

As the moon rested atop the starry night sky, yet another quiet night developed Castle Crasmere. Thunder bellowed in the distance, a sign of either a passing storm or a storm to come. All the castle's servants worked tirelessly at their tasks, and all the king's soldiers guarded castle's walls as usual. The west tower specially was protected with care, for that is where the kingdom's hero and legendary warrior, Orstedd the Brave, settled after a long day of battling the dark lord's minions. Every floor had a group of guards watching over its dimly lit passages, only a few torches serving their mode of illumination. And though the guards were very serious about their task, thanks to kingdom's peaceful state and the many previous uneventful nights, they were not on alert. To them, tonight was no different from any other night. The sounds of footsteps were nothing more than the wind, the moving shadows merely a symptom of their tired eyes.

But to Malroth, this was the excellent opportunity to realize his plan. The Dark Warlock Malroth the Wicked slipped through the shadows of the west tower fully undetected, slowly slithering all the way up the stairs like a sneaking snake crawls up to its prey. His thin lithe body let him move as swiftly as the eastern winds, and his short frame let him squeeze through the tiniest of cracks and crevices. And though one might think that he was weak due to his compact appearance, he was anything but. Malroth's magical skills were unparalleled. He had mastered all types of magic, from the most basic fire spells to cryptic forbidden dark magics. And even in one-to-one combat, he could keep up thanks to a mix of magical enhancement spells and his own speed.

Malroth quickly hid between a crevice in the wall, waiting for some guards to pass through. As expected, the guards suspected nothing, too embroiled in a friendly conversation to notice the odd details in the dark. Fools. Malroth wiped his shoulder length hair off his face, colored purple after many years of magical experimentation. A similar purple short stubble clung to his chin as well. His unkempt appearance contributed to his reputation of wickedness and evil, though beneath all of that he had the cute rounded face of a soft boy.

When the guard's torches no longer shone the floor before Malroth, the warlock continued his trek upwards. Within his hand he held the magical Blade of Transfusions firmly, moving from shadow to shadow with swiftness and a determined expression. After all this time, he was ready to have his revenge on that wretched prince Orstedd. His blood boiled at the mere thought of that horrible man. It wasn't long ago that their families had gone into war, fighting over dominion of the kingdom. Battle after battle they'd fought, but no matter how hard he tried, Malroth could never gain the upper hand. The struggle had been so fierce that it had even taken his father's life, destabilizing the control of Malroth's family and taking away his chances of being the kingdom's rightful ruler. How utterly unfair...

Soon, Malroth reached the final floor of the tower. There, illuminated by two torches, was a large blue door bearing Orstedd's family crest, completely unguarded and ripe for the taking. Malroth's mouth formed into a sly crooked smile. Heh, too easy. Even after all he'd been through, Malroth was never one to give up. He might have been unable to defeat Orstedd before, but now thanks to the Blade of Transfusion he held in his hands, he could transfer all of Orstedd's strength onto himself, making him the strongest man in all of the kingdom. After Orstedd fell, no one would be able to stop Malroth the Wicked for taking over as the greatest ruler in all of the land. He'd make his family name proud, even if it was the last thing he did!

Saddling up to the entrance and quietly opening the door, Malroth slid into the room without any problem. Inside, he found himself in a well-lit corridor leading up to the prince's darkened bedroom.

Malroth confidently sneaked deeper inside, clinging close to the wall and stepping forward with total silence. It was as if he wasn't even there. Malroth was moving with such expertise even someone who was looking right at him wouldn't be able to detect him.

Then, as he finally passed through the hallway and into the room, Malroth was met with a tall obscure figure. His smirk curled upwards. Bingo. Malroth acted quickly, not a second to lose. Without even the slightest second thought, he stabbed the figure straight through the midsection, letting the magical blade easily slice through Orstedd's innards. Malroth had expected it to be a bit harder, considering Orstedd was toned and very muscular. But it seems like the element of surprise was more than enough for him to catch Orstedd off guard, a gift Malroth would happily reap all the benefits from.

"Guh!" The figure cried out, as the sudden pain registered their system.

Without skipping a beat, Malroth performed the magical gestures and shouted the magical incantation that would activate the sword.

"CLASSIS VERTO!"

The spell chanted out, Malroth's sword started to disintegrate into magical glitter, as the essence of the two souls began the process of swapping. Malroth held his stomach with an evil grin. He could feel it! The warmth spreading through his system... All of Orstedd's strength would soon be his! He felt so powerful! So alive! He needed to see the expression on Orstedd's face now! He needed to see how his nemesis would react to his ultimate defeat. That face of dread and terror would be burned into Malroth's mind forever.

