

[My Hero Academia Messing Contest]

"I can't believe I agreed to something like this. How in the world do you two get comfortable in something like this?"

"Comfortable? Mirko, you think I like these things? Nah. I just want all the cameras pointed at me. So what if I'm known for filling them for a while? I'll keep getting gigs, and that'll give me all the cash I could ever want."

"Naughty as always, Mt. Lady. But that's fine. Everyone'll be watching us, so let's make sure to give them a good show."

Due to the popularity of Heroes, there were occasionally times where the public reached out and asked if they could participate in a special event. Something to celebrate how much they had helped protect the city, and how much they meant to the greater public. And there were many that were more than happy to participate.

Occasionally, one of these offers were beyond weird. Because somebody had big enough balls to dare try to publish something so horrendous on public TV. And that was what Mirko, Mt. Lady and Midnight had signed up for. A contest for Pro Heroes like the three of them. And what did it revolve around?

Why, it revolved around the garments that were currently wrapped around their waists. Diapers. And their ability to pack them as full as they possibly could be. It was admittedly something deeply humiliating. Something that nobody in their right mind should be subjected to. And yet the three had been more than willing to participate.

Midnight was the first to sign up. She was a fetish hero in the first place, so she didn't mind showing off in that way. It was just another day for her. And thanks to her, the event had a certain kind of credibility. It was legit, even if it was ridiculous.

Mt. Lady had quickly joined up after that. Mainly because she thought that she could easily beat any competitor due to her Quirk, and mainly because Midnight's presence meant that there were a lot of extra cameras pointed at the event. Which meant that there was an even bigger chance of her being spotlighted by the whole event.

As for Mirko, she was much less concerned about fame in that sense. But both Mt. Lady and Midnight had been trying to mess with her. Telling her that she wouldn't be able to prove herself as one of the best heroes if she didn't join up and try to beat them. Even if she lost, she'd still be known as a proper

competitor. Which would help her wounded pride if she did lose. Not that she planned on losing. Especially not to those two.

"Still, aren't these a bit too thick?" Mirko muttered as she pushed her hands up against her diaper. It was so thick that she couldn't really close her legs. Not only that, but it had her face printed on the front and on the rear. Which just served to make it even more embarrassing to wear.

"It's as thick as it needs to be." Midnight chimed, her own face printed on her diaper as well. Right on a nice purple background, because she was the one that provided these diapers in the first place. So of course she picked out a prettier one for her. Had to stand out, that was how she did things.

Mt.Lady, by comparison, wore a diaper that was a lot stretchier looking than theirs. After all, she had the ability to grow. If she didn't wear a diaper that was specifically tailored to her Quirk, then she would just end up tearing it open. And even if she wanted attention, she wasn't willing to bear the brunt of 'woman who shat all over the city' being her new rep.

"You two should really just give up. There's no way you can beat me. I mean, it's a contest all about the most poop that goes into your diaper, right? There's no way you can beat me." Mt. Lady was quick to brag. She didn't believe that she could be beaten. Especially with the rules being what they were. She could just use her Quirk, it was easy.

Midnight chuckled. "We'll see. Now, let's not delay any longer. We've gotta show ourselves. Remember, make it sexy. The cameras'll love a little bit of padded sex appeal." She chimed, all while heading out of their assigned changing room. So they could return to the stage...

The others followed behind her, as they immediately were assaulted by so many cameras. It wasn't hard to notice at least five or six cameras pointing at them at the same time. A humiliating experience for sure. Despite the fact that they weren't going to be humiliated for their participation. The only humiliation would be if none of them were able to truly fill these things.

Mirko grinned as she faced one of the cameras, letting muscle bulge along her arm as she punched her padding. Showing that it was soft, yet strong. Because it didn't really do much after being punched. "Just wait until you see what it'll do when it's all full." She made it clear that she was going to try again later. And if it was still as good as new, then it would be an even bigger hit.

Mt. Lady kept the cameras on her as she kept one hand on her ass and one hand on her crotch, both sensually rubbing that crinkly and stretchy material. "That's right. Just keep looking. I'm a naaaughty girl,

who's going to go poopy in front of everyone." She was so good at putting on an act, pouting rather well as she got closer and closer to the stage. All while laughing on the inside. She was going to enjoy all of this a lot. Especially since she had the chance to humiliate two much more prominent heroes thanks to her abilities being much better suited for something like this.

"Keep your eyes on Mommy, dear. She'll show you what it means to fill her diaper." Midnight didn't appeal as intensely as the others. Just winking towards one of the cameras and blowing a kiss while squishing the front. She was completely ready to school these two. And they didn't realize how badly they were going to be ruined.

Eventually, all three women stood side by side on the same stage. Lights pouring down on them. Cameras filming, crowd cheering. All of them were ready to watch the three of them fill their diapers. They were ready to see adult women like them act like such stinky babies by filling them to the brim...

