

Roulette Fic Glossary

Roulette Fic 1: *Wonder Woman + Human head on horsecock + Reality altered so nobody besides the people changed notices anything wrong*

Horsecock Woman

“Wonder Woman is fighting Mr. Mxyzptlk at the Justice League, but the imp keeps messing with her body until she has a huge horsecock with her head at the tip!”

Roulette Fic 2: *Eirika + Alt Universe w/ Swapped Genitals & Mouths + Memories altered*

Eirika’s New Lips

“Eirika wakes up with her pussy and mouth having swapped positions. Except it’s not just her, it seems she is now in a world where everyone’s mouths and genitals are swapped. Though she’s initially concerned, as new memories start flowing in, she princess begins growing used to her new form.”

Roulette Fic 3: *Tsundere + Life Swap w/ Vibrator + Public Sex is normal*

Shaky Reality Check

“Severa is ready to masturbate in public, when she makes a mean-hearted comment at the wrong hero with godlike powers, who then swaps her life with that of a vibrator.”

Roulette Fic 4: *A serious, sexy businesswoman + turn into nasty shemale ganguro whores! +after a spell goes wrong, feminine character gets a masculine body that they enjoy groping and touching*

It's Just Ganguro Business

“Josephine Claremont is a serious, sexy businesswoman with all the power in the world. As she goes into a shady alleyway, an magical accident causes her body to transform to her surroundings, turning her into a thick cocked, masc whore.”

Roulette 5: *Edelgard + Female to Femboy + Only MC is unaware of changes*

Boy VS. Milf

“It's Edelgard's last chance to defeat Rhea, all that has to be done is... Become her husband? Obviously, this is no problem for Prince Edelgard, the mighty femboy who has conquered many girls before. Even if Rhea snickers as she looks at him, Edelgard trusts in his own manliness. After all, what's the most a beautiful, buxom, 1000 year old milf could do to a boy like him?”

Roulette 6: Marianne & Hilda + Life Swap + Some women have cocks

Grass is always Greener

“Hilda has convinced Marianne for them to swap lives, hoping she can see how much better it is to live life like Hilda. As time goes by however, both Marianne and Hilda become more and more accustomed to each other’s lives, until they no longer want to live any other way”

Roulette 7: Futaba Sakura & Joker (P5) + Location of mouth is swapped with that of other woman’s pussy (ownership and control stays with the original owner) + MC knows they changed but are magically forced to talk like it’s normal

A Little Self-Love

“Futaba ‘hacks’ a weird Shadow to defeat it. However, it ends up switching the places of her pussy with Joker’s mouth! Though Joker seems aware of the change, it seems he can’t tell Futaba anything. And things only get crazier as Futaba starts kissing Joker in the mouth, which is now her pussy...”

Roulette Fic 8: Shy but horny + CTF + Lifeswap with a femboy gooner, everyone unaware

Working Hard or Hardly Working?

“Shy office lady Amanda is tired of her boring job and lonely life. All she wants to do is watch videos of her favorite online pornstar femboy, Cody. Oh well, time to continue her shift as Cody’s cock!”

Roulette Fic 9: Dorothea + Cock Neck & Body Swap + A random extra is aware of the changes

Going in Deep

A happy Dorothea prances around in a world where everyone has cock-necks and can head/body swap using their body’s neck pussy! Even if Edelgard seems to be aware something is wrong, Dorothea will just have to teach her how to enjoy things

Roulette Fic 10: Mococo & Fuwawa + Voodoo doll scrambling + Semi-unaware CTF

Fan-Mail Day!

“It’s fan-mail day for FuwaMoco, and the twin sisters are opening up all sorts of gifts. Things quickly get crazy though, as Fuwawa starts playing with magical voodoo dolls that change the duo’s bodies without her realizing, much to Mococo’s panicked dismay.”

Roulette Fic 11: *Saber + CTF, Incest, Genderswap, reality warp, id loss + TF is an everyday occurrence*

Saber's Survival Guide

"Strange transformations have been affecting the Order of Heroes for some time, and odd modifications are at every corner. Luckily, Saber has figured out a way to survive this strange new environment without any problems."

Roulette Fic 12: *Rika (Pokemon) + Twinning + The transformed person is the only one who DOESN'T notice the changes*

Rika-tastrophe

"Rika invites the rest of the Pokemon League for a performance review, however out of nowhere, they all start transforming into her! And for some reason, they only notice other people's transformations and not their own!"

Roulette Fic 13: *Carefree Airheaded Woman + Headswap, female head on muscular male body + It's been a year and everyone is used to the TF*

The New Normal

"It's been a year since Jamie accidentally transformed his mother, and things are... Somewhat stable. At least, as stable as they could be now that his mom has the body of a big, muscular African American man! Though everyone seems mostly used to things, Jamie is just doing his best to survive..."

Roulette Fic 14: *Rin Toshaka + Futa, Partial Incest + Anyone who looks at them turns into a submissive femboy*

The Toshaka Family Curse

"Rin Toshaka is trying to deal with the Toshaka family curse, one which causes her to grow a needy, throbbing dick, only for Sakura Matou to come across her as she is doing so..."

Roulette 15: *Nerissa Ravencroft + Muscle sissy with a small malfunctioning cock that's constantly leaking cum + MC is unaware that they turn other people into clones of themselves*

Fit Boy Routine

"Nerissa wants to get an outfit to match with Kiara's sporty outfit! In order to do so, she uses a workout tape she got from a strange woman. However, the person on the tape is herself as a boy? And it seems like this boy Nerissa is eager to show the real one the way."

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Roulette Fic 1: *Wonder Woman + Human head on horsecock + Reality altered so nobody besides the people changed notices anything wrong*

Horsecock Woman

“Wonder Woman is fighting Mr. Mxyzptlk at the Justice League, but the imp keeps messing with her body until she has a huge horsecock with her head at the tip!”

Though jumping straight into violence was never Wonder Woman’s preferred course of action, right now she truly had no patience for anything else. The muscled Amazon lunged forward at her enemy with lightning speed. Her heroic vigor was only matched by her pure desire to prove victorious. Unfortunately for her, the interdimensional imp before her eyes was much swifter than she ever expected, avoiding each and every one of her movements without seeming to spend even a single fraction of effort.

Mr. Mxyzptlk... Diana had heard of this chaotic troublemaker from Superman before. Apparently, he had some sort of ability to twist reality to his will. That being said, Diana seriously doubted a little man like him would be able to defeat her. What his intentions were, Diana had no idea. The very fact that he’d just shown up at the Justice League out of the blue was enough for her to be suspicious of him.

As Diana continued doing her best to try and pounce onto the interdimensional creature, a small crowd of people started to form around them. One thing Diana did know about Mr. Mxyzptlk is that he was generally harmless, so at least she wouldn’t have to worry too much about collateral damage. Not that this in any way reduced the possible danger this chaotic little imp presented, meaning Diana had already called backup just in case anything went wrong.

“What is it that you want?” Wonder Woman barked in a fierce tone, her expression sharp and collected.

“Lil’ ole’ me?” Mr. Mxyzptlk pointed at himself dumbly, feigning ignorance and doing a very bad job at it. “Why I’m just here to have a little fun! You don’t have to *lose your head about it~*”

The moment Wonder Woman heard the words leaving his mouth, a strange sort of tugging sensation started pulling down on her neck. The woman stopped for a single second, her hands slowly rising to try and figure out what the strange aching was meant to be. By the time they arrived however, it was far too late. With a sharp, swift tug, Wonder Woman's entire head was sucked directly into her shoulders. From the bottom of her neck up to the tip of her very last hair, every inch of her head sunk right into her body as if it was being absorbed. The whole motion was so fast, it was barely perceivable. One second the regular Wonder Woman was there, the second it was just Wonder Woman's headless body.

Diana's eyesight was now totally gone, which made sense, since she'd just lost her eyes. Wonder Woman had no mouth with which to speak, no nose with which to smell. Her sense of hearing seemed to remain, but it was muffled and vague as if she was covered in layers and layers of cloth. Diana's hands quickly started tapping away at the empty space atop her body where her neck was supposed to be, somehow hoping to undo whatever it was Mr. Mxyzptlk had done. But... There was nothing. Nothing to tug, nothing to pull. The top of Wonder Woman's body was as smooth as it could be, as if she'd never had a head in the first place. Wonder Woman was now just a headless woman.

With this humiliating act, Wonder Woman decided that any amount of restraint she was still showing would no longer be necessary. The metal of her sword whistled as she pulled the magical blade from its sheath. Having lost any desire not to hurt the interdimensional imp, she started swinging and slicing her Amazonian heirloom with every ounce of her strength. Mr. Mxyzptlk yipped and swished with each one of her swings. Despite having lost all of her vision and most of her hearing, Diana was somehow doing better at catching up with him. A few of his hairs even suffered the unfortunate fate of being cut.

"Woah, woah there! Watch out!" The imp yelped in a panicked tone. "You shouldn't be swinging such a dangerous weapon! You might hurt somebody! How about you swing something else?"

All of a sudden, Wonder Woman could feel as the sword in her hand slowly disintegrated into nothingness. However, this wasn't what bothered Diana the most. No, even more troubling than that was the strange yet oddly familiar sensation the woman felt tugging at her crotch. It was almost like what had just happened around her neck, but in reverse. Instead of tugging, Diana felt a deep push surging from her innards. Her pussy trembled wildly, vaginal walls quivering of their own volition. Pressure began to surge deep inside of her feminine hole, as if there was something forming there. Something thick... Hard... And full of pulsating heat. It grew and thumped within her very innards, right before-

Shliirrkk~

As Wonder Woman's crotch unwillingly thrust forward, a strange protrusion forced itself out of her pussy. If Diana had a mouth, she was certain she'd be moaning. The sensation was surprisingly sexual, as Diana felt her vaginal walls tightening and quivering around this strange pole. It was almost like she was having sex... But in reverse, with whatever object was that surged from her pussy stretching her further and further. Perhaps the strangest part of it all was that Diana didn't just feel as this foreign object twisted her innards, she felt the odd protrusion as if it was a part of her body. She could feel the titanic pole throbbing needily. She could sense its heat and intimate throbbing as it met the fresh air of the world. Wonder Woman has absolutely no idea what the hell this thing could be but... The way it throbbed and demanded pleasure... She most certainly didn't like the possibilities it entailed.

After just a couple of seconds, Wonder Woman's new organ was complete. Its formation finalized with a pair of loud, sopping pops, which came out forcefully from Diana's pussy and now weighed down from her crotch. Basically blinded, Diana tepidly lowered her hands onto this new protrusion in order to inspect it. Her digits were instantly met with hot, throbbing meat. A slick coating of sticky juices covered this girthy, bumpy and coarse pole. The member quivered between her fingers, sending shivers of pleasure as she continued to caress it. These strange, ring-like bumps... Its oddly leathery texture... And those two pair of lumpy, round orbs that clung underneath... Diana had no doubts about it. This fucking imp had given her a cock! Not just a regular penis either, but a huge, meaty, 12-inch horse cock!

While Mr. Mxyzptlk snickered to himself about his modifications to Wonder Woman's body, the Amazon finally caught him off guard. Her hands swiftly darted from her dick and grabbed onto the front of his outfit, pulling him towards her. Mr. Mxyzptlk tried his best to escape from her hands, but Diana's angered force secured him safely in place as tip of her hardening cock unintentionally pressed against his buttohole.

"Hey! Watch where you're pointing that thing!" The imp complained ravenously, his voice genuinely concerned as he shook wildly within her grasp. "Oh, I guess you can't. Let's fix that!"

That hellish tingling that had been the bane of Diana's existence to this point returned once again. This time however, it focused entirely on the tip of her new horsecock. As much as Wonder Woman loathed the idea of letting Mr. Mxyzptlk go, the strange sensation of her tip combined to the way it was rubbing against his soft cheeks made her fingers tremble, giving Mr. Mxyzptlk the perfect chance to slip from her hands. Instead of going after him however, Wonder Woman shuddered in place as her new cock throbbed with need. The tip of her cockhead looked like that of any other horsecock, flat head, ring around its front, and a huge circular urethra to serve as an exit for all of the cock's juices.

With every passing second however, this appearance began to twist and mold. Her urethra began to stretch vertically, its tip slowly widening as its lips became plumper and more human-like. The dark-purplish skin of the cockhead took a lighter, paler tone. Its flat shape started to bulge out in every direction, becoming more like an oval with actual depth. Above the twisting urethra, a pyramid-like bump took shape, with two nostrils forming along its underside. Two deep slits carved themselves above that, taking a more circular shape until they slowly opened up into two eyes. Two human eyes. At this point, it became perfectly clear what was going on. Wonder Woman's cockhead was turning into a real, human head.

The return of her eyesight and several other senses was received positively by Diana. Talking and moving still felt a bit weird, since she could feel her face still slowly reconstructing itself. A full head of smooth, straight black hair weighed her down with familiarity. Her chin spread downwards, cheeks becoming more fully defined. Wonder Woman could even feel her golden tiara resting atop her head like it should be! That being said... Something still felt off... Not quite like she remembered... For some reason, Diana's neck was a lot less stable than usual. Her head seemed to swing up and down with a lot more sensitivity. There was this oddly musky scent pervading inside her nostrils... And this very odd taste at the back of her mouth...

Nevertheless, with her usual faculties restored, Diana was ready to fight the annoying imp once more.

"Let's finish this!" The woman cried heroically, lifting her arm to fight, even as her head stretched far past them.

"Heheh~ Are you sure you wanna *finish* with that body?" Mr. Mxyzptlk chuckled madly to himself with such force, his whole body rotating vertically as he laughed.

One of Wonder Woman's eyebrows rose in confusion at Mr. Mxyzptlk's strange statement. She looked down at the rest of her body... Only to see there was nothing there. Panic began to spread throughout her form. Her hands rose to her head, only to find the area between her shoulders as painfully empty as it had been when she'd been headless. Inch after inch, her hands began to explore all along her body, desperately searching for wherever her head might have been. It wasn't behind her, nor on her stomach or arms. No... Instead her hands slowly traveled towards the thick, throbbing shaft of her new horsecock. Diana's face twitched as she felt the intense sensations on her penis... Sensations which were replicated on what she thought was her neck. As Diana's fingers traveled up her shaft, a sensation of dread rose within her. Until they had finally arrived at her head, letting Wonder Woman understand what she truly looked like now.

"W-W-What have you done to me?!?" Diana cried, half in anger and half in distress.

“Oh, I just modified your body so that it would fit your cocky attitude! Bwahaha!” The little imp continued laughing to himself, finding the irony of her situation incredibly humorous.

It was only now, when Diana realized the embarrassing and perverted look of her new form, that her attention returned to the crowd of people that had formed around her. Each and every one of those men and women were watching her with intense attention. Diana was sure the cameras at the Justice League were probably showing this showdown onto a countless number of televisions all over the country too. All of these random people got to observe every inch of Wonder Woman’s throbbing new cockhood. The way her head shamefully twitched along the fat cockhead. She was being totally and completely exposed!

And yet... Wonder Woman’s horse cock throbbed with excitement, growing fully erect at the thought of being watched. Diana gasped breathily. W-Why the hell was she getting aroused at the fact everyone was seeing her?! Why was the idea of exposing this humiliating body turning her on so much?! As she turned left and right, all Diana could see were the excited faces of the crowd. They all cheered her on without inhibition, crying her name and encouraging her victory. There was not an ounce of shame or embarrassment on those excited faces, almost as if they didn’t notice anything different with her. Diana’s balls tightened, her throat growing coarse with a salty viscous liquid. W-Why did that turn her on more?!?

“Wonder Woman, we’re here!”

Suddenly, two incredibly hunky and muscular heroes dropped from the ceiling. Batman swung in with his cape, landing into a crouch right next to Wonder Woman. Superman on the other hand, quickly flew to put himself between Mr. Mxyzptlk and Wonder Woman, crossing his arms with an angered expression on his face.

“Oh noooo! The super strong heroes are here!” Mr. Mxyzptlk cried with a very fake tone of concern. “I guess I’ve been defeated!”

And with that, the interdimensional imp slowly flattened himself until he had completely disappeared, leaving no trace of his existence.

Unfortunately... The same could not be said for Wonder Woman. Though Mr. Mxyzptlk’s defeat would usually mean all of his changes being undone, Wonder Woman’s neck continued throbbing with need as her face rested at the tip of her horse cock. The fact that Bruce and Clark had come to her rescue did not help in the slightest. If there was anyone she didn’t want to see her in this current form, it was them. Yet here they were, so close she could smell them.

“Are you alright?” Batman asked in a serious tone, his voice deep and his face cold.

Wonder Woman could not believe the question. Did he not see how she looked like!? Of course she wasn’t alright!!!

“Yes, luckily it seems he wasn’t up to anything nasty today.” Superman spoke gently as he turned around to face Wonder Woman too.

“W-W-ait!!” Diana mumbled as her cock neck throbbed. The more time each of their handsome faces looked directly at her horrifying form, the more her cock continued to throb with need. “C-C-an’t y-you guys see anything d-different with me??!?”

Both of the heroes’ eyes focused on Diana with intensity, causing her shaft to tremble even more. The way they were just staring at her... I-It felt so good! It shouldn’t feel good, but it did! It was getting hard for her hips not to just start thrusting of their own volition right now!

Finally, Clark spoke with a tender smile. “Oh! Your shaft looks very shiny today! Did you polish it?”

H-Her shaft was pretty?! D-Did she polish!? Why was Superman complimenting her hideous cock-neck?! Why did he seemingly just accept her new form?! It wasn’t just that they didn’t notice her cockneck, they just thought it was normal!! Everyone thought Wonder Woman was woman with her face on the tip of her cockhead?!?

Splurt!! Splurrtt!!

Eyes rolling to the back of her head, Wonder Woman began to ejaculate unwittingly. The woman’s balls tightened and tugged upwards, her shaft inflating as thick pumps of semen coursed through her urethra. The sensation was magical, feeling much better than Diana could have imagined. Not only did she feel the incredible force of a penile orgasm, but it passed directly through her head and out of her mouth. Diana’s lips hung clumsily open as the semen spurt forth, shot after shot. Her tongue was seared by the sharp, salty taste of her own semen, her nose filled with the musk of her own release. A few shots of semen hit Batman square in the face, as he was kneeling so close to Diana’s head. But in her lust, Diana didn’t seem to notice.

As Diana’s cock trembled and her erection slowly relaxed, all she could do was mutter incomprehensibly. Batman slowly rose to his feet, wiping the semen away with the same cold, firm expression.

“Let’s take her to the infirmary.” He spoke bluntly to Clark. “She doesn’t usually do that in public.”

Clark let out a hefty chuckle, placing one of his hands on Bruce's shoulder. "She does when she's with you!"

As the dizzied Wonder Woman was gently carried away by the two heroes, from out of nowhere, Mr. Mxyzptlk popped out of the ether, a perverse and sardonic expression displayed on his little face.

"Man she's so uptight! Good thing she got a *load off* her mind!"

Roulette Fic 2: Eirika + Alt Universe w/ Swapped Genitals & Mouths + Memories altered

Eirika's New Lips

"Eirika wakes up with her pussy and mouth having swapped positions. Except it's not just her, it seems she is now in a world where everyone's mouths and genitals are swapped. Though she's initially concerned, as new memories start flowing in, she princess begins growing used to her new form."

The queen-sized bed underneath Eirika's feet shuffled and bounced as the princess leapt off the mattress in a panicked frenzy. Her bare feet quickly began to tap along the floor, rushing towards the nearest mirror she could find. A mysterious sensation of dread filled the pit of Eirika's stomach. She could feel there was something wrong, that her body had somehow been altered beyond recognition. But she wasn't exactly sure how or what. All she knew for certain was the strange tightness she felt around her throat, which twitched with incertitude.

Eirika's dressing table shuddered as her hands firmly fell upon its wooden top, her various perfume bottles and makeup containers trembling from the sudden display of force. She wasted no time, leaning in towards the mirror so she could finally gaze upon herself. Instantly, Eirika could see a clear reflection of herself staring right back at her.

Except... It was not her as she remembered.

While most of her features remained generally unchanged, like her long, flowing blue hair, her sparkling wide blue eyes and even her slim, feminine nose... Instead of possessing the soft lips of her delicate mouth, all that was displayed on the lower region of Eirika's face was the long, vertical slit of a pussy.

Eirika staggered backwards in pure shock, eyes wide open yet unable to believe what they were seeing. The mound's plump lips pushed forth from her face, colored slightly darker than the rest of her visage. Just above the two lips, a set of scraggly blue hairs that could be considered pubes hung down gently. From the way that it looked, to even the faint, musky smell her nostrils could pick up from proximity, it was almost undeniable that Eirika had a vagina on her face. But that just couldn't be possible, right?!

Feeling curious, Eirika lifted her fingers and began to prod the organ. Her two index fingers spread out her face-pussy vaginal lips, making its soft fleshy walls visible as sticky fluids began to drip down her chin. A sensation of pleasure coursed through Eirika's body, shooting right down her spine. The new organ was most certainly just as sensitive as the old one. Opening her own folds, Eirika could see her new clit throbbing needily at the tip. The tender, pink-colored walls shifted as Eirika held her pussy open, her soft motions combining with the cold air of the room to send a litany of pleasured shivers through her entire organ.

After a couple of seconds, the stimulation became too much, and Eirika quickly let go of her face-pussy. A bright red blush covered her cheeks, her sensitive organ proving much too embarrassing for her to handle. With this, there was absolutely no doubt in Eirika's mind. Both in how it looked and how it felt, her face now had a fully functional feminine organ.

However, just because Eirika's pussy had replaced her mouth, it didn't mean her mouth was totally gone. Taking a step back and looking towards her crotch, Eirika could see the pubic area of her nightgown was fully uncovered. For instead of housing her genitals, Eirika saw her feminine lips sticking out of her crotch.

"W-What on earth...?" Eirika spoke with confusion, hearing her voice coming much further from her ears than she was used to.

Filled with curiosity again, Eirika lowered her hands to touch the organ. Her lips were just as soft to the touch as she remembered. Unlike her pussy, which she could scarcely move or control, Eirika had full control of her crotch mouth, able to move her lips and her tongue just as she could previously. Things like kissing or licking her fingers proved effortless, while she couldn't even intentionally pry her vaginal lips open with the muscles on her face. Even her teeth remained within her mouth, completely unchanged. The one thing she did notice was her mouth was not as sensitive as the pulsing hot mound on her face, which only made sense since that's how it had been previously.

With newfound understanding over her changed anatomy, there was only one thing for Eirika to do. Find a way to turn things back! As things stood, Eirika looked like some kind of

sexual freak! Her face proudly bore one of her most embarrassing bits, something only her loved ones should be able to see. And the hot twitching sensations it gave were more than distracting. If anyone were to see her like this, she would absolutely die of embarrassment! Meaning she had to find a way to turn back as soon as possible!

But where to even start?! Eirika had no idea how this whole thing happened in the first place! All she did last night was go to sleep, and now her face bore a sensitive, dripping pussy. Not to mention the fact that Eirika just couldn't go out like this! It would ruin not just her reputation, but the reputation of the whole kingdom of Renais! If only she could enlist the help of someone she could trust... Someone who could help her no matter what...

"Eirika...? Are you awake sister?"

Then, as if answering her prayers, God placed a golden opportunity right before her very lap. Eirika's crotch mouth twisted into an eager smile as the voice of her incredibly strong and talented brother, Ephraim, parsed through the door. Eirika turned towards the door with pure excitement, the sound of its turning knob and opening swing bringing a purifying amount of hope right into Eirika's heart. If there was anyone who could help Eirika out of her current predicament, it was most certainly Ephraim. For a second, Eirika wondered if showing Ephraim would even be a good idea in the first place. Eirika loved her brother so much, she would hate to have him see her in such an embarrassing situation. But Eirika's affection towards her brother was so strong, any doubt soon evaporated from her mind, and she stood there eager for her knight in blue armor to save her!

As Ephraim opened the door and walked into the room, the first thing Eirika saw were his firm, piercing blue eyes. He had the look of a warrior, fierce and determined. His spiky blue hair was not just a reminder of their familial bonds, but also a sign of Ephraim's unruliness. And the limp cock beneath his nose was the absolute sign of his abundant masculinity!

...

The *WHAT* under his nose?!?!

Almost instantly, all of Eirika's hope and excitement drowned in pure despair, her smile turning into a frown while her brows dropped with anguish. Just where Eirika had expected to find Ephraim's mouth, the same place all normal people should have their mouths, Eirika instead got a direct look at Ephraim's cock and balls, hanging lazily from his face. The prince marched forward with his serene unbothered expression while Eirika stared in confusion, as if there was nothing wrong with the sexual organ on his face. His armor was as bulky and hefty as usual, though just like Eirika, his clothes had a hole around the crotch area, where Ephraim's actual mouth seemed to be located.

