

[Golden Sissification]

Being Cagliostro meant a lot of things. It meant that you had power. It meant that you had great knowledge. It meant that you had been the source of modern Alchemy. But most importantly, it meant that it was very easy to make you bored. Something that Cagliostro experienced every single day of her near-eternal life. It certainly didn't help that she could continue living for another few eternities thanks to her proficiency making new bodies, so she had plenty of time to get bored all over again.

She needed something to do that could help her alleviate that boredom. And when Cagliostro got bored, she liked getting playful and tricky. And what better way to deal with those tricky and playful feelings than to bully somebody into being her test subject? She had a few options too, and she was in a particular mood that would lend itself a lot to bullying.

"Caaaaaagliostrooooo! You're good at making pretty light shows, right?"

And as the doctor ordered, a hapless victim walked straight into her chambers. The black-haired foxy Erune, Yuel, had decided to pay the greatest alchemist in all of the skies a visit. Perfect. Somebody like her, who showed off way too much skin in the first place, would be perfect for what she intended to do. Something simple. Something that would definitely not result in the victims having a great distaste for her in the future.

"Calling them pretty light shows is doing them a disservice. But yes, I can help with that. What do you need, Yuel?" Cagliostro slipped from a distasteful tone to a cutesy tone on a dime, her eyes shining brightly as she made herself look excited to do something so absolutely benign and beneath her. It was easy to trick people when she acted like this.

Yuel grinned, not even realizing that she was being played for a fool as she swished her tail around. "Well, me and Socie are going to be dancing a brand new dance we've cooked up. It's like a big combination of all of our other dances, and we need something to make sure that people are paying attention when we swap to the next dance. Maybe you could make some really big explosions or something, without the part where it ends up burning down the ship?" The black-haired Erune wasn't exactly the sharpest tool in the shed, but she was doing her best.

Cagliostro nodded and smiled. "Of course, I can give you a demonstration if you just stand right over there. I've already got a glyph ready that I can modify a bit, then everyone'll definitely pay attention to you!" She chimed, not at all acknowledging the true purpose of the glyph on the floor. Nor the fact that she loathed this kind of work. But hey, Yuel was proving herself an easy mark. She probably wouldn't mind what happened next. Especially since it would definitely make those dummies watch her as closely as possible.

"Oh, you're just the best, Cag!" Yuel chimed as she skipped over to the glyph on the floor, blinking a bit as she noticed that it had a strange color. "Hey, is it supposed to be golden? Don't you use red and blue glyphs when you try and blow things up?" She asked a very valid question, especially since the two had fought alongside one another before so its not like she was completely unaware of how her powers worked.

Cag didn't initially respond, just snapping her fingers with a grin. "Ars Sissy!" She shouted as the glyph shone as brightly as possible, the glow partly consuming Yuel's body in the process.

By the time that the golden light that had nearly blinded her went away, Yuel noticed that her legs had turned the same shade of gold. Not only that, but it seemed like she had been stripped naked where the gold glow went. It was like her features were being washed away, or.. No, hold on, if she looked more closely, she could notice a set of extremely high heels that were making it really hard to stand up properly. If not for how rigid her legs now felt. Despite a lack of balance, she was staying perfectly still...

"W-What're you doing, Cag?!" Yuel cried out, all while the gold started to pull across her more and more. Moaning as it spread across her thighs, gradually making her hips push out more and more as her golden derriere started to bounce and wobble like a bubble...

Cagliostro grinned like wild as it spread further and further along the Erune's body. "You asked me for help. I never said I'd actually help you with that explosive stuff. I did say everyone'd pay attention to you though." She laughed as her smug grin grew wider. "And what's going to draw attention more than a cute fat-bottomed golden golem sissy? Don't worry, I won't charge for this."

Yuel wanted to curse away at the girl for having done this to her. But then the gold started to spread across her waist, and she was forced to let out a loud and powerful moan as a pressure grew down below. It was like something was forcing itself out of her. Something big, something thick, something that was making her inch closer to her climax. It was... It was..!

"Hhaaaaaaah!" The foxy girl cried out as a big bulbous nudge popped out of her crotch, sealing away her genitalia... Well, his genitalia. Because the moment that the golden nudge popped out of her was the moment where the rest of the golden spell utterly consumed her from waist to top, flattening out her breasts and leaving her as a high heeled sissy who couldn't do much except walk around and look pretty and giggle.

Cagliostro laughed at the sight of the golden sissy squeezing away at his nudge, which was adorned with a cute depiction of his original face. The features had been wiped away thanks to the golden spell, leaving Yuel to just walk around with an eyeless face. At least it hadn't consumed his hair, leaving him with a golden bed of hair that refused to move. The only thing about the golden that actively moved was the

surprisingly soft bulge between his thighs, and the plump lips of a sissy that kept on parting to let out giggle after giggle.

"Alright, I've had my fun. Go do whatever a sissy like you needs to do." Cagliostro said and waved Yuel off, causing him to giggle a bit more as he walked right out. Letting his rather generous butt bounce as he did so, his heeled gait perfect for bringing emphasis to what was below the belt. And despite how unbalanced he looked, he was able to walk completely perfectly.

Now, who should he deal with ne-

"Oh, Cagliostro! Perfect timing, you done with... Was that Yuel or another Erune? Ah, not like it matters."

Well, it seemed like the moths were going straight to the flame today. Not that Cag was going to complain. Especially with such a potent looking guinea pig like Zeta. That girl was... Well she was a bit smarter than Yuel but not by much. She thought as much as she needed to, and then let her spear Arvess do the rest of the hard work.

"Yes, I'm done. Didn't he look cute? I'm sure that people'll love his new dance!" Cagliostro giggled, winking a bit to make it seem like it had been a completely normal and not at all malicious procedure. Which was why her spell had an extra layer on top, making people perceive the golden sissy as somebody completely ordinary. Even though a golden golem with a big nudge between their thighs was anything but normal.

Zeta laughed a bit. "Dancing around with something like that? I'm not sure how many'll want to watch that. Maybe Bea... Actually now that I think about it, I'll have to make sure she doesn't get addicted or anything." The blonde's expression turned grave for but a moment, before she shook her head. "Anyway, I was wondering if you could help me power up Arvess a bit. You know, enhance it with Alchemy so it'll be even better? I've done a lot to bond with it and unleash its strength, but that strength could always be increased, at least that's what I think."

Cagliostro rolled her eyes. This girl didn't understand the value of the strength she had at her fingertips. Of course she'd go for something stronger. But hey, that just meant she could make her another test subject for her new favorite spell. "Alright. Do you mind if I hold Arvess for a moment?" The best way to cast her spell would be to use a conduit. And a weapon like Arvess would definitely be a good conduit, considering the actual physical link it had started to make with its user.

