

That Time I Got the Power to Turn Anyone into Anything I Wanted

The paladin's sabatons clacked against the stone tiles of the castle as he surged through the hallway, sword ablaze.

Behind him came the clatter of the rest of his party's feet: the soft steps of Moriko the ranger, the heavy thumps of Kenji the barbarian, and the quiet slaps of Megumi the cleric.

Putting his sword through a demonic guard, Hiro wrenched it free and paused to take stock. Ahead of them loomed a pair of grand metal doors forged in the shape of a scowling gargoyle's face.

"This is it," said Hiro, using his flaming sword like a flashlight to illuminate it. "The Demon King's throne room is just through those doors. Everyone get ready--this is the fight we've spent the last six months preparing for."

His party members nodded and grunted in assent. All except Megumi, who frowned in concern.

"What's wrong?" he asked her.

"What about Shinji?" she asked, voice plaintive. "Shouldn't we try and find him first? What if he's hurt?"

Kenji snorted, his vast muscles rippling. "Let the nerd take care of himself. It's his own fault for running off ahead."

Hiro nodded. "Agreed. It was his own choice to go against my orders and run ahead of the rest of us. Let him suffer the consequences. We certainly can't afford to turn back and look for him *now*."

"What if we need him?" asked Megumi. "A wizard would really help with the final boss!"

Kenji and Moriko laughed. Even Hiro allowed himself a little smile.

"As if," said Moriko, "that worm's been dead weight ever since level 1."

Megumi frowned.

"We can look for Shinji after the battle," said Hiro, putting a gauntleted hand on her shoulder and trying to sound charitable. "In the meantime, we have more important issues to deal with." He gestured to the door ahead.

"Besides," added Moriko, a smirk on her face, "who cares if he gets a little beat up? It's not like you can't heal his sorry ass anyway." She and Kenji laughed.

Megumi scowled. "Moriko, that's not funny--"

Striking the wall with his sword to regain their attention, Hiro pointed at the door. "Enough," he said, "we're going in. Everyone cast your buffs."

Kenji and Moriko stopped laughing and nodded, followed a little belatedly by Megumi. Soon the air rang with the sound of incantations and the jingle of spells. "Stoneskin!" "Haste!" "Death Ward!"

At last, as the chants and flashing of spells died away, Hiro stepped forward. "Ready?" he asked.

His party members nodded.

"Then on the count of three. One, two, ...three!"

With a great cry, he kicked the giant doors open and charged into the throne room, sword raised. His party followed behind him: Kenji roaring like an ape, Moriko nocking an arrow, Megumi with her staff raised, white light shining from its tip.

The Demon King's throne room seemed empty. Mist shrouded its floor, curling around great pillars that stretched like the trunks of an ancient forest to the ceiling. Pale blue torches burned on the walls, the only source of light in the chamber.

Hiro and his party advanced slowly, looking around as they walked. An ambush could come from any angle.

But none came--the throne room seemed to be empty. The only sign of life was an unusual sound: a thick, meaty, rhythmic slapping, like two shanks of ham being slammed repeatedly together.

It was punctured by another sound, one much higher: "Ah... ah... ah..."

Hiro sniffed, frowned. The air stank of sweat.

Through the mist appeared the silhouette of a throne... and two figures, strangely positioned.

"Ah! Ah! Ah!" continued the high-pitched voice. "More... More... *Harder!*"

Hiro scowled in confusion. Raising his sword, he thrust it hard into the air. Its flames flared, and the blade released a wave of light that blasted aside the mist filling the chamber.

As the vapor parted like a pair of curtains, the shape of the throne ahead came into focus. Taking his sword in both hands, Hiro went to charge forward--

--and stopped, eyes wide in shock.

Behind him, Megumi gasped.

Ahead, on the throne, was the most beautiful woman Hiro had ever seen. She was slender yet curvaceous, with breasts and hips so wide he could only stare at them. A part of him--some deep, hidden, long-repressed part--wanted nothing more than to throw himself at her.

But with her pink skin, tails, and horns, there was only one thing she could be...

Biting his lip and forcing himself to focus, he realized she wasn't sitting on the throne itself. Instead, her butt was planted on the crotch of a skinny, brown-haired young man. He was naked, his robes thrown over the throne's back. His face was red, dripping with sweat, and he grinned as the succubus bounced on him.

"Oh, hey guys," said Shinji.

Hiro almost dropped his sword. "Shinji?! What the *fuck* are you doing?!"

"Oh, y'know, just enjoying some casual sex," replied the group's wizard. He groped the demon woman's breast, earning another moan from her.

