

The doors to the Blue Lions classroom towered imposingly before the short Cyril like a set tremendous obelisks. Just a few months ago, the crooked wooden openings held very little importance in Cyril's mind. Just another part of Garreg Mach's ancient and aged infrastructure. But ever since the classroom had been bestowed to Professor Byleth, its previously unassuming doors now crawled with to their cores with this strange, foreign, intimidating aura, almost as if the entire classroom itself was part of some alternate universe controlled by nothing else than Byleth's will.

In fact, most of the strange occurrences Cyril noticed springing around him seemed to have been manifesting all the way back to when Byleth had taken the position of professor for the Blue Lion's house. Perhaps the way all of her students instantly started to score better in every subject could be explained by her improved teaching methods. But then the students from each of the other houses started to pour into her class in droves, leaving the other two houses in shatters as their student count was reduced to the single numbers. Could such a drastic change really come down to high charisma?!?

Regardless of what the answers might be, there was little use in endlessly theorizing about the situation. Cyril's road of destiny laid before him, and he had only one more step to make. The boy had no idea what he would find on the other side of the door. All sorts of perverted and debauched situations no doubt. Taking one final deep breath, Cyril readied himself. His quivering hand stretched towards the handle, his heart thumping right through his chest as-

*BLAM!!!*

Without any sort of warning, the doors to Byleth's classroom swung wide open as hard as they could. Cyril jolted back in shock. Like a timid bunny he retreated back towards the nearest pillar for cover, his head meekly poking out to get a tiny glimpse inside. He had no idea what to expect from such a strange place, no clue what kind of grotesque displays he would witness with his own eyes. Running away like this was the only natural reaction a boy like him could give when confronted with such a shock. Cyril would be far from the only boy running away from Byleth's classroom however, as the same person who'd burst through the doors in the first place staggered out of the room with a ruined expression.

"WHAT THE HELL IS THIS?!?!?" The boy cried out in agony, slowly tumbling forward as if he'd been stabbed through the heart.

His name was Sylvain, a passionate lady-chasing young man with vibrant, short orange hair. Most of the time, Sylvain carried himself with the smoothness and confidence of an experienced Casanova, flirting with ladies and showing how much of a handsome lad he was. But right this moment, all of that bravado had flushed down the drain. Sylvain fell onto his knees, unable to hold his body weight any longer. Draped with a metal breastplate over his chest and one-piece dress too short to cover his crotch, the boy stared into his crotch with terror.

"WHY THE HELL DO I HAVE THIS?!?" Sylvain continued to shriek, his voice trembling between disbelief and anguish. "I ONLY GOT INTO THIS CLASS TO GET A BIG COCK!!!"

Staring between Sylvain's spread legs, it was easy to see the source of his disdain. Instead of having the long, throbbing horse cock of most Pegasus Knights, Sylvain possessed the large, plump, sloppy pussy of a Pegasus. A light sheen of white fur covered the area around his genital, which pulsed excitedly in the open air. Its clit was fat and bulbous, its lips round and girthy. Though it was not as large as the pussy of a regular horse, Sylvain's cunt was certainly quite animalistic.

“Oh Sylvain, you big dummy!”

A voice rang out from behind him, holding a temper that was chirpy, happy but also somehow quite dominating. The voice belonged to adorable, green-haired Flayn, who approached Sylvain with a slow but confident step. Just like Sylvain, Flayn was wearing a cute pink Pegasus Knight uniform over her short body. The main difference between the two sprouted from her crotch, which *did* in fact proudly possess a fat, girthy, erect Pegasus cock.

“Don’t you remember how mounted classes work~?” With a wide, gentle smile, Flayn walked closer and closer to Sylvain. Her fat cock twitched eagerly with each of its steps, a large member which easily reached 12-inches. “In order to become more in tune with their mounts, students in mounted classes get the genitals opposite to the sex of their animals.”

“And even though most Pegasi are female, meaning most Pegasus Knights get cocks.” Flayn continued, more than happy to show her virile, erect horse-penis. “Sometimes Pegasus Knights will have male mounts and get cute, Pegasus pussies~”

By this point, Flayn was towering over Sylvain. Despite the fact he was so much taller than she was, it felt as if she was some powerful giant he couldn’t overcome. “You should feel lucky!” Flayn spoke in a voice that was as sweet as it was ominous. “You don’t realize how rare it is to get a beautiful Pegasus pussy like yours~!”

The instant Flayn thrust her erect penis into Sylvain’s face, the boy could feel all of his strength depart his body. Flayn’s thick cock-musk penetrated his nostrils and traveled all the way up to his brain, making it incredibly muddled and aroused. All his life Sylvain had thought about being the one doing the fucking, but with Flayn’s mighty horse cock resting just a few inches from his face, virile, pulsating horse dong was all that filled his mind. Sylvain’s Pegasus pussy began to throb uncontrollably, thick viscous trails of liquid oozing from his quivering lips. It was almost as if the rational part of his brain was being replaced with a much more basic and animalistic instinct.

“You know what’s the most interesting part of a Pegasus pussy though~?” Flayn’s smirk grew wider and much more luscious, her cock throbbing harder from his submissive reaction. “Since there are so few males in their species, every time they smell a big, fat, virile Pegasus cock, they become madly aroused~”

Flayn continued to dutifully explain, but Sylvain wasn’t paying attention anymore. Copious amounts of saliva drooled from his gaping mouth, his eyes glazed over with an entirely blank, horny expression. Flayn’s incredible cock wasn’t just impressive, it was a tremendous member in the upper echelons of virility. Even regular horse cocks, which were usually larger and harder than Pegasus Cocks, were dwarfed by the potency of her musk and the vitality of her seed. Being so close to such a glorious penis had sent Sylvain’s new pussy into reproductive overdrive, and it was taking every ounce of his strength not to fling himself onto the hardened shaft. It was a show of resistance as delicate as a house of cards, a fact which Flayn knew quite well.