"Sure, I don't mind. Just don't expect it to like your grip." Zeta said as she popped her spear off her back, casually handing it over to Cagliostro... And raising her eyebrow just a little as it started to radiate power. Something about that didn't seem right-

"ARS SISSY!" Cagliostro, seconds after getting ahold of Arvess, poured her alchemy straight through the spear and jammed it into the crotch of the twin-tailed girl. And the effects were stellar, considering how quickly the golden shade started to spread across her body. Not only that, but she ended up with an even thicker set of hips than Yuel did. Probably due to the sheer amount of power hidden within the spear.

Zeta was having difficulty properly enunciating how she felt about being speared between her legs. Not that she needed to worry too much about it, because Arvess was giving her an overwhelming sense of pleasure, courtesy of its brand new form. "I-I thought I said make it stronger..." She muttered, all while the golden shade started to overwhelm her face.

"I did." Cagliostro simply said as she put her finger down on the enormous nudge between the blonde girl's thighs. The brand new form that her spear, Arvess, had taken. Something that was easy to tell given the spear that was printed on the very front of the nudge.

Shocks of pure pleasure ran so quickly through Zeta that it was like her mind shut down completely from the near-orgasmic mess that just hit her. It was like orgasm after orgasm after orgasm. How was she supposed to cope and endure something like that?

He wasn't. The pleasure had fried her brain so badly that it now understood, thanks to her flat breast and the enormous nudge, that she was a he. Which was why his hands were already all over Arvess. Though his body was now nice and sleek and extra emphasized in the hip department, he didn't think about anything but his weapon partner. The nudge that drove him to squeeze and squish and make himself stand out less and less. He didn't need anything except for his Arvess!

As Zeta trembled a bit more as he got closer and closer to a climax, his eyes faded and his golden sissy lips parted so he could cry out as loud as possible. All while his cute twintails grew longer to the point where they were all the way down by his hips. If you saw his ass, you'd see his handlebars. And if you saw Arvess, you'd see those handlebars too. It was perfect, making him easy to use should anybody need to make use of a horny golden sissy golem...

Without Cagliostro giving him a command, the sissified spear-lover moaned and walked right out of the alchemist's room. Compared to the prior sissy, his curves did most of the talking, as his gait wasn't anywhere near as impressive given the lack of heels. But he was still going to draw attention... And people would want to 'wield' Arvess just like he did. A vector to spread Ars Sissy, if Cag had ever heard of one.

Now she was feeling pretty satisfied. So much so that she could really use something better than this lousy chair to sit on-

"Cagliostro. You have gone against the balance of this world."

Or not, because a certain Primal decided that she had a bone to pick with her. Then again, she didn't exactly blame her for having one. She did just turn two very capable girls into completely nudge-obsessed sissies. But did that mean she had the authority to tell her that she had done something wrong? Nah.

"Zooey, was it? Or do you prefer Grand Order?" Cagliostro grinned a bit as she glared at the brown-skinned girl that was currently pointing a sword at her face. Honestly, she had bothered to come into her room, and she immediately started out by pointing that thing at her. Did she expect her to come along peacefully after that? "What makes you think I've upset some kind of balance?"

"You're clearly disrupting the balance between male and female. While it is not an inherent balance that needs to be maintained, if I let you stay on this course, you may yet threaten the well-being of the skies." Zooey, the Primal overseeing order and balance in this sky realm, spoke with conviction. Though she had started to gain humanity by walking alongside those that lived in this world, that did not mean she developed mercy for those that strayed from the path of balance."

Cagliostro laughed a bit as she got out of her chair. "Is it not balanced if I don't have a bias? Besides, you'd make a great sissy too. Here, how about it!?" The alchemist said as she let her fingertips start sparking with golden energy. "ARS SISSY-"

Only for the tanned girl to slice straight through her, the alchemist's homonculus body falling to the ground like the life had just disappeared from it. "Overconfidence leads to a fall, Cagliostro. Though I expect that this will not be the last time we see each other." Resigned to the fate of fighting against such a brilliant mind, Zooey sheathed her blade inside her shield and turned to leave...

"ARS SISSY!"

Her suspicions were proven right, though far quicker than she had originally anticipated. Courtesy of one of the alchemist's hidden bodies popping out from the ceiling of the room and then making direct impact with the tanned Primal's face using her ass. Really, she should've seen something like that coming. If there was one thing that Cagliostro was known for, it was stuff like this.

"Get off me!" Zooey shouted, but by the time those words left her lips, it was already over. Mainly because the sheer power of the magic inside that heavy bottom was already pouring through her, turning her gold bit by bit. Converting her outfit to make it much more revealing, essentially turning into one big set of near-seethrough golden lingerie...

All while Cagliostro laughed on top of the Primal as she rubbed that fat ass around on the face, making Zooey's features go away bit by bit. "Really, you think you can just strike me down and not expect consequences? You may be a Primal governing balance, but i'd argue you fall on the stupid side of the balance of intelligence!" The alchemist shouted, licking her lips as Ars Sissy continued to transform Zooey more and more.

The golden Primal was having trouble focusing on anything but the ass in front of her... him... her? him? It was getting hard to remember what she was too, and though she was ultimately not human, the human way of identifying her gender would have to come in handy. Reaching down below, grabbing ahold of the hem of her skirt and then-

She didn't get the chance to touch her crotch and figure out before Cagliostro had already done it for her. Or for him rather, given the sensation of feeling somebody's feet digging into his nudge. It felt so good. Even though he couldn't see the orgasmic face printed on his nudge, he could definitely feel the excitement that came with this kind of bullying. It felt so good. Even though his nudge was the smallest of the lot, the fact he was getting it kneaded by these wonderful feet... Aahhh...

Cagliostro laughed as the struggled died down below, courtesy of the sissified Primal becoming real weak once he felt his nudge getting played with. "Falling just like the rest, you're nothing but a sissy guinea pig to me, Zooey." She taunted the Primal that had tried to slay her as she continued to knead those feet all over that nudge. It felt just... Oh, it was relaxing. She should've kept the other two around for this, maybe it would've been even better.

It also helped that sitting down on Zooey's nullified face was a lot more fun than she would've anticipated. Thanks to how she had rubbed her ass around on it, every little inch of that smooth surface was now perfect for her. True, she had intended to get herself a new seat somehow, but she wasn't going to complain about it being a cute boy's face. Especially if it managed to imprint more humiliation upon the Primal.

Zooey let out moan after moan, remaining perfectly still as the alchemist played with his nudge. Did he have permission to do anything? No. As far as he understood, especially after being turned into a golden sissy golem... Everything was in balance. And if he tried to change that, then he was contradicting his own

nature. So he just remained perfectly still, moaning every now and then, as his nudge served as a source of stress relief.