“Is everything alright?” Ephraim’s eyes narrowed with concern as he noticed Eirika’s distress, a gesture that would have looked more gallant were it not for the soft penis on his face.

Alright? Alright?!? Of course Eirika wasn’t alright, they had sexual organs on their faces!!

“Brother!! Can’t you see?!?” The girl rushed towards Ephraim, holding tightly onto the cuff of his shirt as she looked straight into his eyes. “O-Our bodies! They’ve been horribly transfigured! We- We... We have g-genitals... O-On our faces now!!!”

As soon as the words came out of Eirika’s mouth, Ephraim leaned his head back and chuckle, the laugh echoing from between his legs and up into their ears. Eirika’s eyebrow rose in utter confusion, before he slowly turned back down to face her.

“My apologies sister, I just did not expect to hear something so strange coming from you.” The man answered honestly. “I don’t understand why you are so concerned. We’ve always had our genitals on our faces. Everyone does.”

This answer did little to ease Eirika’s concern though, it only exacerbated them. “W-What?! What do you mean we’ve always had them?!” Eirika spat loudly, though her saliva only struck Ephraim’s armored leg. “T-That can’t be possible! Humans are supposed to have their mouths on their faces, not their genitals!”

“Come now, sister. Stop speaking in jest.” Ephraim tried to reassure Eirika, his felicity slowly turning into genuine concern as he noticed Eirika’s genuine concern. “If we did not have genitals on our faces, how else would we hold the Great Harvest Ball, where we all of dressed our genitals in elegant clothes.”

As Eirika’s eyes glassed over, images of that exact same event began to reproduce in her mind. Somehow... She remembered it. As clearly as what she had done yesterday. The Great Harvest Ball was a party where all of the royals and nobles from each country got together to celebrate their newfound peace. She could recall perfectly how Tana had gone with a couple of pussy piercings to show off her bold, outgoing personality, as well as Innes’ frilly cock-sock which he presented with pride. Ephraim’s penis armor particularly resonated in her mind, especially how sparkly and big it made him look... Even Eirika herself remembered the thin panties-facemask she wore, to hide her slit to make her look modest but show enough to be enticing.

All of these images played perfectly in her mind, yet Eirika knew for a fact they weren’t real. There was no Great Harvest Ball. Putting clothes on your face to hide or show your face genitals was frankly ridiculous! As if the very idea of face genitals wasn’t crazy enough! No, this couldn’t be real. It had to be some kind of nightmare!

“Or what about the time that we shared our first kiss...” Ephraim came closer to Eirika, his limp penis inching so close to her face she could almost feel its heat. His sparkly, blue eyes stared directly at hers, as his soft voice cooed from in between his legs. “Do you remember? It was just the two of us in front of the castle’s lake...”

Instantly, Eirika was transported to the same exact scene. The moon was glowing above them, a litany of stars scattering the darkened sky. It should have been too dark to see, but the moonlight reflecting across the lake gave Eirika a perfect view of Ephraim’s face... And the thick penis that hung below his nose. Eirika’s fingers interlocked with his. Her heart was beating through her chest. The chilly breeze of the night seemed almost meaningless as a heat spread through her cheeks. Staring directly into his eyes, Eirika could see Ephraim quivering nervously with a blush on his face. His cock slowly began to harden before her very eyes, a fact which made Eirika very happy. She was so glad she could cause such a reaction in her lovely brother. Her own pussy seemed to quiver with need, her lips getting damper as she pushed closer and closer-

No!! T-That hadn’t happened! T-T-That wasn’t real! A mixture of confusion and dread began to fill Eirika’s mind. What were all of these memories filling her head!? Memories of a world she knew wasn’t supposed to exist, yet one she was supposedly inhabiting. After the floodgates were open, more and more memories began to pour in. Her using the bathroom, which just involved leaning over a basin. Her many talks of womanly care with L’Arachel and Tana, both of which had pristine pussies on their faces. Little by little, she was starting to forget how the faces of every person she knew were supposed to look like, each one of their visages replaced with ones that had softened cocks or tender pussies.

“Eirika! Listen to me!” Ephraim placed his hands on Eirika’s shoulders, shaking them firmly. His eyes looked so determined and firm, those of the serious and caring brother Eirika always knew. “I am not sure what is bothering you, but I just want you to know... Whatever it is, I am here for you. You can always rely on me.”

As Eirika stared into Ephraim’s eyes, for the first time ever since she’d seen him, she did not look at the penis on his face with disgust. Instead, her eyes softened with longing, her pussy began to tremble with need.

“Oh Ephraim...” Eirika gasped breathily. Even when he wasn’t fully aware or sure what to do, Ephraim was always so caring and responsible. Regardless of his form, the love he felt towards his sister was fully genuine. It was apparent he would do anything for her. And Eirika... Eirika would do the same~

“Eirika...” The moment Ephraim noticed Eirika’s demure blush and her needy eyes, the penis on his face slowly grew into a firm erection.

Slowly, he began to push his face closer and closer to Eirika's. His eyes too softened with affection. The scent of her lubrication hit his nostrils directly, causing his dick to throb with desire. Their bodies seemed to join in almost complete synchronization, as despite all of Eirika's inhibitions and doubts, they knew exactly what each other wanted. Inch after inch, Ephraim's cock pushed ever closer to Eirika's pussy. His firm cockhead stopped as it pushed open Eirika's labia, causing the girl to shiver in place. Still, she didn't ask them to stop. A part of her didn't want him to stop. She wanted... To feel his cock inside her face...

Shlurk!!

Face pushing forth violently, Ephraim thrust the entirety of his face penis right into Eirika's face pussy. Eirika's cheeks expanded, a sensation that sent shocks of pleasure through Eirika's mind that made her eyes roll back in pleasure. Their noses met together, the bottom of their faces connecting as if they were kissing. Soon, Ephraim began to rock his head back and forth, pulling and pushing his dick into Eirika's pussy mouth over and over again. Eirika's vaginal walls stretched loudly, her cheeks blowing up as Ephraim's cock entered her. It was a kiss that was much dirtier and more impassioning than Eirika could have ever imagined.

Though Eirika expected sex with this mouth pussy would have been totally overwhelming, the pleasure she felt was far more than just tolerable, it was downright ecstatic. Eirika could feel the heat of Ephraim's cock as it pushed into her mouth and down her throat. Her throat tingled with inexorable amounts of pleasure, which was instantly transmitted into her brain because of how close it was. Every little motion, every little thrust, they all felt like Ephraim was wrecking up her insides even though his movements were as tender and gentle as they could be.

Motions were only the a single part of this titillating experience too. The sounds of her pussy being spread open rippled directly into her ear, echoing within her very cranium. Even the smallest of squelches were amplified into thundering roars that tingled in her ears. Then were the smells, the thick, musky smells that emanated from both of their organs. Ephraim's virile masculine odor was plainly apparent to Eirika. It punched her nose with each of his thrusts, making her nostrils tingle from his sharp odor. But the smells of her own sopping womanhood were not totally forgotten either, a firm, fishy scent that showed Eirika just how aroused she truly was. This sort of personal, face-first sex had advanced the experience into a full, sensory stimulation exchange of passion.

Overwhelmed by the sensations of sex, Eirika wrapped her hands around Ephraim and pulled him into a tight hug, pressing their mouths together into a loving, passionate kiss. Eirika's crotch-mouth was most certainly not as sensitive as her face-pussy. This much was

apparent as she pressed her lips tightly against Ephraim, letting his firm tongue push deep inside her mouth. Still, it was just as, if not more satisfying than the sex, getting a taste of Ephraim's deep, loving affection for her.

The duo's sexual dance would continue like this for some time, as their faces and crotches continue humping together without any control. To the inattentive viewer, it would be impossible to tell where their genitals and mouths truly were, considering how closely the two stuck to each other. As for Eirika, she would always remember the sensations of having a tight, feminine pussy on her face. By the end of their encounter, Eirika's memories of another world, one where people had mouths on their faces instead of genitals, would slowly begin to vanish. But perhaps that wouldn't be such a bad thing...

Roulette Fic 3: *Tsundere + Life Swap w/ Vibrator + Public Sex is normal*

Shaky Reality Check

"Severa is ready to masturbate in public, when she makes a mean-hearted comment at the wrong hero with godlike powers, who then swaps her life with that of a vibrator."

The cool spring breeze blew gently against Severa's skin, while a ray of warm, morning sunlight warmed her body up just enough to be comfortable. Sitting on a bench within one of the Askran castle's many outdoors courtyards, Severa let out a happy sigh of relaxation. The many flowers around the garden filled the air with a litany of sweet, pleasant aromas. And the lack of any prominent, existential threat to Askr made for a very relaxed mood. Now that Severa's morning training was over, it felt like the perfect time to relax and enjoy herself.

Which is why Severa was currently teasing her damp, bare labia in public.

Throughout the rest of the courtyard, Severa could hear several other heroes already involved in a multitude of sexual acts. Sigurd was in the corner viciously pounding his wife's pussy. The sound of Rosado gagging and slurping on some man's cock behind a bush was plenty audible. It was par for the course here at the Order of Heroes, nothing seeming particularly out of the ordinary. But Severa cared for none of that. No, her attention was sorely focused on herself. Well, herself *and* her favorite toy, a shining, brightly colored red vibrator she was more than excited to use penetrating herself~

The vibrator currently contained within Severa's hand was one with deep emotional value to Severa. She'd brought it all the way from her original world, where she'd previously used it many times before, in order to stave off any loneliness and despair that came with her ruined future. Its bright, shimmering red was the same exact tone as Cordelia's hair, which brought Severa pleasant memories of her mother. Its shape and vibrations were perfect too, fitting Severa's snug pussy like a glove while also being able to go for months with little more than a small magic stone as battery. Severa rubbed the thick, bulbous head of her fake cock against her trembling entrance, which she could access easily with a hole on her panties. She cooed happily at the sensation of its lukewarm plastic. Everything was ready for her to have an incredible masturbation session in public.

That is, everything except for the weird creepy girl staring at her from the other side of the stone path. Just as Severa was about to push the thick dildo deep inside herself, her eyes caught a glimpse of this tiny woman with copious amounts of wild, green hair. Her eyes were an iridescent green, her ears long and pointed like those of a manakete. Though her outfit seemed fancy and regal, she seemed to be walking around barefeet. Most of the time, Severa didn't mind when people looked at her masturbating. Honestly, it felt good to have people lust after her amazing body. But for some reason, she just didn't like the way this girl was staring at her.

"What are you looking at, runt?" Severa spoke with a venomous tone. A mischievous, smug smirk crept on her face as she pushed her relatively modest chest forward and showed off her slender hips. "What? Are you jealous that I'm my body is so much prettier and developed than yours~?"

In an instant, the girl's neutral expression turned into a very angered scowl. Without saying a single word, she lifted her finger and began to swirl it around in circles. As Severa's eyes focused on the tiny digit, the world around her started to twist and shift. A sensation of nausea filled her up, disorientation hitting every one of her senses. Her vision darkened, her ears clogged up, everything went completely dark for a second.

"Learn to mind your language, human." Was the last thing Severa heard before the world faded away.

And then, just as quickly as it began, it was over. The first thing Severa saw as she woke back up was the vast expanse of the big blue sky over the courtyard. One by one, the rest of her senses returned to her, until the nauseating feeling was all but gone. Phew... That was a weird encounter. Severa forgot that there were heroes with all sorts of powers and abilities here in Askar, even literally gods and goddesses. She would have to be careful with her...

Spicy personality from now on. Thankfully, it seemed nothing truly bad had happened this time. Severa pushed her arms down against the floor to lift herself up...

...

...

Severa pushed her arms down against the floor to lift herself up... Only for nothing to happen. Her arms remained fully stuck to her side throughout the entire attempt, as if they lacked the ability to move.

Okay... Severa instead tried to lift her torso by itself... Except her entire body stayed strangely stiff. She tried to move her legs, but neither one of them responded to her command. Severa tried everything! Her arms, legs, hands, even her feet! But nothing! It was as if Severa was completely frozen in place! No matter how hard she tried, no matter what body part she chose, her body was completely stuck in an upright position, hands by her side, feet completely stuck to each other! The most she could do was gently rock left and right, but she didn't even have enough force to turn herself upside down.

Panic now started to spread through Severa's mind. She wanted to yell out for help, but just like the rest of her body, her face was locked into a permanent scowl. Severa's eyes looked around to see if she could find anything that could help. Unfortunately, she didn't see any people. The only thing she saw was a gigantic, red colored vibrator which seemed to be leaning back against the bench...

Was that... Was that her favorite vibrator?!?

If the fact that Severa couldn't move wasn't worthy of panicking enough, now Severa's eyes were graced with what could only be described as an utterly bizarre picture. Looming above her was an absolutely enormous vibrator, as tall as a building-sized monster. The sex toy looked *exactly* like Severa's favorite vibrator, down to the very last sculpted vein. It moved around of its own volition, shifting slowly as if it had been blessed with sentient life. The tip of the cock shaft looked around calmly, its fat, plastic-textured length leaning against what looked to be the giant wooden backrest of an enormous bench.

No... It wasn't a giant bench. Looking around, Severa could see other gigantic elements of the Askran courtyard that had previously been normal sized, whether it was the brightly colored plants or the tall, stone walls. Rather than everything having become titanic, it seemed like Severa herself had shrunk in size! She'd become the size of a small, human vibrator!

By this point, panic was hitting Severa's mind hard. She swerved from one side to another, desperate for help but unable to do anything else. That damn goddess!!! Severa had to find

some way to turn back! She had to! M-Maybe if she got the attention of some person- P- Perhaps they'd help her find a way to turn back...?

"U-Umm... E-E-Excuse me...? I-I-Is it okay if I sit h-h-here...?"

Suddenly, like an angel coming down from the heaven, Severa heard the beautiful, tender voice of a squeaky, timid woman. Severa didn't even have to turn towards it to know who it belonged to. It was the voice of her best friend, Noire! This was it- Noire could definitely help her out of this predicament! Severa shook left and right with more vigor, hoping it would be able to catch Noire's attention.

"*Bzzzt- Bzztt- Bzzztttt*" The vibrator that had been occupying Severa's seat responded, as if it was actually able to communicate with Noire.

Face full of twitching anxiety, Noire slowly lowered herself onto the seat beside Severa. She picked Severa's body up, which was small enough to fit in her grasp. Severa's excitement shot up, hope that she'd finally be rescued! Except instead of speaking to her, or even acknowledging her existence, Noire just put Severa back down closer to the vibrator. W-What?! Why?! Did Noire not see her?!?

"A-A-Are you r-rubbing one out r-right now, V-Vibrator...?" Noire asked the huge, plastic cock beside her with a tepid smile.

Severa couldn't believe what she was hearing. Noire was talking to a VIBRATOR, a fucking OBJECT, while Severa herself was helplessly stuck in place with nothing to do or say?!?

"*Bzztt- Bzzztttt~*" The vibrator responded with a set of vibrations, ones which Severa could not understand in the slightest but somehow Noire had no problem comprehending.

"I-I-I see... T-That's great! Y-Y-You're so great at that, heh~" Noire sighed dreamily, almost as if she was flirting with the sex object. "W-W-Would you mind i-if I used y-your Severa then? I-I really l-like how she feels~"

Wait WHAT?

"*Bzzt- bzzt!*" The vibrator shook with almost excitement. Or approval? It was basically impossible to tell, giving its completely plastic-textured cockhead was completely devoid of movements or expressions.

No, that wasn't the important thing now. Much more terrifying to Severa was the prospect that she was going to be used? L-Like some sort of sex object? N-No, that couldn't be. Surely, Noire meant to do something else, right? There was no way she was interested in using Severa like that. W-Why was everyone treating this sex toy like a person, while they were treating Severa like some sort of object?!?

The worst of Severa's nightmares slowly began coming true as Noire once more grabbed her by the ankles. Severa's fully immobile body slowly rose until she was met face to face with Noire's visage. Her eyes gazed into expression, one of pure lust and desire. She'd seen it many times before when she'd fucked Noire into a messy puddle of moans. But now, Noire was no longer looking at her in any sort of romantic or intimate manner. Instead, Noire gave Severa a cold, distant look of lust. She didn't see Severa as a human being. To Noire, Severa was an attractive, perfectly shaped sex toy.

With a quick shift of her hand, Severa started to fly from Noire's face all the way down between her legs. It was crazy to think how small Severa had become. What was previously a distance of a couple of centimeters, now felt like she was traveling whole fields. Noire's entire hand could wrap around Severa's body without any trouble, her whole body being no longer than one of Noire's forearms. The true extent of her new proportions was only apparent as Severa's face came close to Noire's plump labia. This slim, tender hole which once appeared small to Severa, now looked as large as a cavern. Severa's entire body was clearly smaller than such a tight, cramped space. Her head would fit within Noire's slit without any sort of effort. Severa began to shudder with fear, desperately hoping that something would save her from this fate at the last second. But no such salvation would ever come.

Whole body thrusting forward without inhibition, the entire top of Severa's body plunged between Noire's vaginal lips and deep into her pussy. Noire's moans of arousal were barely audible to Severa as her whole upper body was constricted by an avalanche of warm, squishy flesh. Simmering heat consumed her entire form, damp juices sticking onto every inch of her skin as she traveled further into Noire's pussy. Severa could barely see anything in the darkness of Noire's feminine hole, while her nose was blasted by the damp, fishy scent coming directly off the depths of Noire's organ. Though her body remained human in form, in function she had basically become a dildo.

Soon, Noire was violently thrusting Severa's body in and out of her pussy. Severa groaned at the fast, heavy motions, though her face remained permanently stuck in the bitchy expression in which she had woken up. Every inch of her body seemed to tremble from how rapidly Noire moved her hands. The tip of her head smashed against the entrance to Noire's womb, before being dragged out just as violently. Her small breasts pushed against Noire's vaginal walls, hips stretching Noire's innards as they coursed through. Severa could feel the way Noire's inner walls lovingly tightened around her form, squeezing every inch of her body as if it desperately wished to never let go. It was clear that Noire was having the time of her life using Severa.

However, the worst was still yet to come. As Noire's body continued heating up with lust, her desires were in desperate need for something more. Shoving Severa deep inside, Noire's fingers slowly drifted between Severa's tiny legs. The tip of her index finger gently pushed against Severa's crotch, as delicate as if she was handling some fine silverware. Then, she pressed it tenderly, in the same manner one would press a button. Confusion filled Severa at such a gesture. But it was short lived, as soon Severa's entire body began to vibrate madly of its own volition.

"Hnnnnnnnnngggghhhhhhhhhhh~::~" Severa's voice droned as her body convulsed without any semblance of control. She made the same exact buzz that her vibrator made whenever she used it, except this time they were all in her exact tone of voice.

With Severa powered up, Noire continued thrusting the girl-dildo right in her pussy. Severa's entire world trembled aimlessly, the combination of her uncontrollably vibrating and Noire's swift movements making her lose all sense of direction. All she could feel was the tight heat of Noire's vaginal walls squeezing needily against her, their warmth and dampness clinging onto every inch of her body. Even Severa's own form was betraying her. Every second that she vibrated, it felt like she was cumming her brains out. Her pussy trembled, her erect nipples shuddered, orgasm after orgasm, electric pleasure spread directly into her brain. It made her lose all sense of time, all sense of space. The only thing she could think about was vibrating and cumming, and vibrating and cumming, and vibrating and cumming...

Severa didn't even notice when Noire's vaginal walls tightened around her body and her pussy squirted out in climax. Like a proper vibrator, she'd gotten her user to throes of blissful orgasm. And for Severa's new life, this would only be the first orgasm of many...

Roulette Fic 4: *A serious, sexy businesswoman + turn into nasty shemale ganguro whores! +after a spell goes wrong, feminine character gets a masculine body that they enjoy groping and touching*

It's Just Ganguro Business

"Josephine Claremont is a serious, sexy businesswoman with all the power in the world. As she goes into a shady alleyway, an magical accident causes her body to transform to her surroundings, turning her into a thick cocked, masc whore."

The haughty, high-pitched laugh of Josephine Claremont was one already very well known throughout the entire city. Josephine had to be one of the most successful businesswomen of this century, if not of all time. Her various companies held a communal value of trillions of dollars, with a reputation for having a business acumen known to be fierce. Josephine could take a failing company from bankruptcy all the way to success, just as easily as she could take rival enterprises out of the market entirely. No one would dare cross her path, with all those who walked around in the street holding their heads low in fear of making eye contact with her. Even as Josephine delved into a damp, shady alleyway, she knew nothing would ever happen to her. After all, she basically owned the entire city.

Josephine's sheer superiority wasn't just restricted to the world of business either. Barely a couple years into her 40s, Josephine could have easily passed for a sharp young woman in her mid-20s. Her body was curvaceous and voluptuous, with every one of her curves being accentuated by the tight, navy-blue business suit that she wore. It's not that she was fat, far from it. Josephine's stomach as flat as could be, her waist as thin as a toothpick. Instead, all of that extra mass was distributed in the right places, like her round, wobbly ass which threatened to spill from her tiny business skirt with every step, or the huge, round titties that hung from her chest, contained from the public eye despite how large they bulged through her clothes.

Josephine couldn't help but smirk as she got a glimpse of her face on the reflection of the broken glass on some window. Her slim, square glasses adorned a stern yet beautiful, feminine face. Her lips were soft and full, colored a radiant pink that accentuated their shape. The beauty mark below her lip as well as the long eyelashes and iridescent blue eyes gave a mature, almost MILF-like impression. And the tied-up bun of blonde hair atop her head was all business. Josephine looked as perfect today as she did every day. Not like the disgusting rabble she found around this unkempt alley.

Walking along the long, almost dark corridor between two buildings, Josephine saw a litany of other ladies in a much worse state than she was. Josephine would have retched if it didn't ruin her outfit and makeup. Old, withered and dirty prostitutes littered the alleyway, each one of them dressed in unwashed or ill-fitting clothes. Ugh- Was that one a man?! All of these 'people' were vermin of the lowest quality. If it was up to Josephine, she would have tried getting rid of them by any means necessary. Someone pure and beautiful like Josephine would never indulge in such indecent acts. Alas, she was only a rich and powerful woman and not an actual politician. At least not yet...~

As the icky poor people germs began to overwhelm Josephine, she quickly produced an old, dusty book. While most of Josephine's success came from her being incredibly intelligent, beautiful and also just generally talented in terms of business. Some of that

success also came from... Well... Josephine's magical prowess as a witch. With the power of the worn, leathery tome in her hand, Josephine could twist many aspects of the world to her will. From controlling other people's mind, to twisting their very appearance, Josephine was quite used to utilizing some unsavory methods in order to achieve her goals.

Today however, there was no use for such powerful magic. Instead, Josephine only intended to apply some more beautifying magic to herself on the go, making sure she looked as good as she could to her next meeting, despite the fact she'd just gone through an ugly, dingy alley. The book in her hand began glowing brightly as Josephine started casting the spell. It was an incredibly easy spell, simple magic that even beginners should have been able to cast. Josephine herself had cast the spell a million times already, she knew the ins and outs by memory. And yet, despite all of that... Something still seemed to go wrong...

Without any warning, the open tome in Josephine's hands tumbled and bounced, before creating a tiny explosion between its pages. Josephine gasped loudly, dropping the book as an oddly colored pink bolt of lightning grew from its core and struck Josephine right in the chest. The book fell down with a plop, gracelessly splashing into a puddle that was on the ground. All Josephine could do was gasp breathlessly. Her back pressed against a wall, her lungs working overtime. H-How could that happen?! S-She'd never failed a spell before! W-Was it because of this alleyway? Were the terrible smells and sights too much of a burden on her concentration? Had her mind been lingering onto improper thoughts?

Josephine groaned loudly. No... Whatever the reason might have been, it didn't matter anymore. The thing that truly worried Josephine now was the side effects which might occur as a result. Side effects which were already manifesting through her body, as Josephine could feel a pulsing, twisting sensation already spreading through the depths of her chest. Josephine placed both of her hands between her breasts, pushing firmly against where her heart should be. She hoped by applying pressure on the source, she could reduce its effects or cancel it outright. Such hopes were quickly dashed.

Bwooomp!!

All of a sudden, both of Josephine's breasts surged from torso. Josephine's tits were already pretty sizeable to begin with, but now they were reaching porn-sized proportions. From F-Cups, to G, to H and more, Josephine's breasts just wouldn't stop growing. They stretched her top so much that the buttons on her shirt gave way. One after another, buttons started snapping from Josephine's blouse, revealing a massive mountain of cleavage large enough to fit her whole hand in. Josephine gasped as her new breasts bounced along with her breaths. Except... For some reason, Josephine's new tits were strangely stiff and

unresponsive. They didn't jiggle naturally, moving around with a sluggishness she wasn't used to. Were these-?! Had Josephine's breasts become fake?!?