"Last chance to back out, girls." Midnight whispered into their ears, giggling a little as she put her hands on their butts. "If you wanna try your best, I better see you two pooping yourselves as much as you can. Otherwise, I'm just going to beat you."

It was a challenge. A dare, even. She was pushing them. Trying to make them push themselves so hard that they lost control of themselves. At least, that's what it sounded like. But neither of them were going to lose themselves. No matter how much they pushed.

Mirko was the first to take the plunge. Squatting down and pushing. Rapidly letting loose into the seat of her diaper. Firing clumps of shit from her bowels straight into the padding, like she was constantly laying a stream of eggs. All while... All while...

Drooling really badly. She hadn't expected pooping herself to feel this good. Nor had she really expected to be able to fill it this much. She just wanted to push a bit and show that she could beat the others. But it was like... It was like the floodgates had been opened, and now she couldn't stop pushing and letting out more and more.

It didn't take long for her diaper to start bulging in all sorts of directions. And the way that it bulged made it clear that her poop was stacked on top of itself. Like she was carrying around a sack full of eggs. A sack that got bigger and bigger as more and more was pumped into it. With very little end in sight.

Mt.Lady watched with glee and laughed, as she wasn't going to be outdone by this bunny. No, she was going to show her exactly how much she could produce. And so she pushed and pushed, tapping into her Quirk at the very same time.

The more she pushed, the more forced its way out of her hole. One long serpentine coil of shit that poured out in a continuous form. All while she grew as well, which caused her serpentine shit to grow in tandem. One growth was matched by another...

Mt.Lady didn't just grow a little either. She grew up to her preferred giant size. With her diaper and her mess growing in tandem. Making it harder and harder for her to stay on the stage, since it was painfully small compared to the rest of her. Especially as... especially as...

The blonde Giantess blinked a few times as she slightly shuffled to the left, all while she kept pushing. It was like... It was like something was sticking on the inside of her head. Something sweet scented that just told her to... mm... Keep pushing... Yeah... Yeah, that sounded really nice...

Many were given such a stinky yet delightful view of the two heroes pushing as hard as they could. Pushing and pushing until there literally wasn't more room to push. Whether it was Mt. Lady pushing so hard that she was stuck in between skyscrapers, or Mirko ending up on her back, stuck due to the slightly pointed pooppy eggs in her diaper surrounding her a little too well. Even her weight wasn't enough to compress them back down, and there's no way that Mt.Lady could shrink the size of her mess nor her actual size at this stage of the game...

To say that they were able to perceive anything at this stage would simply be a lie. They were consumed by their need to shit themselves. Proving that they could fill their diapers to an extreme degree. And yet at the same time, one had essentially disqualified herself by stepping off the stage, and the other had only shit herself enough to fill up a beanbag chair. There was still time for Midnight to compete.

So she pushed. And before long, her diaper started to expand as well. All while she giggled and pushed her hands against that mess, which explosively expanded every few seconds that passed. All while drool ran down her chin, a single thought filling her mind.

Those girls... Oh, they really shouldn't have come. They didn't realize they had fallen prey to Mommy's stink while they were getting changed. And now? Well, they were going to be diaper dumpers for the next little while. And even after they recover, after they were meant to return to normal, there was no guarantee that they weren't going to end up loving diapers all over again. It was a simple plan that she had cooked up. And one that they had no way of detecting until it was too late.

As Midnight collapsed on top of her extra filled diaper, which was now the size of a couch and still growing further, the crowd began to cheer. She had won. And to things even sweeter for her, she never did tell the girls what her prize was. Not that either of them were able to really understand anything, nor remember what might've been said.

Those two were going to be hers for the next little while. And she was going to make sure that they got all the care that they deserved. They were her adorable pamper packers, after all.

Just a shame they had to challenge the greatest Pamper Packer to a contest. Mommy was going to have to teach them a lot once they got home, ehehe...

[My Hero Academia Pailpamps]

"Thank you so much, Momo! I'm so sorry that you have to keep doing this, but you really do save us a lot of trouble!"

"N-No worries, Ochako. I'm used to it at this point. I never did think my need for diapers would come in handy, so I'm just happy to help."

Yaoyorozu Momo, as a side effect of her Quirk using a lot of her body to produce anything she could think of, had hyper productive bowels. And this had gotten so bad that she was forced to wear diapers during school hours, so she wouldn't make a mess. Which was naturally a little humiliating, but everyone else was more than happy to support her. Changing her and otherwise treating her like one of the other girls, despite the fact that she could occasionally just dump a whole ton of shit into her diaper.

That was all fine and good. Really, it was. But things really turned around when a plague hit the rest of the school. Thanks to this one depraved villain, Panty Pooper, most of the girls in the school had been afflicted with a condition that was even worse than Momo's. Meaning that they had to wear even bigger diapers than she did, and leaving it very difficult for them to get rid of their diapers in any reasonable manner.