Lucious smile becoming even wider, Flayn placed her hand atop Sylvain’s shoulder while she pushed the tip of her throbbing horsecock against his nose. Sylvain’s eyes instantly rolled to the back of his head in response, his body shivering uncontrollably whilst meaningless gibberish escaped from his trembling splits. As Flayn’s damp precum slathered his face and the scent of her mighty penis marked him, every

single one of Sylvain's defenses were broken. His pussy exploded with orgasm, squirting out lines of aroused juices all over the floor in a bout of mindless bliss. Reduced to a creature of lust and instinct, all the thoughts inside Sylvain's mind were replaced with a thirst for cock.

"Can you feel it~? That desperate desire to breed~?" Flayn continued to tease him, showing how much power she truly held over the boy's helpless organ. "Would you like me to help you experience it first-hand~?"

Like a folding sheet of paper, Sylvain instantly collapsed onto the ground. His arms and back fell limply against the cold stone floor, as if they were made of silken cloth. His legs on the other hand, thrust his crotch up into the air commandingly, presenting his dripping pussy to Flayn with need. There were no signs of the cocky, woman-chasing lout. Instead, he looked like just another mare ready to be bred.

"PLEASE FUCK ME FLAYN~~~" The boy screamed out unashamedly, his pussy throbbing with ecstasy as he admitted his innermost desires. "SHOVE THAT STUD COCK OF YOURS INSIDE MEE~~~~~"

Wasting no time after receiving Sylvain's blessing, Flayn promptly sank into her knees between Sylvain's legs and pushed the tip of her erect horsecock against his blinking pussy. Sylvain's cunt shlorped and twitched at the mere presence of Flayn's member, almost as if it was trying to suck her in on its own. Flayn gave a proud chuckle. Being one of the first Pegasus Knights, she was quite familiar how to rile their cute pussies up. Though even she hadn't expected for Sylvain to give in so easily. Not that she was really complaining~

As Flayn's hands gripped onto Sylvain's hips, the girl began to slowly push inside of the boy's cunt. Sylvain gave out an anxious whimper, as if he was worried Flayn wasn't going to be rougher with him. Thankfully, Sylvain's worries were quickly proven wrong when Flayn gathered her strength and slammed her crotch forth with viciousness, plunging her entire member deep into Sylvain's oozing horse pussy. Sylvain mewled out in utter bliss, his body basking in the perverted warmth of Flayn's body. His wide, meaty pussy was the perfect pocket to house Flayn's thick Pegasus dick. Though her fat cockhead reached all the way to his womb, the boy's entire tunnel throbbed with bliss as it clung onto her shaft. Nothing he'd done with any girl before had ever felt as good as this. But things were about to get even better~

With the strength she'd gained from many nights with her Pegasus, Flayn's hips started crashing into Sylvain's pussy over and over and over again. It was a little bit hard for her, considering that Sylvain was much taller and heavier than she was. And yet the way her thrusts were utterly dominating the shivering Sylvain almost made it seem like she was the one who was twice his size. Sylvain shivered and howled every time Flayn's fat dick slammed through her insides, his fat clit pushing into her crotch as if it was kissing it. Despite being short and cute, Flayn was extremely adept at showing her inner stud.

Originally, the girl had planned to merely tease and play with Sylvain, roughing up his insides to make him accustomed to his new biology. However, the more she plundered Sylvain's tight cunt, the more Flayn found herself getting lost in the perverted organ. The walls of Sylvain's vagina effortlessly shifted along to Flayn's thrust, as if it was made of the softest clay. His tight cunt would earnestly grip onto her shaft each time she pulled out, simply begging her to come back in and mess up its insides. Sylvain's pussy wasn't just a regular old horse cunt, it was the vagina of an absolute nymphomaniac!

“Nggghhhh~ S-Sylvain your Pegasus pussy is so sluttyyy~” Flayn scream moaned with her eyes crossed, the heat of Sylvain’s needy pussy simmering her thoughts away. “I’m in love~ I need to mark it with my seed~ Your hot, Pega-pussy belongs to meeeee~”

In an instant, all of Flayn’s tenderness was abandoned for an absolutely mercilessly and fierce pussy pounding. Flayn’s thrusts were so powerful, they broke through Sylvain’s last remaining strength and slammed his pussy against the ground. But even then, as Flayn became unleashed and released her full power, the insides of Sylvain’s fat horse cunt continued being as soft and stretchy as they were before. It was the heavenly sensation of pure mating, two perfectly compatible organs eagerly smashing together with all their might. Right this moment, the duo felt no different than if they were a pair of lovingly mating Pegasi.

Arching backwards with a howl of pure bliss, Flayn continued to slam her hips into Sylvain as her cock exploded in orgasm. Thick ropes of cum blasted into Sylvain’s womb, Flayn’s ejaculate bursting with so much power and pressure it splurged from Sylvain’s pussy around the girth of Flayn’s heft shaft. Cyril could see both of them in real time as they slowly melted into a puddle of mindless lust. Even with the absolute cascade of cum pouring out of her cock, the little Flayn managed to keep on demolishing Sylvain’s pussy without seeming to run out of energy. Not only was she marking Sylvain’s cunt as her property, with all this intense pleasure Sylvain would most certainly turn into a size queen.

As the duo of Pegasus Knights continued their passionate, loving sexual encounter right in the middle of the academy floor, Cyril was finally able to regain some of his bearings. Despite the fact that he still did not like it in the slightest, he had to admit there was something strangely mesmerizing about the scene. The way Sylvain’s demeanor had changed so rapidly was incredible, perhaps even somewhat harrowing. One second, he was totally against his changes, the next he was already mewling pleasurably from his new body. The thought made Cyril shiver. Thankfully, it wasn’t him. Cyril was stronger than that. It could never be him. R-r-right?