Unfortunately, Josephine's concern would be short lived, as soon more pain and aching started to spread throughout her body. Josephine's arms became wider and squarer, her hands growing thicker and more sharply defined. Her tiny, feminine waist thickened into something more impressively toned, while her totally flat stomach hardened and stiffened with muscles. Even Josephine's legs grew, not becoming fat and feminine, but growing taller and more muscular. It seemed like as Josephine's feminine attributes slowly melted away, her body was somehow becoming more and more masculine?

A thick, darkened color of skin started to overtake Josephine's original pale skin color. With each inch of her body that it covered, Josephine felt a searing heat that burned and ached her pores. Though this new patch of skin was almost as dark as some of her African American employees, somehow Josephine knew this 'new' skin color wasn't natural, but artificial, like one of those cheap, tacky tans one would get at a tanning salon. From her torso to her hands, to her hips and her feet, all of it was shaded in this dark color of skin. Even Josephine's face grew unnaturally dark, with the edges around her hair remaining somewhat lighter.

If the changes to her body weren't enough, however, it was soon time for Josephine's clothes to shift. Threads and silk began to spin and twirl together, changing in texture, stitching and even material as it combined. Josephine's suit shirt shrank into a tiny, pink tube top that barely seemed to be able to hold her titanic new titties. Her suit skirt meanwhile turned into a tiny miniskirt with a tiger pattern, as her panties turned pink and their straps stretched over her thighs. With every passing second, Josephine was looking more and more like a slut

Josephine's previously restrained makeup became incredibly extravagant and loud. New white lipstick made for incredible contrast against her now darkened skin, as did the copious amounts of white eyeshadow throughout the entirety of her eye socket and even some of her cheeks. A litany of plastic stickers began to adorn Josephine's face, with more plastic coming in the form of extra-long, brightly colored nails at the ends of her fingers. To top it all off, Josephine's tidy hair bun became totally undone, resulting in an explosion of messy hair cascading upon her shoulders. This new hair was wild, unruly, unkempt. Its brightly colored blonde locks looked like they hadn't been washed in days, though as some sort of makeshift response, the hair itself was tied up with a bunch of shiny, flower shaped hair ties. It was crazy, overly girly style that Josephine had never seen before!

Perhaps the worst changes of all, however, the most horrifying thing to occur, were the ones centralized around Josephine's crotch. With a shaky groan, Josephine could feel her clit start to distend and stretch from her body. Its length pushed against her tight panties, slipping free as it got fatter and fatter. Skin began to grow along its thick, cylindrical-shaped body, while its head shifted forwards, becoming bulbous and concave. Then came the pressure in Josephine's crotch, a sensation of pain and tightness that originated from the depths of her womb. A series of crampings and stomachal pains made it feel like her very vaginal walls were collapsing in on themselves. Odd, continuous pulsations within her started to make her nauseous, as she felt two lumpy, firm protrusions form within her pussy. With a final grunt, Josephine felt two heavy lumps pushed through her vaginal walls with a loud pop. They did not fall far however, as they instead remained somehow clinging down to her crotch...?

By the time Josephine's engorging clit grew far past the length of her skirt and panties, she could finally look down in horror and realize what was growing out of her. She had a cock now. A huge, throbbing, veiny cock, colored a deep dark tan color almost as dark as her skin. Further below, she could feel two heavy, plump balls hanging from a wrinkled sack, their slight swaying feeling monumental in Josephine's mind. The pulsating member throbbed as Josephine started down at it, at least 9-inches in length. It looked so dirty and naughty, the kind of perverted organ one would only see on porn actors. And yet, despite the total corruption of her gender... Josephine wasn't as upset as she thought she'd be.

Let's get one thing clear, Josephine was most certainly NOT happy. Her body had been twisted, her outfit had been ruined, and now she was most certainly going to be late to that meeting trying desperately to undo that horrible spell. She was embarrassed at possessing such a perverted form, angry that the spell had messed up. But she wasn't downright upset. In fact, she might have been a little bit curious. Perhaps too curious for her own good, but interested, nonetheless.

Though Josephine's new body was still mostly feminine looking, it was also surprisingly manly. Josephine had never felt such a surge of strength and testosterone in her life. Her arms were huge, with rippling muscles that would flex and tighten whenever she moved it. Her hands slowly moved towards her stomach, which had a firm, solid six pack in plain view. Now that she had such overwhelming amounts of masculine strength, Josephine realized women could be such delicate creatures. In this body, she felt like she could do *anything*. Sure, she already had money and political power, but now she had physical strength like she never could have imagined...

Josephine's cock became fully erect, its tip popping free of all of the foreskin that had been wrapping around it.

Then there was this thing... One of Josephine's thick, burly hands slowly shifted down and wrapped around its shaft. The male penis was such an ugly and obscene object. It smelled bad, its appearance was utterly uncouth. With its many wrinkles, pulsing veins, lumpy texture, and the unnatural bumps along its shaft. Surely, nobody could have found such an organ attractive. And yet... Despite all of its negative qualities, it felt absolutely *amazing* within Josephine's grasp. Josephine began to slowly pump the hardened penis with her fingers. Who could have thought such a tiny stick could generate so much pleasure. It was just a little protrusion, yet it stood firm with the stiffness of steel. The more she rubbed it, the more power and adrenaline she could feel coursing through her body, powering her growing euphoria even further.

Soon, Josephine lowered her other hand towards her penis and started pumping it even harder. Her expression slowly morphed into a perverted smirk, her hips starting to thrust into her tight grasp. With every pump of her hand, she could feel her inhibitions slowly melting away. With every throb of her penis, more of her shame was transformed into lust. Wasn't this the true pinnacle of power? Being able to do whatever you desired, no matter how ugly, uncouth or perverted it might have seemed to others?

Josephine once again caught a glimpse of herself on a mirror across the street. This time however, she- no... *He* felt no sort of embarrassment. His arms were bulky, his tits were huge. His cock was hard and his hips were furiously thumping into his hands. Josephine didn't even care that he was doing such a perverted act in public, where all the common people and vagrant whores could look at him. A powerful man like him cared not for who saw him, he cared only for the pleasure he experienced. And right now, nothing felt better than rubbing his thick, dark cock.

Head rolling back in pleasure, Josephine started cumming all over the street. The other whores in the alleyway looked at her with shock, mouths agape. But Josephine didn't care. They could look as much as they wanted, to observe the absolute magnificence and beauty that was Josephine. His balls tightened, his shaft pulsed, cum shot through his urethra and splattered onto his old spell book. As powerful and gracious of a businesswoman he might have been, perhaps Josephine wasn't as pure as he originally thought~

Roulette 5: *Edelgard + Female to Femboy + Only MC is unaware of changes*

Boy VS. Milf

“It's Edelgard's last chance to defeat Rhea, all that has to be done is... Become her husband? Obviously, this is no problem for Prince Edelgard, the mighty femboy who has conquered many girls before. Even if Rhea snickers as she looks at him, Edelgard trusts in his own manliness. After all, what's the most a beautiful, buxom, 1000 year old milf could do to a boy like him?”

A huge bead of sweat dripped down Edelgard's forehead, face stuck in a stern, thoughtful expression. The entire fate of Fodlan itself hung on a thread. Whatever choices made tonight would determine the future of all of its people, and it was clear the decision was weighing heavily on Edelgard's mind. The air around the Holy Tomb was stuffy and stiff, filling Edelgard with an odd sensation of heat. Just a few meters in front of Edelgard, Archbishop Rhea sat with a smug, wily smirk on her face. She had somehow gained the upper hand over Edelgard at the moment, and she was enjoying every second of it. As much as Edelgard loathed to admit it, this was probably the best way to avoid bloodshed and all-out war, while keeping true to Edelgard's own ideals.

“Very well, Archbishop Rhea.” Edelgard spoke in a voice that was raspier than usual. “Let us enter into a political marriage, in hopes we can solve our issues in a more peaceful manner.”

“Heeheehee~ Excellent choice, little emperor!” Rhea giggled menacingly, as if there was something she knew that Edelgard wasn't aware of. She sat back on the bed she'd already been laying on, one which had been prepared before Edelgard even came down to the tomb and rested oddly in the middle of its ruins. “I will admit, perhaps I treated you and your ideals a tad too harshly. Shall we test your conviction in bed, *prince* Edelgard~?”

One of Edelgard's eyebrows rose in confusion. Why had Rhea put so much focus on the word prince? It was a completely normal statement. Of course Edelgard was the prince of the Adrestian Empire, that is what he'd always been. Despite how feminine his face might have seemed, or how he had long hair and a very ample ass, Edelgard knew he was most certainly male. The penis that rested within his crotch made this more than apparent. Perhaps she was making fun of how Edelgard would sometimes wear feminine clothes, such as his uniform which came with a skirt? In any regards, it really didn't matter. Edelgard was prepared to show this self-righteous woman that a boy like Edelgard was one you shouldn't mess with.

As Edelgard approached the edge of the bed, his heart did start to thump a little. There was no doubt that Rhea was quite the beautiful woman. Her body was plump and mature, heavy breasts hanging down from her chest, with a fat, rounded ass that gently pushed

down onto the bed's white sheets. At the moment, Rhea wore nothing more than a skimpy, almost see through nightgown that left her pert, rounded nipples fully visible, as well as the green shrubbery of pubes above Rhea's mature pussy. Edelgard's cock stirred in his pants, forcing a gulp down his throat. Had she... Had she always been this sexy? Edelgard didn't remember having such difficulties looking at Rhea previously, but now his face was lighting up like a tomato. Edelgard just had to be confident. He'd worked so hard to make Fodlan a better place, all he had to do was get across the finish line with grace.

"L-Lady Edelgard, p-please come to your senses!!!" From the corner of the room, Hubert's panic voice surged out loudly. He was obscured by darkness, his body tied up to the wall. "T-They've- They've turned you into a- Mffff-!!!"

But before he could even finish his statement, Byleth stepped closer to the panicking boy, tying some cloth tightly around his mouth so that he wouldn't get another word out.

"Be at ease, Hubert!" Edelgard scoffed pridefully at Hubert's concern, psyching himself up as much as he was trying to set Hubert at ease. "I will handle whatever this witch tries to throw at me. You will rue the day you crossed me, Archibishop!"

...

...

...

"-mommy~! Mommy~! Mommy~! Mommy~!"

Not more than five minutes later, Edelgard had been turned into a quivering, blathering mess as he continuously pumped his needy cock right into Rhea's sopping pussy. Body now fully devoid of clothes, Edelgard laid on top of Rhea's larger body while his legs pumped into her mechanically. His arms were wrapped tightly around her whole torso, his face sideways as it pressed into the valley of Rhea's cleavage. There were no more discernable emotions left in Edelgard's expression, only pure, mindless lust which invaded every crevice of his mind and eliminated any sort of rational thought. The only remaining intentional movement was that of Edelgard's hips, which pistoned back and forth in order to thrust his throbbing penis in and out of Rhea's tight, womanly hole.

"What's the matter, little princeling~?" Rhea cooed in a vicious, mocking tone. Her hands slowly drifted towards Edelgard's face, pulling it towards her own so that Edelgard could look Rhea in the eyes as they fucked. "Is one older lady too much for a boy like you to handle~?"

A shiver of pleasure ran down Edelgard's spine, his eyes rolling to the back of his head. Edelgard had no idea why he was having so much trouble dealing with Rhea right now. He'd been with plenty of women in the past! He could remember it clearly, eating them out with pride and scissoring with them fiercely. T-That second one didn't make much sense though... And Edelgard didn't quite remember using his penis before... Could it be that... Despite all that he'd done to this point... This was actually the first time he'd done it with a woman? Had Rhea taken his penile virginity?!

This seemed like the only reasonable answer, because nothing else would explain the incredible amounts of pleasure Edelgard felt at this moment. His cock throbbed eagerly within Rhea's womanly walls, each little squeeze and rub making it feel like he was about to explode. With how sensitive every one of his movements felt, and how hard it was for Edelgard to even control his thrusting hips, it almost felt like... It almost felt like this was the first time Edelgard had ever used his penis in his life! His penis plunged deep into Rhea's womb, greedily stretching her inner walls like an animal that just couldn't control itself.

Rhea smiled smugly as she saw Edelgard losing himself more and more into the pleasure. "Doesn't this feel sooooo much better than thinking about all those boring reforms~?" She cooed blissfully at Edelgard, before smushing Edelgard's face further into the space between both of her huge, soft breasts.

A large, drawn-out groan escaped from Edelgard's lips. The heat and supple squish of Rhea's breasts were almost dizzying. Each tit was larger than his own head, and the way they pressed into his cheeks was almost like they were pushing against his very own brain. Edelgard's hips started thrusting into Rhea's pussy with even more intensity. Rhea's whole body felt like heaven, but... E-Even then Edelgard just couldn't give up on all of his goals! H-He needed to be strong for the good of Fodlan! H-He had to think of the people instead of thinking about how incredible it felt to get his cock squeezed by Rhea's tight, damp, vaginal walls.

"You know, if a boy like you can't even handle a woman like me..." Rhea continued teasing Edelgard, her legs locking around his back so that he could no longer escape. "Then should he really be leading an entire country? How about you just give me control of Adrestria, hmm? Don't you think your lovely wife would do a better job ruling~?"

Edelgard gasped desperately as he tried to free himself from Rhea's leg lock, though no matter how hard he pulled, his body would end up thrusting back into her cunt with desperate desire. As the tightness of her lock increased, Edelgard pushed deeper into her pussy than he had ever gone before. His cock was far from small, and now it had sunk entirely inside of Rhea's womanhood. Its thick shaft smashed violently into the entrance of

her womb, its girthy length throbbing desperately. It felt like his cock was trapped in a delectable box of squishy, velvety plastic, which continuously rubbed and stimulated Edelgard's penis with no end.

Yet despite all this stimulation, Edelgard continued resisting Rhea's political encroaching in his mind. He just- He just couldn't let give her his country like that! Edelgard knew what a despotic, controlling dictator Rhea already was! To give control of his people without even the slightest fight would go against everything that he believed with! Everything that he was supposed to stand for! He just had to... He just had to endure for a little longer!!!

"Oh my~ It seems my words have fallen into deaf ears~" Rhea with a tone of genuine surprise. Yet despite this admission of failure, it seemed like she wasn't worried in the slightest. "My pleas might have been unsuccessful, but I'm sure our dearest professor Byleth is a lot more convincing than I am~"

"A-Aaghh!!" Edelgard gasped loudly, as a pair of soft, feminine hands wrapped around Edelgard's round ass.

Though Edelgard could not turn around, he could tell that professor Byleth's feminine face was inches away from his blinking butthole. Every inch of Edelgard's body twitched, embarrassed that her beloved teacher would be staring at such an intimate part of himself. Why... Why was Byleth here anyways!?

"Oh, did I forget to mention that?" Rhea cooed confidently, almost as if reading Edelgard's mind. "The Professor here is also my wife. Which means that the two of us will be making sure to milk you so that you can give use big, beautiful, healthy babies~"

As soon as the words left Rhea's mouth, Byleth pushed her face between Edelgard's cheeks and started sucking and licking with intensity. Edelgard's eyes shot wide open, his entire body quivering with pleasure as he felt Byleth's tender tongue spreading open the wrinkled walls of his butthole. T-The professor-!!! T-The professor she loved and admired so much was now licking his ass!!! And it felt absolutely incredible. The way Byleth's tongue gently pushed further and further inside was simply divine. Edelgard's butthole twitched with bliss, his inner walls sensitively giving way to Byleth's many kisses and licks.

This new array of anal stimulation only served to empower Edelgard's already needy thrusts. His cock rubbed against every inch of Rhea's pussy, crotch pushing so hard against Rhea that her quivering clit was rubbing against him. Every time Byleth licked a especially sensitive spot in Edelgard's butt, his whole body would plunge forward with bliss. Though Byleth's firm hands would ensure Edelgard's ass never went too far, and she continued pleasuring him greedily. Even the depths of Edelgard's ass weren't safe, as Byleth's tongue reached into his prostate, which she began to massage forcefully. Feeling the intense

pleasure of an organ he'd never even known about before, all Edelgard could do was mindlessly thrust into Rhea over and over and over again.

W-Was this the sort of future that awaited him as Rhea's husband? Being constantly teased and edged until his mind was always on the cusp of orgasm. Having to deal with two different horny, perverted women, each one of which desperately desires his seed inside of them? This was so much more than what he'd bargained for! He never imagined he would have to deal with this sort of stimulation every day for the rest of his life! I-If that was the case... T-Then the only thing Edelgard could do from now on was...

"NGGGHHH!!!!" With a final thrust of his hips, Edelgard let out a delirious moan, spurting all of his seed directly into Rhea's tight pussy.

"That's it, good boy~!" Rhea cooed blissfully, her pussy tightening around Edelgard's cock as it swallowed every inch of his ejaculate. Her hands wrapped around his body and she hugged him tightly. "From now on your only job will be that of a cute, needy little fucktoy for us. But don't worry! We'll take care of Fodlan for you~"

Roulette 6: Marianne & Hilda + Life Swap + Some women have cocks

Grass is always Greener

"Hilda has convinced Marianne for them to swap lives, hoping she can see how much better it is to live life like Hilda. As time goes by however, both Marianne and Hilda become more and more accustomed to each other's lives, until they no longer want to live any other way"

"H-H-Hilda, a-are you sure t-t-this is a g-good idea...?"

Marianne's sheepish voice flittered out of her trembling lips. The blue-haired girl looked down at her clothes with an expression of uncertainty. Her outfit was much different than the sort of conservative clothes she enjoyed wearing. In fact, they were Hilda's overly flashy, cutesy clothes, slightly resized to fit her body better. Marianne's shoulders were fully exposed, her cleavage out in the open as her top pressed tightly into her chest. The corset around her waist was tight, and the hem of her skirt only barely covered the top of her

thighs. With puffy sleeves, bright red gloves and knee-high boots, she looked more like a girl ready to party than a refined noble.

“Oh, it’ll be fine Marianne!” Hilda reassured her companion with a relaxed smile. “It’s a perfect idea!”

Just like Marianne, Hilda was wearing what looked to be a copy of her pair’s clothes instead of something she would usually wear herself. Hilda’s new dress was a symbol of modesty and royalty. The fanciful hem of her blue dress reached all the way to her ankles. A soft, frilly mantle rested above her shoulders, while her hands were covered in long, light blue sleeves. The inconspicuous dress completely clashed with Hilda’s bright pink hair color, as well as her outgoing personality. Though the reason for such was perfectly simple.

“With this ‘Life swap’ spell, everyone is gonna think that I’m you and you’re me!” Hilda spoke confidently. “That way, you’ll get to experience how fun it can be to go out, talk to people and enjoy the real world! Meanwhile, I’ll make sure to make a bunch of new friends in your life and turn you into a party girl, like me!”

“B-B-But...” Marianne held her breath, still not totally convinced. “A-A-Are you s-sure the spell d-doesn’t have any other side effects...?”

“Come on, Mari!” Placing her hands on Marianne’s bare shoulders, Hilda shot her a wide, eager smile. “You worry too much! Now is the time to have fun!”

...

Some hours later...

Though Marianne’s wardrobe had drastically changed, her behavior itself had basically remained completely unaltered. Marianne stood awkwardly in the middle of the monastery’s hallway as the lunch service ended. She looked mostly towards the floor, keeping one arm by her side while her other hand grabbed onto it tightly. She almost gave the appearance of a lost child, someone who didn’t know what they were doing, or why they were even there in the first place. Hilda had told her talking to people and socializing was really easy, but... Marianne didn’t really-

“Oh, hey Marianne!”

Suddenly, two girls with eager faces walked up to Marianne, completely unprompted and out of the blue. Marianne awkwardly staggered back in surprise, her back meeting the cold stone wall behind her.

“We heard there’s a new shop that just opened in town.” One of the girls spoke with wholesome excitement and a huge smile on her face.

“You wanna come with us to check it out?” The other one asked brightly, looking towards Marianne with an expectant expression.

For a couple of seconds, all Marianne could do was stare at the two in shock. Had... Had someone *actually* come up to talk to her of their own volition?! A-And it wasn't to be mean or bully her- They actually wanted to invite her out somewhere! Marianne could scarcely believe it. The only person who had ever looked at Marianne with such warmth and kindness was Hilda. Everyone else either just ignored her or was actively mean to her. Well... Now that Marianne had been presented with such a nice, unexpected opportunity, the only real choice would be to...

“Y-Yes!” Marianne responded enthusiastically. “I-I'd love to go!”

...

On the other side of the monastery, Hilda walked about the courtyard with a deep sensation of laziness and boredom in her heart. She'd just finished all of Marianne's responsibilities, something which was strangely out of character for Hilda. But now that she was done, there was only one thing left to do... Figuring out some way to have fun! Marianne seemed to enjoy going to church and praying or taking care of the animals, but Hilda wanted to do something that was *actually* fun. Her eyes started to scan the courtyard in search of someone who would spend time with her. Luckily, she found the perfect target.

Over in the corner of the courtyard, Hilda could see some Alliance nobles and knights having some sort of chat. Hilda recognized some of the nobles, they were party boys and spoiled brats who enjoyed partying with Hilda. The exact type of crowd Hilda needed to start some fun. With a big smile on her face, Hilda happily skipped towards the men, holding the hem of her long dress as she walked.

“Hey boys!” Hilda spoke with her usual casual enthusiasm. “So, what's the big news lately?”

However... For some reason, none of the men turned to her. Each one of them remained locked in their conversations, as if Hilda's words hadn't reached them. In fact, none of them had even turned towards Hilda. A few of them pushed their backs towards her, making it look like her very presence had gone either unnoticed or outright ignored. Confusion filled Hilda, her heart twitching but once. H-Had they not heard her...? Why weren't they all just automatically giving her all the attention she usually got...?

It was certainly an unexpected turn of events, but Hilda wouldn't let it bring her down. If her efforts didn't work the first time, she'd just have to be louder and more aggressive.

“I said...” Hilda pushed between two of the men that were turning their backs towards her, forcefully thrusting herself into the conversation as she penetrated the men’s group.

“What’s going on, gentlemen?”

Hilda expected all of the guys to greet her with happy faces and warm welcomes. Instead however, she could see each and every one of the men’s faces turn sour.

“Miss Von Edmund, this is a very serious and important conversation.” One of the knights addressed Hilda with a firm tone. “We would appreciate if you let us be in peace.”

A cold shiver of dread ran down Hilda’s spine, spreading a tumultuous sensation in her stomach that she had never felt before.

“O-Oh yeah! Haha- My bad!” Hilda apologized with a smile, her lips quivering as she slowly backed away.

In seconds, the circle closed off once more, and Hilda was left outside, feeling completely lost. What... What the hell happened there? This sort of thing never occurred to Hilda. She was the master of social interaction. Was this... Embarrassment she felt? No, surely that had just been a one-time blunder. All Hilda could do from now on was keep on trying!

...

One week later...

“Marianne!”

Claude’s annoyed voice rang through the castle as he stormed across the bridge towards Marianne. Over on the other side, Marianne jolted at the harsh tone of the voice. That being said... The girl was certainly looking better than she usually did. Marianne’s posture was taller and more confident. Instead of her eternal scowl, the girl’s lips had morphed into a passive smile. As she stood beneath the bright, wide sun, she didn’t feel anxiety or depression, but excitement and energy. Even Claude’s attitude did little to deter her.

By the time Claude had arrived towards Marianne, he lifted up a set of documents to show her.

“I told you I needed you to manage the budgets!” He spoke with a sigh. “They haven’t even been started!”

“O-Oh! I-I’m so sorry Claude!” Marianne gasped, genuine surprise in her voice. “I-I-I totally forgot! I-I-I was out a-all weekend with s-some friends a-and...”

“Yeah, yeah, save me your excuses.” Claude waved her off with a shake of his head. Placing the documents in Marianne’s hand, he turned around and began walking away. “Just get them done as soon as you can Mari, okay?”

Marianne was left a bit flabbergasted at the whole encounter. This was the first time she’d failed to perform one of her crucial duties. Yet... She didn’t feel as bad as she thought she would. Hanging out with all of Hilda’s friends and enjoying her life almost seemed worth it. It was also the first time Claude had reprimanded her in any manner. Usually, he was so warm and careful with her, but now he was actually being a bit harsh... Almost like he respected her...? A-Anyway, Marianne had to finish her assignment as soon as possible.

“Oh, and don’t just push your work onto someone else!” Claude yelled from a distance. “Or at least for the love of god don’t let Raphael do it!”

Pushing her work onto someone else...? Now *that* was a novel idea...

...

“God! I cannot believe that guy just pushed all of his work onto me!”

Hilda paced back and forth with frustration, arms clasped tightly together and expression locked into a tight scowl as she tried to relieve some of her inner worries.

“I tried telling him no, but he just wouldn’t accept it. Bastard!” She yelled as loud as her voice could manage.