Momo, sweetheart that she was, couldn't sit around and watch everyone suffer because they were afflicted like she had been. So she had offered herself up to help. Not by creating pails to contain diapers, because she didn't think they'd have too much space. Instead, she suggested that several of the students at U.A should be converted into Diaper Pails. One per class, and she volunteered to be her class' pail. Of course, she didn't literally mean converted into a pail. Even if she knew that some of her fellow students would've probably popped the most peculiar boner if that had been the case.

No, her diaper would serve as the pail that everyone stuffed their diapers into. Since her diapers were already large enough to hold several tons worth of diapers, she thought that it was an obvious solution. This way, nobody would end up having to run around to try and find a place to dump their diapers. They just had to stuff them down her waistband, and she would get rid of them all after class.

She just never expected to be lugging around so many diapers per day. And while Ochako's diaper was the first for today, it was definitely one of the largest diapers. All thanks to her Quirk allowing her to make her diaper weightless, preventing it from sagging onto the ground due to the weight. Which meant that she could keep pumping it fuller and fuller until it reached sizes that looked ridiculous to anybody that saw them.

But at least it was still worth it. Momo's reward for being a pail, at least when it came to Ochako, was a sweet and loving kiss right onto her cheek. Which made the living Diaper Pail blush in delight. All while that diaper pushed up against her belly and her crotch. Maybe... Maybe the other students wouldn't care too much about her humping away at this big stinky diaper. She was meant to hold these, so she could definitely just enjoy herself a little. Right?

"Heeey, Momo! Thanks for being our pail! Just need to get this one dumped!"

Momo didn't get much of a chance to hump away at that huge diaper, before she felt her waistband getting pulled back and an extra slimy diaper pushed up against her rear. It wasn't hard to tell that it had been Mina who dumped hers, because she was the only one who had such slimy diapers. Another icky side effect of Quirks, one that Momo had done her best to help her with.

But the acid that was in all that poop was quickly leaking into Momo. And it caused her to tremble and gasp, before pushing a little herself. Despite how many diapers were stuffed down her pampers throughout the school day, she was usually able to carry it around with some mild amount of difficulty. When Mina dumped one of hers into her pail, however, all of that went out the window.

Because she just couldn't stop herself from packing her pampers as well. She pushed and she pushed, a massive rope of pure filth being shoved out of her hole. All while she moaned like mad and nearly got down on her hands and knees to try and push more. Not that she could reach the floor with how much her diaper pushed her up, prompting her to just fall forward as she pushed and drooled. It felt so good to get all of that pressure out of her. So good to just push and push and push....

Momo knew that she wasn't meant to properly enjoy something like this. They had been very clear about that. But how could she not enjoy this? It was so intense. So utterly delightful. She wanted to keep pushing

and pushing until she was on the verge of breaking. All thanks to that diaper in front of her that made her grind harder and harder for even more pleasure, as well as the acid that had infected her bowels and made her shit just as much as all the others.

It only got worse as she felt another diaper getting dumped in. And she didn't even see who had dumped it in... Which probably meant that it was the invisible classmate. She really needed to hurry along, otherwise she'd be making a mess on the ground. Heh. She must've probably hated knowing that she couldn't stay invisible with that padding around her waist. Having to lug it around meant she couldn't use her strengths...

But Momo really had another problem to deal with. Out of every single student, Hagakure's diapers were the ones that were packed the most. All because of the nature of her Quirk. Since she was always invisible barring what she wore, there were many times where others saw her diaper and just treated it like it was a discarded pamp. No matter that she was actually wearing it. As far as they were concerned, she didn't exist.

Being weighed down by something that heavy was making it even easier to grind against the dirty diaper in the front, while she just kept on pushing. She was stuck in an endless cycle, and being weighed down by her own poopy and the heavy diapers didn't help matters at all..!

"Haaah... haaaah..." Momo gasped and panted. As she kept on rocking back and forth. Pooping more, grinding more. Her diaper spreading out further and further, as it became almost impossible to stuff any diapers into it. She'd need a change of her own soon, if she were to keep up the good work of being a pail. But she was too occupied by the pleasure that she got from pooping. The pleasure she got from Ochako's diaper. She... Sheeeee... She needed to keep filling her diaper. She needed to just keep filling over and over and over and over..!

"My my. Looks like our pail's getting a little carried away."

A maternal voice echoed through Momo's ears, causing her to tremble all over. She could easily tell that it was one of the teachers. Midnight. Even just her smell, which covered up the fumes from her diaper, was enough to make Momo want to cum even more. It was such a wonderful smell... Such a... Nnnnnhhhhh....