Slowly stepping away from his safety pillar, Cyril stealthily snuck around the impassioned couple. It wasn’t really a difficult task in all honesty, for it seemed that Flayn and Sylvain were entirely preoccupied with each other’s bodies. Even if Cyril was to scream in their face, he doubted either of them would pay much attention. Regardless, the boy wasn’t about to take any chances, and as soon as he felt there was a comfortable distance between them, he promptly dashed through the open doors and into the Blue Lions classroom.

As soon as Cyril placed one foot inside, he was instantly assaulted by a thick fog of sexual musk like a punch to the lungs. The boy coughed up, his body growing hotter in the oddly steamy aura of the room. Dimmed lights and semi-closed curtains seeped the entire classroom in a mellow mood that almost felt forbidden. Besides the increased heat and unadulterated primal stench, the room itself resonated with a myriad of short breathy moans and sweaty bodies smushing together, which was only accentuated by a dominating silence that followed afterwards. This place was nothing like the other classrooms, that much was clear. To what degree that would be, Cyril was not eager to find out...

Much of the classroom’s perversion was blatantly displayed out in the open. The formality of clothes had been all but abandoned at this point, with all the students parading themselves around fully nude. Instead of holding notebooks and pencils, the many desks were used as beds where the students could lounge and have sex with each other at leisure. It was as if all of the previous pretexts about sex had

been dropped in their entirety once inside the walls of Byleth's classroom. Clearly, each of these students was only interested in fulfilling their innermost sexual desires.

On the right side of the room, Cyril could find Annette and Mercedes standing uncomfortably close to each other. Though Annette's body was still quite small and cute, it seemed like she had gained a considerable amount of muscle definition. The girl bore a weary expression as she lifted a large weight high above her head. Two erect, virile cocks surged from her crotch, one on top of the other. These two proud throbbing members formed main defining features of Brawlers, each one pulsating with virile energy. But since both of her arms were occupied, poor Annette was entirely defenseless to the merciless assault of Mercedes' tentacle Dark Mage dick.

"M-M-Mercie p-please~" Annette whined loudly, barely able to move her shivering body from the immobilizing heat. "Y-You're d-distracting me f-from my training~!!!"

Mercedes had no intention of backing down however. Her smile simply grew more wicked at the sound of Annette's cries. "Awww, that's not true Annie~" She cooed in a voice that was as soft and angelic as usual. "I'm actually helping you build resistance to stimulation~! Keep working through it Annie! If you can survive my tentacle massage, you'll become even stronger~!"

There was little Annette could do but try her best and carry on. Though one could not deny Mercedes' control over both of Annette's cocks was total and dominating. Poor Annette simply couldn't comprehend how Mercedes was able to move a member as unwieldable and slippery as that Dark Mage penis. It wrapped around one of her dicks, squeezing it and tugging it before unwrapping and clinging onto the other. The slimy cock would swirl around her dicks like a snake, its very motions sending chills throughout Annette's core.

The worst part was how natural Mercedes made it feel. Her slippery member writhe about wildly in a very animalistic and feral manner. Every second it rubbed a different part of her dual cocks, and when Annette finally thought she had found some kind of pattern, the dick would surprise her and start to wriggle in a brand-new way. It wasn't just like Annette's cock was being gently pumped in the same way that a hand or a mouth would. Instead, it felt like Annette's cock was a real, living being with a mind of its own, a creature with no other purpose than to squirm around her dicks and squeeze every last ounce of pleasure from her body.

Still standing closely next to her struggling friend, Mercedes looked down upon Annette with a face of pure joy. It seemed like becoming a Dark Mage had given her a bit of a masochistic streak, because there was nothing that aroused her more than teasing her cute little Annette. It became an endlessly repeating loop of ever-increasing arousal. The hornier she became from Annette's cute reactions, the wilder her cock would twirl around Annette's shaft. And as Annette suffered through endless assaults of that wriggling tentacle, her reactions would only become cuter. Mercedes wasn't even controlling her member in any particular member. Her tentacle moved eagerly fueled by nothing more than Mercedes' potent desires.

"What's wrong Annie~?" Mercedes continued to tease her friend with a warm smile. "Are you really enjoying my little tentacle that much~?"

Annette let out a breathy gasp. Without even realizing it, her hips had started to thrust forward of their own volition. The girl tried her best to remain controlled and tempered, she really did. But her entire

body was a house of pure, unfiltered testosterone. Four, fat testicles hung low within the girl's plump sack, producing an endless amount of virile seed. Masculine strength and speed coursed through every part of veins, giving her the power and arousal of two men. The truth was that once her body got turned on, there was nothing she could do to stop it until it satiated her needs.

Muscles tensing up, Annette's body began to rock back and forth with increasing power and speed. Her hips slammed violently against Mercedes' tentacle dick, her cocks throbbing with intensity as the slimy texture of Mercedes' member slithered around them. Despite Annette's best intentions to keep herself in check, her body pressed forward with speed, her motions propelled by pure feral strength. This is what it meant to be a Brawler, to tackle any situation with sheer instinctual power. This is what Annette had become.

"I-I'm-!!!" Annette's eyes became crossed, her hips thrusting forward one final commanding time. "I-I-I'm-!!!"

Unable to even finish her sentence, Annette gasped out in bliss as her dual cocks began to spurt rope after rope of her thick jizz all over the floor in front of her. Mercedes yipped with absolute excitement beside her. The girl's sadistic dick was far from satisfied, but seeing cute little Annette falling prey to her own desires was so amazing, Mercedes' cock began to rub Annette's dicks with even more intensity. Mercedes pushed her crotch against Annette's cocks, letting her slippery tentacle dick massage and pleasure Annette's dicks until she had squeezed every last ounce of semen from Annette's four girthy testicles.