“And why does everyone keep treating me as if I’m some sort of demon?! I’m just a regular girl who wants to have some fun!” Hilda threw her arms in the air in frustration. “Anyone I talk to just ends up ignoring or being mean to me! Nobody wants to hang out! It super sucks.”

Leaning over a little wall, Hilda let out a big sigh. She felt so drained and tired. “It’s gotten so bad, I’m *actually* enjoying my work these days. And I went to the church yesterday! It’s a lot nicer and more relaxing than I expected.”

Her hand slowly reached forward. “You would never be mean to me, would you Dorte~?”

For instead of ranting to another person who she could carry a conversation with, Hilda’s audience was comprised entirely of animals. A sensation of relief filled Hilda’s body as her hand met Dorte’s muzzle and she softly caressed his fur. Talking to real people had become so much more difficult and straining than it had ever been. Which made it so much easier for Hilda to talk to animals. Animals wouldn’t judge her, they wouldn’t bully her. It felt like only animals could truly be her friends.

Hilda had to admit, things had gotten a bit bad since this whole life swap business. But she was ready to turn it all around. Tomorrow! Tomorrow she'd start making some real changes!

...

One month later...

"Oh my god, you are sooooo cute~!"

Marianne's voice cooed loudly through the entirety of the bathroom, free from any of the restraint and self-deprecation it usually carried. Her hair was no longer tied up in braided bun, instead she had two large, blue pigtails on each of her sides. The outfit was still the same as before, if not a bit more revealing than Hilda's. But the thing that really stood out as Marianne sat atop the toilet in the bathroom stall, was the fact there was a cute knight with his mouth wrapped around the entirety of her huge cock.

"I can't believe you actually fit the whole thing in your mouth~" Marianne giggled girlishly, her penis throbbing with need as it pulsed within his lips. "You really are a lady pleaser~"

Turns out, Hilda wasn't just good at making friends and having fun. She was also incredibly successful at flirting with guys, meaning Marianne had an endless supply of guys who would throw themselves at her in order to make her feel good. Marianne didn't even have to put in any effort. Just a little flash of the cleavage, a couple of compliments and nice words, then each and every one of them was more than eager to get on their knees and start slobbering on her penis.

"But you can do better than that baby~" Marianne encouraged him with a teasing tone, her hands lowering onto the top of the knight's head. "Come on, get moving~"

Before the man could even respond, Marianne began thrusting violently into his face as her hands held his head firmly in place. The woman cooed loudly in pleasure. This guy's lips were so incredibly tight, they squeezed Marianne's dick to perfection. His soft, damp saliva made sliding in and out of his mouth a breeze. Even when her bulbous cockhead smashed into his throat, he barely seemed to move or complain. For her whole life, Marianne thought her cock was a curse. But fucking men's mouth felt better than anything she'd ever experienced before!

Hilda was totally right, her life rocked!

...

A meager, singular ray of sunlight dipped into Hilda's room through the curtains, leaving the rest of the musky, bedroom seeped in a layer of darkness. It was midday already, but Hilda had not yet left her room. Even now, she had no intention of leaving her room. The confines

of Hilda's room were comfortable, safe. It was a place where she would not have to worry about anyone else bothering her, a place where she could pray and relax by herself. Moreover, it was also the only place where she could...

Shlick~ Shlick~ Shlick~ Shlick~

The sounds of soppy fingering echoed throughout the room, filling the air with the potent fragrance of Hilda's bare femininity.

This was the only place where Hilda could take care of her bestial sexual desires in peace. Laying flat across her bed, with nothing but a dirty bra and set of stained white panties hanging around her knees, Hilda lifted her crotch into the air as she needily fingered her pussy. Continuous breathy moans escaped her mouth, legs trembling as pleasure coursed through her entire form. Though the position was utterly shameful, Hilda just couldn't stop herself. The sensation of her pussy clamping needily to her fingers was far too strong for her to ignore, her clit throbbed and throbbed as if it was never satisfied. Every thrust, every caress, every flick, it never truly satiated her. It only left Hilda hungrier for more.

Hilda had absolutely no idea why she had become so horny these days. Before the life swap she'd had plenty of sex, but she'd never masturbated once. And yet as soon as she was in Marianne's life, the very same day, an incredibly need for stimulation arose. Hilda ignored it for as long as she could, trying to put it aside by doing other things. But with no other people to talk to and no one to let her lust out with, eventually she caved in and tried masturbating. A mistake which proved fatal, for now Hilda had to masturbate at least twice a day in order for her body not to completely collapse.

While it might have seemed like a horrible proposition at first, the more she did it, the more Hilda grew to enjoy it. Hilda didn't need to socialize with people. She didn't need to make more friends, or go out to have fun. All of the entertainment she could possibly need was between her legs, and she was more than willing to exploit it. Her eyes rolled to the back of her head as her thumb massaged her clit, her heavy breast bouncing along to the motions of her fingers.

Marianne was right, this was the only way someone like her could live...

Roulette 7: *Futaba Sakura & Joker (P5) + Location of mouth is swapped with that of other woman's pussy (ownership and control stays with the original owner) + MC knows they changed but are magically forced to talk like it's normal*

A Little Self-Love

“Futaba ‘hacks’ a weird Shadow to defeat it. However, it ends up switching the places of her pussy with Joker’s mouth! Though Joker seems aware of the change, it seems he can’t tell Futaba anything. And things only get crazier as Futaba starts kissing Joker in the mouth, which is now her pussy...”

“Nyeheheh~! Well, would you look at that~?” Futaba cackled in her usual sharp, gremlin-like tone, twirling her bulbous goggles around her index finger like a cowboy twirling their gun. “See? I told you there was nothing to worry about, Joker~ Some quick value hacking, and that weird shadow was out of the way~”

Joker however, looked quite unimpressed. His eyes narrowed into an annoyed scowl, his hand crossed with indignation. Though Futaba seemed quite happy with her performance, it was evidently apparent Joker was quite unhappy with the result. The low-pitched oozing sounds of Mementos echoed in the background, walls slowly shifting from one color to another as they struggled to maintain form.

“Mmmfff mffff-” Joker’s voice finally surged from the darkness, though it was oddly muffled, as if behind several layers of cloth.

“Oh-! My bad!” Futaba jolted in place. She turned down and unclasped her belt, lowering her zipper as she pulled her pants down ever so slightly. One of Joker’s eyebrows rose in surprise, as Futaba slid her panties down to show... “Here you go- I couldn’t hear you.”

Not Futaba’s bare vaginal lips, but instead none other than Joker’s very own mouth. Somehow, Futaba’s crotch had Joker’s mouth instead of a pussy.

~~“Futaba you dumbass, look what you’ve done”~~ Joker tried to speak his mind honestly. However, the words that actually came out were something totally different than he’d originally intended. “Good job, Oracle. You did amazing beating that Shadow on your own!”

Joker shook his head in confusion. W-What? Why had he said that? Even though his mouth was no longer attached to his own body, he could still talk with it as if it belonged to him. Yet for some reason, his words became totally twisted the moment they came out. Could it be yet another effect of whatever Futaba had done? Or was the fact that his mouth was attached affecting his words? Regardless, the result was the same.

Face brimming with excitement, Futaba hopped towards Joker, wrapping her little arms around the taller boy’s body. She pressed her face against his flat chest, nuzzling it lovingly

before turning back up to meet Joker's own gaze. The sparkling in her eyes shimmered with genuine joy.

"Heheh~ At this rate I could totally become a full-grade combat member of the Phantom Thieves, huh~?" Futaba cooed energetically, clamping onto Joker so tightly, he couldn't even move his arms from his side.

Perhaps the worst part of the moment was just how oblivious Futaba was to what she had caused. Though she was looking straight at Joker's face, her eyes just centimeters away from his own visage, somehow, she noticed nothing wrong. All she saw was Joker's short black hair, his sharp white mask, and of course, a huge sopping feminine pussy right below his nose. For just like Joker's mouth had been placed in the exact spot Futaba's pussy should have been, her vagina now rested where Joker's regular lips had once taken place.

"Or..." Futaba's smirk turned sensual, the girl licking her lips in a teasing manner. "Could it be that you're too embarrassed to share the spotlight with your *girlfriend*~?"

A slight blush came across Joker's face, his eyes looking away bashfully. Okay, he did really like Futaba. And he was happy that the two of them could spend private time together like this. But Futaba had still messed both of them up to an incredible degree. Joker had to control his heart and get Futaba to realize the mistake she'd made.

~~"Look Futaba, let's just focus on fixing our bodies"~~ turned into "Oh Futaba, there is nothing that would make me happier than having you by my side. I would love it if you were to join us in fights."

Almost instantly, Futaba's teasing expression turned into a bright, red, embarrassed blush, all of her bravado melting away to pure shyness. The line was so bold, even Joker's face lit up with a bright red blush. Why was his mouth making him say these things?! He wasn't necessarily lying but... N-Now wasn't the time for this! A-Also, it was way too sappy and direct! Nobody outside of a romantic drama would dream of uttering such a corny line!

"Y-Y-You're s-s-such a normie..." Futaba panted with what appeared to be frustration, but it was clear that she was very happy.

Joker could feel as Futaba's pussy began to quiver and ooze. Not in the sense that he felt the physical stimulation of the vagina itself, but more in how he felt it twitching atop his face, while damp, hot juices slowly drooled down his chin.

Slowly letting go of Joker, Futaba just stood in front of her boyfriend with the attitude of a bashful kid, just looking down at the ground and holding her arms closely. Joker let out a sigh of relief. Now that he could move, perhaps he'd be able to tell Futaba what happened, since it was obvious she wasn't seeing it herself. Speaking was a fruitless endeavor, but

maybe writing something out would be possible? Joker slumped down, hand stretching into his pocket to fish out his phone-

Only for Futaba to suddenly lunge at him, pinning him against a nearby wall. Without any sort of warning or prompting, Futaba pushed her face close to Joker's. Her lips parted wide open, and she began to place a litany of loving kisses... On the pussy that was on Joker's face. Futaba was kissing her own pussy. Joker's eyes shot wide open. He tried to pull back away from her kiss, but Futaba's hands soon pulled around the back of his head, making sure he could escape. The loud sounds of Futaba's damp, sopping pussy played loudly inside of Joker's ear. Her hot breaths and panting whimpers blew against his face, causing the organ beneath his nose to tremble with bliss.

"Haaah~ Haaah~ O-Oh my god..." Futaba gasped breathlessly, pushing herself away from Joker's face-pussy for a couple of seconds just because of how overwhelming its sensations were wracking her brain. "K-Kissing feels a lot better than I remember... And you taste... Mmmm... A bit fishier~"

Any attempt for Joker to complain or put a stop to this was quickly interrupted as Futaba plunged towards Joker's face for another passionate, sloppy kiss. While Joker himself could not feel all of the pleasure or physical stimulation Futaba's pussy was undergoing, Futaba felt every ounce of bliss quite intimately. Futaba's whole body quivered with ecstasy as she pushed her tongue between the two plump lips of her labia. Her needy pussy trembled with each thrust of Futaba's tongue. Her tight kisses and greedy suckling made Futaba's pussy tremble with force, as her mouth kept filling up with copious amounts of arousal that was continuously secreted from her hole. The more Futaba kissed Joker, the better it felt. And it looked like she was starting to get addicted to the feeling.

Joker couldn't feel Futaba's pussy the same way she did, yet even he had to admit he was growing aroused by the sight. Futaba was not only pouring all of her affection onto him, but she was also shuddering with bliss as she actively ate pussy. Her body seemed to tremble with ecstasy, her lips damp with vaginal juices. It only made sense that a man like him in a loving relationship with his girlfriend would pop a boner. Despite his best attempts at keeping his desire concealed, inch after inch of Joker's cock hardened, until the bulging appendage was pressing intently against his pants. The boy had been hoping that Futaba would not notice it. But unfortunately for him, as her body brushed against his own, Joker's erection became more than apparent.

"A-Ah!! S-Sorry Joker-" F-Futaba gasped apologetically, her mind still lightly dazed from the buzzing pleasure that came from her sopping pussy. "L-Let me take care of that for you~"

In the blink of an eye, Futaba knelt down and started undoing Joker's pants. His zipper flew down with a swoosh, his pants and underwear pulled so that his hefty 7-inch penis could pop free of restraint. Futaba wasn't intending to use her mouth to please her boyfriend, however. Instead, she pushed her crotch towards his own, hoping to pleasure him with her pussy. Little did she realize that Futaba's 'pussy' was actually Joker's own mouth.

~~"Wait- Wait- Wait-!! N-No-No-No!!!"~~ came from Joker's mouth like "Futaba... I love you so much~"

Before Joker could even think about moving out of the way, it was already too late. With a gentle thrust of her hips, Futaba pushed her crotch, causing Joker's penis to slowly slip into his mouth. The boy's muffled complaints could barely be heard as the hardened girth of his penis pushed deeper and deeper past his lips. The damp, musky, almost salty taste of his cock seared itself on Joker's tastebuds almost like a dog marking its territory. Futaba didn't stop once a single inch was in either. The girl kept pushing further and further, until Joker felt the tip of his cock pushing against the back of his throat.

Never in his life had Joker expected he would be sucking his own penis, yet here he was with the vivid sensation of his cock inside his mouth. Joker initially hoped he would get soft enough that it wouldn't really bother him. But as the seconds passed, it was clear that no such thing would occur. Perhaps it was the fact that Futaba eating out her own pussy was still making Joker aroused. Feeling nothing from her 'pussy', Futaba instantly went for another kiss with Joker's 'mouth', her body trembling with ecstasy as her vagina began to blast her brain with pure ecstasy. Maybe the sensation of a tight, warm hole around his penis was pleasurable enough, that even knowing it was his own mouth, Joker wasn't turned off. Or maybe Joker just liked sucking penis.

He had to admit, it didn't feel as bad as he had originally imagined. His mouth was warm, damp and tight, surprisingly similar to a pussy albeit a bit looser. He could feel the way his lips gently pressed against his own girth, the sensation of his warm breath pressing against his cock, and even the light motions of his tongue. Joker's mouth had a surprisingly pleasant grip on his dick. Moreover, unlike when it came to having sex with other people, where he had to depend on what they did, Joker could perfectly adjust his movements to his will. His tongue and lips were completely in his control, he could tighten or move them in any way he desired...

As time passed and Futaba continued enjoying eating herself out, Joker's patience began to run thin. A part of him really hated the idea of sucking his own dick. He was a straight guy with a girlfriend, and the whole thing just seemed generally unpleasant. Yet no matter how

many seconds went on, Joker's arousal never dissipated. Considering the strangeness of the situation... Perhaps it would be fine if he just let himself go~?

Abandoning any sort of self-restraint he was trying to maintain, Joker started thrusting needily into his mouth. His reward? Copious amounts of delicious, potent pleasure pulsed through his cock and into the rest of his body. Joker's eyes rolled to the back of his head, as his hips instinctively pushed towards Futaba's crotch again and again. The sensation of his lips quivering as he gently pushed his shaft in and out of his mouth was nothing short of incredible. He clung onto his own penis firmly, making sure his mouth felt tight yet malleable as he continued to thrust. More and more saliva coated the length of his cock with each continuous motion, dampening his lips as Joker felt his crotch press against him. Though the powerful flavor of his own penis was unignorable within Joker's mouth, the pleasure it generated almost made the taste pleasant.

Before long, Joker wasn't just thrusting, he was actively using his mouth to suck himself off. The boy's lips sealed around his own length as he sucked and tugged onto his cock. He began to use his tongue exceedingly, swirling around the girth of his cock, caressing the underside of his tip and slipping into his foreskin. Not even the saltiness of his pre as it began to pour into Joker's mouth seemed to deter him. His mouth effortlessly moved in conjunction with his lips to create for a titillating experience. Every twitch of his cock, he suckled himself a little harder, every little movement was an opportunity to pleasure his shaft further. As Joker's cock only throbbed further and further, the boy's eyes rolled to the back of his head until...

Spluuuurttt~

Joker didn't even have enough time to make a decision when his own penis started pumping his mouth full of cum. An overpowering taste of saltiness infected every one of his tastebuds, as every inch of his mouth was filled to the brim with sticky, hot goo. All Joker could do was swallow load after load of his penis, whilst his hips gently continue rocking against his lips. Directly before him, Joker could feel Futaba's pussy quivering on his mouth. Futaba herself seemed to freeze up in place as the pleasure of orgasm overran her mind. With a set of exhausted gasp, the girl collapsed forward onto Joker, a bright, perverted smile on her face.

"W-Wow... T-That was..." Futaba breathed heavily, desperately trying to regain her composure. "That was really good~"

Joker too, took deep, heavy breaths through his nose. He felt his soft start to soften in his mouth, allowing him to slowly pull it out. Cum spilled from his trembling lips, his mouth taking a big gulp to swallow all of the remaining cum before he could utter another word.

“Yeah, maybe this isn’t so bad after all...”

Joker wasn’t sure whether his words had been altered once more, or if they were his genuine thoughts...

Roulette Fic 8: *Shy but horny + CTF + Lifeswap with a femboy gooner, everyone unaware Working Hard or Hardly Working?*

“Shy office lady Amanda is tired of her boring job and lonely life. All she wants to do is watch videos of her favorite online pornstar femboy, Cody. Oh well, time to continue her shift as Cody’s cock!”

Life can be very stressful. Amanda Pines knew that better than anyone. Every day she had to wake up and go to a job that she hated, deal with bosses that mistreated her, and spend time with coworkers that barely acknowledged her presence, only so that she could barely get enough money to pay for some food and rent. It was an endless cycle of tedium that had been going on for so long, Amanda didn’t even remember when it had started. The tired office lady leaned forward onto her desk. The idle clicking of keys and low beeping of computers rang around her, a monotonous song of the corporate death hole she experienced daily. Each second that passed felt like a million years of agonizing boredom in Amanda’s mind.

The fact that Amanda was all by herself certainly didn’t help things. It’s not like there was anything *particularly wrong* with Amanda. She was a cute 20-something girl, with long, frizzly auburn hair that reached down to her shoulders. Her face was full of freckles, her nose short and cute. Her fashion sense might have been a bit antiquated, wearing little more than a tight-fitting business suit. No, the real issue Amanda had was her painfully shy personality. When she first joined the company, even saying hi was a monumental struggle. While all the other new employees got close, Amanda just sat in the corner, unable to join anyone. Having lost contact with most of her college friends and with no new office friends to make up for it, now Amanda had to deal with it all by her lonesome.

There were a lot of things Amanda didn’t have. Friends, a lover, more than 500 bucks in her bank account. But if there was anything she *did* have, it was copious amounts of horniness. Six hours into her usual eight-hour shift, Amanda was feeling pent up as hell. Looking

around her cubicle to make sure no one would spot her, Amanda quickly plucked her phone from her pocket. She quickly scrolled onto twitter, moving past the various stupid memes and political posts until she settled on her very favorite account.

C0ckedUpC0dy

Amanda cooed excitedly as she opened up one of Cody's videos and saw a beautiful, effeminate boy showing off what had to be the largest penis she'd ever seen. It was a combination of all that was right in the world. Cody's face was soft and androgynous, with plump lips and a slightly squarish face. He had a slick, short, blonde hairdo, his orange eyes gleaming beneath his long eyelashes. Further down the rest of his form, Cody was noticeably male. His chest was completely flat, though his nipples were large, puffy and pink like that of a woman. The curve of his body bloomed into a titanic ass, with hips easily as wide as his shoulders. And then there was that absolute monster of a cock... GOD! His penis was so large, it seemed inhuman!

A series of restless, needy pants escaped past Amanda's lips. It was taking all of her willpower not to start rubbing her needy pussy right this second. Her eyes were stuck to the screen watching Cody like a rat stuck in glue. She couldn't imagine doing porn like this for a living, showing every part of your body to strangers to lust over. That being said... It did sound so much nicer than her current job. Not having to worry about bosses, or people around you... Just getting to indulge in your most perverted desires...

Alright... That was enough of a break for now. Amanda sighed, preparing herself to resume her duties. It was time to work now!

"Hey everyone! Welcome back~ Thank you so much for joining the stream~"

A bright, cheerful, feminine voice rang out from behind Amanda. Its tone was tender and delicate, yet ripe with a luscious, masculine timbre. Merely hearing it made Amanda shudder with excitement.

As Amanda looked forward, she saw not the gray, constricting walls of her cubicle or the boring spreadsheet on her 98 computer monitor. Instead, the room around her was dark, and the only lights that shone were professional lighting lamps that beamed rays of white directly at her, as well as the dim glow of a computer screen set to one website. A site Amanda was more than intimately familiar with.

It was C0ckedUpC0dy's OnlyFans page, currently live streaming to hundreds of viewers.

"I'm sooooo excited to play with my big, meaty cock today~" Cody continued, except his voice didn't come from the computer screen. Instead, it came from behind Amanda, slightly above her, close enough it felt like he was in the same room as her.

“And she is also suuuuuper eager to show off to you all~” Cody’s delectably high-pitched voice cooed with a luscious tone.

Suddenly, Amanda found her head being pulled up forcefully. She was brought up until her face was inches away from a camera, which captured each and every one of her features. Over in the screen monitor, Amanda could see herself in Cody’s stream. Except, it wasn’t in the form she usually expected. Though Amanda’s head was the same as always, a cute, freckled face with wild ginger curls, the rest of her body was basically non-existent. That is to say, Amanda’s head rested not atop a human body, but as the tip of a huge, fat, throbbing cock. Her ‘neck’ looked exactly like the shaft of a dick, with thick veins covering its sides as well as copious amounts of foreskin bundled below her head. This shaft stretched 18-inches back until it was connected to Cody’s crotch, which was layered with curly ginger pubes, and also held a titanic, sagging ballsack larger than her own head. From a mere glance, it was more than obvious for anyone to see.

Amanda was Cody’s big, fat, throbbing cock.

Which of course, didn’t bother her, because that was her job.

“H-Hello everyone!” Amanda spoke bashfully, her face growing red with a blush while her cock-neck throbbed needily. “I-I’m r-r-ready t-to... S-Shoot a bunch o-of thick r-ropes for you today!!”

“Wow! Good job, my sweet dick~!” Cody sang in a sweet, loving tone that made Amanda throb with intensity. “You did it just like we practiced~ And with no mistakes this time! For being such a good, responsible cock, I think you deserve a good reward~”

As Cody sat back against his chair, Amanda was already throbbing in abject excitement. Soon, she felt the soles of Cody’s feet pressed against the sides of her neck-shaft. His cock was so big, he could easily jack himself off using only his feet. A skill he was more than ready to abuse, as he began to rub his shaft back and forth using on his legs. Amanda gasped needily as she felt both toes squeezing her length in unison. The movements were clumsy, but the firm sensation and the curved shape of his soles made Amanda go insane with pleasure.

“Hey, did you guys know? My cock is a bit of a freak, hehe~” Cody giggled as he continued rubbing his feet against his cock. “She absolutely looooooves when I jack her off using my stinky boy feet.”

Every word he uttered was absolutely true. Amanda was a perverted freak of a cock. She adored Cody’s feet, merely thinking about them was enough to get her fully hard. With every continued pump of his feet, Amanda only kept on getting further lost in her lust. Her

urethra shuddered, cock twitching up and down uncontrollably as if she just couldn't hold back the sheer excitement. The way the dainty yet firm scent of his meet melded with Amanda's own cock musk was nothing short of ecstatic. The particular shape of his feet as they shuffled against her left a particularly pulsating imprint that Amanda would never forget. Amanda's dream was to have them kick, rub and step on her until she splurged out every ounce of her jizz.

"Hehehe~ She's so cute~" Cody continued cooing, both from the trembling sensations of his cock as well as Amanda's adorably needy reactions. "Guys, look at this! I don't have to say anything- As soon as I put my foot near her face..."

As if to demonstrate to his audience, Cody let go of Amanda's shaft and slowly shifted his right foot down until it was besides Amanda's face. By this point, Amanda was too far in the deep end of perversion to think things through. Without even the semblance of a second thought, she lunged towards the foot, pushing its toes into her mouth and suckling on them like her life depended on it. Cody gasped pleasurably, his cock throbbing as the taste of his feet settled inside Amanda's mouth. Amanda could only moan in pleasure as she slathered Cody's toes in a mixture of saliva and precum, her tongue twirling around and between them in hopes of covering every last inch.

"See~? Isn't she just the best cock a boy like me could ask for~?" Cody looked at the camera with a cutesy face, though the lens focused mainly on Amanda losing her mind.

Throughout the entire scene, Cody's live commenters were going wild. The comment section ran so fast, it was impossible to discern any messages. That being said, there was one particular comment that truly got Cody's attention...

"Your cock looks like a girl. That means if I jack off to you, it's not gay." Cody repeated the message aloud, before bursting into laughter.