Malroth stepped closer to the figure, letting his eyes adjust to the darkness in order to see-! A... A woman? Instead of finding his rival Orstedd with a giant magical sword cleaved through his stomach as he expected, Malroth saw a naked buxom beauty with long blond flowing hair, large perky breasts, and killer thighs take his place. Malroth was completely perplexed. Why was there a woman in Orstedd's room? Well... Thinking about it, despite being a noble hero, Orstedd was also known to be quite the philanderer, so it was not out of the ordinary that Malroth would find such an attractive lass wandering about. He was just so focused on exacting his revenge that he didn't even consider the possibility that he could attack the wrong target.

The woman on her end was as confused, if not more, than Malroth, given that there was currently a disintegrating sword lodged in her pert body. And looking more closely, this was no regular woman either. This was the beautiful noble princess Tatiana, descendant of the Barbarian Ulster, one of the 10 legends that helped the Hero of Old in his fight against the demon lord. Tatiana's blood carried immensely powerful strength that came at the cost of lower intelligence. And though a life of nobility had dulled the strength in Tatiana's bloodline, she was as slow and vapid as any in her lineage before her. In fact, Tatiana was thought to be the dumbest member of the Ulster family to date.

"*Like owie!*" Tatiana pouted as she poked the sword stabbing her inquisitively. "*Why is this thingie stuck in me?*"

A frightened gasp left Malroth's lips. He had missed his intended victim yes, but it was much worse than that. When activated, the Blade of Transfusion would swap all of the abilities and powers between two targets, which meant that since all Tatiana had for herself was a feeble mind and a hot body, Malroth

would become nothing more than a stupid horny bimbo while all of his magical prowess would transfer onto her.

“You bitch!” He shouted angrily, realizing what was about to occur.

How irksome. Thanks to this simple mistake, Malroth was on track to becoming a dull headed wench. If such a thing were to happen, it would be utterly disastrous. Malroth would bring such shame to his family name that even death would be a preferable alternative. But really, there was nothing to worry about. This was just a simple setback. The reversal spell was very easy to cast. All he had actually lost was a bit of time.

“VERTO E CONVER-” Malroth choked up. “VERTO E CONVE- CONVE- CON-! VERTE CONVE-! -!-!”

What the hell was that? Placing his hands on his head and closing his eyes, Malroth tried his hardest to recall the words. Why couldn't he remember the rest of the reversal spell? He was Malroth the Wicked! The greatest Dark Warlock of all time! Never in his entire life had he forgotten a single spell. Yet no matter how hard he tried, he simply couldn't remember this one. How could such a thing happen?

Without warning, Malroth's hair then began to slowly grow out longer. Malroth grabbed the extending hair with panic, feeling the locks becoming thicker in his palms. By the gods-! The changes were already manifesting! And it seemed like he'd thoroughly underestimated Tatiana's stupidity, for just a few seconds of transfer and he was already starting to lose his intelligence. Feeling an intense sensation of dread fill his body, Malroth closed his eyes and massaged his temple, concentrating harder than he'd ever concentrated before in order to remember the spell. If he didn't recall the incantation right this moment, he would succumb to a horrid fate. Malroth's hands trembled. For the first time in his life, he felt fear. He thought of the words to recite over and over in his mind, but the coming mental fog he felt affecting his brain told him that he might have been too late.

Malroth's slight stubble started to slowly recede from face, leaving his chin as smooth as a baby's. His facial structure shifted, becoming more rounded and puffier rather than his signature sickly thin. Malroth's lips plumped up outwards, becoming twice as thick and beefy as they once were, and his eyelashes lengthened and became stylized. The purple coloration in Malroth's hair rapidly lightened into a bright blonde color that began to overtake his entire butt-length hair, until only the only thing that was left purple were his highlights. In a matter of seconds, Malroth's mean rogue-like face was prettified and morphed to that of a prim and pretty princess, almost identical to Tatiana's.

The changes didn't stop there though. Before long, the rest of Malroth's body was being affected by his swapping spell. His shoulders narrowed, arms becoming slimmer and frame becoming smaller and rounded. His nipples puffed up and pushed against his bare robe, growing as sensitive as those found on female breasts. Malroth's butt and thighs ballooned outwards uncontrollably, both cheeks filling up with supple meat beautifully soft and tender. Finally, his balls exploded in size, new virile sperm expanding the size of his plump and smooth sack each nut was almost as large as Tatiana's breasts. Soon, Malroth had gone from weakly skinny man to a bombastic pear-shaped goddess that could easily be seen roaming the streets of the capital at night in search of a good time.

By this point, Malroth realized that he could no longer afford to waste any more time. With his changes progressing so thoroughly, it would not be long before his mental degeneration reached its peak state. If he wanted to do something, he had to do it now.