Cagliostro sighed as she slowly stretched a bit. Three sissies in such a short time. What a fun little test drive it had been. But now that she had the Primal of Balance under her command, she had a lot less to worry about, didn't she?

Perhaps she really should tear up the balance between genders, and see just how far she could go with Ars Sissy... Ehehehehe...

[Brain Popping Bimbofication]

"...rossa... Testarossa!"

"Nanoha!"

Two young ladies were suddenly shook from their otherwise deep and intimate naps. They had been sleeping like rocks, nothing being able to disturb them. Unfortunately, somebody clearly needed them. Somebody that sounded panicked enough and incredibly familiar at the same time...

"Signum..?" Fate Harlaown Testarossa muttered as her eyes slowly fluttered open. It was like she had just been awoken from the deepest slumber in her entire life. So much so that she really didn't notice the fact that she had been stripped naked, nor that she was staring at an equally naked ally of hers. "It's a bit early for a duel, isn't it..?" She muttered, chuckling ever so slightly like she was still on the border of being too sleepy.

Nanoha Takamachi, the other sleepyhead between the duo, looked up at her fellow brunette who was just as naked as the rest of them. "Oh, Hayate... What's up?" She giggled, tilting her head ever so slightly. She was both confused as to where they all were, and why her head felt so heavy, and why she could feel a draft. The latter was easy for her to explain, just hard for her to understand with her current state of mind. "Have you gotten bigger? Is that because of how much Signum's been fondling you?"

Both of their friends just shook their heads in response to their slurred replies. They were lucky enough to wake up before them, and this was the thanks they got for trying to help them. Well, at least they hadn't fallen prey to something.

"Testarossa. Please, look around and try to gather your bearings. As much as I would love another bout against you and Bardiche, this is not an appropriate location nor an appropriate time." "You too, Nanoha. You really have to snap out of it, we've ended up in some sort of weird factory!"

Both Nanoha and Fate looked around a bit, their vision slowly but surely clearing as they rubbed away the sleep still present in their eyes. And as the surroundings started to sink in, both of them started to grow appropriately worried. What exactly caused them all to end up in this weird factory..? And for that matter, why were they naked?

Hayate Yagami, the most worried of the four women present given the power that she usually possessed, sighed as she noticed the sense returning to Nanoha's face. "You're one to talk about growing breasts, Nanoha. Fate's been fondling you every single night, as far as I've heard. You really should watch out, you'll end up with udders if she keeps doing that."

"Is this true, Fate? Do you enjoy fondling your partner to that extent?" Signum, the stalwart Mage that served as Fate's rival and as her close aide, showed concern towards her ally's habits. Even if she was no better, considering how intimate her fingers had gotten over the course of the last few years where she slept in Hayate's bed.

Before Fate or Nanoha had the chance to comment on their friends accusing them of deviancy, all four were given a taste of the true purpose of their surroundings. Which came in the form of seeing several empty-headed girls, one black, one white, one red and one yellow, being carried along by arms that held them up using their overly inflated tits. None of them seemed to be bothered by this rough method of transportation, nor did they seem to be present mentally.

"What... What was that..?" Nanoha asked as she felt a trembling sensation inside her heart. She had to do something to stop them, as she closed her eyes and tried to call upon a bit of her magic. Just so she could get ahold of Raising Heart.

The others did the same, each of them trying to cast a spell to summon their respective Devices to them. But one by one, each of their respective magic circles shattered. Leaving them not only winded, but unable to conjure up another spell anytime soon.

"Now now, I know you four are feisty and some of the strongest women from your world, but you really need to take it slow. I wouldn't want to damage the merchandise too hard before the time to put the finishing touches on you arrives."

A screen slowly started to descend in front of the four girls that were being carried off, the display turning on to reveal a white-haired and crimson-eyed young man who couldn't take greater pleasure in seeing those four powerful Mages kneeling before him, even if they were currently in this position because they had spent all their energy.

"Who are you..? And what do you want with us..?" Hayate spoke up, clearing her throat as she slowly stood back up. Trying her best to look dignified despite the fact that she was naked from head to toe, she put her hand over her chest. "Please. I am a high ranking official in the TSAB, we can come to an agreement if that's what you crave."

The young man laughed at the dignity that the brunette tried to muster up. "My name is Atlas Grimwald. You four are no longer in your home universe. By the time that you're done being processed here in my factory, you'll return and the world will be none the wiser as to your departure. But they'll definitely be salivating over the brand new sex dolls that my brand has put out. Don't worry, I'll make sure that you all end up the highest quality bimbo dolls that money can buy. Only the best for Mage sluts like you."

A mutual look of shock started to pour over the girls' faces as they listened to this strange young man's explanation. They could certainly understand it, but that didn't mean they wanted to. "Hayate, show him what for!" Nanoha cried out, knowing that if anybody could deal with somebody like this, even when her powers had been taken away, it would be her. That trust was likewise shared by the others, as all of them looked towards their proverbial leader...

Hayate smiled as she felt their hopes riding on her shoulders. "I won't let you have your way. Not as long as I draw breath." She said as she focused her heart on her hand, casting a spell that didn't truly require any proper control. All it did was make her act as a beacon, and then...

A book appeared in the brunette's hand, one brimming with power. One that made the young man on the screen gently raise his eyebrow with a devious smile on his face. "And what are you going to do with that, Hayate?" He asked, almost as if he didn't know what she was holding.

"With the power invested in me by the Tome of the Night Sky, I will make sure that you cannot do a thing to us!" Hayate cried out as a magic circle appeared underneath her, the power rushing through her as she smiled. Even if her own magic was sealed off, the Tome could act as an extension of herself with all of its powers still active.

Signum was smiling at what her Mistress was able to do. But at the same time, she noticed something... off, about the book. "Hayate! Look out!" She cried out as soon as she realized what was wrong with it. And it started when she noticed just how thin its pages were.

Hayate blinked as she looked down at the tome in her hands, only for her cheeks to flush bright red. It wasn't a tome at all, it was a porno magazine! Not only that, but the usual magic circle that she called upon when she used it... It was a deep pink color. Not unlike some of the girls that started to glow on those pages.

"Ah, the Book of Bimbos. Nice choice. Enjoy being a host to a brand new set of airheads, Hayate. I'm sure they'll make you a nice home."

Hayate's eyes widened as she saw several identical looking figures flying out of the book's pages. Each of them were identical to her old familiar, Reinforce. But their blonde hair and their incredibly full lips and their enormous breasts made them seem so wrong.

Not that she got to dwell on it for too long as the circle closed in on her, as the many Bimboforces puckered their lips and planted kiss after kiss on the wielder of the book, causing her body to quickly respond to this brand new kind of magic pouring through her.