A menacing expression appeared on Cody's face. He pulled Amanda away from his toes and started to jack her off while looking directly at the camera. Amanda's face was twisted in immeasurable pleasure, as if she was barely conscious.

"It's true my dick looks like a girl. A very pretty, adorable girl!" Cody agreed, nodding his head as his hands pulled and tugged at Amanda. "But don't forget that she is still just *MY* dick, and I am obviously a cute *BOY*~ That means if you jack off to her, you're jacking off to me- And that makes you gaaayyyyy~"

Cody lifted Amanda towards the camera, pushing his own face against hers. "What do you say, Amanda~?"

“Y-Y-Yesss, i-i-it’s true!!!” Amanda gasped loudly, the back of her throat clogged up with precum as she spoke. At this point she didn’t care about anything that wasn’t cumming. “I-I-I’m just a s-stinky boy cock- N-N-Nothing more than a body part to my m-m-master!!! P-Please keep being gay and k-k-keep G-GOONING to us!!!!”

“Heheheh~ Couldn’t have said it better myself~” Cody sang with a crooked smile. He gave Amanda a kiss on the cheek, before wrapping his arms against her shaft tightly. “Alright, how about we give them one spectacular show, eh Amanda~?”

Before she could even respond, Cody was already rubbing her with more force and intensity than ever before. With both arms already wrapped around her shaft, Cody began to jack Amanda off anew. It wasn’t just his arms that he used, however. Cody pushed forward until the entirety of Amanda’s length was pressed tightly against his torso. She could feel herself throbbing against the soft, flatness of his chest, and Cody even made sure to push his pink puffy nipples against her one at a time in order to make her feel as good as possible. It was a full body massage in every way of the word, as Cody needily rubbed his chest and tummy left and right across his own dick while his arms pumped Amanda’s cock in a series of rhythmic, continuous motions.

Even Cody’s legs started to help out in the entire endeavor. Lifting his feet and placing them on the seat of his chair, Cody squeezed the base of his dick between his soft, supple thighs. Every inch of Amanda’s body was being covered and squeezed by Cody’s slender, boyish form, and it was making her lose her mind. Amanda throbbed with so much wildness, it felt as if she had become a vibrator intensely rubbing against Cody’s body parts. The girl gasped breathlessly with every motion, as a stream of precum began to pour out of her parted lips. The killing blow only came as Cody pushed his head closer to Amanda’s, and began to layer a litany of soft, loving kisses at the base of her head, just beneath her ears. Every inch of Amanda’s existence was covered by the body of a beautiful femboy, and it was too much for a cock like her to bear.

Eyes rolling the back of her head, Amanda’s mouth shot wide open as she began to vomit shot after shot of hot, white semen. Her brain went completely blank, her body becoming stiff as her balls pulled upwards and unloaded all of her jizz into her urethra. Cody himself seemed caught up in his orgasm too. His body froze up around Amanda’s throbbing shaft, little gasps of pleasure escaping his mouth as he too felt the pleasure of unloading his jizz all over the studio. Pump after pump of cum blasted from Amanda’s lips and all over the floor, luckily avoiding the lenses of the many cameras currently filming the entire ordeal to all of Cody’s fans.

As the minutes passed and the pleasure began to die down, Cody slowly regained some of his senses. He flashed the camera a lusty smile and a peace sign.

“Heheh~ Hope you guys all enjoyed the show~” He gasped breathlessly, heart still pumping with energy and pleasure. “We’re most definitely not done for today though~ This girl’s still got a looooooot of loads to get through~”

Amanda’s body quivered pleasurably at the suggestion they would keep going, her shaft already hardening once more. Her job might have been difficult and a bit embarrassing but... There was no doubt about it, Amanda loved her life!

Roulette Fic 9: *Dorothea + Cock Neck & Body Swap + A random extra is aware of the changes*

Going in Deep

A happy Dorothea prances around in a world where everyone has cock-necks and can head/body swap using their body’s neck pussy! Even if Edelgard seems to be aware something is wrong, Dorothea will just have to teach her how to enjoy things

The loud clacking of heels against stone rang proudly throughout the halls of Garreg Mach. With each step, Dorothea’s voluptuous, feminine body strode forth towards the dining hall. Her hips swung from one side to the other in a sensual manner, her breasts gently bounced on her chest while her cleavage window gave a clear view of her bosom. Today was just like any other day at Garreg Mach, but for some reason Dorothea felt like a star. Confidence and vigor filled the girl in the same way it had when she was the top songstress at the Mittelfrank Opera.

Passing through the archway into the dinning hall, Dorothea saw the room was just as busy and lively as she was. She walked on with a smile, long brown hair swaying magically behind her, while she looked for a place to sit. Dorothea’s attention was taken however, as she looked over at the corner of the room.

“Come on, Bernadetta~ Why don’t you and I have a little fun going on a date~?”

Over on the other side of the dining hall, Dorothea could see Sylvain had pinned Bernadetta against a wall. One of his hands pressed against the stone of the wall beside Bernadetta, while his body pushed up against her close enough to be intimidating. Bernadetta’s head

barely popped up above Sylvain's, and Dorothea could see in her eyes she was downright terrified. Poor girl could barely hold a conversation, let alone flirt! No, that wouldn't do, Dorothea would have to come in to rescue her.

Speeding up her march, Dorothea wasted little time closing the distance between herself and Sylvain. Once she was standing directly behind him, the girl placed her hands beneath Sylvain's head and began to pull. Her fingers tightened, her arms flexing with force. Before Sylvain could even react to the sensation, Dorothea pulled and pulled at his neck until-

Shliiirk~!!!

Sylvain's head popped right off his body with a loud, shlicking sound. Though it was fully secured between his shoulders no more than a few seconds ago, now his entire head rested safely between both of Dorothea's palms.

And yet... There was no blood, no gore or guts. No wound was left between Sylvain's shoulders to indicate some kind of wound. Instead, the only resting between Sylvain's broad, masculine shoulders was... A pussy...? Though the sight might have seemed bizarre at first glance, its shape was absolutely unmistakable. Two plump, bumpy labia at the top of Sylvain's torso opened up to reveal a dripping, quivering feminine pussy. Its insides were bright pink, its walls fleshy and damp. A pink-colored clit rested at the tip of its hood, and a drizzling of sticky dampness dripped down from its slit and onto his chest.

The human head that rested in Dorothea's hands was far from fully normal either. While the top of Sylvain's head seemed fairly normal, with his bright orange hair, the cocky smirk on his masculine face and his piercing green eyes, Sylvain's neck slowly shifted into the shape of a fully hardened penis, with a throbbing pink tip at its end. Its length was curved and cylindrical, with copious throbbing veins and wrinkled, loose skin. The whole shaft throbbed excitedly as Sylvain looked up at Dorothea's face. Sylvain's expression was so calm and unbothered, it almost felt like he was used to being pulled off his body, as if the strange anatomy of his neck and the top of his shoulders didn't surprise him.

"Oh my, Dorothea~" Sylvain spoke in his usual suave, flirtatious tone. "To what do I owe this honor~?"

"I think it's time you stop bothering Bernie-bear here, it's clear she's not interested." Dorothea cooed gently, taking her right hand to squeeze Sylvain's cheeks as if he was a cute hamster. "So how about I give you someone else to play with~?"

With that, Dorothea took hold of Sylvain's cock neck with her left hand, while her right hand drifted onto her own neck. Just as she had done with Sylvain, Dorothea began to pull upwards. A sensation of thrilling pleasure coursed through her spine, making her body

tremble with anticipation. She could feel something inside her throbbing with lust, along with the pleasure of damp, tightening hole. With each passing second, Dorothea pulled further and further, until she felt a click in her neck. Slowly, her head began to rise from her body. The damp, slippery sound of sex echoed right through her ear, as her neck began sliding out of the damp slit between her shoulders. A hard, heated throbbing rocked beneath Dorothea's own head. One which she was acutely familiar with. The throbbing of her cock-neck as she pulled it out of her neck-pussy.

After no more than a couple of seconds, Dorothea's head was fully detached from her shoulders, while the dick-neck beneath her throbbed with excitement. The sensation of her neck-pussy trembling was still fresh in her mind, as her fingers gently wrapped around the shaft under her head. Using what little control she held over her recently detached body, she lifted her arm and hovered her dick neck over Sylvain's neck-pussy. Then, with a sharp, downwards jab, she impaled her own dick-neck directly onto the sopping pussy that sat atop of Sylvain's form.

A loud, breathy gasp escaped from Dorothea's lips as her dick-neck settled comfortably within the walls of Sylvain's neck pussy. Almost instantly, all of the sensations of her original feminine form disappeared. And in their place, Dorothea could feel control over Sylvain's thick, broad, muscled body. Dorothea's soft tender lips curled into a smile as she flexed her new manly arms. With every deep breath, she could feel her flat her form chest grave back and forth. Most delicious of all however had to be the hot, hardening stirring that occurred around her new crotch.

Schliiiiickkk~

The sound of another pussy being spread open behind her tickled Dorothea's ears. Turning around, Dorothea could see that Sylvain had pushed his dick-neck into Dorothea's neck pussy, granting him full control of Dorothea's body in much the same way she had taken over his. Sylvain's cocky face smirked as he looked down at his feminine form. His slender, dainty fingers were already pressing into his new bosom, digits sinking deep into the mass of what were previously Dorothea's breasts as he clenched his legs closed tight.

"Mffff~ How gracious of you to lend me your body so easily Dorothea!" Sylvain cooed excitedly, his fingers not once letting go of the supple fat of Dorothea's tits. "It was certainly not in the way I expected, but I'd be more than happy to keep these girls company~"

As Sylvain began to walk away, his attention entirely wrapped around his new wobbly assets, all Dorothea could do was giggle. "Okay tiger, don't go too crazy with them!"

Dorothea's face shone with a bright smile as she turned back to Bernadetta, who was now free from Sylvain's undue attention. Bernadetta leaned back against the wall, her short,

ruffled purple hair pressing onto the stone. Her expression was as jittery as usual, though much more at ease than it had been a few seconds ago. Thankfully, Bernadetta looked like she normally did now. Well, except that instead of her small, dainty, youthful body, below her dick-neck Bernadetta's figure was tall, slender and much more blooming with femininity. It was a body Dorothea had been acutely familiar, one draped in tight grey dress with a puffy white coat, whose breasts were plump and whose legs were exposed. Bernadetta had Manuela's body.

"There you go Bernie-bear!" Dorothea spoke with a eagerness, not even bothering to comment the difference in Bernadetta's form. "Feel better?"

"Y-Y-Yes!! T-T-Thank you so much Dorothea!" Bernadetta piped up nervously. "I-I-I j-just wanted to t-try out professor M-Manuela's body! I h-h-had no idea s-so many people w-would talk to me!"

"Well, with that horn ball taken care of, you should be free for now! Although..." Dorothea's mouth shifted to the same cocky smirk as Sylvain, while the girl pushed up against Bernadetta's body, feeling her huge tits press against Dorothea's pecs. "You do absolutely spectacular right now. I wouldn't mind spending some time with you, if you wanted~"

Before Bernadetta could even come up with some kind of answer however, the girl had already made her escape. She was already out of the dining hall by the time Dorothea turned to look at her. A litany of giggles escaped from Dorothea's mouth. While she was somewhat serious in her offer, all she wanted to do was tease Bernie. With that done, she could go back to what she had come here in the first place, to get some food. Now with the added fun of having Sylvain's body!

After a little bit of searching, Dorothea was able to find a free spot next to the new professor, Byleth! Except, as she took the next seat beside her, it was clear that Byleth's head was not sitting atop her own body. The professor's face was feminine and serious, her hair a long, dark green. But below her neck, her body was broad, muscular and incredibly male. Byleth had to have the largest body Dorothea had ever seen, at least twice as large as Dorothea's own. The muscles on her biceps and chest were so absurd, it looked like her shirt was barely holding on for dear life.

"Oooooohhh, professor~ Trying out the male form, I see~" Dorothea teased smugly as she sat beside the Byleth.

Byleth however, seemed quite unbothered. The professor kept shoveling spoonfuls of food into her mouth, only barely turning to acknowledge Dorothea's presence. Whether these were the instincts of her new body or the original professor were hard to tell.

“Mmff... Not quite... Took Raphael’s body-” She spoke between chews, her face quite serious, almost blank. “Teaching the boys... How to fight... In female bodies... Just in case...”

Dorothea might have found the whole scene endearingly funny, were it not for another distraction that would soon take her attention.

“Dorothea! Professor!” Edelgard loud, commanding voice rang into the dining hall, though it had a tone of nervousness to it.

Both Dorothea and Byleth turned around to see Edelgard in clear distress. Sweat poured down from her brow, her usual determined expression replaced with one of disconcert and fear. It was as if for the first time in her life, Edelgard had no idea what was happening. Seeing Byleth’s and Dorothea’s faces, Edelgard was granted momentary relief. But it instantly soured into further despair the moment she noticed the duo’s decidedly masculine forms.

“Oh Goddess- Not you too!” Edelgard gasped in exasperation. “Can’t you see all the absolute madness that is unfolding?! Wh-What is going on?!?”

Dorothea turned around to try and see whatever it was that bothered Edelgard. However, when she looked over the dining hall, she spotted nothing out of the ordinary. On the other side of the table, Dorothea could see Marianne’s gentle, blue-haired head resting atop of Hilda’s body. However, the real surprise was Hilda’s head, whose dick-neck was currently nestled comfortably inside of her own cleavage with an expression of pure bliss that made it clear she did not want to get out.

“Oh Hilda... Where did you lose my body this time...?” Marianne sighed somberly, her expression dour and depressed.

“Nggghhhh~ Ooouuuuu~ I-I don’t know Mariiii~” Hilda cried blissfully, her thick cock-neck throbbing each time that she bounced against her own tits. Her head continuously nudged up and down, as if it was unable to stay still. “Although I reeeaaaally wouldn’t mind staying like this with you for a bit longer~”

Towards the door, Dorothea’s drifted towards the princely duo of Dimitri and Claude. Except the two boy’s forms were anything but princely. Dimitri’s blonde haired, pretty boy face sat atop of Catherine’s tanned, curvy form. Though her white armor was quite conservative, the blush on Dimitri’s face made it clear he was not used to her curved, plump ass nor her tiny waist and especially not her ample chest wobbling behind their chest plate. Dimitri looked like a wobbly animal taking its first steps. His thick thighs trembled with every step, armor clanging awkwardly.

“C-Claude! I-I-Is this r-really necessary?!” Dimitri asked, his face a mixture of anxiety and red-hot embarrassment.

Claude on the other hand, looked like he was rocking his new body. The boy’s lightly tanned visage sat atop of Shamir’s pale body, wearing her usual black outfit and blue coat. Whilst Dimitri seemed ashamed of his breasts, Claude pushed his cleavage out proudly, letting the wobbly tits be the center of attention as he strode forth. His thick legs stepped forth with confidence, his round hips swaying left and right with swift, confident motions. It was as if Claude was intimately accustomed to the sensations of the feminine form.

“Oh come on Dimitri~” Claude cooed in a teasing tone, wrapping his hand around Dimitri’s waist and pushing their thighs together. “What kind of leader will you be if you can’t get used to having a beautiful woman’s body~?”

It was just as Dorothea thought. Everything around her was completely normal! Just as it had been for as long as she remembered. Slowly, she turned back towards Edelgard once more, only to see that Byleth had gotten up from her own seat and was now towering mightily above Edelgard. The Adrestian princess had always been a bit on the small side, but thanks to Byleth’s new body, the professor utterly dwarfed her student. Edelgard’s head barely went up to Byleth’s thick muscular pecs, which pushed mere inches in front of Edelgard’s face. A huge, bright red blushed covered the tiny lady’s cheeks, her expression ripe with a mixture of embarrassment and shock.

“Are you sure you’re feeling quite alright Edelgard?” Byleth asked with genuine concern, though her face was as blank as usual. The professor walked even closer to Edelgard, their bodies getting so close they could share in each other’s heat. One of Byleth’s massive, meaty hands pressed against Edelgard’s forehead. “Nothing is out of the ordinary. Perhaps you are sick?”

Edelgard quickly pushed herself away from the professor, panic and sweat pouring from her troubled face. “P-P-P-Professor!!!” She gasped loudly, her lungs barely able to pass the air through her mouth. “W-W-What d-do you think y-you’re doing?!? T-That’s not-!! T-This isn’t-!!!”

In an instant, Dorothea’s confusion turned to a smug, teasing expression. The girl wasted no time getting up from her seat. She maneuvered herself until she was behind Edelgard, who was too busy and distracted with Byleth to notice Dorothea’s approach. By the time Dorothea was right behind Edelgard, it was too late. She placed both of her firm, masculine hands on Edelgard’s shoulder, trapping her from escaping any further. Meanwhile, Byleth finally closed the distance, pushing her body so close to Edelgard that the princess could basically taste the sweat of Byleth’s pecs.

“Woah, woah! Where do you think you’re going~?” Dorothea cooed gently, though the crooked smile on her face betrayed her true intentions. Thanks to Sylvain’s form, she towered over the white-haired princess. “I think the professor is right, you seem a bit out of it. How about you let two big, beefy guys keep you company and make you feel better~?”

“N-N-No!! I-I-!! I c-can’t-!!” Edelgard muttered incomprehensibly, her eyes drifting from one set of pecs to the other. “T-This isn’t-!! S-S-Something is-!!!”

Unfortunately for Edelgard, regardless of how aware she might have been of the distortions of the world around her, Dorothea was ready to show her just how enjoyable having a dick-neck could be.

Roulette Fic 10: Mococo & Fuwawa + Voodoo doll scrambling + Semi-unaware CTF

Fan-Mail Day!

“It’s fan-mail day for FuwaMoco, and the twin sisters are opening up all sorts of gifts. Things quickly get crazy though, as Fuwawa starts playing with magical voodoo dolls that change the duo’s bodies without her realizing, much to Mococo’s panicked dismay.”

Fan-mail day is an exciting time in the FuwaMoco household. Not only because the pair of demon doggies get to experience copious amounts of support and adoration from their fans, but also because of the huge number of cool gifts they get! Mococo Abyssgard sat atop the bottom bunk of their shared bunk bed, opening up the many letters the duo had received one by one. Rather than physical gifts, she tended to prefer the kind words of appreciation their fans might have expressed in their letters. Fuwawa Abyssgard meanwhile, sat on the floor with a mountain of boxes surrounding her. On her end, the airheaded Fuwawa much preferred seeing what kind of creative and fun gifts their fans sent in.

“Ugggh!!! I’m tired of all these gross marriage proposals for Fuwawa!” Mococo turned her head backwards in annoyance as she finished reading the letter in her hand, her short blonde dog ears drooping as her cute expression soured. Quickly crumpling the letter into a ball, Mococo threw the letter across the room and into the garbage bin. “I swear, the ruffians just keep getting wilder! And what about Mococo, hoeeeh?!?!?”

Though Mococo was happy to receive letters and gifts from their fans, she was also the more serious and level-headed one of the two. Whenever she got something that crossed

the line or was disrespectful, she was the first one to throw it away. Protecting herself and her sister were the most important things she could take care of after all.

“Nyeheheheh~ I don’t know, Mogojyan~” Fuwawa giggled loudly, her face as bright and mindlessly happy as the sweet tone of her voice. “I like seeing all the crazy stuff the ruffians send us.”

Fuwawa dove into the huge open box that sat before her, pulling out two tiny, adorable dolls that were styled exactly after Mococo and Fuwawa. Instantly, Fuwawa’s smile grew even wider, her fluffy doggy tail wagging excitedly behind her.

“Mococo! Just look at these!” Fuwawa held up the two dolls with abject enthusiasm. “They look JUST like us! Isn’t that cool?!?”

Sparing little more than a passing glance, Mococo went back to opening more letters. The dolls did look really nice. They were... Oddly realistic? Made of out silk and thread yet perfectly resembling the pair in terms of color and shape. However, Mococo was still in too much of a pouty mood from the recent string of bad letters to truly acknowledge them. Especially since Fuwawa was unaffected by Mococo’s concern, fueled by little more than her dog-like innocence.

“They’re so soft and fluffy. Though yours is fuzzy, Mococo!” Fuwawa continued as she gently squeezed onto the dolls. Strangely, Mococo could feel some sort of pressure around her torso, as if someone was holding her? But she didn’t really pay it much mind, given it wasn’t a strong sensation anyways. “I feel I could hug them all day! Eheheheh~”

“Oh my gosh, Mococo! These are sooooo realistic!” Fuwawa’s voice pitched up yet again, bothersome background noise as Mococo tried to read more of the letters. “You can even take off their clothes and everything. I can’t believe how detailed they are!”

All Mococo could do was roll her eyes in annoyance. Of course Fuwawa would be the first one to try and strip the dolls from their clothes. Although... Had the room just gotten chillier? For some reason, Mococo felt colder than usual...

“Ah! Mococo, this really really awesome!!!” The sheer excitement swelling in Fuwawa made it impossible for her to stay quiet. “You can take off any body part and attach it wherever you want, like magnets or something!”

Again, Mococo refused to pay attention to her sister’s ramblings. Her gaze instead focused on the letter she was holding up with her hands, a beautiful heartfelt statement of appreciation for all that Mococo and Fuwawa had done for this ruffian when-

Pop!

All of a sudden, Mococo's hands effortlessly popped free of her arms. The dog girl's eyes widened in pure shock as the letter she had been holding up slowly floated downwards, whilst her tender hands rolled down onto the floor like plastic balls. She pulled her arms closer, looking intently at the place where her hands had been just seconds ago. But there was nothing more than flat, smooth stumps of skin, perfectly spotless as if Mococo had never had any hands in the first place. There was no pain, no aching, no ghostly sensation of what had once been. Both of Mococo's hands just ended in nothing!

Pop!

Before Mococo could even start to panic though, that strange sensation she'd felt the moment her hands disappeared came back. Looking at the ends of her arms once more, Mococo saw not the return of her hands, but their replacement. Two slender feet curved upwards out from her wrists. Their shape was unmistakable, its top bending into five little toes at its tip, and they came with full functionality too. Mococo could bend and move the little toes at her will, with as much ease as she had moved the fingers on her hands. Mococo's hands had been turned into a set of slender, feminine feet.

"HOOOOEEEEHHH!?!?!" Mococo basically screamed as she jumped on her bed, accidentally bumping the top of her nogging against the bottom of the top bunk. "W-W-W-Whaeet is happening?!?!"

A quick glance downwards revealed the reason why Mococo felt so cold. Her previously clothed body was now devoid of any kind of garment. Mococo's petite, flat titties were completely exposed to the elements, her tiny pink nipples quivering in the cold. Her fully flat tummy gave way to two plump, pillowy thighs, which housed a petite, puffy pussy between her legs. A pink blush of embarrassment filled Mococo's face. She tried to cover her chest and crotch with her hands, but her new feet-hand were much more difficult to control than her hands had been. Moreover, her feet were now just straight up gone, like her hands had disappeared seconds ago! Could it be her feet were now where her hands were supposed to be?!

Mococo's attention soon turned to Fuwawa, hoping that her sister would be of some help. As she looked at the other demon dog sitting across the room however, Mococo instantly noticed Fuwawa was in an equally bare state. Fuwawa's enormous naturals drooped heavily from her chest, her pale body looking much sexier and more curvaceous than Mococo's. Unlike Mococo, Fuwawa seemed totally unaware of her newfound nudity, as she bent forward and gazed at the pair of dolls in her hand with excitement. Dolls that began looking quite suspicious to Mococo.

“Eheheheh~ Playing with these is so fun~” Fuwawa quietly giggled to herself, her eyes glimmering with a slight sensation of mischief. With the Mococo doll held in her hand, Fuwawa suddenly pulled on the doll’s legs.

Pop!

In the exact same moment Fuwawa tugged the legs away from the Mococo doll’s body, Mococo could see and feel her own legs popping off her torso. The pair of smooth, slender limbs which had been a part of her body for her entire life now just rested atop the bed below her lifelessly. Any sort of sensation that might have come from their existence was now gone from Mococo’s mind. Mococo had somehow been reduced to a legless torso. And the worst part of all, it seemed her older sister was the one at fault.

“Fuwawa!!! W-What are you doing?!?” Mococo snapped with fury, the bunk bed trembling from her rage.

“Huh?” Fuwawa’s doggy ears flicked to the side with confusion, not an ounce of concern in that brain of hers. “Relax Moco-chan! I’m just playing with these cute dolls~”

“No you dummy! Can’t you see what’s going on?!?” Fuwawa continued barking with anger. Were it not for the loss of her legs, she would have surely already gotten up and angrily marched towards Fuwawa. “Those dolls are like magic or something! They’re transforming us!!! You need to stop playing with them and put them back now!!!”

But Fuwawa seemed wholly unconvinced. “Jeez Moco-chan... You’re so naggy today...” A devious expression popped on Fuwawa’s face. “Eheheh~ Maybe you should learn to be a bit quieter~”

Screech- Pop!