“VERTO E CONVIRTE- CONVERTO- VERTI-!” Malroth shouted words out randomly, hoping that one of them would prevent his transformation. “VERTOooooohhh- Verdeee- Va- Va- Va-! Vase! Baby! B-Big?”

Malroth’s hands darted up to his head, a thick fog covering up his mind. Not only was he forgetting the incantation of spells, now he was having a hard time even thinking up complicated words.

“Owwwww... My head feels like super hurty!” Malroth’s hands quickly darted to cover his mouth in surprise. “Why the heck do I sound so unint- unon- unti- so super not smarts!?!”

Once his transformation was finished, Malroth looked like a stranger in his own clothes. His butt pushed out of his robe like he was trying to sneak a foreign object through security. And his acutely feminine look clashed with the sketchy rough appearance of his green tattered mage robe.

“Oh. My. God.” Tatiana’s eyes widened with glee as she observed the newly transformed that looked like her identical twin. “I’ve like always wanted a sister!!!” Without any warning, she jumped towards Malroth and embraced the feminized boy with a warm tight hug. “We’re gonna be like- the bestest friends evar~!!!”

On his end, Malroth wasn’t as enthused as Tatiana. “Like-! Let go of me you stupid bimbo!” He tried to struggle away from her grip. Though he was unsuccessful, finding his new physical strength to be much weaker than it was before. “Its your fault I became like this, you deplo- depol- dapi-! You stupid bitch!”

His words didn’t enter Tatiana’s tiny head though, as the girl continued to hug her new sister with all of her love. And she would have kept on hugging him for a very long time to come, had she not felt some strange sensations coming from her body.

“Oooooohhhh~” She cried, finally letting go of Malroth. “I also feel like- super tingly and stuff! Am I gonna transform too?!”

The answer to that question would be answered very quickly, for Tatiana began to undergo her part of the swap. Her frame skimmed up a bit, body losing a bit of height and muscle. And the ends of her hair gained Malroth’s unnatural purple color. But besides that, Tatiana was physically unchanged. No, what really changed was something inside her. Though Tatiana’s mind remained as slow and dull as it was before, it was rapidly being filled with all sorts of magical knowledge. Her eyes lit up, hundreds upon thousands of spells seeping into her consciousness. She didn’t quite understand how it worked, but she could feel the ability to perform magic at her fingertips.

Tatiana looked down at her new self and gasped. She pulled her hand up and snapped her fingers, summoning a tiny ember of flames to her hands. “Oh my god! I can, like-! Do magic and stuff! That’s totally cool!”

Deciding to further test her abilities, Tatiana began to wag her fingers down towards herself. Magical auras started surrounding her body. A burst of this energy centralized over her chest, forming into a dark pink minishirt so small that it left her stomach and shoulders completely bare, with her two huge breasts bulging through the tiny clothe. The wave of magic then traveled down towards her crotch area, wrapping around her legs in a fantastical flash as it transformed into a tiny set of tight fitting dark pink panties. The panties hugged her body so hard it formed a blunt camel toe in her nether region. Then, with one last blast of energy around her feet, a set of dark platform heels formed underneath her toes, swirling all the way up to her calves along with a cute silky set of dark green socks.

*"Wow! That is like super duper amazing!"* Tatiana cheered. Now that she had such amazing powers, she'd never have to worry about clothes shopping again! Although, that was still pretty fun, so she could continue to do it. Malroth stood there, stunned at Tatiana's mastery of his magic. To see a bimbo as dull as her performing spells so proficiently, it only served to really put into perspective the reality of his situation.

Satisfied with her outfit, Tatiana moved on to showing her new sister more affection. But there was something totally wrong in plain sight. His outfit was awful! That just wouldn't do. As her sister, Mally could only wear the prettiest of outfits. And Tatiana knew exactly what to give him~ Swishing her hands lightly, a sprite of magic began to twirl around Malroth's body. The fabric on the dark green robe he bore slowly started to disintegrate, exposing his new body to the cold night air. On his chest, a tiny green minishirt formed, just like the one Tatiana had except it was adjusted to his flat bust. Down on his waist, his underwear shrank to a tiny set of dark green panties, clinging so tightly to his body that the bulge of his massive balls was clearly visible. Finally, his shoes turned into dark platform heels that wrapped up to his calves, while his socks became a silky dark pink that was soft to the touch. As for the rest of his robe, it disappeared into the ether, never to see again. For this set of slutwear that Malroth was bearing was all that he'd ever need.

This demonstration only served to further enrage Malroth. *"You stupid bitch! You like- Totally stole my magic and smarts!"*

Before Malroth could angrily pounce at Tatiana though, he was interrupted by a sudden manly voice.

*"Ughh... Why are you being so loud?"*

In that moment, Orstedd the Brave, the kingdom's sole heir and Malroth's archnemesis, entered the room with a groggy demeanor. Malroth jumped up in surprise, quickly assuming a defensive stance.