"Whoops! It seems you couldn't hold on." Mercedes lamented to her friend in the fakest voice possible. Her spine tingled as she felt the urethras of Annette's cock expanding to blow out endless lines of steamy seed. She just loved teasing Annette so much~ "I guess we'll just have to try again~ Ehehe~"

Not keen on witnessing Annette's and Mercedes' second round, Cyril shifted his gaze away towards another part of the classroom and continued walking forth. Unfortunately, the left side of the room was no less sexual than the right side. In fact, it seemed everywhere Cyril looked, things only got hornier than before!

With big throbbing erections protruding from their crotches proudly, a trio of lewd ladies slowly gathered together atop one of the tables. Their prey this time was none other than the hot-tempered Felix, an angsty boyish Mercenary with a cute dick and a soft, pink pussy. Though usually bratty and loud, even Felix' fiery demeanor was no match for the intensely hardened power of stiff girlcocks. Having cornered the boy in a prison of big busts and pulsating penises, Hapi was the first one to make her move on Felix. Her hands fell on his shoulders, gently pushing him down until he was laying on the table totally flat.

Felix glared at the girl angrily in response. "What the hell do you think you're doing?!" He began to complain in annoyance, though he barely struggled physically at all. "Get off me, you damn bitch. Who do you think you are?! Why do you think you can just do this to me?!"

The boy kept on going on and on like a parrot who had learned too many words. But Hapi didn't pay him any mind in the slightest. Instead, she slowly slithered up his body the same way her slimy, jet-black Dark Mage tentacle cock slithered with arousal. By the time Felix noticed Hapi's crotch was mere inches

away from his face, it was too late for him. With a thrust of her hips, Hapi slammed her throbbing member past Felix' lips and deep into his tight throat, shutting the bothersome boy up for good.

Hapi's eyes rolled to the back of her head, a pleasurable gasp escaping from her mouth as shivers coursed down her spine. To say that Felix's mouth was amazing would be an understatement. Not only was his tight throat tight and slippery, but her malleability of her member allowed her to push in every last inch of her cock right up to her base. Having gotten a taste of delicious desire, Hapi placed her hands firmly on the table and wasted no time as she began to thoroughly face-fuck Felix' mouth. The boy glared angrily at Hapi as her hips slammed into his mouth and her balls bounced off his chin, but that only made Hapi more aroused.

"Oh goodness~ His mouth is wrapping around my dick so tightly~" Hapi moaned happily as her head swung back in bliss and her hips demolished Felix' throat. "I gotta give it to you Dorothea, this really is spectacular~!"

The luscious, long-haired songstress smiled in response. Sitting atop Felix' lap while Hapi continued to mercilessly conquer his mouth, the girl placed both of her enormous, fat, heaving testes around Felix' erect member to give him a warm cozy nutjob. Being a Mage, Dorothea's balls were larger and softer than most. They wrapped around the entirety of Felix' shaft with ease, encasing almost half of his length in their ball-cleavage. Not to mention how pumped-full of fresh jizz they were, making them feel even more tender and delicious.

"Be as rough with him as you want. Felix is a bit of a masochist~" Dorothea cockily teased as she gently rubbed both of her testicles against Felix' throbbing shaft. "Isn't that right Felix~? Despite all that tough guy façade, you're just *loving* the way my balls wrap around your dick, aren't you~?"

Felix himself didn't audibly respond in any obvious manner, but his cock was more than eager to reveal his true feelings. Encased in a ballsack that was softer than the most voluptuous of busts, Felix' penis pulsed with bliss. His hips reflexively thrust upwards every couple of seconds, greedily wishing to taste more of Dorothea's supple nuts. But Dorothea made sure not to give him too much of what he wanted. With a big, smug smirk on her face, the Mage moved her testicles in slow, meticulous motions, fast enough to keep him enticed, but also sluggish enough to keep him desperate for more. It was the kind of grinding teasing that Dorothea loved, as her own erect penis dribbled and endless amount of precum over Felix' shaft.

"Damn Dorothea, you're totally right!" Kneeling between Felix' legs, the tomboyish Leonie watched her two classmates sexually dominating Felix with awe. The girl had expected *some* kind of resistance. But as her fingers pressed between the tight, gushing pussy that resided between Felix' legs, the boy's cunt let out a thick squirt of excited vaginal fluid.

"His pussy is absolutely gushing." Leonie gulped, her cock growing larger and hotter with every second. As shock slowly shifted into excitable arousal, Leonie's mouth turned into a smug, condescending smirk. "I can't wait to wreck him with my cock~"

Slowly inching towards the defenseless boy, Leonie eagerly pushed the tip of her throbbing penis against Felix' vaginal lips. Leonie's member was ridiculously long, perhaps as long as that of a Lord or an Armor Knight. However, unlike classes with huge cocks, the girth of Leonie's dick remained relatively the same of a normal cock. Such were the dicks of experienced Archers. Whereas most cocks would go for a more

visceral and animalistic approach, Archers' long penises allowed them to bring pleasure through their semi-prehensile nature and ability to target specific weak spots. No cocks could bring the acute, striking ecstasy that Archers could.

A lesson which Felix was just about to learn first-hand. As Leonie took commanding grip of the boy's thighs, the girl thrust her hips forth using every ounce of that tomboyish strength. Her spear-like cock skewered right through Felix' vaginal lips, effortlessly pushing through his insides like an arrow striking its target's weak spot. By the time Leonie's cockhead punctured Felix' womb and claimed his baby-making room for her own, Felix had already reached his breaking point.

Every part of Felix' body was filled with virile, hefty girl dicks. At this moment, he was nothing more than a sexual toy for their relief. The boy hated being treated like a tool more than anything in the world. But at the same time, the pleasure he felt was stronger than any he'd experienced before. With Leonie's cock buried into the deepest recesses of his womb, Felix' hips began to thrust upward as his cock unloaded shot after shot of his incredible orgasm. His climax had not come from any specific source, rather it was the overwhelming experience of being fucked all over that caused his penis to start shooting jizz around uncontrollably.