Hayate's breasts exploded outward until they were thrice as big as one of the Bimboforces' sets, while her thighs and her ass grew just as thick and immediately started to clap against each other. All while she started to vacantly stare straight ahead, her posture becoming awfully stiff as her lips puckered up nice and tightly...

MWAH *POP*

Her eyes rolled into the back of her head as she kissed the air, the kiss delivering the final blow to her brain. She had been overwhelmed by the book in her hands, and there was little she could do except drop the silly thing and just stand there, her heavy breasts keeping any thought from taking root.

"Hayate!" Both Nanoha and Fate cried out in shock. Their dear friend had been reduced to an empty headed slut just like that. Twisted by a Device that was supposed to be her own, only for it to have been twisted...

Signum grit her teeth and clenched her fist. This was unforgivable. Much like her Mistress, she mustered up all the power she could access and reached her hands out, as Laevatein manifested within her grip. "You will pay for what you've done to my Mistress!" She shouted, as the shape of her device shifted into its bow form, all fueled by her own willpower instead of her magic.

Little did she know that this was all planned, as Atlas just kept on smiling. "A bow, huh? Be careful where you aim that thing. You never know what you might end up hitting." He chimed, all while keeping his eyes off the pink-haired mage and more on his brand new Bimbo.

Signum didn't even try to listen to the boy. She just let the single bit of magic pour into her fingers, forming an arrow that flew straight towards the screen. Hoping to shatter it so they could escape their fate.

Only for it to harmlessly bounce off it, then off another pipe, and so on and so forth as it bounced all across the place, getting progressively pinker.

Fate watched with horror as the arrow slipped out of their sight, but her gut feeling directed her towards her rival's buttocks... And there it was, sinking straight in. "Signum..!"

Signum barely got a moment to react before her ass started inflating. She could feel the pleasure that poured through her, dragging her mind further and further down with every passing moment. Every centimeter made it harder and harder to think, especially by the time those cheeks were bigger than her head...

She struggled. She truly did. Trying to point the bow towards the screen once more. But then she felt the pure bliss that came from her breasts inflating in turn. Her thoughts were melting as they were being pulled in two opposing direction. And with every thought that was being tugged down, she just kept growing...

POP

Until it was too much for Signum's brain to handle, and her assets bounced freely as her brain popped. All while the arrow that she fired finally fell out of her inflated cheek, the heart-tipped arrow head disappearing along with the rest of it. She had filled herself with an overdose of pleasure, just like Hayate had. Just without knowing it due to the arrow being changed in the middle of its flight. At least they made for a great pair, since their assets were roughly the same size.

"That's two down. So, you two Aces can still try to fight back. Or you can just accept that you'll end up even bigger than them, considering how much more valuable you are." Atlas taunted the two of them with a gleeful look on his face. He was enjoying this far too much, his hand firmly running along the bulge in his pants.

Both Nanoha and Fate looked at each other, and nodded as they stood back up. They weren't going to back down, not after seeing their friends be turned in such a humiliating fashion. "Do your worst!" They both cried out, remaining stalwart in the face of overwhelming odds. They had won before, they could win again.

Atlas laughed. Ah, this was why he loved to make bimbos out of dominant girls like them. "Very well. Let's give you the best kind of treatment, shall we?" He said, clicking a button on a nearby remote.

Fate's eyes started to glow ever so slightly pink as her hands started to lift up towards her head. "W-What's going on? What's-" She barely got a chance to question what had happened before she felt the tiniest bit of lightning bouncing between the flats of her hands. Just seeing it spark between them was enough to send a massive shiver down her spine as she knew what was about to happen.

Nanoha tried to stop it before it happened, but she didn't get a chance since four pink binds snapped around her limbs, all while Atlas continued to laugh at her defiant struggles. "Just watch, Ace of Aces. You'll love how she ends up!"

ZAP

Fate let out a powerful cry as her hands slapped onto the sides of her head, and all the power that she had seemingly lost started to pour straight through her. Her hair was immediately forced onto its ends as every little bit of her body was forced to endure the sheer intensity of all that lightning. Sure, she was the Lightning Mage, but that didn't mean she was immune to her own magic!

While her hair was busy fritzing out thanks to all of that electricity, her body was experiencing the same kind of shocking growth. Her nipples widened and pushed out as her tits grew nice and stiff. Heavy, big and stiff, just as a proper slut's should be. The rest of her body was experiencing the same kind of sexy paralysis, especially as her asscheeks slapped against one another and froze in place just at the right moment, so that both of those wonderful cheeks could squeeze right down on any cock that would try to shove in between them.

Her expression was just as shocked as the rest of her, snapped into complete stupidity. And as a brief *ZAP* echoed again, a bit of drool poured down her chin as her brain had been finished off. Now she was

little more than an empty headed slut ready to be sent off and packed away, especially with those nice and firm almost plastic-like massive tits that you could lose yourself in.

Nanoha frowned and tried to fight back against her binds. "So, you made Fate zap herself. How do you think you'll deal with me?" She didn't like how her lover had been dealt with. But there was no way that he'd have anything that could deal with her. Even without her magic at full power, she could still take a good hit.

Atlas laughed as several guided lasers started to point towards the naked Ace of Aces. "Well since you're a fan of overkill, how about we return the favor?" The white-haired bastard chimed as every single one of those beams started to charge up. "Bimbo Breaker! MAXIMUM OUTPUT!"

Responding to the sound of the young man's voice, every single one of those beams fired straight at Nanoha. None of them were targeting any area in particular, they were all just firing as much as they had available. Which meant that she was utterly and completely consumed by the sheer intensity of the beams pointed at her, a single but potent orgasmic scream leaving her lungs as she was swallowed by the bright pink beams...

By the time that the beams finally stopped firing, not even a giggle left the lips of the Ace of Aces. Because even somebody like her couldn't handle that much concentrated firepower, no matter how hard she tried. But not that it mattered, because she didn't need to withstand a hit.

Not when she now looked the most like a plastic bimbo compared to all of them. Big red plush cocksucker lips, enticing lashes that added a bit of allure to her otherwise completely empty eyes, tits that could full up a whole seat by themselves, an ass that would serve as the perfect cushion for whenever somebody needed to go to town on her, adorable painted nails that added to the vapid nature of her new self, and a drooling pussy that was just begging to be filled.

Every single one of the formerly powerful Mages looked completely empty headed, just like the foursome that had been carried off by their tits. And as Atlas laughed at their complete and utter defeat, they too were picked up by four sets of claws that idly just latched onto their tits like they were the best way to carry them.