*"Orsty the Brave!"* He pronounced proudly. *"You like, might have outs- outma- outy- like, beat me and stuff. But I, Mally the Wicked, will-!"* Suddenly, Malroth's eyes drifted over to Orstedd's body, finally noticing that he was buck naked with his large hero dick flopping down his crotch.

A wild vibrant blush formed on Malroth's face, all his confidence turning into embarrassment. *"Oh my god-! Why are you like, naked and stuff?!?"*

Orstedd looked at the scantily clad lady(?) screaming at him with a raised eyebrow. *"Uhhh... Because this is my room and I was just having sex?"* Orstedd shook his head, dismissing the question in the first place. *"Wait no-! Why the hell are you in my room? Who are you?"*

Malroth's face was as hot as his strongest fire spells. With such a toned mountain of naked muscle staring him right in the face, he couldn't even muster the courage to look at Orstedd directly. *"I-I-I j-just like, t-t-told you i-idiot... I-I'm M-Mally the Wicked..."*

That didn't clear things up for Orstedd though. He didn't know any 'Mally's that might have wanted to sneak into his room at such hours. Although this girl, she did seem kind of familiar... The purple highlights, the demure frame, and that angry combative attitude... And that title...

*"Malroth, is that you?"* Orstedd asked doubtfully.

*"L-Like, duh!"* Malroth remarked angrily. He crossed his arms and pouted. *"How can you not remember your super-duper greatest enemy? Y-You big stupid idiot!"*

Orstedd rubbed the back of his head with concern. "Malroth, what the hell happened to you?"

*"Ohhhhh!!! I know, I know!"* Tatiana piped up excitedly. *"Mally stabbed me with the Blade of Transfusion and then cast the exchange spells, swapping our abilities and classes and turning him into a Ditzzy Princess and me into a Bimbo Warlock!"*

Mouth opening in surprise, Orstedd was astounded by Tatiana's knowledge of the situation and eloquence of speech. Normally, such detailed descriptions wouldn't come from the princess' mouth, but the fact that they did meant that she had to be right.

"Oh Malroth..." Orstedd sighed. "You and your strange plans..."

*"W-Whatever!"* Malroth cried loudly. *"This was just a miscal- miscal- miniscal- a teeny tiny mistake! I could like- totally defeat you right now if I wanted to."*

Orstedd let out a hearty chuckle. "Defeat me? In that body?"

*"I totes could!"* Malroth grumbled. *"You're just..."* He stared at Orstedd's face, getting lost in the beautiful man's eyes. *"You're just a big hunk of muscle and a pretty face. I could totally defeat you even in this body."*

The comment caught Orstedd off guard, leaving him thoroughly surprised. "Wait, so you think I'm pretty?"

This reaction gave Malroth the impression that Orstedd didn't want to hear him say such a thing. His mouth curled into a devilish smirk. *"Ehehe... Do you not like hearing that? Yeah, I think you're like, totally smoking hot. The most attractive guy in the entire Kingdom. And like, super popular too. I've always been totes jealous of you all the time. That's why I hate you so much."*

Orstedd rubbed his chin quizzically. Was Malroth... Trying to insult him? He looked very proud of what he had said, despite having showered Orstedd with nothing but praise. Tatiana meanwhile, took it the way Mally the bimbo had intended, fretting with worry beside Orstedd.

*"Don't like listen to her Orsty! I don't think you're just hot!"* She looked over at Malroth angrily. *"Bad sis! Don't be mean to Orsty, he's like, super nice and hot!"*

Malroth pointed to her and laughed. *"Hahaha sis, you said it too!"* He giggled, not realizing he'd called Tatiana his sister.

Tatiana quickly covered her mouth up in embarrassment. She dove towards Orstedd, clinging tightly to his arm, and started to bawl her eyes out. *"I'm like so super sorry Orsty!!! I like, promise never to do it again!"*

Orstedd sighed. He already had to deal with one bimbo, now that there were two, his patience was really running thin. Still, he had to admit that Malroth had ended up quite nicely. Orstedd could tell he was still a guy, thanks to the enormous ball bulge surging from his tiny panties. However, he was cute enough Orstedd wouldn't mind hitting that. And by courting this bimbo, he wouldn't have to deal with Malroth's constant revenge plans...

A cocky smile formed on Orstedd's face. "Alright, *Mally*. If you think that you're so much better than me, then why don't you prove it? Let's have a competition~"

Malroth's eyes lit up at the suggestion. "*That's like, a super duper awesome idea! We should have a...*" His gaze drifted down to Orstedd's massive floppy sausage. Malroth swallowed hard at the sight, his own pecker twitching lightly. "*A stamina contest...*"

"What was that?" Orstedd asked, his demeanor fully confident and assured.

