

As the sun beat down in this strange pocket dimension known as the Astral Plane, the members of a large insurrection army gathered around, preparing for their next conflict. The army contained people of all kinds, from princes to foot soldiers, and even members of both rival royal families of Nohr and Hoshido. Such an idea for unification of these two warring sides had once been an impossibility, nothing more than a pipe dream. Nonetheless, the brave leader of this army had managed to do so thanks to his courage, ability and leadership, a feat that only he could have pulled off. Now, in this time of rest, said leader and hero of this enormous Nohrian-Hoshidan army, wielder of the Divine Yato, and half dragon prince Corrin walked about his campsite without any concern.

“Woohoo! Prince Corrin~”

Or at least, he tried to. While Corrin tried to arrive at whatever destination he wished to reach, an entire cabal of women circled around him, like a pack of hungry wolves ready to chow down on their weakened prey.

“Oh prince Corrin~ You’re so strong~!” Charlotte cried out with excitement. She squeezed Corrin’s arm, feeling it with her fingers thoroughly. “You must work out a lot! Your muscles are so firm~”

It was true, thanks to his strenuous and difficult job as a leader, Corrin had become much bulkier and muscular than he’d been before. However, despite his successes with battles and diplomacy, the man still felt shy when it came to flirtation, so he could only respond to Charlotte’s compliment with a bright blush. “Um... I- Uh... Thanks~”

“Oh course he’s strong! That’s my little brother, you know!” Suddenly, Corrin’s left arm was pulled back towards his fiery-headed Hoshidan sister, princess Hinoka. “Hey Corrin, if you ever wanna do some sparring or training, you can always call up your big sister to help you out, ok?”

“Hmmm, but training isn’t all there is to do.” Azura burst out from the back. Hands landing on Corrin’s shoulders, she gently massaged the prince with her fingers. “There’s also relaxation. Whenever you’re feeling stressed out, I’ll happily come around and sing just for you, Corrin~”

“Relaxation-! Y-Yeah, I can do that!” The pink-haired maid Felicia shouted in addition, accidentally pushing the circle of ladies forward with clumsiness. “Serve you some tea, take care of your needs~ I-I’ll promise not to break anything this time!”

Corrin gave a heavy sigh. It seemed like after having obtained such a plentitude of achievements, he’d gotten a myriad of ladies to fall for him. Of course, it made him happy to feel such a large amount of love and care from his allies. But when it was like this... He honestly felt a little bit overwhelmed...

Away in the distance, far from all the commotion, yet another woman pinned for the popular Corrin. Unlike the other ladies however, this one was quite positively enraged. Under the cover of a mixture of branches and shrubbery, the creepy anti-social mage Rhajat bit her nails angrily, staring at the whole commotion with utter disdain.

Rhajat opened her mouth to complain, when-

“I can’t stand seeing those stupid bitches with their hands all over *MY* Corrin!”

Before Rhajat could utter a word, another sultry feminine voice rang out beside her, about as angry and frustrated as she was. Rhajat turned her face towards the voice, focusing on the bush to her left, only to see the busty purple haired Nohrian princess Camilla, in her same exact position as Rhajat.

“Princess Camilla?” Rhajat asked with confusion, not quite sure why someone of her stature was groveling in the dirt like her.

Camilla quickly turned towards Rhajat, equally as surprised as Rhajat to have found someone else here. “Oh! You’re um... That mage, Rhajat right?” The woman asked with a smile on her face, her angered demeanor changing into one of fake bubblyness in a matter of seconds.

“Y-Yes...” Rhajat responded hesitantly. She wasn’t sure why, but she felt as if Camilla’s gaze was piercing right through her. “Why do you know of me?”

“Its pretty simple really! I make sure to know about every single person that spends time around my dear Corrin~” Camilla answered immediately.

Odd, Rhajat thought. That sounded like something she would say. “And what is it you’re doing here?”

“Isn’t it obvious?” The girl asked in a sweet voice. “I’m watching my darling Corrin from afar~ Of course its great to spend time with him together, but sometimes I just love staring at him at a distance, seeing him go about his day on his own~” Camilla spoke with a dreamy tone. Her eyes soon furrowed though. “I’m getting quite tired of seeing all of these harlots flocking around him though.”

“Grrr... I feel you” Rhajat grumbled alongside her. “A few victories and a bit of muscle, and they’re all deeply in love with him. Its not fair! My love for Corrin means much more than just his looks or his status. I love Corrin just for who he is on the inside~”

Camilla’s eyes opened wide in surprise, her smile broadening at Rhajat’s comments. “Yes, that’s exactly it!” She added enthusiastically. “Corrin is the same loveable little boy that he’s always been~ If you didn’t love him before, you have no right to stand beside him now!”

“Hehehe~” Rhajat giggled menacingly, smile crooked heart filling with an appreciation for Camilla’s similar creepiness. “You know lady Camilla, we are very alike in our adoration of Corrin... Perhaps its time we take this matter into our own hands, don’t you think?”

“Ohoho~” Camilla joined in Rhajat’s cackles, her own smile growing into a devilish grin. “Keeping Corrin away from bitches that don’t deserve him? I quite like this idea. What do you suggest?”

“I have a lot of magical trinkets, and I’m sure you have access to some transformative Nohrian tomes.” Rhajat explained. “If we transform Corrin’s body just a bit, we can make sure no woman is interested in him ever again. But more than that, we’ll make sure that Corrin will be unable to live without our love~”

“Oh my! That sounds so delightfully devious~” Camilla exclaimed, jittering with excitement “I’m in! Punishing our little Corrin for this stunt and making him totally ours~ Ouhhhh~ I cannot wait~”

“Yes~ Soon, the only thing our darling prince will be ale to think about is us~” Rhajat sighed with bliss.