Hiro's hand tightened on his sword. "You insubordinate pervert! We were worried sick about you. We thought you'd been ambushed and killed! Or worse!"

"Nah," replied the wizard. "I'm doing pretty good overall."

Hiro ignored him. "What the hell were you thinking?!" he continued. "I told you not to run ahead!"

Shinji shrugged. "You were taking too long with those trash mobs by the gate. So I figured I'd go and do some scouting."

"Scouting's supposed to be my job!" said Moriko, stepping forward.

Shinji snorted. "Oh, yeah, sure. Remind me, which one of us can turn invisible and teleport?"

Moriko snarled.

"Frankly," said Shinji, "I could do *all* of your jobs better."

"Enough!" said Hiro. "We can't afford to argue like this. We're in the Demon King's throne room! He could descend on us at any second!"

A wave of renewed fear washed through the party. As one, they raised weapons and prepared spells.

Except for Shinji. On the throne, Shinji laughed, long and harshly.

"What's so funny?" asked Hiro.

But Shinji simply smiled and shook his head and pulled the demoness a little closer. "Talk about failing a perception check."

The demon-lady giggled impishly.

Only then did Hiro notice the crown on her head. His jaw dropped.

Shinji grinned, smugly. "*There* we go," he said. "Someone *finally* rolled high enough to hit the DC."

With a scream of frustration, Hiro tossed his sword aside. "How?!" he cried, striding towards the throne.

"H-Hiro?" asked Megumi, "what's going on?" Her eyes darted between the paladin and the wizard on the throne. "S-Shinji?"

Shinji smirked.

On Shinji's lap, the demon woman stopped bouncing. He gave a grunt and forced himself up, pushing her ass off his crotch with a sound like peeling a sticker.

As Shinji's swollen, dripping member came into full view, Hiro went red. Behind him, Megumi squealed and turned away, while Kenji and Moriko snarled in disgust.

Giggling, thick white fluid dripping from her sex to stain the rich red carpet of the throne room, the demon waited patiently for Shinji to put his robe on, before pouncing him from the side and wrapping her arms around him. The crown on her head sparkled in the torchlight.

Chuckling, Shinji slapped her on the ass. "Go on, tell them who you are."

The deviless smiled and turned to the party. "I'm, like, Shinji's number 1 fucktoy!"

He laughed. "No, no, your *real* name."

"Oh! Well, I think it was, like, Mag'laruff or Maggorath or something really long and scary like that. But everybody just calls me the Demon King." She smiled brainlessly.

"Mag'laroth the Demon King," said Hiro, struggling to speak. He turned to face Shinji. "*How?!?*"

"It was a pretty tough fight," said Hiro. "He was immune to everything I threw at him. ...Until I tried Polymorph." He laughed. "After that, it was pretty easy to strip her wards and put a Charm on her. Isn't that right, my little slut?"

The Demon King giggled and stuck her hands inside his robes. Shinji shivered. "Ooh, ready for round 2?"

Hiro tasted vomit. Beside him, Megumi had her hands over her mouth in shock, looking like she wanted to throw up as well. "You're disgusting," said the paladin.

Shinji shrugged. "And you're a self-righteous ass with a hero complex. ...Which only makes it funnier than I'm the one who saved the world."

"Like hell!" cried Moriko. "If not for us, you wouldn't even have gotten to this castle."

Shinji looked at her and frowned. "Look, I'm going to be honest with you, guys, I haven't needed any of you since, like, level 5. I could have solved every encounter we faced with Summons and Charm spells--it was just easier to sic you dumbfucks on them instead."

Megumi whimpered. "Sh-Shinji, you can't mean that!"

He frowned. "No, you're right, I'm being too harsh. *You* weren't exactly useless, though you spend way more mana healing these idiots than you would just attacking. The rest of you though... You've been treating me like dirt ever since we arrived in this world. You didn't even notice when I started to outclass you."

"You? Outclass *us*?!" Moriko looked like she wanted to shiv him.

"Of course!" replied the wizard, sounding as if he couldn't believe her. "I have phenomenal cosmic power! I wiggle my fingers and bend reality to my will! What do you three have to match that? Muscles? A bow? Oooh, a magic flaming sword. Wow, so special. ...It's literally a 2nd-level spell, you clown."

Kenji snarled, clenching his fist. Moriko scowled and pulled the string of her bow.

Hiro, however, merely chuckled and picked up his sword. "Well, in that case, you won't have any trouble stopping us when we arrest you for--" He chuckled. "--*consorting* with the Demon King, will you?"

"Eh?" said Megumi, looking between the two of them. "W-wait!"