Midnight giggled as she watched Momo succumb to such base desires. She expected that this would happen. But she hadn't told her because she wanted her to experience it for herself. It was character building, in a way. "So, Momo. What do you think of being a Diaper Pail?" She chimed, as she took a seat on the front of that extra hefty and extra wide diaper. Since it was so big that she could easily use it as a seat.

"I... lllll... llll..." Momo was having trouble speaking. Trouble thinking. Trouble doing anything in general, really. Most of her thoughts were completely consumed. Utterly overwhelmed. She just wanted to keep filling her diaper. Whether with others' diapers or her own poopy.

Midnight giggled as she watched the desperation upon the girl's face. It was like she was trying to forget everything by filling her diaper. Which was an amusing thought. Trying to run away from responsibility by indulging in one's responsibility.

Her solution to this was simple. She wrapped her arms around Momo, and pulled her into her bosom. Her scented, extra powerful bosom. All so that her scent could help her return to her normal way of thinking.

Momo sharply inhaled what was presented to her. And the sweet scent that was pouring off her teacher was quick to return her to her senses. Even if it also meant that she explosively orgasmed, her entire body trembling all over as that wonderful scent had forced her over the edge of arousal.

"H-Haah... S-Sorry, Miss Midnight." She muttered as she tried to compose herself. She didn't want to look so depraved when a teacher was nearby. It devalued the importance of what she was doing. It devalued everything she had done to try and help everyone.

"It's okay, Momo. We all get a little too into this. Trust me, I know. I was like you once." Midnight giggled, as she stood up on that diaper. Easily supported by all the filth and all the diapers packed into that pamper. "In fact, how about I give you a little taste? Then you can store my diaper away as well, like the good little pail you are." It wasn't often that she got to reward a student in this way. But she was going to enjoy it lots.

Before Momo had a chance to ask what she was talking about, it was already too late. Her teacher grabbed ahold of her head and pushed her up against her squishy, already thoroughly pooped and packed pamper, letting all of those foul fumes sink in.

Then it got worse. Midnight started to push, and the seat of her diaper quickly began to expand around Momo. Forcing her to endure the warmth of a point-blank messing. The only thing that really kept her from being dirtied by all of this was the thickness of the diaper. Keeping her safe and secure, snug and soft despite everything that was pouring out. Well, physically at least.

Mentally, Momo was being completely barraged by everything that was pouring out. Leaving her to moan and moan and eventually scream, as it was far too much for a girl like her. She was made to cum and cum and cum again and again until she couldn't stop cumming. Because it felt so damn good to do so. It felt so wonderful that she would never want to stop cumming...

And the more she came, the more she pushed. The more she pushed, the more her teacher pushed in turn. And the more she pushed, the more she came. It was a cycle of pure pleasure that she had been locked into. Thanks to Midnight's calming fumes, and her horrendously arousing fumes.

"Ehehehehe. Looks like you might just be a Diaper Pail permanently after this, Momo. But don't you worry. I'm sure I can make good use of you. There's plenty of girls like me who just can't help but keep filling no matter what's going on." Midnight chimed. After all, a little bit of pooping was nowhere near enough for her. She had been indulging in this kink far before they were struck by some uncontrollable incontinence like this. So the fact that she could corrupt Momo into indulging her kink once all of this was over... Ehehe, what a delight.

All Momo could do was moan, happy to have volunteered to be everyone's extra stinky Diaper Pail...

[Kill la Kill Leaky Layered Diapers]

"To think that it's getting worse..."

Satsuki Kiryuin was experiencing quite the difficult situation. Something that would leave a lesser girl completely paralyzed with shame. But she couldn't afford to let herself be contained by shame. Especially since her plans for the academy had still not reached fruition.

The situation in question was the fact that she had developed incontinence. Perhaps due to everything that her Mother had done to her, as well as the fact that she was simply burdened by a certain level of stress, owing to her status being hard to properly maintain. Regardless if her Mother had been behind this or if this was due to stress, she wasn't going to let a little poop get in her way.

It was why she had chosen to wear diapers. In the open, even. Her air made it difficult for any student to try and shame her, especially as she stood up for herself. Of course, she didn't tell them that she was more accepting of the concept than she let on, all because of how soft they were.

And yet, Satsuki couldn't contain her incontinence with just one diaper. The soft trail of poop running down her thigh only served to prove that. All while she looked at herself in the mirror. She looked ridiculous on several levels. And the only way that she could possibly regain a sensible look was to eventually overcome this hindrance. But she couldn't go around filling her panties. That would be utterly

impossible to deflect. Even somebody like her would be subject to ridicule, as the students wouldn't be able to contain themselves should she pack the back of her panties full with all sorts of stinky mush.

"I suppose I just have to layer up." Satsuki said, as she reached for the pack that she had the Maternity Club develop. The club head was a lot older than she would've expected, but she did not fault an older woman for wanting to reenter the field of education. Even if it was on the receiving end.