"*I said we'll do a stamina contest!*" Malroth reiterated angrily. "*And the one who gets tired first has to like- submit to the other!*"

"Very well!" Orstedd spoke in a suave voice. "Shall we get this competition started?" He extended his hands towards Malroth, giving the same smile Orstedd always gives to the ladies before taking them to bed.

An exasperated sigh escaped Malroth's lips. The sight of such the muscular handsome Orstedd smiling at him somehow left him breathless. His heart beat faster, pulse quickening. Since when did Orstedd incite such a reaction on him. It felt so unnatural, so wrong, yet at the same time it felt right. A tiny still cognitive part in Malroth's brain told him to run, to escape, but his heart told him that everything would be alright. All Malroth could do was meekly take hold of Orstedd hands, letting the prince slowly guide him deeper and deeper into the bedroom.

The insides of Orstedd's room were much darker than those of the anteroom, but such a thing didn't bother Malroth, everything he needed to know was right beside him. Orstedd led him onto the bed, a massive beautifully decorated mattress that could easily support 6 people, and Malroth happily sat on the edge as commanded. Seeing Orstedd's radiant face shining in the rays of the moonlight, a little bit of doubt seeped into Malroth. Maybe he'd bitten off a bit more than he could chew.

"*Actually, I think like-*"

Before Malroth could finish the thought though, Orstedd planted his lips onto Malroth's joining them in amorous embrace. Malroth's eyes shot to the back of his head, a little moan slipping past his mouth. Orstedd's lips were so soft and warm, his saliva so sweet and wet... Malroth felt like he was in a dream, his body melting from Orstedd's mere touch.

"*Orsty...~*" Malroth groaned as their lips finally parted. Breath heavy, eyes daze, Malroth had a difficult time figuring out how to feel about everything. All he knew was that his body clamored for more.

"*Woooo! You go sis!*" Tatiana shouted from the background. "*Now I get a sister AND we get to share the same boyfriend? Yay!!*"

Orstedd continued to bear the same Casanova smile, staring down at Malroth confidently. His hands slowly traveled down the curves on Malroth's body, sending shivers down the femboi's spine from the warm fuzzy sensation of Orstedd's touch. They wrapped around the edges of Malroth's panties, and gently pulled down until his tiny erect pecker poked out for all to see. With all his body exposed for Orstedd to see, for once in his life Malroth did not feel like he was in command. However, he didn't dislike that at all. In fact, he kind of wanted to feel more of it.

The reactions were just what Orstedd expected. He loved seeing dames get all flustered once they were unrobed on his bed. What he didn't expect though, was the massive size of Malroth's nuts. It legitimately comical how large they were. So plump and soft as well. It kind of made him want to...

Without any warning, Orstedd grasped Malroth's nuts within his hands, softly massaging them with his fingers. "Wow, you have some really amazing knockers, don't you Mally?" Malroth moaned loudly from Orstedd's touch, and from his compliment. His heart thumped in his chest, so happy to be praised by his sexy nemesis that he was at a loss for words.

"Good..." Orstedd muttered under his breath. After one last rub of Malroth's nuts, he finally released Malroth's sack with satisfaction. He gave one of the nuts a faint slap, letting the supple mass wobble nicely. "Now, turn around."

Lacking even an inkling of doubt in his mind, Malroth did as he was commanded. He thrust his torso onto the bed, presenting his wide and plump backside for Orstedd to see, round nuts, puckered butt and all. Orstedd let out a small chuckle. Seeing the usually combative and adversarial Malroth submit to his fingers like this gave him a sense of vindication that he couldn't even begin to describe. Orstedd happily took hold of rapidly hardening cock. He would very much enjoy this~

Breathy pants and quiet moans escaped Malroth's mouth as he patiently waited for Orstedd to claim him. Were he in a better state of mind, Malroth would be disgusted and horrified at such thoughts, but currently, Malroth felt no such thing. His mind was totally dazed in arousal, butthole twitching, tiny cock throbbing. All Malroth wanted right now was for Orstedd to ravage his ass with his thick cock.

As Orstedd placed the fat head of his dick against Malroth's asshole, the bimboi let out a little gasp. Malroth's entire body shivered with anticipation. It was so close! He pushed his plump boi butt back, rubbing the rim of his butt against Orstedd's tip. He wanted it so badly! Orstedd watched over the sexually charged femboy with a cocky smile, intentionally not thrusting his cock in to see him writhe. This lustful desperation he saw on horny women was what he lived for, and seeing it coming from his annoying archnemesis only made it better. Orstedd could spend hours like this, but he knew what he had to do if he really wanted to put this bitch in her place.