They couldn't perceive anything, because they were too stupid at this point. Their brains had long since popped, and their pussies needing to be filled was the only thing that drove them. So much so that they didn't even notice that they were dropped into a set of marketable packaging, each with their own label. "SLUT OF SLUTS NANOHA", "LIGHTNING SLUT FATE", "SLUT OF THE SWORD SIGNUM " and "SLUT OF THE

NIGHT SLUT HAYATE". Each fitting one of their original epithets and mockingly displaying their original names on the box as well. As if anybody would truly recognize them like this.

One by one, the boxed bimbos were carried off by another arm in the factory's workings, as Atlas let out a sigh and gently wiped away a bit of the cum that had leaked through his trousers.

Hopefully those sluts would make him a good penny. For now, he had to pick out new products. Maybe those Servant sluts would make good bimbo dolls...

[Femboi Roboticization]

"N-No way. He made this, just for me? I-I just helped him with a bit of homework, and he put all his time into paying me back..?"

That was what Tsubasa Sato, youthful student at Mimoto Highschool, muttered as he looked at the sleek robotic assistant standing right in front of him. He was very confused when he received a tall box through the mail in the morning, and once he brought it inside his confusion only heightened.

Who wouldn't be confused when they were greeted by a sleek silver-colored feminine figure, who looked like she had been made from the most delicate parts available for general purchase? Every little inch of her figure seemed to be custom made or ordered, which only served to compliment the incredible silky maid dress she wore. Especially the short bob-cut like sheets that made her look like she had a normal bed of hair. Even the screen that served as a replacement for proper optics seemed high quality, guaranteeing that she wouldn't be burning anything in anytime soon.

Now, the young light-brunette really couldn't be compared to the robot that he just received in the mail. He was a lot more average. Dressed in a simple beige vest and long-sleeved white shirt, a set of completely unremarkable pants and shoes, and adorned with a set of nerdy glasses, he was the very model of an ordinary boy who was studying his way through life. At least, when he compared himself to his close friends, he was probably the most normal out of them. Between the eternally supportive girl, the endlessly happy one, and the frighteningly rich one... Yeah, he stood out for how little he stood out. But he wasn't the important thing right now, the robot in front of him was.

Tsubasa took a deep breath as he walked around the pretty maid-like machine, looking up and down and doing his best not to focus on her very exposed hips or the cleavage window near her breasts. No, he needed to find something that could explain to him why this had ended up in his lap. Sure, he knew exactly

who had made it and who had sent it, because there was nobody else that would do such a thing, but he needed to be absolutely sure.

Slowly but surely his eyes fell on her cleavage. That ample set of breasts that looked like they could swallow him if he looked at them for too long. And he saw what he had been searching for. A simple envelope, kept tucked into what seemed to be a slot for... CDs? Really, he stuffed a feature like that into her? Not that he had any on hand, he had just put most of them up into the attic so they wouldn't fill so much space.

The light-brunette did his best not to touch those enormous mammaries as he plucked the letter out from between them, the sweat pouring down his face and quickly fogging up his poor glasses in the process. He'd need to clean them once he had the chance and had calmed down properly...

While his sight wasn't the best, it did lean towards his sight being best at a close range. Which let him gently remove his glasses and put them onto a nearby desk, all so he could focus on the letter instead of being blocked by the fog that had built up on the surface.

"Dear Sato-senpai.

Thank you again for showing me how to solve those problems! I didn't know how I was going to get through math without your help, and I passed with flying colors! As thanks, I poured a good month's worth of work into my latest and greatest project, the Cleanser! It'll cleanse anything that you tell it to. Just be careful, it has a learning AI and a couple of principles already built in. I can't guarantee what might happen if it starts associating improperly, so make sure it doesn't see anything you don't want it to!

Yours,

Kikai-kun."

Tsubasa smiled a little, rubbing at his eyes to wipe a bit of the moisture away. And the very few happy tears. It wasn't often that he got the chance to do something like this, and even if he didn't think he was worth rewarding in this manner, he'd be rude if he turned down his kouhai's gift.

"Thanks, Kikai-kun." The nerdy boy muttered as he reached for his glasses again, flicking his wrist to suddenly whip out a cloth that he could use to polish and clean the fogged up glass, before letting it retract into his sleeve. A trick that he had learned from watching his favorite shows, he just had to remember to replace the cloth by the end of the day.

For now, he needed to see what the gift could do. "So, the Cleanser..." Tsubasa said as he brought his hand up to the screen intended to be the metallic maid's face. "...Activate? Launch?" He said, tapping at the screen a few times while trying to shuffle through a couple of different activation phrases. There was no manual, so he had to play a lot of this by ear.

After tapping for what felt like a few minutes, the boy just stopped and let out a sigh. This was going to be the next thing that he taught Kikai-kun. Please make proper documentation for the work that he did, so it wouldn't be impossible to understand what you had to do to use his inventions.

But it was that very same silence and lack of interaction that made the maid spring to life, her screen flashing as bits started to light up across it. By the time that she had fully activated, her 'eyes' took the form of simple constructs. There was no real nuance to how she expressed herself with her eyes, but she could definitely see the one that had activated her, as her green eyes flashed gently blue for but a single moment.

"User Registered. Greetings, Master." Tsubasa let out a yelp as he heard the digitized yet kind-sounding voice coming from the robotic maid's parting lips, all while the metallic figure bowed down and held onto the very fine and wavy hem of her skirt to curtsy as properly as possible.

M-Master. Hearing that word was enough to make the young nerd tremble. He was far too familiar with the concept of a Master. Mostly because he had written about the idea a lot. Usually with himself in the slave position, but there were also a couple where the heroines that he adored were reduced to following a Master just like he wanted to... N-No, better not have dirty thoughts like that.

"G-Greetings." Tsubasa cleared his throat as he tried to look presentable in front of the metallic helper. "R-Relay your designation and primary objective." He tried to give a command, but that just made him sound nerdier than he looked. Which was an accomplishment considering he was a few pimples away from looking like a stereotypical mess of a nerd.

The Cleanser nodded as she bowed again. "This unit is designated C-LEAN53. You may still register a proper name if you so desire. As for my objectives, I exist to clean anything that I see. As long as I detect even the slightest percentage of filth, I will clean it." The metallic maid explained, her eyes briefly flashing red as she looked upon her Master. "Master, sit still."

Tsubasa blinked as the Cleanser suddenly sprayed him in the face with a rather thick looking burst of mist. He thought that it would hurt to get blasted with something like that, but as it turned out it wasn't really worse than getting a tiny bit of water stuck in his eyes. And having her gentle hand slide across his face, blowing the smallest bit of warm air to dry out the water that had impacted his face, was a lot more

comforting and relaxing than he ever could've dreamed of. Kikai-kun had really made a technological marvel, if this was the kind of fine-tuned cleansing that she could carry out...

