

Byleth could feel a strange sensation churning in his stomach as he watched the slots of the Slut Slot Machine endlessly rolling in place. He wasn't sure if it was the anticipation of not knowing what it would stop on first, or this pervading wariness that struck at the back of his mind. All he knew was that he didn't trust this machine in the slightest. A complete and total opposite reaction to that of Sothis. Turning to face the little floating goddess, Byleth could see how little she was bothered by this strange machine. Sothis stared at the loud and animated device with eyes full of excitement. Her smile stretched from cheek to cheek, a dubious little character eager to break the mundanity of regular life. Unlike Byleth, there was not a shred of inhibition within Sothis.

It was honestly a very annoying flaw in her personality. Even though Byleth knew Sothis was just as clueless about the machine's true nature, she was so quick to chase a quick thrill that she threw caution out the window. Unfortunately for Byleth, the machine's slots were already turning, and he had no idea how to undo what she had done. All the professor was left with was to angrily glare at the careless goddess. He didn't even need to say a word, the sharp frustration in his eyes was more than enough to send his message across.

"Awww, come on!" Sothis snapped back at him playfully. "I'm sure this machine is totally safe! You need to stop being a worrywart!"

"..."

This did little to actually soothe Byleth's concern though. The professor continued to glare at Sothis with just as much disappointment as he had been before. While Byleth might have seemed reserved and uninterested, he actually cared quite a lot for those around him, especially his students.

"Oh hey!" Trying to sway Byleth's attention, Sothis quickly pointed at the machine. "Look, the first slot seems like it's slowing down!"

Byleth instantly recognized Sothis' trick, a brazen attempt at changing the topic in order to distract him. He'd spent way too much time with her to fall prey to such a simple attempt at misdirection. Regardless, the first slot *did seem* like it was slowing down. And as much as Byleth got an odd feeling from this machine, the best course of action at this point would be to pay attention to whatever this machine did and react responsibly. With a sigh of defeat, Byleth's attention shifted from Sothis onto that final slot. Picture after picture crossed past its center, until finally the slot fell to a complete stop...

Showing a picture of Byleth and Sothis with pink arrows pointed between each other.

The meaning of this symbol was so abstract, Byleth couldn't even begin to decipher it. One thing was blatantly clear. Byleth and Sothis seemed to be exchanging... Something...? The way the arrows shifted from one person to the other could only indicate some sort of exchange. Besides that, basically any meaning could be extrapolated. Both arrows were pink, but who know what that meant. Byleth wasn't even sure if they even HAD a meaning. For all he knew, the pink color could be merely cosmetic, and held no actual reason nor purpose.

As Byleth pondered the possibilities, his hand slowly rose towards his chin and rubbed it thoughtfully. What he hadn't been expecting was to find resistance along the way. Gaze quickly turning downwards, Byleth could see his chest expanding forward before his very own eyes. His bust thickened grew with each of his breaths, their shape rounding out from squarish pecs into thick, rounded orbs. The two enlarging globes pushed against his shirt with defiance, their innards filling very supple and malleable softness. In just a matter of seconds, the two large protrusions of mass were straining against his shirt, brazenly pushing out of his outfit until they popped to create some

utterly remarkable female cleavage. From this angle... It almost looked like Byleth was growing breasts!!!

A twinge of panic ran down Byleth's spine the instant he spotted such a pair of perfect tits coming out of his very own body. H-He wasn't supposed to have breasts!!! O-Or was he...? Though his initial panic was more than justified, the more Byleth thought about it, the less concerned he became. He reached into his memories for justification to his worry, but all the pictures that came back had him sporting a huge rack. Hadn't he... Hadn't he always had breasts...? Sure it was strange for a man to possess such a voluptuous pair of tits, but Byleth was far from a regular individual. He'd possessed a supple pair ever since he went through puberty. He could remember perfectly well how normal it was for him to have them, and how no one else thought of them oddly.

Just a few seconds after Byleth's tits had fully flourished, the man no longer thought of them as strange in the slightest. Instead, he was only filled with a tingling sense of confusion. Could this be part of the machine's doing...? No, there was no way some machine would have this sort of power, Byleth thought as his hair began to grow longer. It would be impossible for something to mess with his body and mind in such an in-depth manner without him noticing, he reasoned even as his face became more feminine and slender.

Surely, the machine must have had some other purpose instead. The way his broad male shoulders shrank and waist thinned out couldn't be related. Byleth let an unconscious moan of arousal, his thickening legs rubbing together with a strange surge of desire. It felt like it was at the tip of his tongue, like he was at the cusp of understanding what was going on. But he just couldn't get there... A musky, mind fog swiveled within his mind as his ass grew bigger, slowing his thoughts down to a crawl. The sensation of his buttocks quivering as his butt pushed out and stretched his pants was simply unbearable. If only he hadn't fallen prey to this sudden flush of heat, surely he could have figured something out!!