Even just holding this diaper in her hands was enough to make her tremble a little. No. She should focus. She needed to get this on, so she could return to her normal duties. She couldn't let herself get incapacitated by how much she had pumped into her pampers...

It wasn't easy to put on another layer. Mainly due to how thick the initial layer was. As it pushed up against the packed pampers and tried to contain it, her legs were forced to spread out even further than they already had. Making her look even more ridiculous than she did before. Two diapers was truly a humiliating sight.

Satsuki did not care how humiliating it was. She did not care how much the students would stare towards her. She would keep her head held high. And as long as she could focus on her plan, everything would still fall snugly into place. Once she had truly taken down her Mother, then she could look into the cause of her incontinence, and from there figure out a way to cure it. Until then, this was nowhere near a priority.

She would just have to live with these diapers until that day, hoping that her incontinence wouldn't get any worse...

"Haaah... Just... Just another layer. That will do. That will make it all okay. You can handle this, Satsuki. You're stronger than this."

A week had passed since she decided that the solution to her growing incontinence problem was another diaper. And Satsuki genuinely thought that it would be enough. She genuinely thought that it would help her. But her hopes and her beliefs were proven fatally false, given the current state of her diaper and the puddle that had formed at her feet.

Despite the fact that she had been padded up so thoroughly that it should be impossible for her to leak, the impossible had come to pass. She had leaked. And looking at herself in the mirror, it wasn't just a minor

leak. The outermost layer had turned completely brown. Such a deep shade of brown that it was impossible not to notice that she had pooped and packed her pampers. Which... Which made...

Satsuki shook her head as she felt her heart trembling. No. She wasn't aroused by the sheer amount of poop that she could produce. She wasn't aroused by how she had completely demolished her diapers. That wasn't who she was. She wasn't a pervert that was getting proud of her inability to keep her bowels in check. Especially since her biggest messes happened to pour out while she slept.

It just kept getting worse and worse. To the point where the diapers were reaching all the way down to the floor, barely touching the puddle below. She was wearing about ten diapers at this point, and it was clear that they weren't enough.

"I have to... Haaah... I have to wear even more diapers. Even more pampers that I can pack safely and securely..." Satsuki muttered, a single hand pressing up against her extra poopy pampers. All while she tried her very best to remain focused. Despite the fact that it was practically impossible, given how aroused she had become.

Still, she clicked the button for the automatic changer. The amount of diapers had gotten so out of hand, and their thickness meant that she couldn't put a new one on without any help. It was why she had the Maternity Club make this specialized changer for her. That way, she could keep her focus on what was important, instead of dedicating more thoughts than necessary to her poopy pampers.

Satsuki just wished that she wouldn't feel so good every time she got a change. Before she got another few layers applied to the excess of protective plushiness, the machine made sure that she was as clean as she could possibly be. All because of how badly the diapers had been soiled.

Later, she would have to offer an apology to the Garbage club. For having them deal with her packed pampers over and over again. She couldn't let them go on without understanding that she truly was apologetic for her situation.

Especially since she squirmed hard enough to cum a little as the next 11 diapers were secured... Then three more on top of those. Leaving her practically immobile with how much they spread her legs, and how much they pushed against the floor. But she would still sustain herself, even with this much wrapped around her waist.

For somebody like Satsuki Kiryuin, 14 diapers was nothing. And this time, she would contain her incontinence...!

"SATSUKI! WHY THE HELL HAVEN'T YOU SHOWN UP LATELY!"

Ryuko Matoi was in a pissy mood. And not just because her bladder had been acting up, resulting in Mako's mom putting her back in diapers. So what if she pissed herself, she had to find out who killed her dad. And that meant defeating Satsuki. But Satsuki hadn't shown up for weeks! So she had to head straight for the source..!

The black-haired girl kicked down the doors leading into Satsuki's personal quarters, only to almost immediately get smacked back by those doors as a massive white wall of plush burst out from within. The shock of being slammed back caused Ryuko to grit her teeth as her bladder released its content, soaking more and more dirty piss into the front of her diaper.

"What in the world? OI! SATSUKI! THE HELL ARE YOU DOING?!" Ryuko didn't understand a thing, brandishing her Scissor blade when faced with this massive wall of plush. She was going to cut through it if need be...

"Matoi Ryuko. I apologize. But we'll have to postpone our duel for the time being."

Satsuki's voice echoed through the hall, with a screen popping out right above the door. Allowing Ryuko to see Satsuki's face... And the blush that was currently coloring her cheeks. Which made her look a lot less powerful and a lot more embarrassed. As if she had finally been swallowed by shame. Heh. Good. She deserved to look that shameful.

"Cut the crap, Satsuki! Tell me what the hell this white stuff is, and then I'll cut through it so we can get right back to where we started!" Ryuko shouted, gritting her teeth as her frustration only served to make her bladder release even more piss, which made her diaper slosh and squelch even further. Filling every little inch of the incredibly absorbent garment.