Ignoring her, Hiro took another step forward, accompanied by Kenji and Moriko.

Shinji, however, simply yawned and dropped back into the throne, pulling the Demon King onto his lap again. "Correct," he said. "I won't."

Hiro blinked.

Then his gaze tightened. "Charge!" he cried, raising his sword. Beside him, Kenji and Moriko joined in the cry.

"W-w-wait!" said Megumi. "We can't fight each other! Stop!"

Ignoring her, the three surged forward.

On the throne, Shinji barely moved, simply raised a hand and wiggled his fingers.

A volley of arrows loosed from Moriko's bow splintered against a wall of glimmering blue light a meter from the throne. Less than a second later, a resounding *crack* filled the air as Kenji's heavy axe slammed into the barrier and bounced off it as well.

Raising his flaming sword high, Hiro struck the magical wall with all the force he could muster. The impact made a loud clang, but otherwise it did little more than jar him.

With a cry of frustration, he went in for a second swing.

On the throne, Shinji yawned and wiggled his fingers.

At once, Kenji stopped pounding the wall, his eyes gleaming blue. Whirling around, he dropped his axe and launched himself at Moriko, who barely had time to shout before his great bulk slammed into her. Shinji laughed as the pair went sprawling.

Hiro stared at them for a second, before snarling and slamming his sword into the wall again.

Rolling his eyes, Shinji sighed and snapped his fingers.

Like a bubble, the wall *popped*, the force of it knocking Hiro back a foot. Before he had a chance to recover, Shinji raised a finger, and a bolt of lightning struck the paladin in the chest. Hiro screamed as electricity coursed through him, locking all his muscles in place.

As the lightning died away, Shinji pursed his lips and whistled. With a giggle, the Demon King pounced.

One moment, Hiro was standing there panting, smoke curling off his hair, the next he was on his back on the other side of the room, and something pink and curvy was sitting astride his waist. When he went to shout, a pair of fat breasts slammed into his face and silenced him. Smothered, he released a muffled scream.

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Shinji watched with not a little jealousy as the Demon King crushed Hiro's face into her chest.

Elsewhere, the Charmed Kenji had successfully disarmed Moriko and trapped her in his bulky arms. The ranger struggled, but no matter how hard she tried, she couldn't break free.

Shinji smiled. Which meant the only one left was...

"Shinji, please!" In the center of the throne room, Megumi was on her knees, hands raised pleadingly. "Please, you don't have to do this! We don't have to fight."

“Hey, *I’m* only defending myself,” he said, scowling in annoyance. “*They* were the ones who attacked first.” He paused, a strange expression on his face. “I mean, I think I’m fully justified in executing them, even.”

Megumi’s eyes widened. “Sh-Shinji, you can’t!”

“Relax,” replied the wizard, putting his legs over the arm of the throne. “I’ve got something way more fun in mind.”

He turned his attention back to Hiro and the Demon King. The latter had succeeded in prying off the paladin’s codpiece and was amusing herself with what she found beneath it.

Shinji chuckled. “Well, I’ll leave those two to have fun for a little longer. In the meantime, why don’t I have some fun with you two?” His eyes slid across the room to Kenji, still standing there, eyes glazed and blue, and Moriko who was struggling futilely in his grip. “Kenji,” he said, “come over here.”

Megumi gasped and stepped aside as the Charmed barbarian lumbered past her, carrying Moriko as easily as a toy.

“Let go of me!” cried the ranger, kicking Kenji’s thighs weakly. “Let go!”

Up on his throne, Shinji chuckled. “What’s wrong, Moriko? You were happy to have Kenji hold you before.”

Moriko turned on him with a scowl. “What the fuck are you talking about?”

“Oh please, you think the rest of us didn’t hear you two sneaking off every night since we left Hub Town? *You* might be stealthy, but your fuck buddy here isn’t.”

Moriko flushed. “I--We never.” Her gaze turned to Megumi, who looked away red-faced. “Fuck!”

Shinji laughed. “I used to be so jealous of Kenji for getting to sneak away and pound that fat ass of yours. That was before I learned what a bitch you were, of course. Look at you now,” he said with a laugh. “You’re not exactly behaving like a cool-headed ranger are you? The way Kenji’s holding you, you look more like some kinda fancy onahole.” His eyes lit up. “Actually, that gives me an idea...”

Grinning mischievously, Shinji snapped his fingers.

Megumi and Moriko had no time to speak before a cloud of blue sparkles flew from Shinji’s hand and covered the latter’s body. She struggled and coughed as if it were choking her. “What are you doing? What are you doing to me?!”