As this explosion of lust within Byleth reached its apex, Byleth let out yet another pleased groan. This one however, was much higher and brighter than his usual, as if it was the cry of a woman. His hands quickly shifted down towards his crotch. This was perhaps the most aroused he'd felt in his entire life. Yet despite that, Byleth couldn't feel his hardened penis bulging against his pants. Upon reaching underneath his underwear, the reason became perfectly clear. Byleth's cock was most decidedly fully erect, but for some reason his penis felt much smaller than ever before.

Though Byleth's initial response probably should have been one of concern or worry, he was so overcome with desire that all he could do was rub his shrunken member. The more he rubbed, the smaller it seemed to become, slowly sinking into his crotch like a worm burying into the ground. Byleth's foreskin receded around it, pulling back further and further until there was nothing left. It almost felt like Byleth was smoothing out the tip of his dick. Each little rub, more and more of its definition would wane away. The member took a brighter pink color, its urethra all but disappearing into the rest of the member. Before long, Byleth's cock was nothing more than a little pink throbbing nub that poked out of his pelvis.

Byleth's balls weren't faring much better either. The once hefty sack was now clinging tightly to his body, its mass pulling into him as it continued to shrink. Its confines were so tight that it felt like Byleth's balls were trying to recede back inside of him, nudging and tugging and pushing until finally each one of Byleth's testicles were slurped up, and the place where his ballsack had once been now rested barren and plain. It did not remain this way for long though. Like a flower blooming in the meadow, a long vertical slit slowly parted itself at the tip of Byleth's crotch. The opening's lips were

thick and plump, its insides oozing with an alien but pleasant tingle. A little dribble of liquid oozed from its lips, as if it was inviting Byleth to test it out.

Filled with a morbid sense of curiosity, Byleth's fingers gently slipped inside of this brand-new hole. Instantly, he was met with a flurry of stimulation and stickiness. The sensation of his slender fingers pushing against the inner walls of this hole was nothing short of electrifying. His little cock-nub throbbed excitedly from all of the sensations, even the slightest of touches sending it into overdrive. Byleth's legs trembled, his nipples poked through his shirt with stiffness. This type of pleasure was so foreign yet so familiar. The way his innards oozed with the tender rubbing of his fingers, clenching onto his digits with its warm inner walls. It almost felt like Byleth was rubbing...

A pussy. Byleth was clearly fingering a pussy. *HIS* pussy. The sudden realization should have sent Byleth buckling down in shock, but it didn't. Of course he had a pussy, he'd always had a pussy. Even though usually only girls had pussy, the reason he had a slick feminine vagina was because... Because- Because *she* was girl of course! Yeah that's right! Byleth was a woman! How silly for her to get confused like that. It was probably some trick from the machine, because with her enormously large breasts and thick ass who could confuse her for anything other than a woman. Not to mention that amazingly thick and sloppy cunt she was currently fingering with reckless abandon. Byleth had always been a woman, and she was proud~

The moment Byleth reaffirmed her gender with such vigor, her pussy clamped around her fingers with a shuddering climax. Byleth bit onto her upper lip as hard as she could in order to not let a wail of utter bliss. It was not the first female orgasm Byleth remembered, but it was certainly the strongest. For some reason, it felt as if she was being rewarded for not fighting against the pleasure that coursed through her mind. The woman's body was slowly being rewired in order to become more susceptible to further enhancements.

Of course, Byleth's clothes also changed along with her body. Her previously bulky top shrank at the top and bottom, giving a clear view to both Byleth's flat belly and her supply and abundant bust that just exploded out of her chest. The bulky pants she wore shrank into a tiny black miniskirt, much more appropriate for a beautiful woman like her. Meanwhile, her socks extended up her legs to form an artistically intricate patterned set of thighs that accentuated Byleth's naturally fat and squeezable thighs. Every ounce of Byleth's being was thoroughly tweaked, to the point where it would be impossible to guess she had once been a man.

With Byleth's transformation and climax reaching their end, there was only one thing that bothered her now. The problem was that she couldn't quite recall what it was... She knew it had to do with the machine, but all of the specifics were completely unknown to her. Had the machine done something wrong? Why had she been so bothered by it before? All Byleth could recall was that fuzzy, explosion of pleasure she felt when being near it but... There had to be something more to it, right???