As the idea of taking Corrin for themselves sank into their mind, both women started to cackle evilly, their menacing laughs echoing eerily throughout the entire camp.

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The gentle mantle of night filled prince Corrin's room with utter darkness, as the prince snored peacefully within the covers of his comfy bed. After a long day of work, the draconic prince was more than happy to indulge in the sweet relaxation of sleep, for there were no sorts of worries or responsibilities in the calming realm of sleep. Moonlight shining through his bedroom window and stars glittering in the blue night sky, it looked to be yet another normal night for the busy prince. That is, until-

FLAAAAP!

All of a sudden, a cold shiver ran up Corrin's spine, making the prince tremble wildly. Eyes squinting, body shaking, it felt as if he had been completely uncovered, the cool night air wrapping around his bare body and filling him with cold. It almost felt like when Felicia and Flora tried to wake him up. Corrin squirmed his limbs lightly. No man could sleep in conditions like this! It was almost like his tender bed covers had slipped off, leaving him totally exposed to the elements. In that case, all he had to do was reach down and pull it back up, so he could return to the nice warm comfort of sleep. Lowering his right hand, Corrin tried to find wherever it was his bed covers went.

However, as soon as Corrin tried to move his arm downward, he felt it being jolted back to the top right of his bed with force. That was strange, his hand had been totally stopped in its track, like it had gotten stuck on something. Corrin tried to move his left arm towards it to check where his right hand had gotten stuck, except the moment he tried to move, the exact same thing happened. Both of Corrin's arm were completely attached to the corners of his bed, as if they'd been fully tied up.

By this point, Corrin was really starting to fill up with concern. Unable to remain asleep any longer, the prince's two eyes slowly began to open in order to address the situation. The room around him was dark, its only source of illumination coming from the moonlight that beamed through the window. His eyes wandered up towards his hand, slowly adjusting to the pitch darkness, until they'd finally located what it was that had been affecting his body. Up in the corners of his bed, both of his hands had been securely tied to the posts of his bed with some sturdy rope. The restraints were loose enough to be comfortable, but also tight enough to hold him right in place.

Panic soon began to clog Corrin's mind. Why the hell was he tied up in rope? Who would have done this? Had he been captured by some sort of enemy force? Perhaps some bandits? As these questions ran amok in Corrin's mind, the prince shuffled himself backward in an attempt to sit up on his bed. Unfortunately, said attempt was an utter failure, for that same pull that came from his arms also forced him downwards by his legs. It did not take long for him to find out why. Shifting his head towards his feet, Corrin soon found that both of his ankles were also tightly bound up in rope to the lower posts of his bed.

What's more, Corrin also realized that he was fully nude! Staring down onto his crotch, the startled man could clearly see his flaccid cock flopping down from his crotch. From his toes up to his neck, there wasn't a single piece of cloth covering his white pearly skin. He was utterly and completely naked! A sigh of confusion pushed through Corrin's quivering lips. It just didn't make any sense. Why was he all tied up and naked? Had he been kidnapped? Was this some kind of perverted dream? Corrin's mind ran a thousand miles a second, but the answer evaded him as his brain stood still in pure shock.

Corrin wouldn't have to wait much longer for his answer though. Eyes glimmering white with malice, two humanoid figures stepped out of the shadows in the corner of his room. Corrin's gaze quickly darted towards them, desperate for a response. But as his eyes laid upon the two people, he felt not clarity, but further confusion fill his mind. Standing in the whiteish moonlight glow of the moon in the middle of Corrin's room was not a group of enemies, thieves or brigands. No, instead the two who had seemingly invaded Corrin's room in the middle of the night were two of his very own army mates, the voluptuous sisterly Camilla and the creepy adoring Rhajat.

Both women hovered over Corrin proudly, with devious smiles adorning their pretty faces. They showed no sort of concern or worry over Corrin's currently impaired state. Only eagerness and excitement fueled their demeanors. Corrin felt his throat become sore at the sight, a twinge of fear and angst filling his mind. Nevertheless, he had to get to the bottom of this situation.

"Wh-Wh-What's going on here?!" The prince tried to spout with authority, though the crack in his voice clearly showed his confidence waning.

"Oh my dear Corrin, you should know exactly what's going on here~" Rhajat sang with a smooth yet menacing tone. Corrin gulped loudly at the response.

"You've been such a *naughty* boy as of late, my sweet little brother~" Camilla continued, rubbing her hand along Corrin's bare chest and causing him to shiver. "Flirting with all those other girls when you have two beautiful adoring ladies by your side."

"We give you so much love for who you are, and yet you give them all your attention despite the fact they only care about your looks." Rhajat spoke with a venomous flare. "It's not really fair, is it~?"

"That's why we think a little bit of punishment is due~" Camilla sang happily, in stark contrast to her literal threat. "For all that cheating you've done."

"It's nothing too serious, so don't worry." Rhajat cackled devilishly. "We just want to make sure that you *really* appreciate us."

"Because after tonight..."

"Because after tonight~"

"You won't be able to live without us~" Camilla and Rhajat both sang out in unison, their soft feminine voices merging into an eerie chorus. The two women circled around Corrin's bed like sharks ready to pounce on a man stranded in a sea wreckage. Though Corrin had been somewhat concerned before, now he was downright terrified. This would not end well.

Camilla stepped forth first. A wicked smile plastered atop her lips, the purple-haired princess pulled out a heavy looking magical tome. The book looked to be worn and ancient, its thick yellow pages looking like they'd been crafted in a forgotten age. Nevertheless, Camilla handled the book perfectly. Prying open its pages, the wyvern rider flipped the book towards the spell she desired. Her smile curled further. Hand extending towards Corrin, Camilla began to eagerly cast one of the spells contained within the tome's pages in a dead lost tongue.