"Oh my Goddess!!!" Leonie chuckled out with a disbelieving tone, her cock twitching pleasantly as Felix' pussy tightened around her girth. "He came from me just putting it inside! How adorable~ Ahaha!!"

"Nnnffff~ Oh yeahh~" Hapi agreed, her eyes rolling to the back of her head while her grips grinded to an ecstatic halt. "This slut's throat got so tight the instant you entered him~ He's so hungry for cock it's incredible~"

"I told you he was a sensitive boy~" Dorothea cooed blissfully. Her hands wrapped around Felix' still orgasming cock and rubbed his length's lovingly, letting him pump out every last ounce of his hot jizz all over her fat, supple testicles. "But don't worry about a single thing Felix. We'll take real good care of you okay~?"

Humiliation and embarrassment flowed through Felix' veins like blood, but the boy didn't care any longer. His pussy simmered with pleasuring heat as Leonie started to pump her cock in and out of his twitching vaginal lips, his cock vibrated in bliss within the warm embrace of Dorothea's soft hands and balls. As much as he wanted to hate this, Felix felt like he was in heaven. And so he eagerly gagged on Hapi's shaft, tightening his insides around Leonie and enjoying Dorothea's nuts. If he couldn't beat them, he might as well enjoy it~

"Oh Felix, dear..."

A soft, sassy male voice surged forth with confidence. Laying along the following desk entirely like a beautiful model posing for a dirty magazine, the slender and beautiful Yuri looked upon Felix with an air of smugness. His body was so smooth and plump, with a fat ass that would drive women wild and men jealous. This dazzling boy had to be one of the most beautiful individuals in existence. And between his legs, a deep, slippery Thief pussy rested comfortably.

"I know getting gangbanged like a slut can be pretty fun, but..." Yuri commented in a cocky disposition, his lips growing damp at the sight of Felix getting demolished. "You really have to learn to display your



sexual power. Women are insatiable. If you show them a shred of weakness, then they won't give you *any* mercy~"

"Ohoho~ Big talk for a boy as cute and defenseless as you, Yuri!" The haughty Constance rose from behind Yuri, her fat Mage balls and erect penis ready to pounce upon the unsuspecting boy. "I will claim your delicious boy pussy in the name of House Nuvelle! Once I'm done with you, you'll be *begging* for me to fill you up with my hot magical seed~!"

Yuri didn't even turn to face Constance. As the girl slipped onto the table and snuck closer towards Yuri's bare snatch, all he could do was give a smug grin. Before Constance could even get into penetrating distance, Yuri's feet swiftly rose and wrapped around her throbbing shaft, stopping her dead in her tracks. The amount of dexterity and skill Yuri showed when he rubbed Constance's dick was honestly incredible. His feet pushed into Constance's most sensitive spots, pushing her shaft in between his toes and massaging it tenderly. Even the most experienced of cocks would not be able to take Yuri's intense footjobs.

"A-Ah- N-No!! W-W-What are you-?!" Constance tried her best to resist against Yuri's soft, impeccable soles.

But it was clear that she was no match for Yuri's cock pleasing mastery. Soon, the boy's motions grew faster and more intense. His feet wrapped around her throbbing member like a delicious cock sleeve, squeezing every inch of her length with utmost proficiency. The pleasure was so intense, that Constance could feel her legs collapse onto the table, leaving her entirely at the mercy of Yuri's amazing feet. To think that the proud Constance Nuvelle would be put down by nothing more than simple feet was simply humiliating. And the worst part was that Yuri wasn't even fully paying attention to Constance! As his feet expertly moved around her shaft, the cute purple-haired boy continued watching the other girls gangbang Felix.

"Y-Y-Y-Yuri... S-Stop p-p-please..." A dark shade came upon Constance's eyes, her personality shifting entirely. No longer did she stand proud and confidently, instead she shriveled back into herself shyly, unable to even control the trembling of her penis. "I-I know I'm n-not worthy to u-use your beautiful body b-b-but- P-P-Please let me t-try your p-pussy-!!! Nnnngghghhh~""

Constance would get no such chance however. Despite how much she desired to fuck Yuri and turn him into her slave, the domination Yuri's feet held over Constance's cock was so complete that her penis soon exploded in an embarrassing climax. The girl's body arched backwards as her dick started spewing on thick strands of cum. Her eyes were glassy, her whimpers sounding utterly pathetic. All of that precious seed stored in her balls was being utterly wasted, splattered onto a cold table where it would serve no use. It was the most humiliating orgasm in Constance's life, but it was also one of the most pleasurable.

As soon as Constance had collapsed onto the table with whiny whimpers of defeat, Cyril could finally muster the mental concentration to pry his gaze away from the waves of perversion swimming around him. He still didn't quite enjoy the acts being displayed, but for there was something about this room that was strangely mesmerizing. The further in he stepped, the duller and foggier his brain became, almost as if there was no need to think in this place, only enjoy. Shaking his head wildly, Cyril snapped

himself out of this strange mind-twisting aura of the room. He'd come all this way to deal with his dilemma, and he wasn't going to leave until he'd spoken with Byleth herself!

Cyril's proud feet stomped loudly as he slowly made his way towards the other end of the room. His face was determined, his gaze unwavering. No longer did the numerous strange noises or odd smells distract him. Even the foreboding sensation in his gut wasn't enough to halt the boy's progress. Cyril was a man with a mission. Filled to the brim with perseverance, the Cyril kept on going until he was standing right before the professor's desk, finally arriving at Byleth's magnificent throne within this realm of depravity.