"Ooooooh~ Looks like someone's having fun early in the morning~"

Byleth quickly snapped out of her daze as she heard the smug intonation of Sothis behind her. The professor's cheeks grew bright red with embarrassment, like a kid caught with their hands in the cookie jar. Even though she was usually the more responsible and level headed of the two, to be caught in such a weak situation by Sothis was quite shameful. With her head held low, she slowly turned back to face Sothis.

"..." Was the only thing she could muster as she looked up at the floating being.

Except, the Sothis she saw was very different to the Sothis Byleth had known. Unlike Sothis' previous ocean of hair, Sothis' new haircut merely reached the back of their neck. Sothis' outfit no longer had the dress-like hem as before, giving it a more androgynous and independent look. There were also a few other tidbits here and there, like a lower voice and a sharper face. But the main piece of evidence that something had changed with Sothis was the thick bulge that surged from his crotch. Despite not having grown much more masculine than before, Sothis was clearly a male.

Not that this information seemed to bother Byleth in the slightest. Byleth knew that Sothis was a boy. She could tell ever since the two had met. No, what bothered Byleth was the gall of this little hypocritical god. He was taunting her about Byleth's desires even as his dick bulged through his outfit with outright defiance. Any shred of embarrassment Byleth felt quickly evaporated as her expression shifted to one of disappointment.

"Heheheh~ Whaaat~?" Sothis chuckled in a mischievous manner. "Don't look at me with that face! You gave in to your lust just as much as I did!"

"..." Byleth grumbled to herself. As much as she wanted to go off on him, Sothis did have a good point.

"The point is we enjoyed ourselves, so no need to feel bad about it!" Sothis continued with a big, excited smile. "See, the machine isn't as bad as you thought! Why don't you give it another pull!"

Byleth's eyes turned towards the Slut Slot Machine, two of its slots still whizzing at Mach speed. A part of her was still somewhat hesitant to even touch it. Sure, nothing bad had happened so far. And the two of them had been blessed with these unknown pleasurable feelings. But there really was no telling what this thing could do. A little voice at the back of Byleth's head begged her to stop. But as Byleth's curious hand tentatively drifted towards the big red ball of the lever, the voice was all but ignored.

With an uncertain but strong movement, Byleth pulled down on the Slut Slot Machine's lever, activating the second stage of the machine. The way this strange machine worked was really far beyond her understanding. Though she still felt wary of its nature, the simple dragging the lever all the way down and feeling its click somehow filled her with immense sense of satisfaction. Her fingertips tingled as they let go of the ball and the lever slid back up on its own, as if her insides were bubbling with anticipation for the device's results. As much as she wanted to stay firm in her convictions, it was becoming increasingly difficult for Byleth not to let herself get carried away in the commotion. Very soon, the second slot started to halt, moving at painfully decreasing rate until it landed on...

A picture of an eggplant and flower with arrows between them.

If Byleth had been unsure of what the previous slot had meant, then she absolutely had no idea what this new result could represent. At least the last slot was somehow related to Byleth and Sothis, given their faces had been directly displayed. But eggplant and flowers? It didn't make any sense! It was like one of those impossible riddles, a secret code with no cypher. There was no possible starting point where the professor could have even looked to derive some sort of meaning. The slot might as well have been blank.

However, there was a rising sensation that concerned Byleth much more than deciphering the machine's results. Byleth muffled one of her groans with a worried expression. She could feel it rising from her crotch with undeterred determination, pushing past her underwear and nudging against her skirt. It sent electric shocks throughout her whole body, its most miniscule twitch causing

her legs to tremble in response. Byleth didn't need to look down to know what the source of such feelings was. But she did so anyways, eyes gaze slowly shifting downwards until they met her massive, hardened, throbbing girl-penis.

How or why Byleth had a penis, she had no idea. It had always been there as far as she remembered. Byleth didn't even find out girls didn't usually have dicks until long into adulthood. Besides Byleth's cock, everything about her was completely feminine and normal. She had big plump breasts, a fat butt with curved body shape, and a soft girly face with long green hair. Byleth had never considered herself male to any degree. This is just what she knew as normal, the body of a woman with a huge masculine cock.

A very active and troublesome cock for that matter. No matter how hard Byleth tried to keep her dick under control, it seemed the excitable member had a mind of its own. Byleth would constantly pop boners at inappropriate circumstances. Her every morning was filled with the stiffest woods and sticky sheets. The worst part of all was how prevalent such erections had become. Whereas most men could probably suppress their urges after some relaxation or gross thoughts, the only way Byleth would get her dick to go down was with nothing short of excessive amounts of masturbation. Even the slightest of stimulation was enough to force Byleth into unloading several pints of cum from her overeager organ.