Finally, with one well placed thrust, Orstedd slid his entire member into Malroth's cavity. Both men moaned out together in unison, Malroth with an excited feminine yelp and Orstedd with a pained grunt. Instantly, Orstedd lost all of his confidence and control, his arrogant expression turning into one of surprise and pleasure. By the gods! Malroth's ass felt fantastic! So much better than many of the wholes Orstedd had experienced in his philanderer lifestyle, and quite better than he had expected himself. It felt like Malroth's inner walls were sucking his dick in, squeezing and wringing with such tight squishy compression it was as if the whole was designed to take in cocks.

Unable to hold himself back, Orstedd moved his hips instinctively, fiercely pounding Malroth's backside with his hungry meat. And he would have continued letting his animalistic lust take over, were it not for the fact that this wasn't Orstedd's first conquest. Whenever Orstedd copulated with ladies, he was always the one in control. That was the way he liked it, and he wasn't going to let Malroth's butt, no matter how nice and warm it was, change that. So taking all of the strength and willpower of a hero, he slowed the tempo down, relaxing his body to his command. Orstedd pumped his cock into Malroth with force, but also with serenity and control. After each thrust, Orstedd's balls softly smacked the back of



Malroth's enormous sack, exerting not too much physical force, but a ton of dominance, enough that each time they clashed together, Orstedd could hear a pleased whimper escape Malroth's lips. Orstedd grunted proudly. Once more, he had overcome Malroth's trickery.

Though looking down at the femboi, it was clear that this trick wasn't even intentional. By this point, any antagonism Malroth might have had towards Orstedd had been completely destroyed, as was apparent from Malroth's blissful expression. Eyes glazed, breathing heavy, and eager drool dripping out of his mouth, the bimbo was practically melting into the bedsheets from the amount of ecstasy he was feeling. It was like he'd ascended to another realm. Malroth had never experienced such amazing sensations before. And now that his mind was being drowned with pleasure, Malroth was being reborn into his new identity. Slowly, all of his previous memories, desires and aspirations melted away from his mind. Instead, all that filled his tiny little brain was overactive libido and a deep scalding lust towards the amazingly beautiful Orstedd.

As time continued to pass and the men continued to mesh their bodies together, Orstedd's assaults soon began to take a toll on poor Mally. Thrust after thrust, he felt himself falling closer and closer to climax, his body twitching lightly every time Orstedd slapped the back of his nuts. Mally's balls gurgled loudly, expanding and contracting in preparation of sexual release. His member throbbed up and down as pearly white precum dripped down its tip. Yes! He was finally going to do it! He was going to-

Yelping out with the full force of his lungs, Mally finally began to cum from Orstedd relentless ass pounding. Sperm shot out of his petite penis like water out of a firehose, dousing the bed with gallons upon gallons of sticky white spunk until the sheets looked like the ground on a white Christmas morning. It was apparent those huge balls weren't just for show, because Mally kept on cumming and cumming for what seemed like an eternity. Even Orstedd succumbed to his own orgasm, feeling the walls of Mally's ass compress incredibly from climax. Seeing the submissive bimbo cum first, shouting out joyously and giving him the win in their competition made him more than happy to let himself be taken by bliss, so he eagerly released all of his seed into Mally's asshole, filling Mally's hole up with his virile sperm.

It took long quite a bit for Mally to empty his sack. Even Orstedd, a mighty strong sexual stud, had finished ejaculating before Mally had, proudly pulling his semi-erect manhood from Malroth's overflowing hole. But once the bellowing flow halted to a stop and the last drop of milk dripped out of his urethra, Mally felt the best sensation he had ever felt in his entire life. All of the muscles in his body relaxed, a dopey blissful smile forming in his face, as he collapsed onto a pool of his own cum. Mally sighed happily as he felt the warm sticky seed cling to his body. He was in heaven.

*"Oh my gosh, oh my gosh, oh my gosh, OH MY GOSH!!!"* Tatiana screamed excitedly. *"Sis that was totally like- super hot and cool!"* She pulled the exhausted Mally up from the bed and wrapped her arms tightly around him in a tight hug, letting the cooling spunk that stuck to his body stick to hers as well. *"But like, what else did I expect from my super sexy and attractive sister, Malliana?"*

The words caused Orstedd's face to twist in confusion. "Er- Tatiana, his name is Malroth."

But Tatiana scoffed at him. *"Malroth is like, such an icky and uncool name for my sister. A hottie like her can obviously only have a name as pretty as Malliana. Isn't that right sis?"*

Still a bit fazed from his incredibly long and forceful orgasm, Mally did his best to recompose himself. *"Like... Totally..."* He panted heavily. *"My name is super cute and sexy like my sister's, not something dumb like Malgross..."*

Orstedd let out a sigh. There was no use arguing with these bimbos. They looked happy enough as they were no, clinging to each other and giggling as if they had been sisters all their life. He'd just let them have this one.