On the opposite side of the desk sat none other than the esteemed professor herself, the one who had been the source of Cyril's many woes. However, even now Byleth's attention was focused on another one of her students entirely. Once the dignified and serious leader of the Blue Lions House, prince Dimitri of Faerghus was currently bouncing on top of Byleth's throbbing cock like a bunny rabid with a terrible heat. Gone were the bulky, regal garbs that were normal for a man of Dimitri's royal status. Instead, the boy wore nothing but a few strands of a fashionable dancer ensemble, with silk so thin it was basically see-through and perfect ease of access to Dimitri's tight, plump Dancer pussy.

Standing before the beautiful man, Cyril had to admit even he was a bit impressed by Dimitri's dancing display. He'd often heard stories about how Dimitri's skill and flowing movements had allowed him to win the Heron Cup competition, but seeing them face to face was an entirely different experience! Every single one of Dimitri's motions was graceful and passionate, his hips rocking up and down in a perfectly rhythmic fashion. The way his body swished left and right with such serenity allowed him to take the entirety of Byleth's cock into his pussy with ease. Byleth didn't even have to move a single muscle. Relaxing back against her seat with an ecstatic smile, the professor was more than happy to let Dimitri consistently skewer himself against her cock over and over again. It was such the intensely perverted display, that Cyril himself was starting to feel his heart beating with strange, thumping sensations.

"H-How is my dance professor~?!" Dimitri whimpered out in a breathless and desperate manner, physically unable to stop himself from twirling around Byleth's cock. "D-Do you like it~? I-Is it revitalizing you~?"

"Mmmh~ I am *really* enjoying your dancing Dimi dear~" Byleth responded with a deeply debauched moan, her words clearly truthful judging from the fact that her hardened penis was throbbing with intensity and her damp pussy was oozing needily below. "Keep going baby~ Show me everything I taught you in those dancing classes~"

Though it might have looked like Dimitri was merely smashing the professor's cock into his cunt like a pervert with unchained desire, there was much more to his 'dancing' than met the eyes. Dimitri's luscious movements and revealing clothes were designed to ignite arousal in his allies' bodies. He fed directly off their lust, letting it fester into a pure, passionate desire that would go on to further revitalize and pleasure his friends. Feeling Dimitri's tight vaginal lips sealing against her cock, Byleth didn't simply feel pleasure. Her balls filled up with sperm, her shaft throbbed harder and more fiercely. It was an endlessly increasing positive feedback loop where both parties only kept making each other hornier until their bodies could not physically handle it any longer.

To the growingly impatient and uncomfortable Cyril however, there was no desire to wait until such a time came. "A-Ahem-!" The boy cleared his throat loudly, hoping that Byleth would hear him over the

perversed moans of the bouncing Dimtri. "Pr-Professor...?" Yet it was clear that any sort of bravery or courage Cyril had displayed up to this point had all but banished. "I-I'm sorry to bother you, b-but... I need to talk to you about something important."

Byleth didn't even bother to turn towards Cyril as she enjoyed the tight, dancer pussy of her dear House Leader. "Mmmhhhhh~" Still resting her head comfortably against the backseat, the woman gave a vague acknowledgement that she was listening. "Go ahead Cyril, what can I help you with~?"

"Well, you see... I-It's about my certification exam and class change..." Cyril shifted uncomfortably in place, his head turned down in embarrassment. Now that he had actually gotten up to this point, he wasn't sure he really wanted to go through with things. Partly because he couldn't believe he was about to admit such a childish and humiliating shortcoming to the prodigious professor, and partly because it felt like she was paying more attention to the delightful sensation of Dimitri's folds. "I think... I think I don't want to go through my class change yet..."

"What!?!?" In an instant, Byleth's entire demeanor completely changed.

The professor bolted up from her chair as if she'd been struck by an arrow. The only reason she didn't instinctively jump to her feet was because Dimitri was on top of her. Cyril could see a slight tinge of worry or perhaps even anxiety forming beneath her normally calm and collected demeanor. It was at least enough for Byleth to focus all of her energies onto the previously ignored Cyril.

"E-Excuse me Dimi-" Byleth gently grabbed onto Dimitri's hips, slowing his movements down to a halt in an attempt to push him off her lap. "I need to have an important talk with Cyril for a bit. In private."

"B-But professor!!" Dimitri whined loudly, like a kid who wasn't allowed to play with his toys. His pussy continued to pulsate, his arousal not reaching anywhere near its peak. "I'm still not finished! My *mmhhhh* dance needs to keep going~"

But Byleth much better than to argue with a horny, bratty Dancer. "Dedue!" The professor called out into the room with a fierce voice, summoning the incredibly tall and muscular Duscuro man seemingly out of thin air. "Please take care of our cute Dimitri here while I speak with Cyril."

"As you command professor." Ever the dutiful student, Dedue grabbed onto Dimitri and effortlessly lifted him up from Byleth's lap and into the air.

The annoyed Dimitri continued to pout and complain even as he was pulled away from the professor, his personality shifted into that of a diva thanks to his incredibly high sexual drive. Fortunately for Dimitri, much of his concerns would be answered as he gazed down upon Dedue's enormously muscular toned body. Two titanic black cocks of Brawlers sprouted forth from Dedue's crotch with mighty erections, each one of them larger and girthier than Byleth's sole penis. Dimitri still had a big soft spot for his dear professor, but gazing upon Dedue's enormous double endowments, his pussy could only respond with the very natural reaction of furious ovulation.

"Hey, Dedue~?" Dimitri cooed in a luscious sing song voice, lovingly caressing the larger man's stiff, toned muscles with his hands. "Would you like it if I danced- GYYYYUUUUU~!!!"

There would be no dancing for Dimitri to do however. Dedue had never been a man of teasing or foreplay. He had been giving orders, so that's what he was going to do. Without uttering a single word,

Dedue lowered Dimitri's onto his dual dicks, lining up each of his members against one of Dimitri's entrances. Then, using all of that brutish, bulging muscles protruding from his beefy arms, the man ferociously slammed his fat, meaty cocks into both Dimitri's pussy and anus in one, incredibly forceful thrust.