Shame began to creep up Byleth's neck as she saw her cock reach full mast, pushing far past her tiny skirt with its undisturbed hard on. Byleth tried to pull her skirt forward, desperately hoping to cover her stiffened manhood as much as she could. But it was a completely futile attempt, for her skirt was way too short to do any work.

"Oooohhh~" Sothis cooed in a teasing voice as he leaned over Byleth's shoulders. Byleth could feel her cheeks growing hot in real time as he inspected her. "That's quite the morning wood you have there~"

Quickly floating around Byleth to get a good look at her erection, Sothis stood between her and the machine with a huge, smug smirk on his face. The mixture of arousal and embarrassment caused Byleth's dick to twitch up and down with desire. She could feel the way Sothis' eyes longingly peered at her dick. The little floating god licked his lips as he did so, lust oozing from his every pore. In a way, Byleth kind of enjoyed it. She was usually pretty self-conscious about her cock, but the way Sothis gazed upon it with genuine need made her feel sexy.

"Wow, you really are a horny mess this morning~ But don't worry..." Sothis slowly lowered himself towards Byleth's cock. His hands drifted down towards the lower piece of his outfit, shifting it aside to reveal his steamy, sopping pussy that was just dripping with desire. "I'm feeling very pent up too~"

In much the same vein as Byleth herself, the God Sothis' biology was intrinsically mismatched. Shivers ran down Byleth's cock at the sight of such an appetizing and fat pussy on Sothis' boyish form. Perhaps it might have been a bit crude of Byleth, but knowing that Sothis was similar to her in this aspect did give her a bit of relief. Even if Sothis didn't have to deal with the same kind of social situations, considering he was an ethereal being, just having someone with a similar situation so close to Byleth was comforting. Even their libidos seemed to be interconnected, as Sothis was just as horny, if not even more degenerate than Byleth.

“Hey~” Eyes glowing with a fiery passion for sex, Sothis continued drifting down until the overflowing lips of his cunt met the tip of Byleth’s dick. “What do you say we have a quickie before the next pull~?”

Byleth gulped loudly. The incredible sensation of Sothis’ fresh, steamy juices dripping down her cock was enough to send her penis into overdrive, throbbing madly up and down without any semblance of restraint. Another benefit of having mixed up biologies was that Sothis and Byleth were perfectly sexually compatible. Both were incredibly horny all the time, and they could give each other the exact type of relief they both needed. Byleth didn’t know if the fact that only she could see and touch Sothis was somehow the reason behind their odd bodies. In this way, it felt like the two had been made precisely for each other.

Regardless, as horny as she might have been, Byleth wasn’t about to act in a publicly indecent manner.

“...” She stared at Sothis with the most disapproving face she could make, hiding most of the burning arousal she felt inside.

“Oh come on! No one’s gonna come here at this hour!” Sothis tried his best to convince Byleth, the hot stuffy musk that emanated from his pussy certainly making a compelling argument. “Let’s just do it real quick! You know you won’t get soft until you do~”

Biting her upper lip to the point it grew beet red, Byleth was finding increasingly hard to argue against Sothis’ suggestion. On the one hand, it would be incredible improper for a professor of the academy to do something so brazen in public. Even if no one else could see Sothis, they would certainly see Byleth moaning like a bitch in heat while humping the air. On the other... It was most definitely true that Byleth’s hard on would not relent unless she came. Not to mention how she had classes to give in a couple of hours, so she’d have to relieve herself either way. If they really did do it fast, then... Perhaps it wasn’t such a bad idea~

As the professor’s lust won over her sense of correctness, Byleth wasted no time slamming the horny Sothis against the Slut Slot Machine. Her cock was already slick with the copious juices that were drooling from Sothis’ pussy, which was basically open and begging to be pounded. The arousal in the air was palpable. Byleth could feel her own heart thumping right through her chest, fueled by a feral desire to breed. Below her Sothis seemed to quiver in anticipation, breathlessly panting with unyielding arousal. Pushing her hands against the machine, Byleth carefully positioned herself at the perfect angle. Only for her to slam her hips into Sothis’ cunt with a thunder-like thrust.

The deliciously sloppy and slick sound of Byleth’s cock sliding inside of Sothis’ pussy was like music to her ears. Her penis effortlessly stretched the walls of Sothis’ tight pussy, its fat, bulbous cockhead leading the way to the deepest parts of Sothis’ anatomy. By this point, Byleth’s cock had scrambled Sothis’ pussy so often, his insides were basically molded to the shape of her penis. Yet at the same time Byleth’s cock was still an incredibly snug fit inside of Sothis’ cunt, to the point where she could see in real time the bulge of her penis slowly sliding upwards on Sothis’ crotch.