Satsuki's expression grew shocked for a moment as she could definitely see what was happening to Ryuko, before she simply closed her eyes. "I see you're suffering from a similar sickness to my own. Yet yours comes from the front, rather than from the back." She mused aloud, before opening a single eye. "Matoi Ryuko. Have you played with yourself since the moment you began to piss yourself?"

"Hell no. Why would I play with myself when I keep on pissing?" Ryuko scoffed, as she reached down to her crotch. She didn't want to think about how badly she had filled up this diaper. Nor did she wanna think about her ability to fill it. Why the hell did Satsuki want her... to... to...

A sharp moan left Ryuko's lips as she touched her crotch using her diaper. It felt... W-What the hell, why did it feel so good..? She didn't understand. And unlike Satsuki, her ability to deal with shame waxed and waned. Leaving her a blushing mess as she kept digging her hand deeper and deeper into that plush surface.

"As I suspected." Satsuki muttered, gasping a little herself. "Just as what had happened to me... You're being consumed by pleasure if you try to play with yourself while you're suffering from this ailment. Truly cursed knowledge, no matter how good it feels to play with yourself when your pamper is all packed full of poopy or peepee..."

Ryuko panted and gasped as she tried to fight back against all the pleasure rushing through her. It was... Why did it have to feel so damn good when it was so damn dirty. "W-What the hell are you talking about!? Wait... Wait, no, damnit, you're not wearing one too, are you!?"

"Took you long enough to... tooooo.... nnnhhh..."

Satsuki's dignified speech was interrupted by her gasps as the diaper wall that led into Satsuki's room quickly turned a deep shade of brown. She was... She was packing her pampers. She was pooping herself stupid. All while she was forced to endure the rush of arousal that came with it. The rush of delight that came with filling her diaper...

Her expression on the screen was turning positively horrid too, consumed by pleasure. And it wasn't hard to hear her diaper squelching either. She was somehow masturbating, despite wearing a diaper that large... No, diapers that layered on top of one another to form this absolute insanity. She was horny... Just like Ryuko was.

And just like her, she was leaking. There was a small wave of brown water pouring out from underneath that brown wall. Just like there was a yellow puddle forming underneath Ryuko. Both of them were leaking, despite how strong and how thick their diapers were. Both of them falling prey to the pleasure that coursed through them...

"D-Damnit... I need another diaper..." Ryuko muttered, before cracking a bit of a smile. Actually... She had a wonderful idea. "Hey... Hey, Satsuki! How about a new duel?! Whoever packs their diapers the fullest wins!"

That way, we won't have to worry about this shit!" If she was going to keep pissing herself this badly, she was going to take advantage of it somehow. Even if the means of doing so were beyond humiliating.

"...Interesting proposition, Matoi Ryuko. Very well then. I will have a room prepared for you. So that you too can experience what it's like to fill this many diapers." That kind of challenge was refreshing. But even if she would descend further, even if the two of them were to leak thousands upon thousands of diapers at once...

Ryuko would fall. And she would learn that even her incontinence paled in comparison to Satsuki's...

[FGO Diaper Corruption]

"Lady Raikou? You wanted to see me?"

Ushiwakamaru was a very respectful young lady. Even if she was a very free-spirited girl at the same time, she definitely respected her family. And since Raikou was of the same blood, even considering her secrets, she wanted to make sure that they remained cordial with one another. After all, they were both Master's Servants as well.

That being said, she did find it strange that Raikou wanted to see her all alone. Especially in such a formal manner. ESPECIALLY since their Master was currently suffering from some sort of strange illness. She didn't know the full details, but Master was turning into more and more of a recluse. So the fact Raikou would ask for her presence, when Raikou should be taking care of Master was... Questionable, to say the least.

"Ah, little Ushi. Good, I'm very glad that you decided to come visit Mommy."

Raikou's sensual voice echoed through her room, as the lights had been dimmed enough to the point where she was barely visible. But it wasn't hard to tell that she was inside. Though... There was also this strangely putrid smell billowing through the room. One that made Ushiwakamaru try to pinch her nose closed so she didn't inhale or smell too much of it.

"A-Aha. Indeed I have. Though, there's still this question burdening my mind. Why exactly did you call for me, Lady Raikou? Shouldn't you be helping Master out with her recovery? I hear such terribly rumors, including ones that speak of her being reduced to an infant. Since you consider yourself her honorary

Mother, shouldn't you be there?" Ushiwakamaru tried to speak some sense into the woman. Even though she couldn't see her...

Her soft giggle echoed out once more, as another sound took the stage. A sagging... crinkly sound? It was strange, to say the least. And yet so very mesmerizing as well... So... So soft... Why did it feel like something was wrapped around her..?