In a flash of magical light, Moriko’s clothes came apart and fell from her like a shower of autumn leaves. As her naked body glimmered in the torchlight of the throne room, Moriko shrieked. Megumi gasped. Shinji chuckled.

“Stop it!” cried the ranger. “You fucking pervert! Stop! Sto--!” Her cry caught in her throat. Something was happening to her body.

Slowly, almost imperceptibly, Moriko’s skin changed color, going from the pale pink of flesh to a deep green like the canopy of a forest. Her eyes widened as she watched. She released a series of stuttered gasps.

Like a layer of lichen growing on a log, the moss spread from her chest and outward, covering her from head to toe and from navel to the very tips of her fingers.

Moriko’s struggling grew slower. She still shook and kicked, but it had lost a lot of its energy. Soon her limbs had stopped moving entirely--only her mouth continued, opening and closing wordlessly. Soon enough, it closed and stayed still too.

At the ends of her limbs, Moriko’s fingers shriveled, collapsing into her hands. Her hands, in turn, sank into her wrists, and no sooner had they vanished than her arms started to roll up into her torso. Down below, her legs followed suit with speed. In a matter of seconds, she was limbless.

As her thighs collapsed, leaving only a pair of round nubs where her legs had started, Moriko’s green skin changed its texture, becoming glossy, plastic, *translucent*. Revealed inside her was nothing more than a tunnel running from her mouth to her vagina.

For several seconds, nothing else seemed to happen. Moriko simply sat there in Kenji’s arms, shivering.

At last, her eyes rolled back in her sockets, and her tongue lolled from her mouth in an expression of orgasm. In an instant, she shrank to barely a tenth of her former size.

With that, the sparkles faded and the transformation was over.

On the throne, Shinji laughed. “Much better.”

Down on the ground, Megumi had covered her mouth in horror. “Wh-what have you done to her?!”

Shinji snorted. “Oh, of course *you* wouldn’t know what she is now.” He chuckled. “Kenji, why don’t you show her what your new ona’s for?”

Kenji grunted.

And as Megumi watched in shock, he ripped off his loincloth.

The cleric gasped and recoiled as if about to faint. Her eyes bulged in their sockets. “S-s-so b--”

Holding his new onahole in one hand, Kenji lifted his erect cock with the other...

...before slamming the rubber Moriko hard onto his shaft.

A grunt escaped his lips. A gasp escaped Megumi's. Moriko, meanwhile, produced nothing more than a squeak. Kenji's swollen cock protruded from her mouth, its girth stretching her wide.

Up on the throne, Shinji laughed.

As Megumi stared, trembling in horror, Kenji squeezed Moriko tight and started to pump her up and down his cock, thrusting his bulging shaft in and out of her, in and out, without the slightest hint of mercy. Up, down. In, out. Up, down. In, out. With every pump and thrust, the onahole shuddered and produced a little squeak.

"Faster," said Shinji. "Come on, hurry up."

With a mindless grunt, Kenji pumped harder. *Squeaksqueaksqueaksqueaksqueak!*

As he worked his cock, the barbarian's face reddened, his breathing deepened, and his pace faltered. Drawing in a breath, he released a loud grunt. His hips bucked.

Megumi squealed and leaped back as a thick stream of semen burst from the tip of Kenji's cock, landing barely a foot from her position. Clutching her staff like a comfort blanket, she could only stare at Moriko and the semen dripping from her mouth.

"Get the idea?" said Shinji, snapping to attract her attention. "Now, why don't we see what Kenji thinks of his fucktoy's new form?"

He snapped his fingers.

Instantly, the blue glaze vanished from Kenji's eyes. He drew in a breath, shuddered, stumbled back a step. His eyes were locked on the sex toy on his cock.

Pulling it off, he held it up and squeezed it. Semen spurted from the former ranger's mouth.

The barbarian's face was already red with exertion, but Megumi could have sworn it reddened even more. With a scream of utter rage, he snatched up his fallen axe and charged at Shinji.

He got three steps before he hit the bars of a Forcecage. Screaming, he struck them futilely.

"Yeah, yeah, swing all you like," said Shinji. "It doesn't matter how strong or how angry you are, you can't break a cage of pure magical force just by hitting it."

Kenji ignored him, swinging harder.

"Ugh," said the wizard, "your screaming always got on my nerves. Calm Emotions!" He wiggled his fingers.

Sparkles appeared around Kenji's head. He stopped striking the cage and stared at Shinji sullenly.

"Much better," said the wizard. "Now, what should *your* punishment be? Any suggestions, Megumi?"