*"Ohhh sis, I'm like, so proud of you!!!"* Tatiana nuzzled uncomfortably close to Malliana. *"This special day calls for like, a celebration or something. Oh! And I have the perfect idea~"*

Without even giving it a second to pause, Tatiana pulled the dizzied Malliana and placed him right next to Orstedd. A lecherous smile appeared on her face. With her left hand, she took hold of Orstedd's softening erection and started pumping it, while with her right hand she began to slowly tickle Malliana's sleeping pinky awake.

*"I'm gonna give me two favoritest guys in the world a wonderful gift!"* She exclaimed happily.

Orstedd's lips curled into a knowing smile, aware of what was to come next. On the other hand, Malliana was caught completely off guard as Tatiana wrapped her pert lips around his tiny member, licking it clean from the surplus of cum he'd covered it with. Mally groaned as Tatiana's tongue circled around his tiny wiener, his entire length being wrapped up in her soft red blanket. By the time Tatiana released it from her mouth, it was squeaky clean, only little dribbles of her clear saliva dripping down, but most importantly nice and erect.

Soon, the two men were hard and ready to go, both of their dicks prepared to receive pleasure. Pure wholehearted glee oozed off Tatiana's face. Her excitement was very much palpable, eyes beaming as she saw the two erect dicks of her two favorite men standing proud next to each other. Each of the members were so adorably cute! Bobbing up and down in her grasp like cute little hamsters! Their pert little dick lips were plumped up and ready. Tatiana felt like she could... Pulling the two penises towards each other, Tatiana pressed their dickheads together and made a 'chuu~' sound, as if she'd made the dicks kiss each other lovingly~

*"Teehee~"* Tatiana giggled. It was obvious that she was quite happy with the events of tonight. Not only had she gained a modicum of intelligence, at least in terms of magical knowledge, but she'd also gained a life partner very similar to her with whom she could share all of her woes and pleasure. This happiness was clear from the way she masturbated each of their dicks with both of her hands. She gripped Orstedd's monster cock tightly, barely able to wrap her digits around the whole thing, pumping it back and forth with force and determination. Meanwhile, she daintily massaged Mally's mini penis with care, gently pulling the skin up and down with her thumb and index.

Of course, Tatiana wasn't content with just that, her celebration gift was going to be much grander. Once their throbbing members were all fired up, she pressed the two men's hips together, their dicks inches away from each other, and lunged forward, encasing both of their cocks into their mouth. The process was instantaneous. One moment Malliana was anxiously waiting for Tatiana's plan, the next he was writhing in pleasure as his dick was enraptured inside of Tate's warm delightful mouth. With Mally's and Orstedd's cocks stuffed closely together within Tatiana's mouth, the two men shared an experience

more intimate than any they had experienced before. There was no denying it, an unbreakable bond had been formed.

Then the sucking started. What was already an ethereal experience was then further amplified as Tatiana sucked on both of their members at the same time. Her dick sucking ability was more than apparent, the girl slobbering on their meats with so much prowess each felt like their penises could effortlessly flow off their bodies and into Tate's control. The bobbing of her head was immaculate, so swift and seamless that their cocks trembled each time she moved. And her tongue darted around the girth and length of their manhoods with so much hunger it was as if Tate was a hungry succubus who'd found herself in the greatest man buffet of all time. Tatiana was both proficient and diligent at sucking them both off at the same time, as she continued to do so with glee.

Thanks to his years of sexual experience, Orstedd was able to weather such a thunderous storm, letting himself enjoy Tatiana's pleasant actions without worry of climax. But for Malliana, the story was entirely different. Where Orstedd was standing proudly and stiffly, only twitching ever so lightly every now and again, Mally was basically on the verge of collapse. Legs wobbling, arms spasming back and forth, and expression describing emotions that didn't really exist, Malliana was a complete and total mess. And who could blame him? Such amazing sensations were entirely foreign to him. Here he was, consecrating his new sacred union to a man he adored by having both of their dicks smushed together in his new hot sister's mouth after having made love for the first time. Honestly, it would be strange if he *wasn't* enjoying it this much.

Understanding his excitement, Tate tried her best not to focus on him so as to not make their gift end early, but it was hard not teasing the little guy. Even the smallest of licks or touches would send his body into a frenzy, a reaction that Tatiana very much enjoyed. She'd never felt this close to anyone other than Orstedd before, so having another person to love and bring joy to just filled her with warm fuzziness. She continued to do her best working the two shafts, trying to make sure that each would feel as good as possible. The size difference was especially poignant at this point, Orstedd's massive meatstick bulging through her left cheek while Mally's pinky barely pushed past her teeth. She slobbered her tongue around Orstedd's throbbing member violently, giving him the tough love he enjoyed, and tickled Mally's penis lightly, teasing him so that his spine would shiver with pleasure but not enough so that he'd go off.