"Aaah... So that's what the other pamper packers have been telling the Servants. Ehehehe. They really are something. Trying to deflect attention from Master, so nobody realizes she's become a total pooping pervert who loves her pampers and loves to pack them full... Utterly adorable. Just like you are, little Ushi."

Ushiwakamaru was having trouble truly understanding what Raikou was saying. Pampers? Pamper packing? She understood what pooping meant, which put her on high alert. What had happened to Master to turn her into a degenerate that loved to fill this 'pamper'? She had to find out. "What do you know, Lady Raikou?"

"Please, little Ushi. Call me Mommy. I love to hear it so much more than that stuffy title." Raikou's voice grew stern for just a moment, all while electricity started to crackle, illuminating her form ever slightly. "As for what I know... Why don't I give you a taste?" She giggled, as the electricity suddenly grew to full power, allowing the young Rider to see her form in its entirety.

To say that Ushiwakamaru was shocked when she saw what was currently wrapped around Raikou's waist would be an understatement. Especially considering how badly that soft garment stuck out, how much it bulged against her bodysuit. It was simply a humiliating sight, and she wasn't even the one wearing the garment.

Raikou was wearing a diaper. A big, thick diaper that made it impossible for her to close the gap between her thighs. Not only that, but she was also sagging a lot. So much so that the entire room had been filled with the stink wafting forth from it. So much poopy packed into a single pamper...

"Ehehehehe..."

And just as she had observed the state of Raikou's diaper, the matronly Samurai vanished. Moments later, a powerful shock rushed through Ushiwakamaru, and all she could do was let out a...

Moan? N-No, she was supposed to scream from the pain that she felt. But no. The only thing she felt was pleasure. Not only that, but it was like she had just been forced to wear something. Something so thick that she couldn't close her... Oh. Oh goodness, no...

Ushiwakamaru stared down at her nethers, only to be shocked as she found herself wearing the exact same type of diaper as Raikou. And on her, it looked absurdly huge. On the Rider's smaller frame? It was even larger. And despite that, it was clinging to her with such intensity that she couldn't just tear it off. No matter how much she tried, even though she wasn't wearing a suit that got in the way of it.

"H-haaah... W-What's wrong with you, Mom- Lady Raikou!?" Ushiwakamaru cried out, quickly fixing her words before she added that affectionate nickname. The woman had betrayed her trust. As much as she respected her, she couldn't afford to lower her guard. Not now. Not after she had been forced to wear this humiliating garb and not after that shock!

Raikou giggled as she watched the little bratty baby try her best to stand up for herself. It was so adorable. It reminded her of herself. When Master had used one of her seals to force her to wear this... Ah... What a wonderful time that had been.

"There's nothing wrong with me, little Ushi. Mommy's just trying to look out for you. Master wants us all to be diapered, and wants us all to pack our pampers as much as we can. All so she can see us be the most adorable we can be. Doesn't that sound just delightful?" Raikou chimed and explained, all while rubbing the front of her diaper. A diaper that grew soggy and soggy as she spoke, all thanks to the wonderful juices that were being soaked up by it.

"No! That's not a good thing, Momm- Raikou!" Ushiwakamaru cried out, as she drew her blade. Even if she had been struck by Raikou, even if she was wearing this thing, she could still fight. She could still strike her down and find her Master, so that she could try and undo everything. There's no way that she was allowing this to continue. Not when it was this humiliating!

And yet as she held that sword, it was like her grip was wavering. It was heavy... Slippery... Everything that would make it difficult to hold a sword. She tried to keep her grip firm, but that just caused her stomach to groan and growl. "W-What's going on..?! What did you do to me, Raikou!?" She screamed at the Berserker that had forced her into this diaper. She no doubt knew why she felt this way!

"Just a little push. A little nudge, so you'll open your eyes and understand what's so wonderful about packing your pampers. I know you'll love it. Just give it a try." Raikou chimed, all while moaning a little herself. "It's about to start... Mmmnnhmm..." She gasped, as she squatted down...

Ushiwakamaru was forced to watch something that was truly horrifying. Such a proud woman, such a powerful warrior like Raikou... Squatting down like an infant and just pushing like she desperately needed to relieve herself. And... and...

That diaper she wore, that enormous garment, it was still bulging further outward as she pushed. She wasn't just packing it a little. She was packing it enough to the point where, even though it had already bulged generously thanks to the sheer amount of poop packed into that pamper, it still kept growing. It was astonishing to think that somebody like her could push out so much filth in such a short span of time.

And... And... The more she watched, the wetter she grew too. She didn't like it, she didn't want to like it. But she couldn't deny that she was getting wet. Even as she grit her teeth and shut her eyes, trying to escape from reality. She still got wet. And then her stomach started to growl more.