Megumi looked at him and gaped. "I-I-I, Shinji, you--"

Shinji rolled his eyes. "Nevermind." Turning his gaze back to Kenji, he took in the sight of him and smiled. "You know," he said, "you've always reminded me of a minotaur, Kenji. I don't know whether it's your size or your smell, but that was the first thing I thought when I met you."

"So you're going to turn me into a minotaur?" said Kenji, sullenly.

"Not *quite*," said Shinji, with a mischievous smile. He snapped.

At once, a fresh wave of sparkles flew from his fingers, slipped through the bars of the cage, and washed over the barbarian's form. Kenji swiped at them feebly, as if trying to swat a cloud of flies, but Shinji's Calm Emotions stifled his resistance.

Slowly, the barbarian started to shrink.

As Megumi stared and Shinji chuckled, Kenji's muscles deflated, losing all their size in a handful of moments. In seconds, he was as scrawny as Shinji himself, but the transformation wasn't over. All of a sudden, he started to grow again.

The growth was concentrated in the barbarian's hips and thighs, which pulsed once, twice, then bloated, swelling and curving with a layer of fresh fat. Kenji squealed as they tightened on his cock, trapping it in a particularly squishy vice.

Speaking of his manhood, it was shrinking like his muscles before it, losing a little length and girth with every second that passed. One moment it was a respectable twelve inches, then a still impressive eight, an average five, a less than impressive three, and finally a microscopic one. He clasped at it in horror--

--and found nothing. His cock was gone, vanished inside him. In its place was a little more than a slit with a budding clit and a pair of puffy lips.

Kenji could only gape as his new pussy dripped.

Now that his sex had changed, the rest of his transformation accelerated. In a span of seconds, his hair lengthened and his facial features smoothed, his jaw losing all of its rigid definition. Soon enough, he was actually *pretty*.

As his face finished changing, his chest started to pulse. Groaning and gasping, Kenji hugged himself tight, but even his old muscles couldn't have restrained what was coming.

For several seconds, he simply stood there shuddering and whimpering. A pair of big ears, white with black splotches, poked through his hair, accompanied by a small pair of horns. At the same time, a long, tufted tail sprouted from his coccyx, flicking with every judder of his body.

Kenji's face had turned a deep red. He was biting his lip, his eyes screwed up in pain. Something was growing beneath his arms, and if you looked close, you could see the fat spilling through them.

In the end, it grew too much for him to handle.

With a resounding 'Moo!', Kenji dropped his arms, and her new breasts, each twice the size of her head with nipples big and hard and *leaky* as taps, burst jiggling into the world. Their sheer weight dragged her screaming to the ground, where she landed with an 'oof' on her own swollen chest and lay there, mooing plaintively and lactating. Soon, a small puddle had formed around her breasts.

On his throne, Shinji burst into laughter. "Perfect," he said, wiping a tear from his eye, "one big, milky holstaur. I can't imagine a better form for you, Kenji."

"You... fucker!" said the barbarian, her voice as high as any woman's.

"Ugh, I've heard enough from you," said Shinji. "Feeblemind."

Kenji's eyes glazed. Her jaw dropped, and drool seeped from her mouth. "Moo..." said the ex-barbarian. "Moo..."

Megumi could only stare at her, shivering.

"Much better." said Shinji, "Mmm~, just look at those fat milkers of yours. I can't wait to get my cock between them." He stood, threw off his robe, and dismissed the Forcecage with a snap. Kenji whimpered as he approached her.

From nearby came a cry of utter ecstasy.

"Oh?" said Shinji, pausing mid-stride. As one, he and Megumi turned to look.

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On the other side of the chamber, Hiro lay naked and sweating, struggling to make his limbs move. He had to resist. He *had* to. He was a holy paladin--he couldn't let himself be defeated like *this*.

And yet...

"Mmm~, yummy~,," said the Demon King, coming up for air. A second later, she dove back down again, wrapping her lips--her perfect lips--around his cock. Hiro squealed.

Oh God...!

As the Demon King continued to suck him, her serpentine tongue coiling around the throbbing length of his shaft, Hiro heard a familiar laugh over the sound of her sucking.

“Well, well, well,” said Shinji, looming over him. “I can see you didn’t take an oath of *chastity*.”

Hiro went to reply, but the only thing that came out was a moan.

Shinji chuckled. “Tell you what,” he said, “I’ll call her off, if you like. All you have to do is ask me nicely.”

Hiro stared at him, feeling a fresh bead of sweat dripping down his brow. All he had to do was ask...?