As Byleth’s cockhead nudged against the tip of Sothis’ womb, her entire cock was embroiled in the incredible and pulsating warmth of tight boy pussy. Sothis quivered in arousal beneath her, body shivering and face distorted by desire. His tongue rolled out of his mouth, sweat pouring profusely down his face while he struggled to catch his breath. Gone were any notions of teasing or smugness. All that Sothis’ little boy brain could handle at this moment in time was the overwhelming sensation of Byleth’s fat girl cock filling his every inch. Byleth, on the other hand, was completely ready to go.

Taking pride in the way her cock was totally melting Sothis' brain, Byleth began to pump her hips back in forth like a savage out of control. Again and again, Byleth's fat cock slowly slid out, only to smash back inside of Sothis' pussy with ever increasing force. Each time she tried to pull out, Sothis' tight vaginal walls would desperately cling to her length, as if begging her not to go. Then when she smashed her hips forth with incredible fierceness, Sothis' entire system would tremble in ecstasy and lost all its power as if it was being overloaded with energy.

And Byleth loved every second of it. There was little Byleth enjoyed more than putting that naughty, little Sothis in his place with a good dicking. In almost every situation, he was the one to incite anything horny. His unending libido and haughty personality made it impossible for him to resist riling Byleth up. Sothis was quite good at dishing it out, but when it came to taking it, the only thing he was good at taking was Byleth's cock. The instant Byleth finally responded to all of Sothis' teasing, the little god would melt into a puddle of breathy, panting lust. He happily mewed and quivered to any of Byleth's motions, more than eager to surrender himself entirely to Byleth's force. This complete flip in personality was nothing short of incredible.

Not that Byleth herself was one too judge. While Byleth acted like a reserved and aloof person in most situations, when her cock was buried deep inside of Sothis' pussy, she let all of those reservations go. Byleth showed no shreds of restraint whilst her hips stuck to Sothis' cunt like a pair of magnets. Her throbbing, fully erect cock repeatedly implanted itself into the depths of Sothis' organ, viciously claiming the hole as its own with its continuous, vicious motions. In this way, the two perfectly complimented each other, like a pair of puzzle pieces that fell perfectly in place.

Byleth's hips soon began to pick up speed. Her hands pushed flat against the machine, giving her a better stance to grind her hips against the tiny God. Sothis' panting grew louder and more frenetic. Byleth's own breathing became irregular, as pleasure and lust rose to the tip of her system. She wanted to really give Sothis everything she had. Not just so the two could finish early, but because her desires demanded it too. Byleth's cock desperately needed to crush Sothis' womb, to pound his pussy into submission and not let him any room to breathe. It was the unquenchable animalistic desire to conquer and spread its seed.

In this foggy haze of utter debauchery, Sothis' arms stretched out in every direction without thinking. His right arm wrapped around the side of the machine and gripped onto it, nails digging into its cold steel surface as if holding for dear life. But his left hand... It slowly drifted towards the Slut Slot Machine's handle until his palm had wrapped fully around the lever's big red ball. Sothis hadn't done this in any sort of conscious manner. It was entirely possible that this little reaction had been littler more than chance. Or perhaps Sothis was being subtly influenced by machine he was pressed up against.

Regardless, the results were the same. As Byleth thrust into Sothis' cunt with just a little bit more force than usual, Sothis left hand pulled downwards as hard as it could, inadvertently activating the machine's final transformation. Neither Byleth nor Sothis heard the lever's click or the machine's clang, too invested in their love making to pay attention to anything else. While Sothis body covered the first two slots, one could still plainly observe as the last slot started to slow further and further with each revolution. Unfortunately for Byleth, it was only once the third slot reached a full stop that she finally noticed it out of the corner of her eyes.

The image of Sothis' head on an eggplant.

Initially, Byleth gave the slot very little mind. It was something she merely caught at a glimpse as she thoroughly fucked Sothis' tight pussy. Not only did she have no time to even think about it, but she

also wasn't even certain if what she'd seen was accurate. For all she knew, the real slot's picture could have been something entirely different. Instead, Byleth focused the entirety of her attention on dominating Sothis. Feet planted firmly on the ground, Byleth's hips pistoned into Sothis' pussy with fierce, mechanical determination. Her cock plunged in and out of his tight cunt over and over again, claiming the tight little organ for its own pleasure. All that occupied her mind was the tightening feeling of Sothis' vaginal walls wrapping around her dick, a feeling that was becoming tighter and tighter with every second.