The instant Camilla began to start speaking the words, the pages of her magical tome began to flick back and forth rapidly. A flurry of cloud dust began to float around her hand, swirling around Camilla's arm

with eerie conviction. Then, as her incantation was completed, it shot towards Corrin at full speed. The prince inched backwards, closing his eyes while he braced for impact. But there was no sort of pain or knockback as the spell could hit Corrin's abdomen. Instead, the magical flurry disintegrated instantly, as if it had melted into his very body.

Eyes pried closed and body stiff, Corrin dreadfully waited for the effects of the spell to manifest. He clenched his teeth, expecting the worst bout of pain to wrack his body. Except... A few seconds in, there was nothing happening. No sort of aching, no sort of discomfort. Slowly, his eyes waned open. Maybe it wasn't a bad spell. Maybe Camilla had decided to have mercy. Maybe... it hadn't worked? A little spark of hope began to manifest within the prince, feeling like he'd avoided a heavy doom coming down upon him. Unfortunately, his assessment had been completely incorrect, as a tingling feeling began to spread throughout his body. From his legs, up through his body and to his arms, a strange buzzing sensation tickled away at his skin, like hundreds of little ants crawling over his body.

And then, the final nail in the coffin. Eyes focusing on his midsection, Corrin observed as the same magical purple cloud that had just been shot towards his body was now shooting *out* of his body. This purple haze moved towards Camilla, hitting her square in the stomach just like it had hit Corrin before. This time however, it didn't disintegrate. Instead, it remained connected to her body, like a tube connecting the two of them together. A sprinkle of confusion filled Corrin's mind, wondering what in earth was currently happening. He would not have to longer for long though.

With a long airy cough, Corrin's eyes shot wide open. It felt as if he'd just smacked in the stomach, his organs gurgling as if they were rearranging themselves. Corrin's entire body began to bubble and shift. Every last inch of himself was enveloped in an unbearable heat, searing and morphing in unnatural ways. He was changing. Corrin didn't quite understand it, but somehow, his body was changing. It was as if a part of his very essence was being sucked out, and his body was adjusting to make up. And the strangest part: It somehow felt good. His dick began to stir awake, as arousal rocked his mind to its very core. The man couldn't help but shiver eagerly as his body continued to shake.

"W-W-What's g-going on?" Corrin moaned out loudly.

"Oh my darling Corrin~" Camilla sang sweetly. "You have all this unnecessary masculinity, it's making act improperly! But don't worry one bit~ I'll take it all away from you and use it to protect you myself, that way you won't have to worry about a single thing while I pamper you~"

Body trembling uncontrollably, Corrin panted with force as the heat of transformation overpowered his mind. The changes started with his limbs, where Corrin could feel them growing tighter and constricted as they shrank in size. His thick bulging arms and sturdy legs slowly but surely lost any semblance of muscle, sustaining into thin noodles that could barely sustain his weight. With Corrin's height taking a nosedive, his constraints became stronger and even harder to break through, as they pulled him apart without his will.

Though height wasn't all that Corrin lost, as his midsection began to be remodeled into something entirely different. The strong sturdy six pack Corrin had achieved from months of training with his Yato started melting into his body, all the flatness and stiffness replaced with a plain of skin as smooth as a baby's bottom. Down in his nether region, Corrin's masculinity was also under attack as his semi-erect

member began to lose inches of length and girth. Corrin had been hung before, but with his dick shrinking inch after inch without stopping, he soon found himself on the lower side of average.

The loss of manliness wasn't enough though. Once there was no more maleness to suck from Corrin, his body started to go in the exact opposite direction by becoming more feminine and girly. His ass, formerly flat and completely barren, ballooned outwards comically, lifting Corrin off the bed as it grew rounded and plump. His thighs grew into thick meaty legs that were soft but also firm to the touch, while his hips grew curvy and rounded. Up in his head, his face started to soften and shine, chin shrinking, eyelashes growing, and overall structure taking a soft girly look. His wild ruffled white hair grew a bit longer, turning into a softer and smoother mane of hair.

Where a proud and buff Corrin once laid, there was now a girly, slim, curvy shadow of a man that Corrin once was. Gone were the muscular features that had brought women from all factions flocking to his side. Gone was the authority and power that his looks exuded. At this moment, Corrin looked like a pure-bred femboy. Long round hips, a big ass, and supple squeezable thighs; were it not for the obvious dick protruding from his crotch, one could easily mistake him for a girl.

Meanwhile, the magical purplish tube connecting him to Camilla was starting to fill up with a mysterious white liquid. This goop spilled right out of Corrin's gut and sauntered towards Camilla's body, squeezing through slowly like a caterpillar. Camilla watched the goop as it moved out of Corrin with an eager expression, her frame shaking lightly as it moved towards her. Every inch it moved caused her excitement to grow, the wyvern rider licking her lips in preparation of what was to come. And when this goo finally touched her, Camilla reeled back with a blissful moan, her skin trembling pleurably.

"Oh yes~!" Camilla cried out in ecstasy, rubbing her stomach as she felt Corrin's fluid invaded her system. "Such thick and delicious masculinity~ I can feel it filling me up~ It feels... Wonferful~"

Just like Corrin's body before, Camilla's form was starting to tremble and shake uncontrollably. Her every muscle burned with the fires of transformation as her very flesh morphed in shape. The first thing to change was her stomach. Her flat and smooth belly started to harden, with small square plains of elevation bulging out of her skin. Camilla had been a strong lady before, but now there was a huge tight six pack blossoming right from her midsection, stiffening into mighty muscles that looked like they came from a body builder.