He opened his lips to scream assent, to beg Shinji to call his demon off of him. The second he went to speak, however, the Demon King squeezed his balls, sending a fresh jolt of pleasure coursing through his body. Hiro squealed as he emptied a fresh load in her mouth. It was the fifth time he’d cum so far.

Shinji chuckled. “Well, that answers that,” he said. “Don’t be sad, Hiro. There aren’t many men who could resist the attention of a succubus. They *are* the best fucks in the world, of course.” He smirked. “Of course, there are some side effects to fucking them *too* much. How many times has she made you cum already, Hiro? Three times? Four? Keep it up, and you should be seeing some of them soon.”

Hiro could only whimper.

“In fact,” said Shinji, smile widening, “I think that’s the first of them now...” His eyes settled on Hiro’s groin.

Hiro followed his gaze, and his own eyes widened at what he saw: there, just about his cock, was a glistening pink tattoo in the style of a heart. A strange heat emanated from it, filling Hiro’s body. It welled up inside his cock and inflated it like a balloon, making him gasp at how hard it felt.

“How much do you know about succubi?” asked Shinji, almost casually. “Not much, I expect. I imagine that chapter of the paladin book was a little too saucy for someone as straight-laced as you, huh, Hiro? Well, don’t worry, I promise you’ll enjoy what comes next.” He laughed. “Queenie? Give him the works.”

With a giggle, the Demon King snapped to attention, lifting herself up and spreading her legs wide so that the puffed-up lips of her pussy hovered right above Hiro’s painfully erect cock. Her sex dripped, lacquering his penis. This alone was enough to make him moan.

Slowly, painfully slowly, the succubus lowered herself till the tip of his penis was right at the lips of her pussy. He drew in breath, gasped, whimpered.

Then the Demon King gave a final laugh and dropped.

Hiro screamed. He'd thought the feeling of her lips was the greatest pleasure he would ever experience, but it was nothing, *nothing* compared to the feeling of her pussy. If squeezed his cock perfectly, as if it had been designed for him. The tightness, the warmth, the wetness--it was perfect.

Then the demon started to buck, shattering his world afresh.

As Shinji and Megumi stood over him, the former laughing, the latter gasping in concern, Hiro shuddered and writhed beneath the succubus's bucking form. Each slap of her thighs into his own sent a jolt of pleasure so strong it almost hurt screaming through his cock. It felt so good--so impossibly good.

Throwing back his head, Hiro screamed and started to thrust. Shinji's laughter rang in his ears, but he ignored it, thrusting harder. In the moment, it felt as if his entire being were concentrated in his cock.

With every buck of his hips and every clap of his thighs into the Demon King's own, a fresh wave of pleasure rolled through Hiro's form, leaving him moaning in delight. The air stank of sex: sweat and semen.

Finally, with a great scream, Hiro came. He didn't stop pumping though--*couldn't* stop. Even as his semen came dripping out of the Demon King's pussy, he simply carried on thrusting and thrusting. He was so focused that he barely noticed his own changing body.

As he slammed his cock into the succubus's dripping sex, again and again, Hiro's skin turned a pale shade of red. The color spread from the tattoo by his groin, coating his body in a matter of seconds. With every pump he gave, it grew just that little bit darker.

A moment later, he came again, and as his scream filled the hall, his body rippled like gelatin. Something poked through his hair, which was losing its color, whitening. Beneath him, meanwhile, he felt his coccyx tingle.

Still he carried on thrusting.

Less than a minute later, his pleasure reached a fresh peak, and he came yet again. The tingling atop his skull intensified, as did the strange feeling in his tailbone. Out of the corner of his eye, he saw something flicking beside him, something thin and long and heart-tipped.

Still he carried on thrusting.

As he came for the eighth time in as many minutes, a fresh wave of tingling spread across his body. All of a sudden, the world seemed slightly larger. When he looked down, he saw

not his toned, muscular body, but a smaller, lither, redder one. Even his nipples were beginning to rise, pushed up by the swelling breasts beneath them.

And *still* he carried on thrusting.

Thrusting and thrusting and thrusting, until--

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As Hiro orgasmed yet again, Shinji smiled and stepped forward, tapping the Demon King's shoulder. "Get off him for a second," he said. "I want to get a look at him."

Giggling, the Demon King obliged. Semen dripped from her sex as she hopped off the paladin's cock.

Hiro himself was barely recognizable. There were a few similarities between the paladin and the creature panting on the floor--hair length, eye color, etc--but for the most part they couldn't be more different.

Where minutes ago had been a muscular man, there now lay a panting, sweating succubus, red-skinned, devil-horned and -tailed. She looked almost identical to the Demon King herself.