Sothis on his end was entirely on board with this trajectory. At this point in time Byleth was crushing Sothis' pussy with such commanding bravado, that the boy had entirely forgotten about the Slut Slot Machine, even as he was viciously pushed into it. The only sort of semi-conscious desire that brewed within Sothis primal brain was a deep-seated need to be bred. His mind hyper focused on the way his tight walls clung onto Byleth's cock, pulsating to the beat of her furious thrusts. From the tip of his toes to the top of his head, his entire body reverberated with the echoes of bliss that came each time the tip of her cock smashed into his womb.

Except... As Byleth's incessant pounding continued, something strange began to occur. Though her thrusts were just as potent as ever, Byleth found it increasingly difficult to move through Sothis' insides. It was almost as if her cock was getting caught against Sothis' tight walls, which clung onto her length and refused to let go. The violent motions that once brought her unending amounts of ecstasy were now giving diminishing returns. With each pump of her hips, she lost more momentum and speed, slowly siphoning all of the pleasure she'd been meticulously building away. Unbeknownst to either of them, this was the Slut Slot Machine's final touch in corrupting the duo's forms.

The problem Byleth faced wasn't that she could no longer find the force to penetrate Sothis. Rather, it was the fact her very organ was melding together with Sothis' insides. The vaginal walls of Sothis' pussy liquified around her penis, embroiling her every inch until there was nowhere else for her to fill. It began to melt into the skin of her member, intricately connecting to her nerves as they fused into a single being. Within just a matter of seconds, the entrance to Sothis' pussy had sealed around Byleth's crotch, leaving the two permanently attached. Byleth continued to desperately thrust forward, but there was nothing for her to thrust into. The sensations of her penis had spread onto the entirety of Sothis' form. Though his body was still quite human in nature, Sothis was essentially just Byleth's cock now.

Frustrated with her lack of sexual stimulation regardless of how hard she cocked her hips, Byleth quickly switched her method. Her hands pushed away from the machine, drifting instead onto Sothis' body. And the moment her fingers gripped tightly onto his midsection, she was instantly rewarded with an explosion of bliss. Head rolling backward, Byleth cried in ecstasy as she squeezed onto Sothis' body. For some unexplainable reason, holding onto Sothis' hips like this made her feel as if she was squeezing onto her very own penis. The soft sensation of her palms on his figure sent addictive feelings of pleasure directly into her brain, feeling Sothis' body as if it was part of her own. Had she not been so overwhelmed by desire, perhaps Byleth would have realized the strangeness of the situation. Unfortunately, there was only one thing in her mind. Chasing that oh so appetizing climax.

With her legs spread wide open, Byleth sharply began to rub her hands up and down Sothis' body as fast and hard as her arms could manage. All of her apparent modesty was thrown out the drain as she made the most perverse facial expressions combined with utterly degenerate motions. Each time she viciously pumped Sothis' length, her brain would explode with ecstasy that encouraged her



to delve deeper into her decadence. Most interesting of all however, was how the more she rubbed Sothis' body, the more it began to shift and change into a thick, conical shape.

It was almost as if Sothis' body was clay for Byleth to shape to her own desires. His flat, squarish torso was squeezed down onto a fat, plump, conical rod. Its muscles and belly button all melted away, replaced by a series of growing, thickening veins that pulsated with Byleth's arousal. The organs housed within his tiny frame were effortlessly constricted and condensed into one singular thick tube that connected Sothis' mouth to the rest of Byleth's body. Yet, throughout this complete overhaul of Sothis figure, not once did he seemingly complain or even notice. Eyes glimmering with lust, the boy merely continued to groan and pant, as his saliva slowly became stickier and more viscous with each passing second.

Sothis' slender boyish ass weightlessly sunk into the base of Byleth's crotch. His legs curled backwards unnaturally, rolling in on themselves as if his bones were made of putty. All of this extra body mass wasn't being merely wasted, however. Instead, Sothis' leftover parts merged directly with Byleth's balls, making them larger and heavier with each passing second. The plump, hanging sack gurgled with enthusiasm at all of its new expansion. It eagerly welcomed the way its testicles inflated further, their insides burning with improved cum production. The extra weight caused them to hang lower and lower within the sack, giving it a hefty inertia that made its appearance all the more imperative.

This process continued throughout the entirety of Sothis' body without fail, as more and more of his form became cockified. Sothis' smooth pecs were molded into a girthy rod, his nipples being replaced with rippling veins. Little by little his arms began to shrink, slowly blending with the rest of his body until they had become one singular, thickened member. Copious amounts of foreskin started to aggregate around the back of Sothis' neck, his shaft figure throbbing and twitching with increasing intensity. Before long, Sothis was nothing more than a head hanging at the tip of Byleth's huge, throbbing pole.