Next came her height. Camilla's already long limbs began to stretch out, growing firm and wide in order to support her blooming body. Every last inch of her body expanded in length, blasting her past the empowering height of her older brother and easily beating men of average height by two to three heads of length. And with this increased height, came increased power. Completely unwarranted, Camilla's arm and legs started beefing up with muscle and strength each passing second. From her shoulders to her hands, her calves to her feet, her form took a squarer, rougher shape. Her body was growing so large and bulging, her very clothes were becoming strained. Pure power and confidence exuded from her very form. In a matter of seconds, no longer did Camilla look like the soft dainty rose her appearance would lead to believe. Instead, what stood before Corrin in this dimmed room was an enormous powerful Amazon with the power of the Gods themselves.

"So much strength~" Camilla giggled happily as her body ballooned with fortitude. "Feels tight- Have to...!" She flexed her muscles excitedly, basking in the bliss of her strength. It felt amazing, like she could

accomplish quite literally anything. Her clothes on the other hand, did not feel as good. A cry stretching cloth rang out as Camilla's clothes started to stretch past what they could sustain, the feminine proportions being unable to keep up with Camilla's engorging frame. They continued to stretch and stretch, until-

RIIIIIIPPPPP!!!

With a thunderous rip, Camilla's entire outfit exploded into billions of pieces. Her armor clanged down to the ground, having had their straps snapped into two, while ripped patches of what used to be her tights and bra rained down on the room like ash raining down after a volcanic eruption. Camilla gave a huge sigh of relief, her body finally able to breathe without restraints. She was fully naked now, but Camilla felt less vulnerable than she'd ever felt before. Raising one of her arms, Camilla gripped one of her strong bulging muscles with a cocky smile. She could definitely get used to this.

And her changes weren't even over! As the last of Corrin's manliness was slurped into Camilla's body, the princess could feel the tingling sensation drifting down to her crotch. Her clit began to shiver, pussy twitching and spewing liquid below as it was filled with the warmth of arousal. The nub slowly began to push outwards, pulsating with a vibrant red as it expanded in length. Its girth doubled in size, tube pulsating madly as thick veins began to surge from its reddish skin. Inch by inch, the member grew thicker and longer, from the size of a little peanut, to a cucumber, until it was almost as fat and long as one of Camilla's axe handles.

As the tip of her clit dipped downwards and its backside grew a bulbous mushroom like protrusion, Camilla's enormous clitoris stood up erect from her crotch, pulsating lightly as pure arousal coursed through her veins. The member glistened brightly in the moonlight, exuding the same power and confidence that Camilla herself did. Soon, a layer of skin began to cover its reddish length whole like a white blanket, while a girthy vertical tube parted open the insides of Camilla's clit. And as a slit formed at the tip, Camilla's clit had fully transformed into a thick throbbing slab of cock.

An eager smile spread onto Camilla's lips. The woman placed her hands on her newly grown dick, rubbing it with curiosity. Instantly, she felt a bolt of arousal course through her body, completely corrupting her system. Without a single second of care, Camilla threw any remaining types of inhibitions and began to pump her enormous length up and down furiously. Her pussy pulsated with bliss in response, its insides shivering intensely. She could feel her birthing canal tremble with ever increasing furor as she masturbated her member, ecstasy spreading through her body as her organ morphed and shifted from the insides. The more pleasure she experienced, the more she could feel vagina contort into its new form. It was a fully intoxicating moment~ Excited to accelerate her changes, Camilla injected further force into her motions. Her fingers gripped onto her member tightly, hand flinging up and down with as much force as she could muster as she pumped and pumped and-

PLOP!!!

With a heavy fat sloshing sound, a big fat nutsack dropped from her vagina, sealing her organ whole and finalizing the creation of her magnificent cock. The purple-haired royal was a simple woman no more. She was *much more* than that. Now that she had absorbed all of Corrin's masculinity, she was a tall, buff, hung Amazonian lady. And she couldn't be happier. Passing her arm down to her new nutsack, Camilla eagerly explored her new organ by massaging it tenderly. The supple enormous testicles, the warm jizz

that was already starting to prepare... A sigh of ecstasy escaped Camilla's lips, her blood boiling with lust and joy.

"Oooohhh~" Camilla cooed pleurably as she continued to fondle her erect member. "I can see why you boys are always so excitable with these things. It feels... Amazing~"

Soon, the tube connecting the two royals dissipated into nothingness, as their bodies adjusted to their new realities. Still shivering from his transformation, Corrin looked at Camilla with a mixture of fear and arousal. In his mind, he knew this whole process was morbidly wrong. But the prince simply couldn't help but let his cock grow erect at the sight of the powerful and tall Camilla with her big fat penis. His body shivered in the midnight air, his raging lust leaving him fully exposed.

"C-Camilla-" He tried to whimper a plea of help, before he was cut off as his face was forcefully pulled in the opposite direction.

Eyes drifting towards his assailant, Corrin's gaze focused on Rhajat's eerie excited expression, which hovered a mere few inches above of his face. "Oh my darling Corrin~" Rhajat whispered lovingly, rubbing Corrin's cheek with her slender hand. "Unlike those stupid bitches that flock around you, I truly love you for who you are~ I love so much that-"

With a swift sleight of hand, Rhajat slipped some type of magical Talisman around Corrin's neck. The prince looked down to inspect it as he felt its cold steel edges touch his skin, being unable to do much else about it. "I wish to feel your body as if it was my own~" She moaned with a perturbing smile on her face.

Just as the words left Rhajat's mouth, the mage slipped on the same exact same Talisman she's put on Corrin around her neck. Body shivering with excitement, Rhajat brought one of her hands towards the golden artifact and gripped it tightly. A myriad of creepy giggles began to pour out of the Dark Mage's mouth, as the amulet's centerpiece began to glow within her grasp. Soon, a flurry of bright yellow sparkles formed a magical tube the encapsulated Rhajat from the neck down.

