truly remarkable how differently Dimitra acted from Dimitri. Almost as if they were two completely different people! Of course, Byleth hadn't removed any aspect of Dimitri's past or reality, she'd merely tweaked his personality in such a thoroughly severe manner, she wondered how much of the old Dimitri actually remained in that bitchy head of Dimitra. Byleth wasn't too sure exactly why she'd done it either. Perhaps it was because Dimitra fit Byleth's preconceived perception of what a

spoiled princess would look like. Or perhaps it was because she liked the idea of the previously tepid and formal Dimitri acting like an absolute bimbo whore. Regardless, Byleth thoroughly enjoyed the way this new Blue Lions leader acted, even if many around her found her personality to be overwhelming.

“M-Milady please!” Dedue gasped with terror. “I must ask that you take your studies more seriously! And please do not insult our professor like that!”

“Whatever!” Dimitra puffed with anger, turning her face away from Dedue in a clearly upset manner. “The only reason I came was because Dedue wouldn’t stop being a little bitch about it! Now please mark my attendance so I can leave professor. Or don’t, I don’t really give a shit. I’m gonna go see if I can get a big fat cock in my pussy now, kay?~”

Without exchanging another word, Dimitra rudely turned away from the professor and began to sultrily walk out of the classroom, her large ass wobbling from side to side with every step she took. The princess would have gone quite far from the room as well, had she not been stopped by the deep manly voice of Dedue.

“Milady, stop!” The retainer pleaded with desperation, dashing towards the bimbo in hopes of changing her mind. “I must ask you to reconsider. You *have* to stay and attend class!”

Dimitra’s cheeks flushed red at the larger man’s request, as if the thought of being asked to spend time with Dedue excited her. “A-Are you inviting me to stay in class with you?” She asked shyly, looking down and away from Dedue in a cute and demure manner that was completely different from how she acted a few seconds ago.

“Of course Lady Dimitra!” Dedue responded with a smile, kindly taking hold of Dimitra’s soft hand. “I would love for you to stay in class...” The statement felt like a declaration of love. Dimitra’s heart beat within her chest, her breathing going unsteady. Well, if he was asking her to stay with him perhaps.

“So you can learn the skills necessary to become a great queen of Faerghus.” Dedue continued dumbly, completely blind to Dimitra’s feelings

“I-Is that-” Dimitra gulped, a twinge of doubt churning her insides. “Is that the only reason you want me to stay?”

“Uh... ..” Dedue pulled back, his face morphed into a perplexed expression. Was there any other reason he should give than that? The dark-skinned man tried real hard to think of any, some other possible reason he could use to try and convince Dimitra to stay. But in the end, he couldn’t come up with a single thing. “I-I don’t believe so?” He spoke in an insecure tone.

Byleth shook her head, pensively rubbing her forehead in disappointment. Thick as a brick that one. Dimitra on the other hand, did not take the comment as well. Her cheeks were beet red, plumped up into a pout that oozed pure anger. Consumed by searing rage, the princess yanked her hand away from Dedue’s and released her fury with one powerful commanding yell.

“Bah! Whatever!” She screamed angrily, body shaking with sheer rage. “Dedue y-you idiot! I-It’s not like I wanted to stay with you anyways!!! I’m gonna go out n’ fuck some guys!”

“Alright, that’s enough milady.” Dedue wasn’t about to take this sitting down either though. As his majesty’s royal retainer, it was his job to make sure the princess received the best education she could,

whether she liked it or not. "If you fail to listen to reason, I believe I must resort to force." Sharply lunging towards the princess, he grabbed onto her arms firmly, preventing her from running away with his iron grip.

"Acckk!! S-Stop! L-Let me go!" Dimitra began to thrash about, her kicking and screaming as Dedue gently pulled her back towards the front.

"Settle down princess." The manakete tried to comfort her. "It's only a few hours of class."

Dimitra was one hard cookie to crack though. "L-Let go of me you fucking Duscur Boar!" Unable to beat Dedue on the physical side, the girl resorted to screaming all sorts of names and insults in hopes to damage his spirit. "Beast! Animal! Half-Human!" Disgusting slurs were thrown at Dedue's ears, though none of them fazed him. Dedue was much accustomed to receiving such treatment and even harsher at times from the people of Faerghus. Besides, he knew that his liege did not mean these words, they were only being thrown out in an attempt to startle him. Really, there was nothing that Dimitra could say that would make Dedue drop her. Well except perhaps if she mentioned something about when she rescued him...