Strangely enough, Sothis' face didn't seem to change all that much. Its direction did shift quite a bit, pointing out and forward like the bow of a ship. His head also shrank a tiny bit in order to better fit Byleth's member, though the cock was so large that it barely shrank at all. Most interesting of all however, was the way Sothis' mouth protruded forward ever so slightly, mimicking the way a penis' tip bulges forth ahead of the rest of its cockhead. Not that Sothis even seemed to realize it. Eyes glazed with abject arousal, Sothis merely continued to bask in Byleth's stimulation while slick dribbles of precum oozed down his lips.

In an instant, the machine's magic turned off and the duo's transformation was finished. Its effects on the other hand, would have a long-lasting impact. Where once Byleth and Sothis had lived somewhat independent lives, the two were now united as person and cock. Sothis now functioned fully as Byleth's penis. The two shared all of their pleasure and lust together, their interconnected nerves allowing them to feel the exact same sensations. Sothis' mouth was directly connected to Byleth's testes and bladder, meaning that's where it all came out when Byleth needed to relief herself. It was such a bizarre way for the pair to be united. But to Byleth and Sothis, whose pasts had been remolded to fit their change, this was all they knew.

"Ooouuuuhhh~ Keep going pleeeeeeassee~" Sothis begged with a delirious moan, his face totally devoid of thought as his mind was pumped full of pure desire. "Rub me harder~ I wanna cum so baaaaad~!!!"

A momentary sensation of confusion entered Byleth. Wasn't she just fucking Sothis? Why was she now rubbing him like this...? Any sort of doubt were quickly eradicated as the pleasure from her Sothis cock spread through Byleth's body. Of course Byleth was rubbing Sothis, he was her cock after all! It wouldn't make sense for Byleth to fuck him, cus he's always been nothing more than her stinking, horny penis! Exactly the way Byleth liked it~

As this strange passing confusion left Byleth's mind, the woman began to rub her needy cock with increased fervor. She could feel her big, fat balls already twitching, hot fresh cum gurgling in a desperate desire to be released. Sothis too was already delirious from the pleasure, his mind unable to think about anything other than release. While it could certainly be tough for Byleth to live with a penis as rowdy and perverted as Sothis, moments like these made it all worth it. She loved the sensation of ecstasy the duo shared. The build up and subsequent release of arousal was nothing short of a magical experience. Without a doubt, Byleth wouldn't trade her Sothis penis for anything~

"...!!!" Hips bucking forward, Byleth's cock throbbed uncontrollably as it finally reached its so delightfully enticing orgasm.

Sothis' mouth opened wide to scream in bliss, but instead of his voice the only thing that came out were thick spurts of gooey white cum. The hot jizz shot forth uncontrollably. It splattered over the Slut Slot Machine whole, its stream too fierce several droplets ricocheted back onto Byleth's body and Sothis' face. As the steamy white fluid flowed through Byleth's urethra and past Sothis' lips, his entire shaft and mind were totally consumed by unending ecstasy. Being Byleth's penis, there was nothing he loved more than the complete overstimulation of his senses brought on by ejaculation. Byleth too reveled in her climax, both happy to satisfy Sothis' annoying urges, but also genuinely letting herself be taken by the explosion of ecstasy that was male climax.

After a couple of seconds, the stream that surged from Sothis' mouth eased somewhat. Its spurts became sporadic, fueled by the occasional twitches of Byleth's still sensitive shaft. As the heat of arousal dampened and Byleth's body relaxed, the woman took a sigh of relief. Her balls felt very nice now that they had been emptied, and her mind was no longer afflicted with an infernal desire that wouldn't let her think. Sothis was still quite out of it himself. Given he was right at the epicenter of the orgasm, his brain had been completely fried in pleasure. The boy's face was stuck in an expression of dull bliss, cum dribbling down his mouth, nose and even eye sockets. It would take a while for him to recuperate, though it was clear he enjoyed every last second of it.

The Slut Slot Machine on the other hand, was not in as impeccable of a state. The machine's entire front façade was layered in a thick white batter that was Byleth's cum. It completely obscured its slots, slowly oozing through its crevices and into its depths. An accident that begin to mess with its inner machinations. Though the machine was basically all powerful, it wasn't actually very sturdy. It could influence any living being's mind to not harm it, so when someone ended up messing it up accidentally like Byleth just did, the machine had no way to defend itself.

A series of sparks and whirrs began to chip out of the machine. The device whisked left and right, hoping to shake off some of Byleth's sperm off its body. But it only made the problem even worse, causing the goop to slip further inside its carcass. As large noise began to whirr inside the machine, the device was embroiled in a sizzling heat. Smoke began to blow from the machine's inner compartments, its sparks and inner clangs growing louder and brighter. Noticing the overactive machine, Byleth slowly stepped back. And then...