Though there was one *big* difference between them.

"Ooh," moaned Hiro, stroking her throbbing cock.

Shinji laughed louder than he had at anything else so far. "Wow, you've really fallen, Hiro. From self-righteous paladin to cock-sucking succubus. ...I have to say, it's a big improvement."

The new succubus moaned.

"What's wrong?" said Shinji, stepping forward. "Aww, are you horny?" He laughed. "You should get used to it, because the feeling's never going to go away."

Hiro looked up at him, eyes quivering. Her mouth opened and closed, opened and closed. She released an airy moan. "Sh-Shinji," she said, pawing at his robes. Her eyes were locked on his crotch, large and hungry.

Shinji laughed. "Well, if that's what you want..." he said, reaching for his belt.

"Shinji!"

The wizard turned to see Megumi standing behind him, staff raised and glistening with holy magic, tears streaming from her eyes. "Turn him back! Now!"

Shinji studied her for a second. "You know," he said, "I was going to spare you, Megumi."

She shivered. “J-just turn him back!” she said, thrusting her staff at him.

Ignoring her, Shinji turned back to Hiro. “What do you think, Hiro? You’re supposed to be our leader, right? So why don’t you decide how to handle this situation?” He stepped aside, giving Hiro a good view of Megumi.

The second the succubus caught sight of the cleric, her eyes widened, and her cock trembled. Precum spurted from its tip, splattering the carpet. With a great moan, the succubus flipped onto her front and crawled towards Megumi, cock dragging against the ground.

“H-Hiro?” said the cleric, backing away, eyes wide. “Hiro, what are you--? St-stay back! Stay back--!” She screamed as Hiro pounced her, pinning her to the ground.

Shinji watched, lips curled in a smug grin, as the succubus tore away Megumi’s robes as if they were made of paper, tossing the scraps aside with casual ease. Ripping away the cleric’s top, Hiro crooned at the sight of her exposed nipples, before moving down and tearing away her pants.

Shinji laughed at the sight of the cleric’s cross-patterned panties.

Hiro, on the other hand, moaned in desire. Sticking her head between Megumi’s legs, she gripped the cleric’s panties in her teeth and snapped back her head, ripping them away in a single sharp motion. Megumi squealed as the cool air hit her pussy.

Drooling from lips and cock both, Hiro leaned over the trembling, wild-eyed cleric with a look of utter hunger. If there was anything left of the former paladin inside her, it wasn’t visible in her expression. “M-Megumi,” she said, serpent’s tongue flickering.

Megumi shivered. “Sh-Shinji, p-please, call him off! Call him off!” Her voice broke as she wailed. The succubus’s cock was barely an inch away from entering her.

“Hmm,” said Shinji, “you’re right. I suppose this *is* a little cruel.” He snapped his fingers. “Hey, Hiro. Go fuck Milky over there.” He jabbed his thumb in the direction of Kenji.

With a moan of delight, Hiro bounded across the room. Soon the sound of tits against cock sounded through the chamber, accompanied by a pleased moaning.

Megumi, meanwhile, burst into tears. “Th-thank you, thank you, thank you,” she said, covering her chest.

Shinji shrugged. “Eh, I just wanted you as a virgin.”

Before Megumi could process what he’d said, the wizard snapped again. A fresh wave of sparkles washed over her body.

The cleric squealed as they melted away what little remained of her clothes, leaving her lying there naked and exposed. A second later, her body spasmed. She screamed as she found herself forced to sit upright, her legs wrenched wide, her arms raised as if to hug someone.

“Shinji! Shinji, don’t--Mmmphf!”

Shinji laughed as the cleric’s mouth opened wide and stuck that way, lips pursed as if to give someone a big kiss. She still shuddered and squealed, but she could no longer speak.

As he watched, the bulge in his pants twitching, the cleric’s body pulsed and bloated, her cute little breasts swelling into a pair of fat spheres, while her asscheeks grew into a pair of plump cushions.

And that wasn’t all. Her lips were puffing up as well, becoming thicker, plumper, perfect for sucking cocks. Looking down at them, she produced a muffled moan.

Down below, her *other* lips were also expanding, swelling into a big, fat ‘O’ that encircled her pussy. The sight of its lacquered mouth made Shinji’s cock twitch.

Slowly, the cleric stopped shaking. She gave one final feeble moan, and her voice died away. As she sat there, stilled, silenced, a wave of something like varnish spread across her form, leaving her smooth and plasticky. At the ends of her limbs, it fused her fingers and toes--when it passed her face, it replaced her panicked expression with a cartoonishly happy one. Her lips--upper and lower--puffed up even further as well, becoming fatter, plumper, rounder.