"I wish I'd never sav-" The words blasted out of Dimitra's lips. But before she could finish her sentence, a large explosion of wind and dust covered the room.

Dimitra covered her eyes for a second, her body quivering as she powerful energies swirl around her. And by the time it all settled down and Dimitra could open her eyes once more, the regular Dedue was no longer beside her. Instead, an enormous threatening dark gray Wyvern had taken his place.

**"I SAID THAT'S ENOUGH!!!"** Dedue's voice roared loudly from the dragon, taking an angelic, processed tone as if it was being transmitted directly into people's mind rather than being spoken with vocal cords.

Their surroundings quickly grew silent as the imposing Dedue stood in the middle of the room, now in the form of a menacing dragon. The manakete was about as tall as the room itself, his head hanging just a few feet below the tall ceiling. He looked quite similar to many Wyverns commonly seen around Fodlan, though much more humanoid in shape. A litany of dark greyish scales covered his body whole, replacing his soft skin with little sturdy plates of armor. His face extended outwards into a draconic snout, forming a menacing jaw that was filled to the brim with sharp and serrated teeth. With the two deer-like horns that sprouted from the top of his head, Dedue's face looked no different from that of a ravenous monster, though his eyes kept the mellow blue greyish color they had been before.

Two large imposing arms jutted out of his midsection, ending with two four-fingered hands. From each one of his digits, terribly pointed claws extended outwards, sharp enough to gut the toughest of beasts. Both of his hands were so monstrously huge, that Dedue no longer needed to hold Dimitra down with them both. Instead, the manakete could easily hold the entirety of Dimitra's torso in a single hand, keeping the girl in a tight constraint the likes not even the strongest of men could break out of. From his back, two large powerful wings sprouted forth, giving Dedue the ability of flight if he ever so needed it. And finally, two large feet stomped down on the ground mightily, almost cracking the stone below him from Dedue's sheer weight. To say Dedue's draconic form was imposing would be an understatement. The dragon was downright terrifying! Almost every single person in this room felt utterly intimidated by the angered dragon. Even the confident Dimitra found herself shaking within his grasp. The moment Dedue transformed unwittingly, things were certain to get rough.

***“DO YOU REALLY WISH TO TAKE ANOTHER MAN’S DICK SO BADLY?”*** Dedue growled fiercely, his temper clearly lost by this point. ***“FINE! IF THAT’S THE CASE, THEN I’LL GIVE YOU THE FUCKING YOU DESERVE!”***

With a powerful downward thrust, Dedue slammed the fist in which Dimitra was held down onto the ground, pinning her between his titanic claws. The floor around the punch shattered, little bits of rock and marble bursting into the air from the impact, though magically the girl seemed to be quite intact herself. It was as if Dedue had merely flung her around in an attempt to rattle, like some type of punishment for what she’d tried to said. Not that it seemed to work in the slightest, for Dimitra’s expression was more one of barely contained excitement than one of fearful panic, as if the fact that she would soon be utterly ravaged by a dragon Dedue had made everything up until now totally worth it.

Soon, two large reddish cocks sprung from a slit at the bottom of Dedue’s manakete crotch. They both looked very bulbous and pointed, almost like the shape of a red pepper. Each one was absolutely gigantic in size, able to easily dwarf Ingrid’s titanic horse cock without breaking a sweat. White ooze dripped from each of their tips already, both cocks throbbing side by side with utter anticipation at getting a taste of the royal pussy. And though most normal people would be utterly terrified at the thought of being penetrated by something so thick and large, the smile on Dimitra’s face couldn’t be wider.