Once the Cleanser pulled away, a smile poured across her face in response to carrying out a good job. "You look clean, Master. I hope you are satisfied with this performance." She said, bowing down respectfully again. This was what she had been programmed to do. And she found nothing but pleasure from doing it. The perfect AI for cleaning...

Tsubasa took a deep breath and let out a soft giggle right after. "Y-Yeah, you did really well, C-LE... Clea." He said with a smile. "Please register that as your name, Clea. It rolls off the tongue a bit easier." As he gave her the command, he walked right past her. He had something in mind that might need her delicate touch.

Clea nodded as her screen displayed a lovely little hourglass for but a moment. "Name saved. Thank you for giving me a name, Master. Clea will treasure it until her expiration date." She chimed, following right behind the boy. "Is there anything else you would like to designate as an important area to clean?"

"Well, you're a robot, so I was wondering if you knew how to clean a hard drive. I have a lot of different files that I need to get off my computer, and I don't have the time to dig into the nitty gritty." Tsubasa said as he pointed towards his decal-covered pc, showing off the many heroines that he had come to love over the years. Whether it was somebody as retro as the Aces, or the newer Natura. "Just, uh, don't touch the Confidential folder. I don't want you to delete anything from that folder." He explained, before stepping aside to let the robotic helper do what she did best.

Clea understood the order given to her, registering the restraint as a parameter to follow before a single cable shot out from beneath her skirt, letting her turn right around as the cable inserted itself into the pc tower. "Please sit tight, Master. I will do my best to categorize everything in your computer. When I've completed this task, I'll give you a summation and allow you to keep... keep..."

Tsubasa felt the slightest tingle run down his spine. Why was she skipping? He hadn't downloaded a virus, had he? No, there was no way. He made sure that he ran everything in safe mode when he accessed the more skeevy sites and ran a virtual machine when that wasn't enough. He was absolutely sure that he hadn't infected his systems. So why did she start to malfunction? Had Kikai-kun done something wrong?

His worries were answered as Clea's screen turned bright red. "Filth registered." She said, the cable disconnecting from the computer tower as two rather disappointed eyes appeared in the midst of the red colors. "Your authored pornography, when compared to the most common type published to the wide web, goes against every single possible moral code. I am sorry, Master, but you need to be cleansed."

"W-Wait, I told you not to touch that folder!" Tsubasa cried out in shock. That moment of shock was all that his metallic maid needed to subdue him, as the cable suddenly shot out and extended all the way around him, keeping him stuck in what was essentially a cocoon of wiring. He couldn't do anything meaningful. All that he could do was just squirm a bit back and forth, hoping that he would be able to squirm his way out of this predicament before it got any worse.

Clea's rather displeased expression only flushed a brighter shade of red as he tried to protest. "Your apologies ring hollow, Master. Not only will I have to cleanse you, but I'll have to bring you back to my creator to make sure that your thoughts get properly reformatted. This must not happen ever again." She sounded beyond offended, all while the plug on the end of her cable looked around for a hole to insert into...

Tsubasa wanted to try and cry out and protest more. But he didn't get the chance. Not before he felt that cable sink into his neck. He didn't understand how it fit inside, nor was he going to try and figure out. Because he could already feel a shocking sensation pouring all across his body, making him completely and utterly stiff and practically paralyzing him in the process...

Slowly but surely, that shocking sensation was replaced with an unrelenting and continuously spreading cold. He had a vague understanding of what it was, but he couldn't look down to confirm it. All that he could do was stare straight ahead at his former maid's screen, hoping that she wouldn't stay mad at him. They could come to some sort of agreement, for sure...

A moan left his lips as the cold suddenly washed over his lower body. And he could definitely feel something happening to his crotch. He could feel it puffing out, yet at the same time getting thick and hard not unlike a piece of plated metal. Something was happening to his private parts, but... but...

He blinked for a couple of seconds as he looked at the screen in front of him. Were those red colors... S-Spiraling? N-No, she was... She was trying to...

The boy couldn't do a thing as his body was being reconfigured, and his mind fell into a complete and utter trance thanks to the mental manipulation techniques displayed on that simple screen. With his mind under a spell like this, it was easy for the data being poured into him to continue with the changes that it made to his body.

The most obvious changes were the ones that had already taken place. Which happened to be the total feminization of his entire body. Below the belt, his pants had already turned a set of long stockings that reached up to his thighs before leaving them uncovered, only barely obscured by an identical skirt to the

one his maid was wearing. All while also keeping a very obvious and generously large metallic bulge, the representation of his former masculinity, a secret from anybody that didn't try to look under it...

He couldn't do a thing to stop it. Nor did he want to stop it while his mind was turned into little more than an incredibly pliable mush thanks to the spiral that was currently rushing through his empty head. It felt really nice to look into it. It felt nice to obey. Maybe he should obey somebody... Obey his Master...

As Tsubasa's mind was being cleansed and returned to a factory standard, the metal continued pouring up his body. His hips were still nice and wide, but everything from his waist and above was pinched way closer together. He needed to look appropriately slim since he was going to be a femininely masculine Cleanser unit compared to the one that was currently converting him. Something that was emphasized as his maid uniform spread up his body, with his dress ending up sleeveless and shoulderless, the heart-shaped cutout on his chest bringing attention to not only how flat he was, but the subtle curve that would draw you in regardless of how flat he was.

His arms slimmed up as well, growing nice and shiny just like his sister unit. His gentle fingers would be able to clean anything, especially with all of the tiny devices that were being installed to make sure that he could carry out his many tasks. And they became even more alike as the metal slid up his head, turning his light-brunette and slightly long hair into one fine shade of silver, compressing it all into the same plain bobcut that Clea had.

Finally, as his mind was on the verge of falling into complete and utter and eternal obedience, his face started to morph. The data made sure to adjust him as necessary, and that meant that he would no longer need individual optical units. A single screen, just like the one his sister unit had, would suffice. And the first thing that appeared on it was a simple hourglass, as the data and his brand new mind were both busy loading and synching up...

Once the hourglass disappeared, the screen displayed but a single thing. A big red heart, his brand new duty installed. "Conversion complete." Tsubasa's now-digitized voice said as the cable popped out of the back of his neck, and he got the chance to tremble as his feminized body was allowed to move around. It felt good to move. It felt good to be like this. It just felt good. "Factory Reset preparations complete as well. Where is Master?" He asked, looking around helplessly as the single heart split into two to represent his eyes.

"Your current Master is our Creator." Clea said, before reaching towards one of the ribbons that were wrapped around some of the more expensive figures that the boy had in his collection. A collection that she would have to clean and sell off, considering the current status of the boy she had previously thought of as a Master. "You will be gifted back to him, to ensure that he will treat you with care and enable your reset."