"Mmmmmhhhh~ Yes~~" She moaned out in ecstasy, body pulsating with bliss as magic flowed through her veins.

Corrin too could feel magic passing through his body, just like what he had felt with Camilla. Except, this time it was a bit different. Little prickling sensations propped about all over Corrin's skin, his body twitching mildly. It didn't feel like he was being transformed himself, more like it was being... Copied, somehow. Like his very atoms were being plucked and their information absorbed. Body unsteady, Corrin turned to Rhajat for some answers. And as his eyes focused on her figure, he finally understood what was going on.

Smile transfigured into a crazy diabolical smirk, Rhajat couldn't help but let out an echo of evil giggles and moans as she felt her body transform before her very eyes. It started at her shoulders, which became broader and squarer while her arms gained a little bit of firmness and strength, all while keeping their feminine structure. Her breasts, enormous and bouncing off her outfit, slowly started to shrink into her body. Like balloons filled with holes, they deflated in size every passing second, losing softness and roundness in favor of flatness and firmness. In a matter of seconds, her massive

mammaries shrank from magnificent plump orbs into sturdy male pecs, as the most prominent symbol of Rhajat's femininity was utterly crushed.

Morphing drifting downwards, her belly began to change next. Rhajat's taut soft stomach gained a bit of muscle, remaining thin and soft but also attaining a bit more male strength. Her legs thickened up considerably, building up muscle and length as they grew longer and girthier. That wasn't the only thing growing though, for Rhajat's ass also began to ballooning considerably, her thighs growing plumper with delicious fat. In a completely inverse process to what had happened to Rhajat's bust, the mage's ass slowly grew fatter and fatter, expanding way past the assets of any lady in camp to give Rhajat's the most succulent pear bottom around.

All in all, though her massive bust was gone and she'd grown taller, with a body that was still soft and curvy, and an enormous plump ass, Rhajat really did not look much different than she did before. This was because the most important part was yet to come. Turning her lecherous leer downwards, Rhajat panted happily as she felt her organ pulsating with glee. A copious amount of vaginal fluid dripped out of Rhajat's mound, flooding her panties and soaking her tights. It looked like it was being expelled in an attempt to clean it out of her inner walls, as if to make space for something new.

Rhajat's labia began to droop downwards, hanging further and further away from her body. They then started to meld together, meat and skin merging with each other until it formed a heavily rounded sack that bulged through Rhajat's panties. Corrin could see as the sack pulsated and expanded, pushing outwards from Rhajat's organ as it replaced her reproductive system with a big fat pair of testicles. The skin around the sack hardened, darkening and growing saggier and veinier. Soon, not a single trace of Rhajat's pussy remained, only a thick pair of jizz tanks stood in their stead.

But what's a pair of balls without a thick cock to use them with? Now that her vagina had been fully remodeled, Rhajat's remaining little nub of a clit began to grow out in response. The pulsating little seed pushed forward with all its might, its length and girth expanding with every passing second. Corrin watched wide-eyed as the member snaked further and further outwards, pure lust bustling through it innards. Its tip shifted into a concave shape, tubular shaft bulging through her panties with ardor. Veins pulsating with arousal, Rhajat's new organ throbbed excitedly, fully ready to be used.

"Mmmmm~ Here he is~!" Rhajat spouted with excitement. Unable to contain herself anymore, Rhajat gripped onto the clothes on her crotch and effortlessly ripped them apart with her newfound strength. In response, a big, throbbing cock plopped out of Rhajat's crotch, twitching up and down as a bit of pre dripped from its tip. The member looked exactly like any ordinary cock would. Pulsating veins, a reddish tip, and a fat pair of balls hanging below. There was something familiar about its shape however. The shape of its curve, the thickness of its shaft... Corrin felt like he'd seen it before. It kind of looked like- Perhaps...? Could it be-?

"Yes, that's right~" Rhajat responded, as if reading Corrin's mind. "This is *your* cock~ The talisman has given me your body from the neck downwards, and its absolutely *magnificent*~"

"Ooouuhhh~" Camilla cried out in bliss, rubbing her needy cock up and down desperately. "Can we do it Rhajat? Can we finally have sex with our sweet Corrin?!?" The woman whimpered, shaking like an animal in heat. Drool was flowing down her mouth unimpeded, as her new surge of masculine

hormones made her more aroused than she'd ever felt before. "Uuuuughhh! I can't wait anymore! My dick is so aroused~"

"Hehehe~" Rhajat giggled menacingly. She looked down at Corrin with a sense of superiority, rubbing his chin with her hand while she pumped her erect member with her other one. "Yes, I think its time we test our new assets and give him a good fuck~" She sang eagerly, looking down on the tied man with superiority. "It looks like he's ready for it himself~" Corrin let out a bright blush, embarrassment filling his cheeks as his erect member betrayed his desires.

The instant Rhajat's words fell upon Camilla's ears, the busty Amazonian babe immediately jumped on top of the bed, cock twitching excitedly at the prospect of procreating with her dear brother. "Oooohhh Corrin~" Camilla cooed in a lustful hazed. Eyes glazed in arousal and cock dripping with anticipation, Camilla crawled closer to Corrin like a feral animal ready to pounce on its prey. "I'm soooooo excited to do it with youuuuu~" She panted happily. "I never expected for it to happen this way, but... Honestly its even better~"

Sneaking in between Corrin's forcibly opened legs, Camilla knelt atop the bed, right before the boy's twitching asshole. Her eyes were totally glued to his cute little pucker, excited heavy breathing escaping her mouth uncouthly as she started at it. With her big firm arms, Camilla grabbed onto each one of Corrin's meaty thighs, getting a firm iron tight grip of the tender boy. She pushed her erect dick forward, pressing the tip of her penis against the entrance to Corrin's butt.