Big, heart pupils of pure lust formed in Dimitri's eyes, his voice ringing out in complete harmonic bliss. Even to a master of lust as proficient and confident as Dimitri, being double penetrated with a pair of fat, black cocks was more than enough to drive him mad. No longer did Dimitri have to graciously dance and bounce around excited members. Instead, Dedue mechanically pumped his body back and forth as if he was nothing more than a mindless fleshlight. As long as the needy boy was getting thoroughly bred, there would be no more complaining coming out of his quivering lips.

"Alright, now that that's been taken care of..." Byleth gave a little sigh, swiping all the hair away from her face as she shot Cyril a smile that was more earnest than it should have been. "What can I help you with Cyril~?"

The change from utterly perverted and uncaring to sweet, kind and presentable that Byleth just showed was so suddenly jarring, Cyril was at a loss of word for a few seconds. "O-Oh, y-yeah-!" The boy stuttered awkwardly. "I-It's just like I said- I w-was just wondering if I could delay my Advanced Class promotion until next year."

"But Cyril! All of your friends are passing their Certification Exams and advancing into new classes!" Byleth tried her best to convince her student, her demeanor so gentle one could almost forget the fact that she was entirely devoid of clothes with a pulsating erection between her legs at the moment. "Don't you want to promote along with your friends?"

The idea was certainly tempting, but in the end Cyril remained quite unresponsive. "I've spent a long time at Garreg Mach professor." Cyril shot back in a soft, non-confrontational tone. "I-I don't mind waiting another year..."

"Why are you..." Byleth stopped, her eyes narrowing into a questioning glare. It was clear she wanted to say more, though still she kept to herself. Cyril wasn't quite sure what she wanted, nor of the meaning of her expression. But as soon as he blinked, she returned to her previously bright and cheery face, as if nothing had happened at all. "So what possible reason would you have to not want take your Certification Exam Cyril~?"

"Well, I-" The most logical thing would be for Cyril to explain his feelings, how he was uncomfortable with the actions and responsibilities of his class changed classmates. However, for some reason something in the back of his mind told him it would be better to remain quiet about such remarks. "I guess feel like I'm not really prepared to go into an Advanced Class... I-It's too much to handle..."

A huge sigh of relief escaped Byleth's lips, all of the tension evaporating from her body. "Oh, is that all? Jeez Cyril, you gave me a huge scare!" Whatever it was that might have been bothering the professor, it seemed like Cyril had avoided it. Slowly rising from her chair, her cock still throbbing with intense arousal, Byleth approached Cyril with a smile as she began to make her way around the table. "Now Cyril, I know going through your first Certification Exam can be quite the scary experience, but you don't have to worry about it at all!"

As Byleth stopped proud and erect just a few feet in front of Cyril's face, the boy felt a flush heat course through his body. Cyril had seen plenty of nude women today, such was the norm for ladies in Advanced Classes. However, for some reason gazing upon Byleth's curved body and looking at her erect cock caused an indescribable churning of heat in his loins. Cyril's face became flushed, his gaze turning down and away from her face. The professor was so beautiful and dazzling. It felt like she shouldn't be talking to him, and yet she was treating him with such kindness...

"It's every student's dream to become a stronger, fiercer and better soldier?" Almost as if she knew exactly how she was affecting Cyril, Byleth pushed her body closer and closer to the boy. Her arms swung around his shoulders, her face hanging close to his. They were entirely innocent movements, but they were more than enough to throw poor Cyril off guard. "Are you really sure you *don't* want to promote into a cooler class?"

"W-Well, I d-do, b-b-but..." Cyril sputtered back awkwardly, his body entirely frozen in place whilst his loins grew hotter and hotter.

"It's okay Cyril. I totally understand your concerns." Byleth continued before Cyril could even further respond, digging herself further into his mind. "And you know what? As your professor I'd be more than happy to help you pass the exam with flying colors!"

Every word that slipped from Byleth's mouth was like sweet, sticky poison slowly dripping into Cyril's ears. The boy really did want to fight back, but the more Byleth whispered those sweet nothings, the slower and foggier his brain got. Piece by piece, Cyril could feel the objections flushing out of his mind. Any shred of resistance was replaced with a tepid acceptance. He didn't need to think, he didn't need to listen to his gut. For some reason, Cyril just felt like he could just trust Byleth and everything that she said.

"So tell me, what kind of class would you like to take~?" By this point, Byleth had brought Cyril in for a full-fledged hug. Her warm breath settled against his cheek, her powerful smell seeping into his nose. Byleth's essence was being imprinted deep inside his mind. "A powerful double-wielding Brawler? Perhaps a long-reaching Archer? Or a graceful and fierce Pegasus Knight?"

"B-Bri- Brigand..." Cyril whimpered thoughtlessly, his will slowly bending to Byleth's desires. "I-I think Brigand would b-be nice..."

The previously kind and gentle smile on Byleth's face sharply turned into a corrupted smirk.

"Mmmhhhh~ Brigand is an absolutely *excellent* choice Cyril." The woman moaned into Cyril's ear, sending pleasurable shivers all the way down his spine.

"In fact, I think you're ready to become a Brigand right now~" Byleth pressed her cockhead against Cyril's shirt, smearing it with her sticky, dripping precum. "How about we forget all that dumb paperwork and I give you an *oral* Certification Exam, hmmm~?"

Soon, Byleth's hands began to tug away at Cyril's clothes, picking off article after article of clothing in a slow meticulous fashion. Cyril showed no resistance however. His eyes were entirely glassy, his mind emptied of any thought. The only thing that went on in Cyril's vacant brain was how happy he felt that his dearest professor Byleth was not only paying attention to him, but she was even going the extra mile and personally helping him with his certification exam~

“Tell me Cyril, what is a Brigand’s main weapon?” Byleth asked, removing the boy’s shirt to reveal his smooth, tanned torso.