*Poof!*

Without any sort of warning or notice, the Slut Slot Machine disappeared from reality. It left not a single trace of its existence, save for the copious transformations it had previously performed. The memories people had about seeing or using it were erased in an instant, leaving it as a complete mystery. There was basically nothing to prove the Slut Slot Machine even existed. For all intents and purposes, the world could have been this exact way before as it is now. Instead, the machine simply slipped off to another time and another place, looking to cause more chaos to whoever it came across.

Byleth blinked blankly at the open space where the Slut Slot Machine had been. For some reason, it felt as if she was forgetting something. There was this odd nagging feeling telling her she'd let something important slip by. But no matter how hard she tried to think about it, nothing came to mind. The professor scarcely remembered cumming all over... Something. But it was clear that the space before her was entirely empty. Perhaps it was too early in the morning, and she'd been completely overcome with arousal.

"Well, well, well~ What do we have here~?"

Caught entirely off guard, Byleth bolted backwards in surprise. Palpitating stress started to fill her. This is exactly why she didn't want to jack off in public, despite Sothis' insistence! She'd been caught with her metaphorical pants down! Quickly turning towards the voice, Byleth soon realized it was even worse than she suspected. Not only did she get herself caught, but she'd gotten caught perhaps by the worst person that could have caught her. The Archbishop of the Church lord Rhea! Byleth felt her blood level drop as she saw the Archbishop and his enormously pregnant stomach pop out of one of the nearby bushes. She was so embarrassed, she didn't even think about why the Archbishop was inside of a bush in the first place.

"...!" Byleth quickly bowed towards the Archbishop, praying she could get a little bit of leniency in her punishment.

"Oh, relax dear." The Archbishop however, had other things in mind. Slowly, the Archbishop made his way towards Byleth. The way his gigantic pregnant tummy sloshed from one side to the other was nothing short of mesmerizing. "I've been in your exact position many times. I don't blame you for what you've in in the slightest. Rather, there's something else I'm interested in~"

"Don't trust him Byleth!" Sothis spoke from Byleth's crotch, still semi-erect and recently recovering from his pleasure induced coma. "I can smell something fishy..."

Like a dainty butterfly flickering down onto a flower, Rhea laid himself down in front of Byleth. Her fat, rumbling belly pressed tenderly against the floor, his face resting just a couple of inches away from Byleth's member.

"I'm in a very loving relationship with my wife Byleth." The boy spoke in a soft yet severely sexual tone. "However, I can tell you're a very special lady~"

Without even waiting for Byleth to respond, Rhea pushed her lips against Sothis and began to suckle onto his face with gusto. Sothis' eyes instantly rolled to the back of his head, as Byleth's erection returned to full force once more. She could feel Rhea's sloppy tongue reaching into the depths of Sothis' mouth, tickling Byleth's sensitive urethra in a debauchedly skilled way. Rhea was basically fully making out with Sothis, letting her tongue revolve around every inch of Sothis' face. The poor penis felt like he was going to suffocate from all of the pleasure, when Rhea finally pulled back away from his lips.

“Haaah~ Haaah~ Haaah~” Sothis panted breathlessly, a face of mindless joy displayed on his face. “I t-t-think we should r-r-really listen to what he has to say, h-h-he makes a good argument~”

“Mmmm~” Rhea licked his lips happily. “My wife specially is interested in you. She thinks you’re very sexy, and she’s always talking about how she feels connected to you because you’re both girls with dicks~”

“Rhea!!!”

Suddenly, the princess of the Adrestrian empire Edelgard jumped out of the exact same bush that Rhea had been hiding in. Slowly, Byleth could start to piece what the two had been doing there. Edelgard was just as big and beautiful as Rhea. Though she wasn’t pregnant, her tummy was plump and her breasts were large. It was the ideal body of a voluptuous MILF. It was also very important to note the fat penis that pushed from between her legs, a massive log of a cock that easily dwarfed even Byleth’s large endowment.

The princess approached Byleth with a huffy expression. Her face was red with embarrassment, mouth scrunched up into a pout. It was clear that she didn’t like that Rhea leaked out her secret. However, she didn’t seem to be denying it. The way Edelgard’s cock throbbed in the presence of Byleth made it plenty apparent that she was indeed very interested.

“So...? What do you say~?” Rhea asked once more, looking up to Byleth with pure desire in his eyes. “Would you like to join us for an evening~?”

Byleth gulped loudly. This had to be the craziest thing that could have happened to her all day! At least that’s what she thought, completely oblivious to even the concept of a Slut Slot Machine.