"Ah! B-Big s-s-sister! Wait-!" Corrin cried out as he felt the bulbous head of Camilla's penis press around the rim of his tightened asshole. "I'm sure w-we can talk this- KYUUUUHHHH!"

Before Corrin could even finish his sentence, his train of thought was abruptly derailed as he felt Camilla's gargantuan member penetrate his anus. A trickle of spit flew out of Corrin's mouth unwittingly, his entire body trembling uncontrollably as his tight orifice was invaded by an unexpected force. Corrin felt totally full, like he was going to throw up. The prince actually had to hold his breath in order to not let it all spill out over himself. His ass was on fire, burning with such intensity Corrin was surprised he was still in one piece. Eyes crossing uncomfortably, Corrin felt like he was just a few seconds away from passing out.

His sister, on the other hand, was having an entirely opposite experience. Head stretching back in bliss, Camilla moaned out happily as the insides of Corrin's anus wrapped around her dick shaft. Despite not having thrust her entire member inside, it already felt like Camilla was tasting a sweet piece of heaven.

"Oooooohhhhh dear little brother~" The purple-haired gal gasped with ecstasy, little heart of lust painted across her pupils. "Your ass is so wonderful~ I just~"

Holding onto Corrin's fat legs as tightly as she could, Camilla forced her entire shaft into Corrin's intestines, forcibly parting open his inner walls with sheer strength. The wyvern rider bawled out in utter joy, her fat pole throbbing uncontrollably within the confines of Corrin's warm cavern. Camilla was marinated in a sea of pleasure she never knew existed. Whether this was because of her transformation, because of the male libido, or because she was truly in love with Corrin, she did not know. All Camilla knew was that she was quickly growing addicted to such a sensation.

"Can't help myself~"

With a taste for Corrin's ass successfully acquired, the hungry lustful wolf that was Camilla didn't skip a beat as she continued to ravage the poor helpless Corrin. Her hips began to cock back and forth with intensity, thrusting her girthy penis in and out of Corrin's hole with tremendous speed and force. Her mighty muscular legs supported the woman's movements, while her beefy arms gripped Corrin still making sure she could pump inside him with a good angle. Every single part of Camilla's new body was put to use in order to absolutely destroy Corrin's asshole. There was no effort spared, no expense untaken. Camilla was fucking Corrin like she intended to break him.

Beneath her, the whimpering shell of a prince had no recourse but to take it all. Not only was he bound by rope and Camilla's hands, his lower hole was now so intrinsically connected to Camilla's thick shaft even he could not remove himself from her. The process itself was an utterly painful one. Corrin's virgin anus walls were not only being expanded past what he was used to, Camilla's dick was so large they were being expanded past what was humanly possible. His ass was so numb he literally couldn't feel it anymore, as if it wasn't a part of his body any longer.

His cock bobbed up and down along to Camilla's will. Despite the pain, it remained stiffly erect, as if it was taunting him. It was the only type of sensation that still rocked his lower body. Though Corrin absolutely hated the situation he was in, the sight of Camilla forcing herself on Corrin's asshole awakened something hidden deep inside the prince. An odd undiscovered desire, one that he would not have liked to admit, yet held deep control of his mental state. A desire to please people- No, a desire to be controlled. Seeing the way Camilla take Corrin's butt without permission, claiming his hole as her own and using it as her tool, it lit a flame of lust Corrin never knew he possessed.

Staring at Camilla's beastly face, soon Corrin began to feel sensations returning to his legs. Not just regular sensations, but sensations of pure bliss and ecstasy. His whole body relaxed, accepting Camilla's member and making his intestines looser. The insides of Corrin's inner walls began to tremble with joy, Camilla's intense penetration becoming more pleasurable by the second. Corrin was starting to lose any semblance of control he had. His body stopped responding to his commands, limbs giving in to the bestial pleasures coming from his asshole. His brain was becoming all jumbled up, rational thought slowly giving to lust. Camilla's cock was just so intense~ So powerful~ He just had to-

"Mmmh~ Ahhh~" Corrin moaned out with joy, unable to hold back his desires any longer.

"What's this? Are you actually enjoying this?"

Corrin's moans were suddenly interrupted by Rhajat's words. The girl hovered right atop his head, sitting comfortably on his bedrest with her feet a few inches from his face.

"Aha! That's incredible!" The woman continued berating him. "You're always out there acting like a fearless leader, but a few seconds of fucking and you turn into a moaning bitch! What would your little harem think if they saw you like this?"

Corrin gulped loudly. "N-No, I-I-!" The draconic prince tried to open his mouth to defend himself, but his retorts were quickly quieted as Rhajat slammed her feet on his face.

"Oh shut it!" The girl rang with annoyance. "I don't want to hear another word. If you like being treated like a little bitch, then that's what I'll treat you!"

Pressing her legs downwards with disdain, Rhajat smushed the soles of her feet against Corrin's helpless face. The prince shifted his head left and right rapidly, doing his best to shake the woman's toes of his cheeks. To literally be stepped on by Rhajat's feet... It was utterly disgusting! In fact, they weren't even her feet! Since Rhajat had Corrin's body from the neck down, it was like he was stepping down on himself. Corrin couldn't stand it in the slightest.

"Stop struggling like that! Why don't you act like a proper little whore and lick my feet?"

Lick her feet? What a preposterous suggestion! Licking someone's gross feet was so unhygienic and disgusting... Corrin's nostrils already flared with noxious scents coming from the underside of her feet. To actually lick them would be too much! The mere thought almost made Corrin gag. The prince shut his mouth tightly, attempting to shave off Rhajat as best as he could.

"I said... Lick them!" Rhajat fired with anger.