"G-Gifted to Master..!" The femboy maid cried out, Tsubasa trembling as the ribbons were wrapped around him. All while he was guided towards the box where his sister had been resting within, when she had first arrived in this home. "I can't wait, I can't wait!" The excitable and obedient bot cried out, a bit of warmth releasing beneath his skirt due to his bulge heating up...

Tsubasa stood perfectly still as the gift box was returned to its initial state, courtesy of the many extra implements that Clea had at her ready. Once he was boxed up and placed back down on the street below, with an appropriate return address, it didn't take long before he was picked up by the post and driven off towards his eventual destination.

"Creator will love him." Clea chimed, before she turned her attention back towards the home that still needed to be cleansed. She had a long day ahead of her, considering how much filth she had identified...

Ah, her new brother unit was lucky. He got to have so much fun, while she had to do all the work. At least it would ensure he would never be filthy again...

[Masturbation + Hyper/Monster Cock Growth]

"Aaaaahh... Damn, been a while since I've been out exploring for that long..."

The exhausted and rough voice of one Asbestos, a Savra that served as one of Rhodes Island's Defender Operators, echoed out through the halls of the complex as she slowly but surely made her way towards the room that had been reserved just for her.

A natural explorer, Asbestos was the kind of girl that wandered all on her own. She had done this ever since she was a lil' thing, preferring to be alone and taking in the sights. It also helped her whenever she got a bit too excited. But ever since she had been hired by Rhodes Island to help them fight back against tyranny and serve as a safe shelter for those that could have their Oripathy infections subdued, things had taken a different turn that she wasn't exactly on board with.

Firstly, she couldn't just wander around the base with her cock hanging out. Not that she was really trying to flaunt it or anything, it's just how she preferred to walk around in a more casual setting. Which was why she ended having a personal room that a lot of her restrictions were lifted in.

Secondly, she wasn't allowed to wack it while she was outside of the facility. Again, how could they blame her for doing something so natural? So what if she ended up leaving a lot of sticky spots that could be

considered a health hazard? She had needs, and she needed to tend to them. That was why her room ended up being much bigger than any other room in Rhodes Island, and why she typically ended up pent up by the time she returned home.

And thirdly, she was given specific instructions to never go wild with her masturbation sessions. That... Well, they had a point there. She knew what happened if she ended up going hog wild with her faps. And it usually resulted in at least one or three other Operators with their wombs full of her wriggling sperm... And that was just the ones that weren't incapacitated because she ended up cumming all over them. Besides, if she wanted some spare cash so she could keep herself nourished while out on her personal exploring trips, then she'd have to follow that rule at least.

Truth be told, Asbestos wanted to ignore all of those rules. She really was never one to tie herself down. What she wanted to do was just be herself. But if it meant that she had less to worry about and got to experience less friction as a result, sometimes she relented. But today was not one of those days.

After being out in the wild for so long, after trudging through mud and winds and ice and everything that the world had to offer after earning herself a bunch of cash and more free time than she could count on both hands, she was so exhausted that she didn't want to bother with following regulations or anything.

No, she wanted to have a bit of fun. Which was why she shut the door behind her as soon as she came into her room, making sure to lock it with her tail before stretching and letting her big yellow spelunking suit fall to the ground and expose the rest of her body, which was covered in a slim layer of stretchy fabric. A slim layer that did very little to contain what was hidden between her thighs, the infamous third leg that had given rise to so many problems between her and the higher ups at Rhodes Island.

"Finally..." The sharp-toothed girl muttered as she slowly stretched. All while the fabric wrapped around her body grew more and more tense as her third leg grew more and more erect. It wasn't even at full mast, but her bodysuit was already threatening to snap off thanks to how thick her rod had gotten.

Though it was really just trying to tease her. She knew how big she could get. She knew how big that cock could grow. And she knew that it would be able to endure every little inch that was stacked on top. Because she had gotten this proverbial body stocking specifically tailored to her needs. There was no way that it would tear apart just because her cock wanted to let loose.

Before it'd tease her to the point where she'd start letting out a little precum, however, Asbestos needed to get herself seated. Where did she put her favorite chair, again? The one that could handle her leaning back for the entire duration of her fapping session and wouldn't break under the weight of her enormous cock?

"C'mon, they didn't confiscate it, did they? I liked that chair, it was comfy as hell..." Asbestos muttered as she casually wandered around the mostly empty room, idly scratching her shaft as it trembled within its constricting fabric. "I swear, if I need to give them a taste of what for..."

Just as her rough emotions started to bubble to the surface, she was forced to let out a moan as her entire cock trembled. Not because she had managed to push herself over a threshold or anything, but because... Well, the chair was right where she thought it was. Right where it had always been. It was just her eyes playing tricks on her because of how exhausted she was, making it look a lot more blurry than she would've probably liked.

Asbestos rubbed her eyes and brushed a hand through her cyan-highlighted hair. If she was having this much trouble finding a goddamn chair because of how horny she was, then she definitely needed to just sit down and cum until the haze was gone from her mind. Screw worrying about the mess she'd make or the people that'd end up scolding her for reckless endangerment. All of that stuff was basically white noise and prevented her from being who she loved to be. This time, she'd really tune them out and just have the kind of fun she always had before being employed...

Her cock, in its current state, was barely the size of her torso. And it wasn't even fully erect. Nor was it anywhere close to its full capacity or potential. Part of her Oripathy infection involved the sheer potential of her cock, and that was one of the things that she had been warned of. But right now, she didn't care about that at all. What she cared about was how good it would feel to just bust a couple of loads.

So she got to work. She let her hands do most of the work, stroking those palms up and down the sides of the shaft. She was still sweaty, so those wet and flat surfaces weren't exactly doing the best job at driving her up the wall. But since she still had so far to go before she'd be well and thoroughly aroused, there was no reason to worry about how it felt to fap.

Asbestos could just keep at it. Slowly but surely feeling her cock trembling and growing thicker in response to her stimuli. It was a slow and arduous process, but it was one that would end in an explosive and wonderful finish. In fact, she could already imagine what it would be like. All of her cum splattering out of her balls, probably getting stuck in her body stocking as it acted like one giant condom that was just struggling to keep it all inside.

"C'mon. You can do better than that..!" She goaded herself on as she squeezed down on her cock as hard as she possibly could while still making an earnest attempt to stroke like mad. She could feel herself climbing little by little. Inch by inch, getting closer to the climax that she craved. If she could just push herself beyond that first border, then the rest would come naturally. Why'd it have to be so damned hard to fap when you were this pent up, anyway!?

Another shock of pleasure poured through her, courtesy of the fabric of her bodysuit pressing even tighter down on her body. For a good reason too, because her cock was well and truly erect. So much so that it was already drooling loads upon loads of precum straight into the suit, already making it distend near her urethra as it tried to act like a condom and catch all of her sticky goodness.