Fuwawa’s hands moved as she continued messing with the dolls in her hands. Mococo’s eyebrows furrowed in anger. She got ready to yell yet again, except-

“*Shlickk!! Spurr!!! Squelch!!!*” Instead of words, only soppy, damp noises escaped from Mococo’s mouth.

Panic instantly spread in Mococo’s mind. Her feet hands quickly flicked up to her mouth, her gaze turning downwards. Mococo could no longer feel her lips as they had been. In their place, all that she felt was a tight dampness. Every time Mococo tried to talk, the strange organ on her face trembled and twitched. Heat began to accumulate on her face, while a hot, sticky liquid began to dribble down to her chin. With the limited dexterity of her feet hands, Mococo played around with her new mouth. But it was no mouth, it was now a pussy.

“*SHLIRK! SHLIRK! SHLIRRRRK!!!!*” Even more angry pussy noises came forth from Mococo’s new pussy-mouth. Though if her frustration wasn’t evident enough, she even wailed her arms around angrily, her hand-feet swinging up and down with anger.

“Moco-chan you silly dog. Don’t you think I would notice if the dolls were changing us?” Fuwawa snickered in an incredulous tone. Her legs effortlessly came off as she snapped them off of her own doll, yet the change didn’t even face her. No, things were only about to get even more chaotic as-

Pop!

Sensations returned to Mococo from below her waist, but there were no legs underneath the girl’s torso. Instead, it was her sister’s torso now accompanying Mococo on her bed. The bottom of Mococo’s torso perfectly melded into the bottom of Fuwawa’s torso, conjoining the two sisters into one singular being. They both faced the same way, with their titties pointing up in the same direction. Their torsos gave way to arms, though Mococo had feet instead of hands. And at the top of each of their torsos were their doggy heads. Mococo and Fuwawa had finally joined as one. Not only were their forms now forcefully attached, but they could also feel each other’s bodies as if it was their own.

“Nyeheheh~ Isn’t it so nice for the ruffians to send a doll that looks just like us, Moco-chan~?” The smile on Fuwawa’s face was the brightest Mococo had ever seen. She held up the bizarre, warped doll in her hands almost with pride.

“*SHLICK! SLPURT!! SCHLICK!!!*” Mococo responded angrily, with no other words to express her immense displeasure.

Unfortunately, it seemed Mococo’s angry pussy bursts did not sway Fuwawa’s mind. Actually, the moment she ‘spoke’, Fuwawa’s entire torso trembled oddly. Fuwawa struggled to keep a moan, her eyes rolling to the back of her head. As she laid her torso down against the bed, she had a slightly delirious look on her face. She took one of her free hands and pressed it against her soft, plushy chest, causing Mococo to shudder with a strange, foreign new sensation.

“Mmmfff Moco-chan! D-Don’t talk so angrily like that, I’m sensitive!” Fuwawa gasped breathily, her tone shifting from playful to needy. “Or maybe... Maybe get a bit angrier~”

Dread began to spread in Mococo’s mind as she caught a glimpse of that same nefarious expression on Fuwawa’s face. Fuwawa grabbed the new FuwaMoco doll as well as some spare parts she had lying about and started fiddling with them. In response, Mococo lunged forward in an attempt to disrupt her now conjoined sister, but her new feethands were way too clumsy and inaccurate for her to do anything. After just a couple of seconds-

Pop!

A slight sensation of relief filled Mococo as she looked over herself and found no large changes. No, it seemed this time Fuwawa was the target of the odd body warping. Fuwawa's neck was now long and thick, as if it had been replaced with a thigh. Her face was with a delirious expression of need that frightened Mococo. Letting go of the dolls, Fuwawa lifted her hand towards this new neck-thigh of hers and started rubbing it.

Only for it to start changing before Mococo's very eyes. Thick veins begin to sprout all over Fuwawa's new neck, its skin becoming coarse and firm. Mococo could see the extended protrusion harden and throb, twitching up and down gently. Worse of all... Mococo could *feel* Fuwawa's new neck. The way heat pulsed through its entire form, the heat of her breasts which pulsed harder with every second. Pleasure began to reverberate through every inch of Mococo's body and nowhere was this more apparent than in Fuwawa's face, which was ripe with pure, unadulterated bliss. Had Fuwawa somehow managed to turn herself into some kind of penis?!?

The answers to such a question only grew clearer as Fuwawa's hands continued rubbing the length of her new throbbing neck. Fully laying down on the bed, Fuwawa's fingers gripped onto her girthened neck tightly as her hands shifted up and down. Strange new pleasures began to fill Mococo's body, sending tingles through her shoulders and causing her pussy mouth to shudder. With every pump of Fuwawa's hands, Mococo could feel her sister's neck getting harder. One of Fuwawa's hands drifted down to her huge breasts, squeezing them firmly as the girl's neck shuddered. Mococo couldn't help but sputter at the sensation of the soft yet intense squeeze. Fuwawa's breasts were fluffy, yet they had a certain firmness to them that felt extra sensitive. Her wide, pink-colored nipples twitched in response to every squeeze, as they began to dribble a sticky white substance.

This intense session of self-pleasure from Fuwawa only continued intensifying with each passing second. By this point, the girl's neck was fully hardened, slapping gently against the bedsheets as Fuwawa's fingers ran over its length. A smile of pure, delirious pleasure was displayed over Fuwawa's horny face, her doggy ears twitching while salty white precum began to dribble from her mouth. It was clear that Fuwawa felt like heaven right now, and Mococo was bearing just as much of the pleasure too. Mococo's hand feet stretched forward in a panic, but there was little she could do to prevent Fuwawa's onslaught save for fruitlessly pressing against Fuwawa's huge breasts. The contractions and twitches in Mococo's facepussy were growing so intense, the poor girl could scarcely hold her head still. With their bodies totally combined into one, all Mococo could do was sit there until Fuwawa brought the two of them to orgasm.

Spluuurt!!!

With a final tug of her cockneck, Fuwawa's mouth opened wide to let a deluge of semen out of her breasts. The girl's thick, throbbing neck twitched wildly. Cum spewed forth from her lips, splattering over her eyes as well as onto her hair and ears. Though the look of pleasure on Fuwawa's face was so ecstatic, it was clear she didn't care. For Mococo's part, she could feel every ounce of pleasure from her sister's orgasm. Eyes crossing and gasping for air, Mococo's own facepussy tightened in climax as the bliss from Fuwawa's cockneck proved too much to handle. Her feethands curled, body tightening to endure the wave after powerful wave of bliss, until she too collapsed down onto her bed with interrupted breaths and twitching from her face pussy.

Silence filled the room, with nothing more than the twin's heavy breaths as well as the thick, bloated sound of cum oozing from Fuwawa's breasts.

"Haaaah~ Haaah~" Fuwawa panted, still bearing that delirious smirk. Her mouth was thick with the taste of cum, her breasts tightening to pulse the last drops of semen out of their form. "Our fans are the best, eheheh~"

Roulette Fic 11: *Saber + CTF, Incest, Genderswap, reality warp, id loss + TF is an everyday occurrence*

Saber's Survival Guide

"Strange transformations have been affecting the Order of Heroes for some time, and odd modifications are at every corner. Luckily, Saber has figured out a way to survive this strange new environment without any problems."

Saber slammed his back against the edge of the wall with a swift, panicked motion as a sound rang from a nearby hallway. Fear caused his limbs to tremble as they desperately clung to the stone bricks of the wall. Beads of sweat poured down his disconcerted expression. Merely holding on to sack of bread and fruits in his hand was difficult. Saber was in dangerous territory, and he knew it. One little misstep could mean his end. Little by little, the man began to inch towards the edge of the wall. His eyes carefully peered over the corner, gazing deep into the end of the other hallway.

There, he could see exactly what he feared.

Across the hallway were the beautiful and refined princesses Lucina and Caeda. The two dainty women had gentle, girly faces, with long blue hair and bright blue eyes. However,

from the neck down, the story was entirely different. Instead of slender feminine bodies, each woman possessed enormous, hulking masculine forms. Thick, flat pecs replaced rounded busts, broad, squarish shoulders gave way to girthy, large arms. Copious amounts of body hair were present in their stomachs, which were also packed with muscles, and lead all the way down to their crotches. Crotches which were adorned not with pussies, but with huge, throbbing, virile cocks. Not even clothes restrained the pair, who pridefully stood by each other with throbbing erections. These two were princesses only in name, for they bore the bodies of gruff, dirty barbarians.

“Oh bro, I’m so fucking horny right now~” Lucina cooed in a voice much more masculine than he usually had. One of his big hands wrapped around his hardened penis, as he jacked himself off freely. “I can’t remember the last time I fucked some nice slutty pussy~”

“Yeah, me too bro!” Caeda responded with just as brusque a statement, mimicking Lucina’s movements by jerking his needy penis. “I’m getting bored just standing around here. Let’s go find some hole to fill!”

And with that, the couple of extremely masculine guys slowly walked away, the sound of their hands pumping their erect members echoing as they left. Saber finally let a sigh of relief as he could no longer hear the duo. Taking a deep breath, he pushed himself off the wall and continued on his way. Wasting time would not do him well. You never knew what kind of freak you could come across next.

Saber didn’t quite remember when this had all started. The very act of tracking time had become difficult. And it all occurred so fast... For so many years, the Order of Heroes had been operating completely normally, fighting bad guys, rescuing innocents... When all of a sudden, everyone just started... Transforming. The source of the transformations was impossible to tell. The transformations themselves lacked any sort of reason too. Some people would turn into the other gender, some would have their genitals and body parts change, others would... Suffer more debilitating changes. The first couple of days were pure chaos, with about half of the Heroes in the order not only transforming, but straight up losing their minds.

Now, survivors like Saber tried their best to deal with this new world while staying untransformed, either looking for a way to turn things back or attempting to flee to their original worlds...

Luckily, by this point Saber had enough experience getting around, he’d developed a set of general norms to keep himself safe. The most surefire way to prevent transformation was staying locked up in an isolated location. With nothing to threaten transformation, one could stay fully untransformed and sane. This, of course, did come with a pretty big

problem. Staying locked up meant you would at some point run out of supplies, necessitating supply runs through the dangerous halls of Askr. That's what Saber was doing right now. But getting in contact with any possible transformative encounters every couple of weeks was much better than doing so daily.

The other important thing to remember was if you did transform, not to indulge in *any* of the pleasures of your new body. Whether it was full on gender bender or simply getting extra parts, for some reason the more a person interacted with their transformation, the more their minds would deteriorate. They would start becoming less logical, more passive. Their interests would shift onto pleasuring their new forms over doing anything else. It was as if their free will was being stripped from them... Saber found the whole things quite sad.

Passing over an archway, Saber made his way into an open courtyard. Such an open space could be a dangerous place for the mercenary to get caught up in. And sure enough, Saber could see plenty of other heroes around. Thankfully, after a quick glance it seemed most of them were preoccupied with their own forms, and none of them seemed as dangerous as the duo Saber had just narrowly avoided. Not to mention Saber's room was right across the courtyard, so this would be the safest way for him to get across. Gripping onto his brown sack tightly, Saber steeled himself to walk through the courtyard without any further incidents.

One positive thing about the transformations was that most of the transformed people weren't actually hostile. Instead, the most common thing to occur was for a transformed person to just lose themselves in their lust. This was pretty apparent in a pair that Saber spotted close to a bench. The woman was Etie, a buff, orange-haired lady with a small yet incredibly toned body. Though she was incredibly muscular, her body was still assuredly feminine, with two breasts that wobbled as her body moved back and forth. Etie sat on her knees before the bench, her crotch thrusting intently into her partner who was laying down on said bench. For instead of a pussy, she seemed to have a thick, bulging cock on her crotch.

The girl's partner seemed to be the Hoshidan prince Takumi, with his long brown hair cascading down to the floor. Though his face was a lot more feminine, and his body was certainly not that of a man. Two enormous breasts hung from Takumi's chest, each one of them bouncing excitedly to the rhythm of Etie's thrusts. A litany of girly, feminine gasps escaped from her mouth, her legs locked around Etie's crotch as the orange-haired archer's dick slammed violently into Takumi's pussy. There was nothing left of Takumi but a groaning bitch in heat, eagerly awaiting for Etie to fill her up with that virile penis she had. Saber wondered if the two had even known each other before hand, or if they'd just come across once their bodies required sex and started fucking purely out of need. Such were the

relationships that took place these days, relationship whose only value was that of sexual pleasure...

“Hey big boy, why don’t you put that big cock of yours in me~?”

Saber almost jumped as a sultry, feminine yet raspy voice rang behind him. Quickly turning around, Saber caught a glimpse of the sneaky, teasing trickster known as Yuri sitting on a barrel against the wall. Yuri’s face was coy, his smirk oozing need and desire. The boy was fully devoid of any clothes, leaving his flat chest completely exposed. The curves of his figure were slender, with enough masculinity to make his original gender apparent. And yet, housed between his legs was the softest, most plump pussy Saber had ever seen.

“Come on, I can tell you have an absolute trouser snake in there~” Yuri continued teasing him, licking his lips needily as he began to push fingers inside of his quivering boy pussy. “I’m just *aching* right now~ Won’t you show a boy a good time~?”

Saber gritted his teeth as he gulped loudly. Yet another important tenant for his survival showed up. No matter how sexy the person might have been, no matter how needy Saber might have felt, it was important *NEVER* to get aroused. Arousal was a catalyst for transformation, even in the most innocuous of situations it was something to be avoided. Though the power to hold back his sexual desire was a difficult one, Saber was a master of it by now. Quickly turning away from Yuri, he walked on wordlessly. His dick barely trembled at the thought of pounding such a beautiful twink, but he never looked back. Saber’s humanity was much more important than that.

Finally, Saber arrived at the end of the courtyard. But just before he could leave, his eyes alerted him to yet another transformed person. One which perfectly encapsulated the horrible state of these transformations, the worst final stage anyone could reach.

At the corner of the courtyard, Saber saw the young fiery-haired Roy. Roy’s boyish face was bright with a red blush, his expression delirious with pleasure. Slowly panning down from his face, Saber got a good look at a huge pair of wobbly, rounded titties continuously wobbling with his every breath. His body was slender and curvy, with slim feminine hands and thick shapely thighs. He almost looked like an attractive female model. Though between his crotch, the boy had managed to keep his penis, a firm, throbbing rod he was currently stroking with need.

However, it was not Roy’s body that horrified Saber. Instead, what really bothered him was what laid at the tip of Roy’s penis. Not a regular pink colored cockhead, but the head of Roy’s own father, Eliwood. Eliwood’s face was fully expressive and animated as it sat at the end of Roy’s cock. It twitched up and down as the shaft shifted, locked in an eternal expression of bliss. With every pump of his hands, Eliwood’s voice just kept on groaning in

pleasure. Precum continuously oozed from his mouth, as he just sat there completely unaware of his fate. It seemed like when two people spent too much time together, their bodies would join in a perverted manner. It was the most unholy of rituals, one which Saber had no desire to partake in.

Filled with disgust, Saber quickly turned from the courtyard and towards the hall. This was the final stretch. Just a few more moments, and Saber would find himself safe from any trouble, at least for the coming weeks. Alas, just as he thought he was scot-free, one final change presented itself before him.

Across the hall, Saber caught sight of a familiar face, that of Boey the mage. Unfortunately, Boey's body had been transformed just like everybody else. Two enormous tits spilled out from his chest, barely contained by his magely robes. The rest of his outfit clung onto his curves tightly, exposing every last bit of Boey's feminine form. His lips were plumper, and his hair was slightly longer, as if he'd fully turned into a girl. At least it seemed he kept some of his clothes. Saber had been hoping he could avoid contact with Boey by sneaking closer, but as he approached his room, Boey soon found Saber too.

"S-Saber! There you are!" Boey called loudly as he spotted Saber across the room. There seemed to be a certain amount of concern in his voice, as well as his expression. "Hey, have you seen Celica recently? We can't find her anywhere!"

The fact that Boey was speaking like a normal, well-adjusted person was certainly a relief. That being said, Saber had no intention of sticking by for a chat. This was his last and most important tenant. Never *EVER* interact with anyone else. Even for something as innocuous as a conversation, spending time close to anyone was a catalyst for transformation. Whether it was having the two people transform into a single form or just transforming because of another person's meddling. Spending too long near anyone was risky business, and Saber wasn't interested in taking that sort of risk.

Quickly abandoning his plan to sneak, Saber bolted forth towards his room. Boey too began to run forth as he noticed Saber's dash, but Boey's body was so wobbly and jiggly, he had trouble going at even a fraction of Saber's speed. Though the pair were going in the exact same direction, getting closer to each other with every step, only one of them would succeed. Saber arrived at his door first with a smug smirk on his face. He opened and shut it in the blink of an eye, immersing himself in his private abode without pause. By the time Boey had reached Saber's door, the only thing he got was the clicking of the door's lock.

Saber couldn't help but let out a sigh of relief as he walked into his room. Another very successful food run. The pride he felt was apparent on his face, each one of his slow steps feeling mighty with confidence. Only an experienced mercenary like himself could

accomplish such a flawless supply fetch. He let the bag of food on his desk, his glorious prize after a day of hard work, before making his way onto his bed. His arms stretched out with deep relaxation, his feet kicking off his shoes. After getting through all of that with no issue, perhaps he deserved a little bit of a reward. And Saber knew exactly what he wanted.

Slowly unzipping himself, Saber pulled his pants all the way down to his knees. He could see his little member already pushing against his underwear, which he wasted no time pulling down with a smile. As he freed his penis, Saber could see his imperative manhood spring to life.

“Good job master! Is it time to play now?!” Celica, Saber’s cock, spoke with a breathy excited voice. Its hair was soft and red, its face feminine and tender with soft feminine lips to serve as the urethra. It looked up at him with eager, expecting eyes.

Saber was so happy he’d never been transformed. He could never bear to lose his wonderful cock. A penis he loved so much, he would spend all his time filling it with pleasure. Until the next supply run that is~

Roulette Fic 12: *Rika (Pokemon) + Twinning + The transformed person is the only one who DOESN'T notice the changes*

Rika-tastrophy

“Rika invites the rest of the Pokemon League for a performance review, however out of nowhere, they all start transforming into her! And for some reason, they only notice other people’s transformations and not their own!”

The Paldean Pokemon League’s meeting room clung heavy with a deathly, awkward silence. Most of the region’s gym leaders and Elite Four members were present for this meeting, but not everyone was here. Some like Poppy and Tulip hadn’t even deigned to attend. At the head of the meeting room’s long table sat Rika, the one who had orchestrated this entire thing. While the rest of the gym leaders sat about looking down in shame or embarrassment, Rika was the one who appeared the most frustrated of all.

“Come on guys, what seems to be the problem here?” Rika sighed with annoyance. It wasn’t usually in her character to get worked about much, but if there was anything Rika

took seriously, it was her job as an Elite Four member. “There are waaaaayyy too many trainers getting up to the Elite Four! These battling stats are unreal!”

The surrounding trainers just averted their gaze. Iono looked quieter than she’d ever been, while Katy bore a disappointed pout on her face. The old Ryme rolled her eyes as she held her arms together, though the shame in her face was real. Kofu beside her awkwardly twiddled his thumbs. Neither Grusha nor Brassius dared look in her direction either.

“Usually it’s only two or three challengers per week, but recently we’ve had up to twenty!” Rika continued in exasperation. Her gaze quickly turned towards Hassel and Larry, who were sitting next to each other. “And don’t think the two of you are off the hook either!”

The pair of old men bolted in their seat like kids, though they remained relatively silent and unresponsive afterwards.

“Your battle scores have been much lower than usual. And Larry, your gym performances haven’t been stellar either.” She snapped firmly, her tomboyish voice holding a certain air of authority. “If it wasn’t for me holding back all of the challengers that have been coming, we’d have a new champion every couple of days!”

Yet again Rika let out a sigh. This was certainly not the kind of thing she wanted to do. She could feel how high the tension in the room was right now. Her intention wasn’t to run some kind of witch hunt, or to threaten the jobs of her fellow league members. She just wanted the Pokemon League to perform at the top level it was known for. Rika felt a soft hand land on her shoulder, though she didn’t need to turn around to know who it was. Geeta, the beautiful, hard-working champion of the region. Alongside Rika, she was the only one in the league whose results hadn’t deteriorated. It was only because she was standing beside her, supporting her in everything Rika did, that Rika was able to hold such a confrontational meeting.

“My, what a sorry group they’ve become.” Geeta’s soft voice whispered directly into Rika’s ear. “Don’t you wish they would all just be more like you?”

Another tired sigh escaped forth from Rika’s lips. It’s not exactly something she wanted, but... “Yeah, I guess it would be nice if they were all like me...” The girl whispered back.

Only for Geeta’s hand to retreat, letting Rika continue the meeting.

“Alright, we can go over this later.” The tomboy ruffled away her stack of battle statistics and results, finding a different conjunction of documents. “How about we talk about something more boring. How is everyone feeling about the budgets for their gym challenges? Remember that we have to allow multiple trainers to challenge our gyms, so the challenges shouldn’t be overbearing or costly.”

As Rika looked up to see her fellow league member's reactions however, she saw something she was most definitely not expecting. Pure terror. Grusha's eyes were open as wide as possible, despite the fact his mouth was still covered by his scarf. Kofu's mouth was basically hanging from his face, as if a waterfall was about to spill forth. Were budget discussions really that scary? No... They weren't looking at Rika... Instead, all of their eyes were focused to Rika's side...

Turning to her left, Rika saw the champion Geeta sitting beside her. That was strange, wasn't Geeta standing behind her...? No, that didn't matter. The real important thing was figuring out why everyone was staring at her with such shock. At first glance, nothing seemed particularly wrong with Geeta. But as Rika continued observing her, she could see her clothes slowly start to shift. Geeta's black suit slowly shifted into a regular brown dress shirt. Her pants remained black, but two overall straps surged from them and snatched themselves onto her shoulders. It was almost like... Geeta's clothes were turning into an exact replica of Rika's.

And those were far from the worst changes. Little by little Geeta's skin began to lighten, going from a beautiful tan to a pale white. Her big beautiful blue eyes became smaller, taking an orange color. That mature yet womanly face shifted until it was more androgynous. Even Geeta's hair began to twist in on itself, wrapping into a tight ponytail as the strands in her hair became a vivid green. All of its voluminousness, all of its pretty, intricate details, it all shrank and compacted until Geeta's hair was short, green, with a couple of tufts at the front. Until it was all just like Rika's hair. Like Rika's face. Like Rika.

"G-Geeta!!!" Rika lunged at the champion, an expression of confusion and shock on her face.

But 'Geeta' only smiled in response, giving a relaxed chuckle. "What are you talking about dude, I'm Rika."

"W-What on earth is going on here!?!?" Hassel quickly sprang from his seat, pointing at the pair of completely identical Rikas with confusion. "W-Why did she transform into a copy of you, Rika?!"

Rika was wordless, she had no idea how to respond. She was just as lost as all of the panicked people in the room. Before she could say a single word however-

"I-I-It's not just her!" Iono too sprang from her feet, her usually cheery voice filled with shock as she pointed at Hassel. "E-Everyone else is also turning into Rika!"

When Rika's eyes turned towards Hassel, she could instantly see exactly what Iono was talking about. Hassel was supposed to be a large, tall old man. One would have expected

his aged stomach to extend past his tight professor clothes, yet it did not. In fact, he looked unbearably slender and thin, as if his clothes were barely hanging on to his outfit. His hands were incredibly small and tender compared to his face, his arms slim with unfitting sleeves that hung from them. And if that wasn't obvious enough, Rika could see in real time as his coat began to melt, and his shirt slowly turned brown. The brown of Rika's shirt.

"She is right!" Kofu spoke up with a loud, deep voice that echoed throughout the room. Atop his hair, Rika could see little sprouts of green hair starting to appear atop his bald dome. "Somehow, everyone else except me is transforming into Rika!"

"Watch what you're saying, old fool." Ryme punched Kofu in the shoulder. It seemed she did not believe him in the slightest, even as the wrinkles in her face began to disappear and her skin slowly started to lighten up. "The only ones transforming here is all of you!"

Eyes wide and mouth agape with shock, Rika could do nothing as little by little, every single person in the room was slowly transforming into exact copies of her. Katy barely reacted as her huge, wobbly breasts shrank down into tiny, flat titties. Grusha seemed totally unbothered as his thick winter coat disintegrated into little more than a brown shirt and black overalls. Iono's long, flowing, vibrant hair shrank into a compact, green ponytail. Meanwhile, Larry's face became smaller, rounder, completely copying Rika's own androgynous visage. Over the matter of just a couple of seconds, every single person in the room had become a complete copy of Rika, in both body and clothes. Yet none of them seemed to even perceive their changes.

"Oh yeah? Well if you're not transforming, then how come you look like Rika?" The Rika that used to be Katy asked the Rika beside her.