With another push of her legs, Rhajat pressed her toes against Corrin's mouth with as much furor as she could muster. Corrin tried his best to stay away, he really did. But unfortunately for him, he was trapped in a very precarious situation, not only tied by rope to the bed but also by organ to a massive purple-haired Amazon. Unfortunately, after one of Rhajat's various intense lunges, one of her attempts had finally become successful, letting her big toe part through Corrin's lips and dart straight into his mouth. In seconds, Corrin's taste buds were infected with the foul tastes that laid underneath Rhajat's feet, changing his fate forever.

Corrin's eyes shot wide open in shock, his mind growing blank as it tried to process the tastes coming back from his mouth. The flavor was rancid, the texture was rough. Yet for some strange reason, Corrin felt not a single ounce of disgust. His tongue darted out of his mouth inquisitively, testing the waters of Rhajat's feet by licking up more of her soles. It certainly wasn't a pleasant experience, but at the same time it wasn't unpleasant. The whole aspect of being forced to do it, of submitting to Rhajat's feet, somehow made it more palatable. Unable to resist, Corrin finally acquiesced to the mage's request and began to slurp up her feet dutifully.

"There you go!" Rhajat exclaimed with excitement. "Now that wasn't so hard, was it?"

The words rang tauntingly in Corrin's ears. Nevertheless, there was nothing the powerless prince could do about it. Any type of grumbling or complaint would lead to further punishment, so he continued to quietly serve Rhajat's feet. That wasn't all there was to it though. The more Corrin licked at Rhajat's soles, the more he found himself getting drawn in to the activity. Tastes that were once foul were now delectable. Smells that once felt rancid now smelled exquisite. Corrin tried to keep his composure, but just like what had happened with his ass, he was starting to lose himself in his lust for servitude. His tongue began to lash out greedily, lapping up every curve and wrinkle it could find while his lips massaged the bottom of Rhajat's feet. Bit by bit, little by little, the poor man's mind was slowly being corrupted, his better judgement melting away as his mind contorted into a mess of arousal and submission.

"Oh my Gods!" Rhajat giggled with amazement. "You're really getting into it!"

Rhajat's stiff member flared with arousal, twitching vividly at the sight of Corrin's utter subservience. Seeing the beloved and mighty Corrin sink to such a low level filled Rhajat with pure bliss. This was

everything she'd wished for and more. Not only did she possess the mightily sexy body of her dear Corrin, she now had the man himself beneath her soles submitting his very dignity to her. Rhajat's member bobbed up and down happily, clear precum already dripping from its eager tip.

"What a little slut~" Rhajat hungrily bit her lips, arousal dripping from her every body part as she watched Corrin eagerly serve her feet.

This time, Corrin did not pay attention to Rhajat's words. Instead, the prince simply continued to serve Rhajat's feet obediently. The way his damp tongue caressed Rhajat's sole lovingly, kissing at her every crevice and wrinkle- Rhajat couldn't take it any longer. Hands flying towards her towering erection, Rhajat began to eagerly masturbate her throbbing pole. Her digits wrapped around her fat shaft tightly, pulling its skin up and down with increasing intensity. The sensation of the male member was so much more powerful than Rhajat was expecting. Between the pleasure of Corrin's subservience and her own masturbation, Rhajat felt like she was going to lose her mind.

"Mmmmm~ Yeah that's right b-bitch~" Rhajat moaned out, her façade of control slipping off as Corrin's delightful mouth wrapped around her toes. "L-Lick them good~~~"

Corrin did not need to be told twice. Eyes closing shut and mouth opening wide, Corrin sucked on Rhajat's feet like his life depended on it. It was his sole focus at this moment. Despite the blast of pleasurable sensations coming from his asshole, Corrin thought of nothing but pleasuring Rhajat's prim feet. From the back of her heel, through her arch and onto her toes, Corrin eagerly slurped on every inch of Rhajat's body he could get his mouth onto. Without any sort of inhibition, he wrapped his lips around Rhajat's tingling toes, his tongue diving in between their cracks eagerly. In his trance to please Rhajat, there was no spot left dry underneath the mage's feet.

All of the caresses and pleasures quickly went to Rhajat's head, as the once commanding and dominant mage was reduced to a panting whimpering mess. Her legs quivered lightly, feet tingling as her soles were covered in Corrin's saliva. Her cock twitched madly, veins pulsating with pleasure and balls bulging out slowly as her testicles filled with hot fresh jizz. With her loud ecstatic moans filling the room, like Camilla before her, Rhajat had lost any semblance of control she once possessed, instead giving her body and mind to the whirlwind of lust that rampaged around her.

With two horny dickgirls trembling on each side of his body, Corrin's mind was lost in a thick fog of sexual lust. Whatever appearance he was trying to keep up before was all but gone now, replaced with a hungry lustful beast eager to fill its masters with pleasure and stimulation. The prince gave it his all trying to pleasure the two aroused girls around him. Mouth slurping eagerly, asshole squeezing with force, Corrin's entire being gave itself to servicing the two dominant ladies. There had been many times throughout Corrin's adventure where he wasn't sure whether or not he was doing the right thing. But this one was not one of them. At this moment in time, Corrin knew he was right where he was supposed to be.

Bodies mashing together, sweat dripping onto the sheets, soon the two assaulters were starting to reach their limits. Both Camilla and Rhajat were completely unfamiliar with the male member, and having such a lustful slut service them so eagerly left the two girls unable to control their bodies. Camilla specially panted and heaved with so much intensity one would think that Corrin was a succubus draining

her very life force. Camilla's cock trembled within Corrin's tight puckered ass, her veins constraining and urethra opening as it prepared to release Camilla's load.

"Corrin~~!" Was all that Camilla could muster out, before her cock bust out its first massive orgasm.