Unfortunately, Tatiana's efforts were for naught. Despite doing her best to take it easy on her sister, Malliana was nonetheless thoroughly unprepared for this experience. Before long, his member was twitching with ferocity, precum already flowing from its tip. His balls gurgled loudly enough that Tate could hear them, from all the fresh hot spunk being generated and preparing to come out. She didn't know what the sound was, but it would not take long for her to find out.

His pleasure receptors too overcome with bliss, Malliana arched back as his dick began to release another titanic load of sperm. Tate's eyes shot open as the deluge began to invade her mouth. It didn't take long for her cheeks to bloat out as her mouth filled with hot steamy spunk, but even then it didn't stop coming. The flow of sperm was fast and thunderous, so strong that it even caused Orstedd to buckle under his own orgasm, even though his addition of sperm was like a drop of water into the massive sea. Tatiana did her best to keep it all in, swallowing and choking on the sweet seed as it rushed through her tastebuds. But the effort was too much for her and some of it inevitably leaked out from her mouth.

Happily delirious over his amazing orgasm, Mally tripped backwards, letting his member easily slide out of Tate's mouth. Orstedd too backed off, which allowed Tatiana to cough up all the excess sperm before it became too much to handle. Orstedd knelt down to check if she was ok. The girl looked a bit pained, but most of all she looked content. She was just happy to have brought her new dearest sister to such a pleasant climax. And as for the main bimbo himself, he waddled close to a nearby chair and relaxed there with a gleefully dull smile. Never in his life did Mally think he would achieve this sort of happiness. Having a loving sister, sharing a gorgeous lover, feeling such fantastic ecstasy... It was like a dream come true.

The world moved like a happy blur as Mally basked in his tired pleasure. He was just about to doze off into sleep when he suddenly heard something odd. Down over Orstedd's bed, strange slapping sounds he had never heard before started ringing in his ears. Focusing his vision forward, Mally could make out the hunky Orstedd sitting upon his bed with his erect cock while Tatiana squeezed his penis between her breasts. It was a normal scene, nothing out of the ordinary. Malliana was about ready to ignore it and tuck in for the night when a peculiar sentence left Orstedd's mouth.

"Ohh Tatiana~ Your breasts are the best!" He moaned out breathily.

Malliana's eyes shot wide open. His gaze turned downwards, hands running up and gripping his painfully flat chest. It was kind of embarrassing to see that he was this flat, but at least-

"Nothing can ever beat them!" Orstedd continued.

Now *that* sent Malliana over the edge. The bimboi stood up with anger, all his bliss and tiredness being replaced with pure rage. Maybe he wasn't a girl, and maybe he didn't have breasts as big as his sister, but Mally was plenty competent at making Orstedd feel good. With a pout on his face, Mally quickly stomped towards the pair.

"Hey Orsty, I'm like, pretty good too right?" Mally asked smugly.

"Huwah?" Orstedd responded confusedly, not thinking about his previous statement, which he hadn't made in seriousness.

"Of course you're great sis!" Tatiana explained cheerily. "*But like, I'm the original, and I have big boobies so I'm totally Orsty's favorite.*"

Malliana gasped loudly, horrified at his sister's statement. "*Nuh uh!*" He shouted. "*Just cus you have big fat cow tits doesn't make you better than me! I'm like- Totally as good at making Orsty feel good as you are.*"

Feeling empowered by his anger, Malliana hopped onto Orstedd's lap, fitting snugly in the space between his chest and his dick thanks to Mally's small frame. He took hold of his gigantic sack and wrapped his two titanic nuts between the top of Orstedd's shaft, the same way Tatiana's breasts wrapped around the lower side of Orstedd's penis.

"See?" Mally commented coyly. "*I can do it as well.*"

Tatiana gasped at the sight, impressed that her sister could pull such a daring move. But she wasn't ready to relinquish her control this easily. Fierce glimmers in both of their eyes, the two bimbos began to masturbate Orstedd's length with each of their assets. Orstedd leaned back with a satisfied sigh.

Dealing with the two dullheaded sisters would be quite the task, but if this was his rewards it was more than worth it.

The rest of the night continued endlessly with the trio immersing themselves in the most debauched sex possible. Sometimes the sisters would fight, sometimes they'd work together. Sometimes Orstedd would do it with Malliana, sometimes with Tatiana, and sometimes Mally and Tate would entertain themselves as they waited for Orstedd to recharge. When the morning sun came up the next day, the three were peacefully passed out in the bed together, wide smiles on their faces and all sorts of fluids covering their bodies. And with kingdom's prince's archnemesis pacified, the kingdom found many years of peace ahead of it.