There was no sort of fanfare as Dedue pressed the tip of his cocks against the entrance of Dimitra’s damp pussy. They pulsed with an intense heat, each one as wide as Dimitra’s vagina itself. Their size was so tremendously large that surely a single one could not find inside Dimitra’s pussy, and much less both at the same time. Unfortunately, this plain little fact didn’t seem to phase Dedue in the slightest, as the dragon continued to cock his hips forward, slowly parting open her labia with his dual cocks as he pressed on and on against Dimitra’s cunt until-

***SHLOOORP!!!***

***“KYAAAAHHHH~::~”*** As Dimitra’s loud feminine voice pierced the silence of the room, both of Dedue’s cocks effortlessly slipped into the slut’s pussy.

A collective gasp of worry echoed throughout the room. Students all around looked towards Dimitra in concern. Did something go wrong? Had she been hurt? Was she ok? Whispers and murmurs about Dimitra’s safety were exchanged freely, no student thinking anyone could possibly take dragon Dedue’s dicks and live to tell the tale. Dimitra was more than just ok, however. She was absolutely ecstatic. Eyes glazed and rolled backwards in a blissful expression, Dimitra’s entire body shuddered with pleasure as she felt both of Dedue’s cocks stretching her insides. This is what she’d always wanted, what her heart had truly desired. So many nights of practicing with multiple dragon sized dildos had finally paid off, for Dedue’s dicks slipped into Dimitra’s vagina snugly. Now, Dimitra could enjoy her dear Dedue’s cocks to her heart’s content.

Wasting no further time on his first penetration, Dedue started to forcefully rock his hips back and forth, pumping his cocks in and out of Dimitra’s vagina in a rhythmic motion. His thrusts were rough and violent, given that a beast of his size could not possess any finesse. And he was clumsy enough that every now and then one of his dicks would slip out of Dimitra’s hole, consequently smacking her tiny clit and sending a shuddering orgasm through her body. It might have not been the most meticulous

thrusting, but it most definitely got the job done. A low pleased groan rang out in Dedue's voice, as the bliss from feeling Dimitra's vagina with his penises coursed through his mind. He was punishing his liege for misbehaving while feeling pleasure himself, so all in all it was an enjoyable experience. The one thing he would have perhaps liked was to go at it a bit harder, though he restrained himself in order not to push the angsty Dimitra too far.

"Ahh yess Dedue~" Dimitra's moans of pleasure finally escaped her mouth as her loins overflowed with arousal. "Fuck me~~ FUCK ME HARDER~~~!!!"

The screams of pleasure coming from Dimitra's mouth were a surprise to Dedue, though not an unwelcome one. More than happy to bring further pleasure to his liege and himself, manakete Dedue cocked his hips forward with further force. His cocks bulged mightily through Dimitra's skin, straining outwards so vividly it felt as if they were about to pop out. His lengths and girths stretched out Dimitra's pussy past what was humanly imaginable, filling every corner of her hot cave with his dual mammoth cocks. Their sex turned animalistic, a bestial savage exchange of love. Though behind the façade of force and large insertion, it was clear each one of them deeply cared for the other.

With the safety of the safety and consent of their house leader assured, the rest of the Blue Lions class cheered on their classmates' sexual activities. Without dwelling too much on the matter, each and every one of them returned to their own intimate encounters, throwing any sort of reason or inhibition to the wind in favor of raw lust and satisfaction. Within just a couple of minutes, the entire Blue Lions class had once more devolved into a gigantic, perverted orgy, with their bimbo slut lord getting dicked by her dragon retainer serving as the centerpiece.

A sigh of satisfaction escaped Byleth's lips as she felt her classroom return to 'normality'. Once again she gazed on towards her students, pride and arousal coursing through her body at the ethereal sight. The thought that she had been the one responsible for creating such a delicious haven filled Byleth with a sense of satisfaction that was hard to quantify. And it had all been thanks to this book...

Byleth laid her tidy little curriculum atop the table, opening its pages and gazing upon its insides in the same way an old lady reminisces over a photo album. Up to this point, Byleth's life had been dull and droning, nothing ever interesting or exciting her to much degree. But ever since she started teaching in this school and found that book, every second of her existence had been filled with heartpumping bliss. From now on, Byleth would no longer be the dull, emotionless shell she'd spent most of her life as. Instead, she would fully embrace this strange world of lust, changing and morphing her class to her every whim. And what sort of strange, lewd corruptions could she continue to make in the future? Only time would tell.

"Now, let us get class started~!"