Thrusting her hips into Corrin one final time, Camilla began to blast load after load of thick white sperm directly into Corrin's rectum, while a myriad of inhuman moans escaped the wyvern rider's lips. The woman collapsed on top of Corrin's body, pressing encasing his dick against her toned firm stomach and wrapping her arms around his midsection tightly while her penis continued to spout glob after glob of seed. Corrin gasped in response, his dick twitching happily as it was squeezed against Camilla's skin. However, even as he felt his ass being filled with hot creamy goodness, the prince did not stop servicing Rhajat for a single second, preferring to bring his dominator pleasure than give into his own bliss himself.

A technique that worked quite well, for Rhajat was right on the cusp of relief as well. Sensing Corrin's utter devotion, Rhajat finally let herself go to climax. She lifted her feet from Corrin's face, holding her cock tightly as she aimed it towards him. "Nnnngghhhh! T-Take it all y-you b-bitch!"

With a mighty wet spurt, Rhajat began to blast line after line of cum onto Corrin. The woman's sperm splashed Corrin square in the face, his eyes reflexively closing as a cascade of warm sticky seed inundated his head whole. The prince's mouth opened instinctively, tongue lashing out with greed in search of Rhajat's sweet sticky reward. Such a sight only made Rhajat's arousal grow, as the mage eagerly showered Corrin with more and more of her dick milk. Body arching backwards, Rhajat eagerly moaned and panted, letting her entire reserves out of her penis happily. She came and came endlessly, until not a single drop of sperm remained in Rhajat's balls.

Once the two girls had unloaded their very last drop of cum, the two mellowed out into hazy cloudy gals basking in the pleasantness of their orgasms. Camilla quickly fell asleep on top of Corrin, the warmth of his body bringing her to a state of such extreme relaxation that she could not overcome slumber. While on the other hand, Rhajat simply teetered on top of the bedrest, replaying the previous moments again and again in her head. As for Corrin, now that he'd finally achieved his goal, the draconic prince felt a massive wave of relaxation and pleasure wash over his mind. His throbbing dick squeezed out an orgasm, coating his and Camilla's stomach white with a few spurts of jizz. It wasn't as plentiful or thick as Camilla's or Rhajat's load, but it brought climax to Corrin's body nonetheless.

Corrin was very relieved that the ordeal was finally over. But more than that, he felt oddly... Happy. Like he'd just been liberated from his chains. Despite this having been done to him against his will, Corrin held no sort of grudge towards neither Camilla nor Rhajat. All the prince could think of was how much fun this whole experience had been, and how much he couldn't wait to do it again. As the intensity of Corrin's efforts and the physical toll on his body finally settled into the boy's mind, Corrin promptly passed out with a big smile on his face.

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"And that's everything for today!" Corrin promptly wrapped up his speech. "Let's all do our best~!"

As Corrin's daily directives came to a close, his army slowly began to scatter about the Astral Plane grounds. All soldiers went on in their own directions, ready to go about their daily lives like usual. All except for the usual gaggle of ladies that usually crowded around Corrin. Once more the ladies had flocked together into a single group. But instead of gathering around Corrin, the bunch rounded up from afar, each one of them staring at him with a sense of bewilderment.

"He's different... Right?" Charlotte asked the group.

"No way!" Felicia shot back. "He's the same as always! ... I think...?"

"He looks the same... But there's something off." Hinoka added.

"Yes, its like something about him has changed." Azura opined.

Though neither of the gals could quite put their finger on it, they could all tell that something had happened to their iconic prince. It wasn't physical, as he more or less looked about the same. Rather, it had to do with something about his demeanor. He didn't feel as confident or powerful as he did before, instead he possessed this mellow carefree attitude, almost like that of a woman... Whatever it was, with such a drastic change, all their attraction and adoration towards the man had abruptly eroded, and so the women thought about what it was they were going to do now.

"Excuse me."

Suddenly, their little reunion was interrupted as a shadowy figure literally pushed its way through the middle of the group. The girls staggered back with force from the brutish unprompted assault. Their faces became angered, glares directed at the shadowy figure. However, none dared to raise their voice, for they felt a strange aura coming from this person. A wicked smile came across the hooded figure's face, a surge of pride filling them. It kept walking on towards Corrin completely unimpeded, strutting around like it owned the place. Said figure only stopped once it was standing a few feet away from the prince.

Corrin's eyes bolted wide open. "Rhajat!" He exclaimed with excitement.

Without a single moment of pause, Corrin jumped towards the hooded Rhajat, grasping at her arm and nuzzling it lovingly. Rhajat cackled tauntingly, feeling the women's confused and jealous stares coming towards her. "Come now Corrin. Lady Camilla is waiting for you in our usual spot." Rhajat commanded authoritatively. "And you *don't* want to keep Lady Camilla waiting."

A bright red blush grew across Corrin's cheeks, his pupils forming into lustful pink hearts. "Y-Yes of course!" Corrin responded enthusiastically, arousal dripping from his every word. "Let's leave immediately!"

Rhajat couldn't help but feel an enormous sense of pride at the completely tamed Corrin. From his eyes alone, she could tell he wished to do nothing more than serve her. Without another single word, Rhajat dragged the dreamy eyed man away, while the rest of the girls she so despised watched her in awe, totally powerless to do anything to stop her. Rhajat's dreams had been truly realized. The woman could ask for nothing more than this: To have humiliated her competition and obtained her ultimate prize.

She shivered with excitement as she approached the forest where Camilla was waiting, her dick stirring at the thought of taking Corrin along with her partner Camilla. Unable to keep these feelings to herself, she leaned into Corrin's ears and whispered sweetly.

"I hope you like getting fucked by two dicks at the same time~" Rhajat gently whispered into Corrin's ears, sending shivers down the prince's spine. "Because Camilla and I are planning to break you~"

Corrin could only respond with pants and whimpers, his dick already straining through his pants. He'd have some struggles with women in the past, but it seemed like he'd finally found what he was looking for.