As the sparkles slowly faded, a series of lines spread all across her form, along the sides of her limbs, in ‘X’s over her breasts, and so on.

The final change afflicted her belly button, which inverted and swelled into a big, plastic cap--the kind you might see on an inflatable.

With that, the transformation was over.

Strolling across the room, cock threatening to punch a hole in his pants, Shinji stooped and picked up the sex doll by the arm. It felt as light as any other balloon.

Retreating to the throne, Shinji took a seat and threw open his robe, exposing the throbbing spire of his cock. With a few muttered words, he cast an enhancement, causing his manhood to double in size in an instant. Its swollen length, riddled with veins, pulsed with virility.

Grinning, he licked his lips and held the sex doll poised over him.

Just as he was about to drop it, a thought occurred to him. With a smirk, he wiggled his fingers and cast ‘Detect Thoughts’.

Megumi's voice sounded in his mind, vaguely fuzzy, like an ill-tuned radio. *Shinji! Shinji!* she whimpered. *P-please, please don't do this! Turn me back! Turn me baack! As* he listened, her thoughts devolved into wordless pleas.

Satisfied, he raised her high...

...before slamming her down onto his cock as hard as he could manage.

Aiiii! Megumi's scream sounded in his head, so loud that he almost winced. Only the tightness of her artificial pussy kept him on course: gripping her pumped chest hard, he lifted her up and started to pump her like the sex toy she was. The rhythmic drumbeat of flesh against plastic filled the throne room, joining the existing beat of Kenji's tits slapping Hiro's cock.

For the next few minutes, Shinji simply sat there and pumped her, up and down, up and down, as if she were any normal sex doll. Each crash of his cock into her tight plastic pussy sent a fresh wave of pleasure coursing down his shaft, making him sweat and shiver in the Demon King's chair. Soon, he was red with the feeling of it.

Each crash was further accompanied by a fresh squeal of pleasure from Megumi. He'd made sure her new form was as erogenous as possible, so every thrust of his cock was like a miniature orgasm for her. Soon her screams of shock and panic died away, replaced by the mindless moaning of a whore in the act.

Shinji laughed, despite himself. "Enjoying it?" he asked, squeezing one of her fat, plastic nipples.

Her only response was an intense squeal.

With a chuckle, Shinji went back to pumping.

Up, down. Up, down. *Slap! Slap! Slap! Slap!* With every thrust, the tension in Shinji's cock grew just that little bit stronger. There was a richness to this experience that no succubus could emulate--he'd wanted to plug Megumi's tight virgin holes ever since they'd first met--and it was making him harder than he'd ever been before.

Slap! Slap! Slap! Slap! He gasped, sweating dripping from his brow. He was so close it almost hurt. The tension in his cock was a little bomb, just waiting to explode--

--and then it did.

"Ah!" Shinji cried out as a blast of orgasmic ecstasy shook his form and made him shiver in his chair.

Ai! Megumi squealed as well as his issue filled her insides, kicking her off the edge of her own cliff of pleasure. Her thoughts became a stream of mindless burbles.

As the former cleric whimpered in his head, Shinji sighed and pulled her off his cock, enjoying the sticky sound of her pussy peeling off his penis and the *drip-drip* of his cum leaking from her snatch.

Using her mouth to clean the worst of the mess off his cock, he stood and stretched, enjoying the feeling of it.

A cry of delight sounded from nearby, and Shinji turned to see Kenji quaking as the Demon King suckled on her nipples. Elsewhere, Hiro had found Moriko's discarded form and was pumping it with as much vigor as she'd previously reserved for smiting.

With a chuckle, Shinji tossed Megumi over to her, before returning to his throne, resting his chin in his hand, and losing himself in thought.

Now that the Demon King and the rest of the Heroes were out of the way, there was no one even close to his level, let alone actually capable of fighting him. If he wanted to, he could take over the whole New World. It wouldn't even be difficult. All he had to do was throw a few Charms at the right people. Maybe Scry-and-Die a few mid-level wizards. He could even make some Simulacra to lighten the workload.

With the power at his command, he could have the whole New World under his thumb in... oh, maybe six or so weeks. The thought made his cock twitch.

What should he do first? Perhaps he'd put together a harem of the highest level characters in the world, all Polymorphed and Charmed into being her perfect sex slaves. Oh, and once he'd done that, he could replace all those old, fusty priests with his own brainwashed cocksluts--soon enough he'd have the whole populace worshipping *him*.

Sitting back, he rubbed his hands together and smirked.

Oh, he was going to have so much fun.