“A-Axes!” The boy excitedly sputtered back. There was no information rolling around that Byleth-filled brain of his, yet the moment his professor asked the question it was the answer instantly materialized.

“Good job~” Byleth cooed blissfully at his response, gently rubbing his body in a congratulatory manner. “Axes are very cumbersome and heavy though. So what is very important for every Brigand to have in order to wield them~?”

“Strength!”

As soon as the words left Cyril’s mouth, a strange palpating heat embroiled his body whole. With her soft, feminine hands, Byleth began to gently caress his arms. Except, everywhere she touched, a thick bump of bulging muscles would sprout out of nothing. His chest hardened into a tight set of pecs, his stomach reforming to create an incredibly defined six pack. He wasn’t anywhere near the level titans like Dedue or Raphael, but slowly Cyril’s small, boyish body grew ripped and tight with the strength of a powerful man.

“That’s right~!” Byleth continued, eagerly licking her lips as her hands moved on further down the length of Cyril’s changing form. “A Brigand is supposed to be very strong and tough, just like you~”

“What about attitude~?” Byleth’s hands gripped onto Cyril’s pants, gently pulling them down to reveal the throbbing erection contained within Cyril’s underwear. “How is a proper Brigand supposed to act~?”

“Tough! Gruff! Rowdy!” Cyril proclaimed proudly with an expression of cockiness on his face. No longer did Cyril express any of the anxiety and uncertainty that had been wracking him before. The boy puffed his chest forward, his erect penis throbbing forth unashamed. “Brigands like to tussle and compete! They’re always full of energy and ready to fight each other!”

With every word that Cyril uttered, both his mind and body descended further into something else entirely. Testosterone flowed freely through Cyril’s veins, making him excited and energetic. The euphoria of masculine strength filled him with a sense of superiority that dulled his senses. Cyril wasn’t even paying attention to Byleth anymore, having entirely fallen in the trance she had brewed for him. Though previously averse to sexual interactions, now the only thing he felt when Byleth squeezed and rubbed his small, 4-inch pecker was intense sexual pride.

“And what is a Brigand’s role in his battalion~?” Byleth asked lusciously, her cock throbbing needily at the sight of yet another student who had been fully subjugated.

“Front line sparring! A Brigand’s job is to take the enemy head on~!” The boy yelled out as loud as he could. His body had been remodeled into that of a Brigand, his mind had absorbed every last bit of a Brigand’s attitude. In almost every way, Cyril had become a full-fledged Brigand. “We takes lots of punishment then deal it back tenfold! Our muscles are big! Our pussies are wide! And we love to fuck n’ fight!”

The domineering Byleth couldn’t help but quiver at the quick progress she’d made with Cyril. “Now, for the last question.” She asked with a perverted smile. No matter how many times she took over her students, it never got any less arousing~ “What sexual organ do Brigands have~?”

Cyril's eyes stretched wide open, as if he'd received the most important realization in his life. "Pussies!"

Head rolling back in bliss, Cyril moaned out as he felt his small cock shrinking further back into his crotch. Inch after inch it receded into his body, his ballsack shrinking and pulling inwards as if forcibly sucked up. In fact, Cyril himself was actually flexing his crotch muscles so that his cock would disappear faster. The boy cared little for his stupid dick anymore. Now that he was a proper Brigand, he was meant to have a wide, sopping Brigand pussy. Only having the sloppiest and toughest of vaginas would make him happy now.

Like a bag of sand being ripped in half, Cyril's sack deflated until there was nothing left on his crotch but a flat plane of soft skin. And in its place, a fresh, mushy slit opened right up, unearthing the entrance to his brand-new pussy. Cyril moaned out in pure, genuine excitement as the first pulsations of his feminine organ started to rock his body. His cock was nothing but a little pink throbbing clit at the tip of his cunt. His testicles had been thoroughly eliminated in place of fat, plump ovaries and a deep, widened birthing canal. Cyril's dream of becoming a Brigand and having a fat Brigand pussy was finally complete!

"Yes!!! I did it!!!" The boy exclaimed in earnest glee, every inch of his body oozing with twitching arousal. "I passed my Certification Exam! I finally became a Brigand with a big Brigand cunt~~~~"

Unable to hold back his desires, Cyril slammed his fingers deep into the folds of his virgin cunt. The boy's entire body quivered in response. His fingers were slim and his pussy was wide, meaning he could almost fit his entire fist into the hot, steamy walls of his needy vagina. They twirled around awkwardly, rubbing against fleshy, bumpy surface while his crotch slammed forth in desperate desire. He was inexperienced, but the vigorous arousal signature of Brigands was certainly there.

"Mmmmmhhhh~ Yes, you've turned into quite the amazing Brigand Cyril~" Byleth moaned happily, biting her lips as she towered over the shorter, horny boy.

Ready to finally reap the fruits of her labor, Byleth forcefully pushed Cyril down against her own desk. Cyril of course, mounted no resistance. His body twitched with desire at the very touch of the beautiful professor, his every mental faculty overcome with the overwhelming sensations the recent transformation.

"Now, what do you say I try out that delicious Brigand pussy of yours and make sure everything is working perfectly~?" Byleth sang in a suave tone, her hands pushing Cyril against the table like the totally dominating force she was.

Though it wasn't much of a suggestion, for before Cyril even had the chance to respond, Byleth had already slammed her cock deep into the welcoming folds of Cyril's sloppy vagina. Cyril writhed and twisted wildly against the table, his folds embracing Byleth's large cock with lust and love. The boy could scarcely believe it. Not only had the professor helped him pass the exam he was so worried about, but now she was going to actually pump his brand-new pussy with her hot, Mercenary dick~! Truly, taking that Certification Exam was the best thing that could have happened to him. Cyril could not wait to meet his friends with his new class and his womb full of cum~