Asbestos grinned, especially as she heard her balls churning. The pent up sensation was mostly because of just how much of her sticky juice was trying to stay trapped within her nuts. Now that it was all being shaken around because she had gotten really horny, she could make it all blast out. And then she could enjoy herself by just leaning back and stroking her cock a bit to make it all blow out.

In fact, that was all that it took to let loose the proverbial hounds of war. She stroked her hands along the length of her cock just once, and she was already forced to let her sharp teeth sink into her lip as the cum bubbled forth from the depths of her balls. She could feel every little moment of her semen scraping up against the insides of her urethra as it climbed further and further out, until..!

POP

Asbestos blinked a bit right before the overwhelming pleasure of cumming settled in. Her very first proper orgasm after getting home, and she had already managed to pop her bodysuit and cause the cum to splatter all across the floor. Really, she had just gotten this thing fixed up after the last time she broke it. How was it already popping? She hadn't even really cum that hard...

Not that she was able to really process how much she was pumping out of her cock. But the fact that the room, which was roughly the size of an average living room, already had its floor completely covered in her sticky juices and she was only really starting to cum... Yeah, it was no wonder that she had burst her bodysuit with that first orgasm.

Still, she wasn't satisfied with just one climax. Even as she was in the middle of experiencing the afterglow of her first orgasm, her tail managed to squirm out from underneath her and wrap itself right around the base of her cock. Not only could it tighten to try and keep her from cumming too much too quickly, but it could also give her another few strokes-

Asbestos' eyes shot open as the sticky and virile magma started to erupt from her balls once again. She had just barely heard her balls audibly churning away at the sheer amount of cum she had been stocking up on, and she was already blowing another load. This time, she was able to keep her eyes on her cock for a brief few moments to see the small river that poured forth, the sheer intensity of her orgasm causing the wall to dent. Damn, she only her second orgasm and she was already showing the same kind of power as the last time she had to get the room repaired.

Even if she was on the verge of getting washed into afterglow, the sharp-toothed girl couldn't help but grin a bit. "I'm already that far along, eh? Then how about I turn it up a notch or three?" She said as her eye started to softly glow red. Almost as if she was urging her infection to go hog wild. Just as she had been specifically ordered not to. Because she knew what would happen if she ended up mixing her unstoppable libido together with her Oripathy..!

Asbestos didn't really care. Especially as she pumped her cock more and more. Orgasm after orgasm piled on, causing the flow of cum to intensify more and more. But she was growing numb to that kind of pleasure. It wasn't nearly enough for somebody like her. Even though her feet were getting submerged in her own sticky seed, she still needed more. Much, much more!

When her orgasms started to stack together, her cock started to adapt. It needed to grow bigger. So it could handle shooting out all of that seed. So it could handle the pressure brought on by her tail. And grow was exactly what it did, quickly expanding and lengthening with every passing moment and every orgasm that was added on top.

It barely took a few minutes before her cock was about the same size as her. And in half that timespan, it grew to be twice as big. A quarter of that time, and her cock was on the verge of brushing up against the ceiling. That was the sheer power of her infection. Once she started growing, there was no chance that she would stop. Especially since it served as a great vessel for her Oripathy, whether she wanted that or not.

Asbestos really didn't care how big she was getting. Nor did she care much for how infectious she was. What she cared about was how good all of this felt. She could feel herself creeping closer and closer to the big one. The biggest climax that would completely ruin her room. And yeah, she'd get scolded, but so what?

"C'mon! C'MON! I'M SO CLOSE!" The rough-hearted explorer cried out as she thrust her hips forward and slammed her cock against the ceiling. All while the Oripathy inside her continued to pour into it, making it take on a substantially blacker and more monstrous shade. Not only that, but she could see the veins popping out against her shaft as it thickened out further and further. It was so big, and her body needed so much energy to support it. Even if it looked completely out of place on her.

Especially as spikes started to grow along it. From the glans and a little further down. It was the ultimate example of a cock that could break anybody and anything that it came in contact with. An infectious vector that constituted a hazard just by looking at it. Cocks like it would sprout if you as much as got a whiff of it. And it still hadn't reached its full potential. Not when Asbestos was still this close to properly cumming..!

At this point, she wasn't even really fapping. Nor was her tail able to put pressure on her cock. It was doing all the work by itself. Just by having it throb with need, she was climbing higher and higher towards her climax. It certainly didn't help that every single one of those spikes that lined the upper half of her cock were as sensitive as her glans, and just breathing on them would get her to nearly climax.

But as her balls churned, she could tell that the orgasms that had faded into the background and become her new floor for arousal... They were causing something within her to grow. And the way she could tell was by looking down at those balls and noticing how enormously large they had gotten. They were about three times the size of her body, and she could very visibly see something squiriming within her. Something just as black as the rest of her body...

Asbestos' cock had become a epicenter for Oripathy. If she climaxed and let anything out right now, it would cause an outbreak. She could potentially cause more damage than she ever had before. The last time it got this bad, she got stopped before her balls became an infectious vector. The scolding she'd get once everyone found out about how badly she had climaxed would be beyond belief.

She still didn't care. In fact, feeling her sperm writhing around in her balls like this was the last thing that she needed to push her over the edge. With that feeling pouring through her and with her body on the verge of wanting to collapse thanks to all the delight trying to escape her body, she smacked her hands against her cock and shone a single grin.

"CUMMING!"

Before letting out a shout from the very depths of her heart. And instead of cumming out another river's worth of cum like she had done just prior, she felt several overly large objects trying to wriggle their way out of her hole. Each of them almost bigger than the last, forcing her urethra to push out further and further until..!

Asbestos let out a powerful cry as her urethra went *pop* repeatedly, all while black and orange Oripathy-infused hyper sperm shot out one by one from her cock. It felt so fucking amazing cumming like this. So what if her sperm was very much alive and at a size where they were a very real threat to anybody that came in contact with them? She was experiencing the very best orgasm, no other would ever come close to comparing to this.

So much so that even as she let her body rest against her chair and let her cock scrape against the ceiling before being blown back by another sperm forcing its way out, she just kept on cumming out more and more of those things. There was no real end in sight for her climax. She was going to keep cumming until every single one of those seemingly endless sperms had wriggled their way out. Causing more and more

damage to the room around her. There was no guarantee that they'd stay inside the room either, especially as they rammed against the walls and dented them more and more.

Asbestos sure as hell didn't really care. The afterglow had finally claimed her. And as she slowly closed her eyes and grinned from ear to ear thanks to all the pleasure running through her, a single thought ran through her mind...

"Heh, I should try getting this big again sometime soon..."