"Heh, that's easy." The Rika that used to be Iono put one hand in her pocket, flashing Rika's confident smile. "That's because I'm the original."

"No way! I'm the original Rika!" Another Rika from across the table rang out in anger.

"Huh? You guys are totally wrong, I'm the original Rika!"

A smug smirk came across the Rika that used to be Larry. "Well, if you guys are the original Rika then you should know what my biggest fantasy is, right?"

"Pssshhh~ Of course." The Rika that used to be Hassel responded with just as much confidence. "That would be to have Geeta sit on my face~"

All of the Rika's chuckled happily, though the lustful smiles on her faces made it clear this was the correct answer. For the actual, original Rika, having her secret desires be

discussed so openly made her face flush with embarrassment. The worst part was probably the fact that they truly were correct.

“Well, what about my favorite thing~?” The Rika that used to be Kofu came up to the Rika that had been Ryme, wrapping her arm around the other woman’s waist. The second Rika didn’t seem embarrassed though, instead, her face lit up with the same confident smirk. “If you’re me, you should know what my favorite thing is. Other than managing the Elite Four, that is.”

“Hehehe~ Well... I could never resist a cute girl~” The Rika that used to be Ryme responded, before pushed her lips against her companion in a loving kiss.

Soon, the mood around the room was rapidly shifting. What was originally anger slowly metamorphosized into desire. Since they had all transformed into the same person, they now all knew each other’s intimate needs, their most base desires. Their shared love and appreciation for the feminine form seemed to light a fuse inside of their loins.

“I bet you know aaaall of my sweet spots, don’t you~?” The Rika that used to be Grusha pushed herself on the table, while the Rika that used to be Brassius spread open her legs.

“I most certainly do~” The other Rika responded, taking pleasure in slowly zipping down her partner’s pants. “Shall I show you~?”

The clothes which had once previously appeared on the Rikas’ bodies were now being thrown about with reckless abandon. It was as if all of the Rikas had become unchained, and lust was the only thing that controlled their actions now. With Rika’s pants pulled down, another Rika pushed her head between her legs and started eagerly slurping up her womanhood. One of the Rikas had gotten her shirt off, and another was lovingly suckling on Rika’s tiny, yet sensitive titties while her fingers delved into Rika’s gushing pussies. Somehow, a pair of Rikas had managed to get themselves on the table and were currently sixtynine-ing without a care in the world. Rika’s soft, androgynous voice cooed into the air as her mouth pressed lovingly against a damp, oozing pussy that tasted exactly like her own. The sensation of tongues invading their folds send shivers down their bodies, and the two moved in perfect unison.

Throughout it all, the original Rika just stood there, completely bewildered and frozen in shock. Why had this all happened? What was she supposed to do now. It was just supposed to be a regular meeting, and now all she saw was an orgy performed by her clones. In this moment of despair, Rika felt another hand land on her shoulder. Though this wasn’t Geeta’s, it was her own. Or rather, that of her clone. Another Rika pushed against Rika’s back, her crotch pressing intimately against Rika’s ass. Rika could feel the breath of

her twin as she pulled her face close to Rika's ear. Heat began to spread through her form, a desire not too dissimilar to that of her clones.

"Don't worry about a thing, Rika~" Sweet whispers made in her own voice entered Rika's ears. "No one will be able to run this Pokemon League like you. So just give in, and enjoy~"

As her words finished, Rika could feel her twin push Rika's torso onto the table. Rika's pants were slowly tugged open without her consent, before being slowly pulled down to her knees. And yet, Rika did not resist for a second. Her pussy was sopping wet, her mind strangely accepting of this entire situation. As her fellow Rika pulled down her panties, Rika wondered who she had been originally. Was it Geeta? Or perhaps someone else? The moment Rika felt her own tongue eagerly entering her vaginal folds however, she realized it didn't matter. They were all Rika now.

Roulette Fic 13: *Carefree Airheaded Woman + Headswap, female head on muscular male body + It's been a year and everyone is used to the TF*

The New Normal

"It's been a year since Jamie accidentally transformed his mother, and things are... Somewhat stable. At least, as stable as they could be now that his mom has the body of a big, muscular African American man! Though everyone seems mostly used to things, Jamie is just doing his best to survive..."

For the 20-something or so years that Hannah had been a mother, there had been nothing more important to her than taking care of her children. One could say that Hannah was pretty much the perfect example of what it meant to be a good mother. She had a tender and patient personality, that of a gentle yet wise soul that could guide children through crying and tantrums. She was generally responsible, while managing to never be militaristic or overbearing. And even though she made plenty of mistakes due to her airheaded personality, she was never malicious or vindictive about it, using each one of her errors as a teachable moment.

One would think the body of such a feminine woman swapped with that of a buff, muscular man would seriously affect Hanna's life. But such was not the case. Quite the opposite in fact.

As the door to Hannah's room swung open, the mother stepped forth with confident steps. Her head was just as it always had been. Long, flowing blond hair rolled from the top of her head down to her shoulders, soft and fluffy like cotton candy. Her face was that of a mature woman, with a couple of wrinkles and bags below her eyes, while still retaining a striking amount of mature femininity. Her eyelashes were long and sultry, her lips plump and large. Hannah had the sort of face of a mother the boys would always talk about.

But below the shoulders, the story was entirely different. Hanna's slender, white neck transitioned into a body that was almost ebony in its darkness. Two enormous broad shoulders spread out her titanic form, each of which led into thick, muscular arms that bulged with ripped biceps and sculpted forearms. No tops covered her chest, which was completely flat and firm with two titanic, square pecs. Further along, Hannahs' stomach was just as toned and muscular, bearing a six pack that almost glistened thanks to the faint drops of sweat that covered her body. The curves on Hanna's body were no longer feminine and plump, but her legs were just as thick and firm, filled with copious amounts of firm muscle.

Perhaps the most astonishing thing about her new form however, much stranger than her masculine form or the darker skin below her head, was the enormous bulge that surged from her tight, speedo. Though the rest of Hannah's body was fully bare, her crotch was only barely covered by a speedo so tight it would be stretching it to say she wasn't straight up nude. And with such a tight piece of underwear, every last detail of Hannah's fat, girthy, titanic cock was visible even through the cloth. Hannah's cock was as much of a behemoth as the rest of her body. Even pushed back by the force of her underwear, it still stretched out across her leg ready to grow more. Her balls were huge and fat, a pair of dangling orbs that jiggled with each little motion. Hannah had to be packing one of the largest cocks known to mankind.

As each large feet stomped on the ground before her with confidence, Hannah walked around the house like she owned the place. Well, she did own the place but... Regardless, she stepped into the kitchen with a gentle look on her face. Though her body looked like that of a machine of masculinity, her face was as calm and collected as it had been for more than 20 years. With a tender smile, she opened the fridge and pulled out an energy drink, which she eagerly started sipping on. As the fridge door was closed and she walked to the island that divided the kitchen from her living room though, Hannah found that her 23-year-old son Jamie was still in the house.

"Ahhh! M-Mom!!" Jamie cried with a bright blush on his face. "H-How many times have I told you to walk around with a shirt please?!"

“But Jamie! This body is just so sweaty!” Hannah responded with a soft, feminine tone. “You know I can’t walk around here without getting drenched, hehe.”

All Jamie could do was roll his eyes in response. The boy wanted to keep arguing with his mother, but he knew it wasn’t worth it. Partly because... He was pretty much responsible for why she looked this way. The body that currently sat under his mother’s head, that of Smooth Samson, belonged to Jamie’s main nemesis in campus. The man was a jerk, first of all. But the thig he hated the most about Samson was the fact that he slept with a ton of women, specially women Jamie seemed to be interested in. So when Jamie got himself a Swap Remote, he thought that giving Samson the body of a plump, feminine MILF would be the perfect payback.

Unfortunately for Jamie, in his absolute clumsiness inherited by none other than his own mother, Jamie accidentally sat on his Swap Remote, breaking it completely before he could undo the changes, or at least before he could give his mother a normal body. Now his mother was stuck with the body of a horny, muscular black man, and there was basically nothing Jamie could do about it. But even her mother’s new form wasn’t the worst part of this entire ordeal. No, that awful accolade had to go to...

The door to Hannah’s room creaked again, though this time the sound did not come at Jamie’s mother’s hands. Instead, out of the room walked out what could only be described as a vapid, slutty bimbo. The girl’s hair was long and smooth, colored with a tacky blonde color that almost shimmered like plastic. Her body was exactly what you would expect, waist as thin as a toothpick, with two huge, plump tits and a fat, wobbly ass to serve as counterweight, both of which had heavy indications of being fake. A thick pink coat of lipstick covered her round, bubbly lips, the same color that was layered about in her trashy string top and short skirt. It was a look that was almost cliché, enough that Jamie felt like he recognized her from some porn mag.

W-Wait, no he did recognize her. That was Vanessa! One of the top cheerleaders at his school! The kind of peppy, popular lady that every girl wanted to be friends with and every guy wanted to fuck. Despite how pretty she was, her hair was quite disheveled and there was a bit of sweat on her skin. Which could only mean one thing...

“Heheh~ Thanks for the awesome night, Miss Stevenson!” The bimbo girl squeaked happily as she walked through the hallway. She didn’t even look over towards where Jamie was standing, her eyes totally focused on Hannah’s spectacular body. “Hope to see you again soon~”

“No problem sweetie! I had such a good time as well.” Hannah responded with the tender sing-song melody only a mother could make, though her body seemed to be exposing its

thick, masculine muscles for Vanessa to gawk at. “I’m sure we’ll be seeing *a lot* of each other soon, hehe~”

“Heheheh~” Was all that Vanessa could say as she scurried off into the entrance, a bright red blush of embarrassment apparent on her face. It was clear that if she stayed any longer, Vanessa would waste the entire day away with Hannah, which is why she quickly snuck out the door, opening and slamming shut the door in seconds.

As the mother and son duo were left by themselves, all that Jamie could do was stare daggers at his mother. Hannah ignored him, but she knew exactly what his issue was. Smooth Samson might have been gone, in the sense that he could no longer attract all the ladies with his MILF-y feminine form. However, Hannah had been the one to take his place. It’s not like she had done so intentionally. Women just seemed to naturally gravitate towards her, and Hannah’s new body came with very specific needs. As time passed, Hannah just naturally came into this new role, settling into a life where she basically had sex with a different girl every day.

“Oh, don’t give me that look Jamie.” Hannah finally sighed as she approached the boy, standing proud in her heavily muscled form. “Your father has been gone for some time now, you know he wouldn’t mind!”

“Mom, t-that’s not the problem!” Jamie whined, as if he too had been reduced to a teenager. “I-It’s just that-”

Ding-dong!

The bell to their house rang loudly, giving Hannah the perfect way to escape this little altercation with her son. Without feeling self-conscious in the slightest, the woman stepped towards the door with a series of confident steps. There was absolutely no fear of how much of her thick, masculine form she was exposing as she opened the door with a sweet smile.

“Oh, it’s it isn’t my little buttercup~” Hannah spoke in a voice that was somehow incredibly suave yet also motherly endearing.

“M-Miss Stevenson...” A tiny, cute brunette stepped into the house, her eyes stuck onto Hannah’s firm pecs as if she’d been hypnotized.

This girl was much more demure than the last one, a warm hearted type of lady that wore a green sweater and long brown pants. It was certainly not the woman who would usually go sleeping around in the manner that Hannah did, and yet her expression towards Hannah was one of abject adoration. To the point where perhaps what she felt wasn’t sexual desire, but straight up love. It was a shame too. She was such a pretty lady... With that smooth,

long brown hair, the round glasses on her face, she... Wait... Wait a fucking second... Was that-?!

“A-A-Alice?!?” Jamie jumped out of his seat the moment he realized Hannah’s fanboy was no regular woman, but the cute girl he’d started dating not one month ago.

“J-Jamie?!?” The moment Alice’s eyes landed on Jamie, her entire face went white. A coldly dread filled up her body, tensing her limbs. It was as if the air in her lungs had been frozen solid, giving her just enough oxygen to get another sentence out. “Y-You’re Miss Stevenson’s son?!”

“Oho~? Do my two precious little darlings know each other~?” Hannah cooed tenderly, walking closer to Alice until she could wrap her thick, muscular arm around Alice’s slender waist. An intimate gesture to which Alice showed no resistance to.

“W-What the fuck is going on here?!?” Jamie spattered again, his voice reeling at the sight of the woman he’d just started getting intimate with now pressing closely with his mom.

“J-J-Jamie, I-I can explain!!!” Alice cried back, tears already welling in her eyes. An expression of sorrow was displayed across her entire face. “I-I-I m-made a mistake, I-I’ll admit it! B-But I came here to b-break things off! I-I only want to be with you!!!”

“Daww, that’s such a hurtful thing to say!” Hannah cooed in feign distress, before she leaned closer to Alice with a smug smile on her face. “That’s certainly not what you said all those times you were riding my big, black cock~”

“Alright, that’s it!” Feeling fed up with his mother’s endless uncontrolled debauchery, Jamie began to gather his things into his backpack. Ever since her transformation, things were always like this with his mom. And Jamie was certainly in no mood to take it. “Mom, this is like... The third time you’ve slept with a girl I’m interested! You have to stop doing this to me!”

“Eheheh~ I’m so sorry honey~” Hannah giggled, her voice lacking any sort of apologetic tone. “I guess we just have the same tastes in women~”

“Whatever.” Jamie merely rolled his eyes in annoyance. Hanging his backpack over his shoulder, he quickly and forcefully pushed past Hannah and Alice, heading towards the door. The boy opened the door out of his house with a forceful motion. “I’m going to school. You and your new toy can stay here and do whatever you want.”

“W-Wait Jamie-!!!” Alice screamed in desperation, her hands reaching out to Jamie. However, even in this moment Hannah’s thick, manly hands were still draped around Alice’s waist.

“There’s no waiting Alice, it’s too late for us.” Jamie responded curtly, not even deigning to turn around to face his ex-lover. “I can tell you like her more than you like me, so just fuck off and leave me alone.”

With that, the door to the Stevenson’s home was slammed shut, and Alice was left standing there with an expression of pure distress on her face. The girl stood there for a couple of moments in complete silence. Until finally, Hannah pushed herself close to Alice once more.

“Oh, forget about him. He’s just a little sourpuss.” Hannah waved off her son’s outburst with a friendly smile, while the throbbing penis in her speedo started to pulse with increasing excitement. “How about the two of us have some fun together while he’s off being angry~?”

“N-No-! I can’t!” Alice sputtered with passion. She tried to pull away from Hannah’s grasp, but it was as if her body itself barely acknowledged the command, and she did not make it very far. “I-I... I still really like him! I-I wanted to make it a serious relationship-”

As Alice began to speak on her feelings about Jamie, all Hannah had to do was pull her speedo down, letting out her titanic, pulsing, already semi-erect cock. The thick penis bobbed up and down with might, whilst two fat balls hung down from her crotch like pendulums. The moment Alice’s eyes shifted down to the incredibly girth, her words began to peter off. A flip inside her mind was switched. Her body trembled, legs quivering as she felt her pussy dampening in real time. No... She really shouldn’t- I-It would be a really bad idea if she-

...

Plap-plap-plap-plap~

Then before she knew it, Alice was already buck naked, being pushed up against a wall as Hannah continuously thrust her fat, throbbing dick inside of her with intensity.

“Hannah~ Hannah~ Hannah~” Alice continuously cried her lover’s voice with pure bliss, her eyes rolling back as drool dripped from her open mouth.

By this point, Alice’s thoughts were no longer on her break up with Jamie. Instead, all she could think about was how good it felt to be filled with Hannah’s girthy cock. The sensation of Hannah’s crotch slamming into Alice’s ass was unbearably amazing. With each thrusting motion, Alice could feel more of her innards being spread open by Hannah’s titanic girth. Hannah was so forceful, so dominant, yet her face was as gentle and loving as it could be. It was a mixture of loving domination that sent Alice’s brain over the edge. A show of force that was totally reciprocal in nature, as Alice draped her arms around Hannah’s muscled form and pulled the mother further in.

Things had certainly changed for Hannah ever since her body had been transformed into that of a big, muscular man. But she had to admit. She had already grown quite, happily used to it~

Roulette Fic 14: *Rin Toshaka + Futa, Partial Incest + Anyone who looks at them turns into a submissive femboy*

The Toshaka Family Curse

“Rin Toshaka is trying to deal with the Toshaka family curse, one which causes her to grow a needy, throbbing dick, only for Sakura Matou to come across her as she is doing so...”

The lights inside Shirou Emiya’s home were all turned off, not a single glimmer coming from within its windows. High in the sky, the moon shone with a brilliant, mystical blue hue, hanging almost perfectly up in the middle of the night. A thick, deep silence embroiled the entire estate, one which permeated through each and every one of its rooms. That is, save for one room. The one which Rin Toshaka was currently occupying.

“Hnnnggh... Hnggg... Haaah...”

A series of soft, breathy moans escaped from Rin Toshaka’s soft, feminine lips. The girl knelt atop of a bed whilst the bright white shine of the moon drifted through her window, filling the rest of the room in a dim light. Sweat poured down Rin’s face, which was currently stuck in a troubled expression. The soft creaking of the bed groaned as her body shifted back and forth, a soft accompaniment to the litany of heave gasps that came from Rin’s overextended lungs. Atop her torso, Rin wore her usual blood-red, long-sleeved blouse. But below her hips... She wore nothing.

Rin’s sex was entirely bare. But instead of showing a pink, puffy pussy, the only sexual organ protruding from her body was a thick, hardened cock.

With both hands firmly wrapped around her erect shaft, Rin continued pumping the thick penis in a series of tense, methodical motions. Her hips swung back and forth steadily, pumping the throbbing cock between her legs into her soft, feminine hands. Two round, plump balls swung back and forth with every thrust, hanging heavy from the ballsack they rested within. The pleasure surged every time she pumped her penis made Rin’s body

tremble excitedly. The more she rubbed, the more it pulsed through her entire system. It was most assuredly a debauched display not fit for someone of Rin's status, yet it was also an act that was unfortunately very necessary.

Although the Toshaka family was well-known for its magical prowess, such vast amounts of natural magical energy came with a heavy cost. Every so often, an overflow of magical energies would accumulate inside of powerful Toshaka mages. Performing spells would help in expending said energy, but it was impossible to fully release it from one's body. Eventually, after enough magical energy accumulated, it would metastasize on that mage's body into a physical form... That of a needy, horny penis. The extra magical energy would then transform into cum, which the mage would only be able to get rid of by letting all of it out of their system.

In essence, Rin Toshaka was currently in the Toshaka heat.

"Haaah~" The girl's expression softened, her hands moving up and down her shaft in a more instinctive manner.

This sort of issue wasn't much of a problem in the male members of the Toshaka family. They would still get unbearably aroused and would have to release their pent-up magical energy as soon as possible. But for Rin, the problem was twofold considering not only was she incredibly aroused, but she also had to grow this disgusting, needy male organ she had no desire in even acknowledging. One of the stories Rin had heard about her father about this whole situation, is that it came as some sort of 'safeguard' from their ancestors. Perhaps their ancestors believed it would be of the utmost importance to procure an heir, so they made it possible for both male and female members of the Toshaka family to impregnate others. However, Rin had severe doubts about such origins...

As more heat and desire spread through Rin's body, her hips were now thrusting forth with violent motions. The girl couldn't keep her hands still for a moment. She felt her fingers rubbing against every inch of her erection, from the underside of her cockhead down to every shuddering vein. She could even feel her anus pulsing with need. Had she another hand, Rin feared she would have most certainly started playing with her needy buttocks. It was getting harder and harder to keep her voice down. Every little motion made her gasp breathily, and she had to bite her tongue several times in order to stop herself from screaming in bliss.

The worst part of it all had to be the timing. Why, of all moments in time, did her Toshaka heat have to come right as the Holy Grail War started?!? Here she was, receiving Shirou Emiya's kindness by allowing her to stay at his home, and she was spending her evening pleasuring a horrid organ that refused to leave her form until it was pleased. The boy's

smell was thick in the air. For some reason, thinking about him in this moment made her cock throb with even more ardor. All she had to do... All she had to do was get rid of that excess magical energy, then she could finally be rid of this course.

“Um... M-Miss Toshaka...? Is everything alright in there?”

Suddenly, a voice came from the other side of the door. Rin froze in the spot, her body standing upright as the light of the moon cast a shadow over her cock onto the floor. The voice was soft, airy and timid. A gentle tone that could only come from a kind, bashful creature. Rin instantly knew it belonged to Sakura Matou, even as came muffled through the walls of the room. But before Rin could even move, she could already hear the handle to door shifting open, as the door to the bedroom slowly slid wide.

“I-I heard some strange noises coming from your room...” Sakura cooed softly, her head slowly poking through the crack of the door. “I wanted to make sure you were alright...”

Why was Sakura still here?! It was so late! She was supposed to have left the house hours ago! Oh... What an absolutely horrible mistake Rin had committed, a miscalculation of the greatest of orders. Out of all of the people that could have come across Rin in this most vulnerable state, this had to be the worst one. If Shirou or Saber had come in, it wouldn't be that bad. Hell, Rin would have taken Archer. But Sakura...? No, she deserved to see this the least of all. A part of Rin wanted to quickly hide away, drape anything she could find over herself to save Sakura from this horrible fate. But it was already too late. Through the darkness of the room, Sakura was already gazing intently at Rin's body.

“A-A-A-Ah!!! M-M-M-Miss T-Toshaka, I-I'm so sorry!!!” Sakura gasped aloud the instant her eyes recognized what they were seeing. A huge bright red blush covered the entirety of Sakura's face

By this point however, Rin didn't even attempt to cover up, kneeling atop of her bed with her erect penis fully visible in the moonlight. Her expression was one of sadness. After all, she knew exactly what would come next...

“E-E-Excuse me-! I-I'll just I-leave you-” Sakura awkwardly stuttered, eyes shamefully looking down at the floor as she began to pull the door close.

But just before the door was fully closed, the girl suddenly stopped. Sakura's body froze on the spot, slowly straightening out until it stood robotically at the edge of the room. The expression on her face shifted from one of embarrassment into one of blank nothingness, empty of thought or emotion. Her very eyes seemed to grow dim, as if their cognition was slowly being sapped away. No... They weren't just growing dim. Sakura's pupils turned from purple into a swirled mixture of bright purple and pink, which swiveled around in her eyes

like a sort of whirlpool. Sakura was losing all control of her form. The thoughts in her head were no longer her own, and a creepy, lustful smile slowly emerged on her previously blank face.

All Rin could do was sigh in disappointment. It was a sight she was all too accustomed to. The Toshaka heat was not the sort of ailment that only affected her. If anyone gazed upon her throbbing erection, they would be instantly transformed into a submissive, willing partner. After all, what was the use of this state of forced virility if the person couldn't find someone to breed with? Or so the story went. Rin found this to be the absolutely worst part of her curse. Experiencing such shameful debauchery for herself was one thing, but involving others was absolutely unacceptable. Unfortunately, with little else to do in order to prevent such depravity, Rin was simply forced to accept this reality.

“Miss Toshaka~” Sakura cooed in an airy, dazed voice. She pushed her body past the door, slowly trembling towards Rin with that warped expression of bliss on her face. “Allow me to serve you~ I will be your humble slave~”

The change in Sakura's demeanor was only the beginning of her transformation. No, the worst was yet to come. As Sakura approached the bed, Rin could see her chest tingling slightly. With every step, the bust looked smaller and smaller, as if it was slowly shrinking. Until Sakura's previously hefty chest now found itself completely flat, the empty space in her shirt that used to house them now hanging loose. This was far from the only distortion too. Sakura's shoulders grew slightly broader, her body growing a couple of inches. Though she remained quite feminine, there was a brand-new sharpness to her normally delicate face.

“Use my slutty body in any way you deem fit~” Sakura cried with genuine enthusiasm, lifting her skirt as she stood before Rin's bed.

It was only once her skirt was raised that the true breadth of Sakura's changes were revealed. She was now a *he*, for instead of showing off a glistening, feminine penis, the only thing sprouting from Sakura's crotch was a thick, fully hardened cock. This was yet another horrible effect of the Toshaka curse. Besides hypnotizing anyone who gazed upon it into complete, submission, it also transformed their bodies in order to fit the bearer's preference. And Rin's preference... Was that of really cute, obedient boys... It was for this reason Rin did not believe the validity of the curse's '*breeding*' purposes. The way Sakura was now, Rin could not fill the cute boy with a proper heir. This curse was most likely the result of some kind of depraved wish of one of her ancestors, which made Rin hate it with a passion. And yet, looking at Sakura's cute, submissive face and his throbbing penis in the moonlight... Rin couldn't help but admit, it was quite the arousing sight...

A huge disappointed sigh escaped Rin's lips, her cock still throbbing from her crotch. At this point, the best thing to do would probably be to get Sakura away and go to sleep for the night. As far as Rin knew, the physical transformation was permanent, but perhaps she could find a way to get Sakura to look and act like she was supposed to. At least... That is what Rin *should* have done. Unfortunately for the usually logical Rin, her body was still being affected by the Toshaka heat, and having such a beautiful, needy boy in front of her was not helping in the slightest. Rin's cock twitched greedily as she imagined all of the things she could do to Sakura, all of the orders she could give which would be happily followed by the submissive boy. She really shouldn't be abusing someone like that, especially not Sakura... And yet...

"Very well, slave." Rin finally gave in to her most perverse desires, her face bearing a serious expression even if her excitement was plainly apparent in the throbbing of her cock. "Strip out of all of your clothes and get down on all fours from me."

Without a single ounce of doubt in his mind, Sakura quickly and dutifully began taking off his girl's school uniform as commanded. Rin's eyes instantly widened with excitement. Still kneeling atop the bed, she began to pump her needy cock at the sight of Sakura slowly undressing. Seeing Sakura's top come off to reveal a bra which held but a flat set of pecs was nothing short of exquisite. Rin drank in every inch of Sakura's masculinized physique, firmer, squarer shape of his body, down to his larger arms and bigger legs. As the skirt and panties came off, it remained all the clearer that Sakura was male in almost every extent, yet his face was just as cute and adorably feminine as it had been before. The fact that Sakura's cock was just as hard as Rin's somehow made Rin feel her arousal was validated.

Once Sakura's clothes had been removed, the femboy quietly turned around. There was no hesitation as he sunk into the floor, getting onto his hands and knees as he presented his boy-hole to Rin. Though Rin had managed to keep a serious expression up to this point, by now her façade had all but dropped. Rin's expression was one of pure, debauched desire. The girl was panting heavily, eyes twisted with delirious glee while drool dripped down her mouth. Her hands pumped her erect cock with reckless abandon, body moving in fierce, continuous motions that almost looked barbaric. If there was anything the curse had gotten right, it was that this certainly fit exactly what Rin desired.

"Here you are, Master~" Sakura cooed gently, his voice lower in pitch while retaining all of its original warmth and tenderness. The boy turned his head back towards Rin, wiggling his ass in invitation. "Take me as you please~"

That was all the encouragement Rin really needed. In seconds, the girl was off from her bed and onto the floor, kneeling behind Sakura's ample ass while lining up her cock against the

femboy's buttohole. The usually cold and calculated Rin showed none of said emotions as her crotch thrust forward violently, smashing her cock deep into Sakura's ass. A warbled moan of pure bliss escaped from Rin's mouth, whilst her hands firmly grabbed onto Sakura's hips and she began pounding the boy's ass again and again. As much as Rin hated her curse, as much as she despised dealing with this condition, there was one thing she couldn't deny. This was the best thing she'd felt in her entire life.

Soon, the room was filled to the brim with the sounds of moans combined with those of bodies slapping together. Rin was the main contributor to such depraved noises, but Sakura gave a couple of errant groans as his insides were rearranged by Rin's cock. To Rin, it felt like the boy's ass was sucking and wrapping perfectly around her cock. There was no resistance, no struggle, her dick slipped in and out of his inner walls with so much ease, it was as if they were meant to take her cock. Thrust after thrust, Rin kept pumping her dick into Sakura's ass. The shadows of their bodies cast by the shimmering blue moon continued moving back and forth without end. Rin could feel it in her gurgling balls, she would not be satisfied until she had completely ravished Sakura.

The only issue now was what the hell was she supposed to tell Shirou after this was all said and done...

Roulette 15: *Nerissa Ravencroft + Muscle sissy with a small malfunctioning cock that's constantly leaking cum + MC is unaware that they turn other people into clones of themselves*

Fit Boy Routine

"Nerissa wants to get an outfit to match with Kiara's sporty outfit! In order to do so, she uses a workout tape she got from a strange woman. However, the person on the tape is herself as a boy? And it seems like this boy Nerissa is eager to show the real one the way."

Kerchunk!

The sound of a cassette tape entering a VCR chirped through the Hololive Gym. Static began to play on the old dusty CRT atop a stand in the middle of the room. It emitted an odd, ominous glow that almost seemed to suck out the light of the room around it. The garbled noise that played from its speakers was sharp and warped, to the point of being ear

grating. What such an old decrepit machine was doing in the middle of Hololive's modern office building was a mystery.

Nevertheless, Nerissa Ravencraft stood before the dusty equipment with a big, earnest smile on her face. Her body hopped up and down with excitement flowing through her. Instead of wearing her usual clothes, she was draped in a sporty gym outfit that made it clear she was ready for a good workout. It was a set of clothes not too dissimilar to Takanashi Kiara's 80's inspired aerobics fit. A tight black top barely contained Nerissa's titanic breasts, which wobbled mightily with every one of her movements. Her flat, bare tummy was left totally exposed, while a set of skintight black shorts clung down to her thighs, which were covered with a set of white tights and sporty black shoes.

The reason Nerissa sported such an ensemble was pretty obvious. She wanted her own cute, official workout outfit to match her idol, Takanashi Kiara! Sure, she'd managed to gather these clothes up on a whim, but she wanted something marked with the official Hololive stamp of approval so she could have yet another thing to share with one of her faves! In order to even get to that step, however, she needed to get even more fit! Sure, she wasn't fat... But tugging at her stomach, Nerissa could detect one couple of pounds too many. Plus, wouldn't it be cool if she was all shredded? This was a special outfit that she would share with Kiara, so she had to make sure everything was perfect!

Luckily for Kiara, the fix to her problems came in the form of a strange hooded lady that she met while walking to the office today! For some reason, it seemed this mysterious woman had something that would give Nerissa 'exactly what she wanted', all of which was contained in the old VCR tape she had given her! It was a good thing that Nerissa had managed to pull this old TV and VCR from the storage room too. According to the woman, all she needed to do was follow the workout on the tape, and Nerissa would instantly get the perfect fit body type she desire! And so, Nerissa waited patiently for the static on the television to clear.

The screen of the old TV standing before Nerissa continued to warp and twist for a couple more seconds. After some time, Nerissa started to feel like either the TV, the VCR or even the tape might have been broken. When all of a sudden, the TV screen blinked with light.

A clear image appeared on the TV screen, which shimmered with the scan lines and faded colors of an old CRT. On the middle of the screen, Nerissa could see a cute girl standing in the same sport clothes she was wearing. It was... Her? The person standing on the screen looked exactly like Nerissa! The beautiful womanly face, bearing long black hair with blue highlights. Her eyes bright and red, her lips full and plump. She even had Nerissa's iconic

two broken horns! There was no doubt about it, Nerissa was the person on this old workout tape!

Yet... It wasn't a perfect copy of Nerissa. Looking more closely, Nerissa could see this digital version of herself was smaller, in more ways than one. Her height had taken a significant hit, with her legs and thighs not being as thick as Nerissa's. On this video Nerissa's chest, there was no trace of Nerissa's bountiful, womanly breasts. Instead, her bust was flat and tight, a set of feebly, flabby pecs with basically no mass to them. Perhaps the greatest change was in the virtual copy's crotch, which seemed to have some strange kind of bulge? It was small enough that Nerissa couldn't tell exactly what it was, though it shimmered with an oddly white splotch at its tip.

This revelation was... Strange, to say the least. The fact this person looked so much like Nerissa was certainly odd. Not just in appearance, but in her clothes. Even the very gym the video seemed to be recorded in. It all seemed way too close to what Nerissa was wearing and where she was to be a coincidence. The real question then was... How did this happen? Did Nerissa record something like this and didn't remember it? Was this some kind of expertly made fan video? Could someone be spying into the room right now?

"Heeeyyyyy my pervy little Jailbirds~!" The Nerissa from the video began speaking, her voice almost completely identical to Nerissa's own, except for it being slightly more androgynous.

"Today I'm gonna show you all the perfect workout routine..." The girl continued, her smirk nefarious and lustful in nature. "... in order to become a cute, muscled, small-dicked sissy just like me!"

The camera forcefully zoomed into Nerissa, focusing entirely on her crotch. Only now that the entirety of the CRT displayed this video Nerissa's crotch in detail, did the real Nerissa finally realize what that strange bulge was. T-This video copycat-!!! They weren't a girl at all! *He* was a boy! And the strange bulge on his pants was his tiny erect cock, struggling to push against his clothes at a meager two inches. The penis throbbed mightily with every passing second, the splotch at its tip getting damper and damper. It was as if he was continuously cumming without end, a proud display of this depraved masculinity.

Nerissa felt like she should have been utterly disgusted. Who could have been so depraved to make this perverted, male copy of her?! And yet... The expression on her face remained completely enthused. Her heart continued to thump with excitement, as if the previous thrill of exercise never left her. Even her pussy seemed to be growing warmer? Nerissa knew that this wasn't the sort of stuff she was into, so why was it turning her on so much?!

“Alright, let’s get started!” The boy Nerissa cheered excitedly as the camera zoomed back out to show his entire form. “Now make sure to follow every one of my directions, okay~?!”

Body shock full of adrenaline, the Nerissa on the screen began to pump his hands up and down into the air in a rhythmic manner. His hips swayed from one side to another, while his cock continued twitching endlessly. Nerissa assured herself she wasn’t about to follow this freak’s instructions. No, it was time to turn the TV off now.

And then her body began to move in tandem to boy Nerissa’s moves, mimicking them perfectly.

“Pump it! Now pump it!” The Nerissa on the screen cried enthusiastically, chanting to the beat of the video’s swelling music. “Pump that bod!”

As much as Nerissa tried to stop herself, her body just wouldn’t obey. The girl’s hands curled into fists, pushing up into the sky before going back down. Her hips swung left and right seductively, following the rhythm of boy Nerissa’s chants. It felt like there was a strange energy infiltrating her system, filling up with excitement that wasn’t supposed to be there. And the more she moved, the more Nerissa could feel her body changing. Little by little, Nerissa started to shrink. She could see it as her field of vision got lower. Her shoulders became broader, legs losing a bit of their thickness. Even her body shape was becoming slightly less curvy, as if Nerissa was shedding femininity instead of weight.

“Work it! Yeah work it!” Boy Nerissa continued to sing with excitement. Instead of moving his hands upwards, he pushed his arms forward into an arc and began twisting his shoulders, while twisting his hips in the opposite direction. “Work your muscles! Feel the burn!”

Just as before, Nerissa instantly started imitating the motion. Her arms reached forth, shifting into the same position. Her shoulders and hips began to twist on their axis, each one of them moving in different directions but with perfect synchronicity. Somehow, Nerissa felt this strange electric sensation in the air. She was actually smiling. Not because she was being forced to or anything, but because her body was overflowing with energy. Adrenaline seemed to be pumping through her veins with every gyration. Her heart thumped through her chest, and hot air pursed through her nostrils. Nerissa perfectly understood that something strange was going on. Yet she couldn’t help but feel this overwhelming excitement from filling her.

In tandem to her wavering mood, Nerissa’s body continued morphing as well. Every continued swing of her arms was met with muscle slowly building up along her appendages. The girl’s forearms grew larger and thicker, her biceps inflating until they were properly defined. While her legs were already thick, now they were becoming beefier and

larger with muscle as thick lines of toned mass sculpted themselves along her leg. Not even Nerissa's exposed tummy was spared. The previously totally flat and soft stomach slowly hardened with grit. Firm abs became etched atop her belly as skin grew firmer and tighter. Where once there was no definition, soon a whole six-pack appeared from thin air.

"Now rub that chest! Rub rub chest!" Boy Nerissa's arms changed position, placing his hands atop his soft, tender chest. His smile was one of pure lust as his fingers traced circles around his thick nipples, which poked through the boy's clothes, while his hips swayed around in a circular motion. "Let's get rid of those ugly breasts!"

Much to Nerissa's dismay, her hands too landed atop her chest. Except instead of having a flat chest like the Nerissa on the video, real Nerissa's chest was composed of a huge pair of round, wobbly titties! This did little to dissuade her hands from swirling the breasts around in fierce, circular motions. Nerissa let out a breathy, desperate moan. She could feel her nipples slowly growing harder between her fingers. Her pussy was getting damper and damper by the second. Round and round her breasts turned as Nerissa pushed the huge tits into her chest. The sensation of her firm fingers groping the soft mass of her tit flesh was nothing short of dizzying.

Then something incredible began to happen. As Nerissa pushed her tits back, the two massive orbs of flesh actually seemed to shrink. It wasn't a grand, noteworthy process, but a slow and meticulous one. Every gyration would make the tits ever so smaller. The soft, yet commanding pressure from her hands seemed to compress her breasts away into nothingness. With ever passing second, Nerissa's bust size was getting smaller. Yet for some reason, it didn't bother her at all! In fact, it only aroused her more! Who needed a big, ugly chest? Exercising was soooooo much easier with miniscule, flatty titties. And who needed those big ole things anyways, when playing with her boy-nipples felt so good too? Only once Nerissa's chest had fully receded into a set of flabby, flat pecs, her nipples poking through her small black top, did Nerissa finally realize what was going on.

It's not just that Nerissa's likeness was on the strange video tape, Nerissa herself was turning into an exact copy of this perverted parody of herself! Which meant...

"We're down to our last exercise! We thrust! And thrust!" Placing his hands on his hips, the Nerissa on screen began needily thrusting back and forth in an obviously sexual motion. The camera zoomed in on him ever so slightly, enough to make his tiny dick visible through his shorts, along with a little droplet of white that comprised of how much he'd already ejaculated to this point. "Let those cute little clitty-dickies out! I wanna see you all spout!"

Panic began spreading through Nerissa's mind. N-No! This couldn't happen! Nerissa didn't have a 'clitty-dick'. She had a *vagina*, and she most certainly didn't want to have a penis or

be a man! At least, that's what she thought before she started thrusting. The instant her hands were on her hips and her crotch was swinging back and forth, the girl felt her nether regions explode with a fiery, luscious sensation the likes she had never experienced before. Nerissa was panting. Not in exhaustion or anything, but in pure, devastating need. A huge damp spot of arousal had already formed on her shorts, her nipples were vibrating right through her shirt. Every little movement sent an explosion of pleasure into her brain that felt like it was frying her thoughts. Nerissa could no longer tell if the thrusting of her hip was compelled, or if she was doing it of her own volition. Was the bright, cheery smile on her face genuine?

Well... Why wouldn't it be?! Nerissa loooooooved exercising so much! Being fit was one of the most pleasurable feelings in the world~! And there was no way to be more fit than being a buff, tiny-dicked boy! But... Nerissa wasn't a boy, was she? For some reason her brain was telling her she both should be and shouldn't be a boy... No, Nerissa couldn't be a boy. For one, she still felt that sticky, slimy pussy throbbing from her crotch. A cute boy like Nerissa should have had a tiny, needy, pin-sized dick...

As if responding to that very thought, Nerissa's crotch throbbed with pure need. Her clit started to pulse against her panties. It twitched and twitched, growing ever so larger with every thrust of her hips. An expression of warped, depraved bliss surged on Nerissa's face as she felt the tiny pink protuberance reach a single inch. The sensation of her needy clit pressing tightly against her clothes was immaculate. The more she moved, the more Nerissa could feel it shift in its shape. Skin began to run up the pink nub's length. Its insides thickened as a hole parted through it, opening with a little slit at its tip. By the time foreskin started to creep up to its tip, the head of Nerissa's clit had taken a clearly mushroom-cap shape. Nerissa now had a tiny clitty-dick!

The excitement of her new clit-dick sent a warping sensation right into her pelvis. Such a gut-wrenching, aching sensation made Nerissa feel like her womb was being torn apart. A thought that didn't seem to bother, but straight up excite Nerissa. The more she felt the throbbing of her clitty dick, the quieter that dissenting voice at the back of her head became. Was she supposed to be weirded out by all these modifications to her body? Nerissa didn't know why! Being a tiny clitty-dick boy felt so good! Wasn't she trying to exercise in the first place? This was the best body she could have ever achieved! After a couple of seconds, Nerissa's vaginal lips completely sealed up. All that was left was a piece of flat skin on her crotch, below her tiny dick, that is until her crotch began to inflate with two, thick rounded lumps that sagged with heft. Nerissa's pussy had been replaced with a fat ballsack, completing his transformation into a clittry-dicked boy!!!

“That’s it! Now you’re looking fit!” The Nerissa on screen cheered for his real-life counterpart, his cock throbbing as he continues thrusting needily. “So just let it all out! Endlessly cumming from our clitty-dicks like the sissy boys we are!!!”

There was a final part of Nerissa’s subconsciousness that continued to resist. His tiny erection stretched out his black shorts, bobbing up and down with every swing of his hips. But Nerissa couldn’t cum. He knew that if he came, it would all be over. He had to resist! Even if... Even if he didn’t know why? Exercising was the most exhilarating sensation Nerissa had felt in his life! Being a cute fit boy had always been his main goal! So *why* was he trying to stop himself from fully giving in and letting his clitty dick cum? Nerissa searched his brain for answers but couldn’t find any. The only thing he found in his little boy brain was reinforcement to all of the pleasure he felt. The smile on Nerissa’s face grew wider and lewder. If he truly was a tiny clit-dick boy, then the only right thing to do now was cum!!!

“Gyaaahhhh!!!” Nerissa screamed out in a voice that was exactly the same tone as the one from the TV. “I’m cumming!!!!”

Nerissa’s cock didn’t explode like a geyser. Instead, its tip merely flicked a tiny spurt of cum before settling down to meager stream. However, as Nerissa’s hips continued swinging back and forth, her orgasm never stopped. It didn’t even grow weaker. No, the moment Nerissa finally ejaculated, his little cock continued endlessly pumping semen from its tiny tip on and on without fail. The immaculate pleasure of orgasm smashed right into Nerissa’s brain every single second, making him feel the high of his climax endlessly on repeat. At the tip of his dick, a little droplet-shaped bulge slowly began to grow. It was like Nerissa’s shorts were containing every drop of Nerissa’s jizz within its threads, creating a condom-like pool of cum that clung to the tip of Nerissa’s penis.

“Congratulations! You’ve finally become the perfect fit boy!” The Nerissa on screen cheered his doppelganger, his hips still thrusting forward with need. “Now go out there and spread that joy!”

The Nerissa on screen didn’t have to say that twice. With a bright, eager smile on his face, the real Nerissa dashed out of the gym as fast as his shorter, boyish body could allow him to. Now that he was perfectly fit, it was time to show himself off to his idol Kiara! Nerissa didn’t seem concerned at the fact he was cumming with every one of the steps that he took. The tiny bulge of his cock as well as the slowly inflating shorts-condom that he dragged along didn’t register on his mind. This new Nerissa found no part of his body shameful or perverted in the slightest manner. He was just being the perfect fit boy he was meant to be!

Walking through the crowded halls of the Hololive office, it was only a matter of time until he came across other unassuming idols. Shiori Novella was only coming out of the break room as she came across Nerissa. The girl smiled warmly over at her gemmate, approaching her with a friendly demeanor, completely unaware of all that had happened.

“Hey Rissa.” Shiori reached out to her friend, though friendly expression slowly shifted into one of confusion as she finally started to see all of the details wrong with Nerissa’s body.

“Can’t talk right now Shiori!” Nerissa quickly responded with an eager smile, sweat pouring down her face as the cum balloon that protruded from her crotch swung from left to right. “I need to show Kiara my gains!”

And with that, Nerissa was gone, crossing over a corner where Shiori could no longer see her. But that didn’t mean Shiori was left totally unaffected. The moment Nerissa disappeared, Shiori could feel a strange pain in her womb. The girl buckled over, grasping her pelvis with both hands. For some reason, a strange heat began to fill Shiori. Her hips were attempting to thrust forward, even though Shiori had no intention of doing so. Why... Did she feel like exercising so bad?

The same exact thing happened with every single person Nerissa came across. Whether it was involving themselves in a simple conversation or even giving Nerissa’s new form a mere glance. In an instant, any girl who came across Nerissa found their bodies slowly shifting against their wills. Marine found her moaning against a wall as her breasts slowly deflated. Mococo and Fuwawa clasped their hands together, gasping desperately while their pussies slowly reformed into little dicks. None of them knew what was happening to their bodies or why, only that there was an unbearable lustful heat overcoming them whole.

Finally, Nerissa arrived at a lounge where she found Kiara relaxing and chatting with Calliope Mori. Nerissa’s heart seemed to beat faster at the sight of his idol, his cock spurting even more semen into the cum balloon he dragged along. Without a single ounce of fear in his mind, the boy stepped forth towards the two, thrusting his leaky cock towards them in pride.

“Look Kiara!” Nerissa declared excitedly, his face smug as if he had accomplished something incredibly. “Now that I’m a cute fit boy, we can have matching exercise outfits!”

In an instant, both Kiara and Mori stood up with pure shock and concern on their faces.

“N-Nerissa what happened to you?!?” Kiara gasped in genuine worry, unable to believe the perverted form Nerissa was showing her.

“Dude, what the fuck?!?” Calli added, more in disgust than concern.

“What?” Nerissa looked down at himself, only to see nothing surprising. He was just a tiny clitty-dick boy endlessly cumming. There was nothing wrong with that. “I’m just showing you my gains! Look how big my cum balloon is today!”

“Oh Nerissa, I-” Kiara spoke, before her voice was suddenly cut off by a strange sensation on her body.

An odd feeling that began to spread onto Calli as well. Without intending to, the duo thrust their own hips towards Nerissa. Their mouths groaned, their bodies trembling with a strange heat. Both of them could feel a strange churning deep inside of their bodies, as if their innards were being swirled up. It was hard to describe the sensation exactly. In a way, it was almost as if this poisonous ichor was making its way through their forms, seeping into every one of their limbs and infecting every inch of their systems. All Calli or Kiara could do was groan. Until the physical changes started.

Gasping and panting aloud, Kiara and Calli felt their bodies slowly morphing in strange manners. Calli’s huge breasts began to shrink back into her chest. Kiara got smaller until she was the same size as Nerissa, the curvature of her body shifting to be ever so slightly masculine. Muscle began to fill up both of their forms, from their legs to their tummies and their arms. Even their clothes weren’t spared from the transformation, as threads shifted in color, twisting and thinning around their forms until they were both wearing exact copies of Nerissa’s outfit.

Perhaps the worst part of it all was how Nerissa continued to obliviously smile and thrust his hips even as Kiara’s and Calli’s bodies were modified past normality. The duo gasped, helplessly hoping that Nerissa would notice their discomfort. But the only thing Nerissa did was continue letting more cum out of his tiny dick, letting his cum balloon inflate further and further. The sight was perverted enough that Kiara and Calli groaned out in pleasure, as the two felt their clits extend forth from their bodies and form into fully functional dicks. Their previously stationary hips began to thrust earnestly until both of their pussies let out a pair of heavy ballsacks.

“W-W-What the hell is going on?!?” Calli cried in desperation, every inch of her body slowly shifting and rebelling against her own will.

“N-Nerissa! P-Please!!! H-Help-!!!” Kiara’s wails echoed through the room, tears welling on her eyes as this strange force slowly crept onto her face.

Kiara’s bright orange hair grew longer and longer, its color turning into a deep shade of black. Calli groaned loudly in pain, the bones in her skull scrunching as two sharp, pointed horns began to emerge from the top of her head. The two of them could feel darkness starting to fill their minds, one which came with bubbly thoughts of working out and pure, unfiltered

arousal. Each of their facial structures cracked and shifted from the pressure. Kiara's purple eyes and Calli's pink irises slowly turned into a bright, bloody red. At this point, they could no longer even control their own expressions, which turned into luscious, perverted smiles. In just a couple of seconds, there was no Kiara or Calliope any longer. Only two horny Nerissa boys ready to work out!

"-help us get our gains today!" The Nerissa that used to be Kiara cheered in Nerissa's exact tone of voice. The new boy eagerly thrust his hips forward, until his tiny cock began to sputter cum right into his shorts. "We- *ungghhh*- haven't been cumming as much as we should!"

"Yeah Nerissa! Your cum balloon looks so big and yummy!" The other new Nerissa cried in excitement, his penis twitching until it started unloading cum itself. "We gotta get as big as you!"

"Hehe, no worries boys!" The original Nerissa cheered with a proud smile, his cock sputtering excitedly as his cum balloon drooped larger and larger. "Let's just find all the other Nerissas and work out together in the gym! We'll all have filled shorts in no time!"

With big smiles on all three of their faces, the trio of Nerissa's linked arms and began to happily make their way back to the gym. Their cocks continued to throb with every step, arousal and excitement pulsing through every inch of their veins. As they walked, one of the Nerissa's turned to the one in the middle.

"By the way Nerissa, who is that Kiara girl you mentioned earlier?"

"Hehe, I don't know Nerissa! The only people I know are cute, fit boys!"