Instinctively, Ushiwakamaru assumed a squatting position. Which actually caused the bottom of her diaper to push against the floor. For all intents and purposes, she could've just sat down. Both facts combined also served to humiliate her further, as she tried to resist the urge to push. It was such a powerful urge. One that she just didn't want to ignore. She tried, she bit into her lip, she did everything she could to try and avoid giving in. And yet... And yet..!

She had to push. And the moment that she pushed was the moment that the floodgates were opened, as a powerful rush of pure ecstasy flushed its way through her system. A powerful rush that begged her to keep pushing. Such an utterly humiliating act, and yet she still wanted more..!

Ushiwakamaru was far too preoccupied with the need to push that she didn't even notice just how much her diaper was bulging outward. She couldn't see anything happening behind her. She couldn't see how several gallons worth of shit was being packed into her pamper. So much poop pushed out of a young girl like her. She was rapidly outdoing Mommy's own mess, and she was the one that had forced her to wear this thing...

Raikou watched it all unfold with glee. Even pushing her blade up against her diaper, the safe side pointing inward as she made sure to hump it. Letting the wet sound of her squelching pamper echo out while she fell victim to her own desires...

It was wonderful to convert somebody else. She had been converted into a loyal Pamper Packer thanks to Mommy's seal, turning her into a deviant just like her. And she had converted more for her. Using her abilities, tainted by the pamper around her waist, to force them to fill their newly manifested pampers as well. All so that they could join her as a Pamper Packer. Such a delightful fate that everyone else had to endure as well...

"S-Soooo... Sooo goood..." Ushiwakamaru panted and gasped as she ended up collapsing on top of her thoroughly packed pampers. A bright blush on her cheeks, and a brand new kind of delight filling her heart. She wanted much more than what she had already gone through. And she knew that she could experience it too. After all, if Mommy had helped her make this much of a mess, then surely she could help her make an even bigger one.

Raikou giggled as she watched the brand new Pamper Packer look at her with such expecting eyes. And she started to pour some of her power into her blade once again. Letting all that electrifying energy course through it, before swinging it once and letting the power course through both her and her dear little Ushi.

It didn't take more than a few seconds before both of them let out wonderful screams of pure pleasure, as they packed their pampers even more than they had before. Really putting the durability of their diapers to the test, as they just kept on pumping more and more into them. Completely consumed by such base desire, giggling and gasping and drooling more and more with every passing moment...

Until they both collapsed forward, each resting against each other as their diapers continued to crinkle as they expanded. Even with their minds overloaded by pleasure, even with their bodies completely exhausted, they just kept on pushing more and more. Pumping as much as they could into their pampers.

They were but a few of the Pamper Packers that had started to flock around inside Chaldea. And they would hardly be the last either. This craze, this pamper-packing fever, would keep spreading. To all the girls, all the adorable girls that served their Master, turning them into the same kind of degenerate pamper packing cuties that had infected them. Ensuring that diapers were going to be impossible to avoid...

A happy life of pamper packing was in store for every Servant in Chaldea. Just ask Mommy and little Ushi, they'd tell you all about how good it felt to just push...

[Granblue Fat Preggo Pred Eats Fatties]

"You won't get away with this. Our Captain will find us, and you'll face justice. Just you wait."

"Even if she doesn't get here, the rest of the Society will be breathing down your neck for this!"

"The might of the elements will fall upon you, traitorous Astral. I can't believe I let my guard down for even a second..."

"My my. For pigs, the lot of you sure are talkative. I suppose the Primal Beast's effect doesn't linger, truly a shame. Not that I'll have to deal with your protests much longer. We've almost reached your final destination, after all.

Narmaya. Ilsa. Alexiel. Three powerful women that had once roamed the skies and joined forces with a young girl that had managed to charm her way into their hearts. However, they had all been isolated. One by one, they had been knocked out and captured. And from there... Well, their memories were foggy at best, erased at worst.

What wasn't foggy was their bodies. How much they had grown. All thanks to that Primal Beast. That massive pig woman that encouraged them to pig out. Their thoughts ended up vanishing as she beckoned them to feed upon the mush that had been prepared for them. They couldn't register anything wrong about their food. Just that they needed to indulge themselves. Not realizing that they were being fattened up for a greater purpose.

Narmaya, an expert swordswoman, had no chance of ever holding a sword again with how many pounds she had packed on. To make matters worse, she was even more awake than ever. Which made the humiliation of her current body, the heft of everything she was struggling to carry, so much more terrible.

Ilsa, a commanding officer in the Society. Now? There was no way that any of them were going to listen to her. Especially with the net that she wore. She had been caught in the midst of her summer vacation, and the net aesthetic from her swimsuit had been carried over to her harness. Ensuring that her meat was extra tender with how badly it all squeezed into her.

Alexiel. A mighty Primal Beast in her own right, and a disciple under the watch of Uriel. Attuned to earth and given the greatest defenses. And in some way, she still embodied that ideal. There was nothing that would not be deflected if she used her gut as a shield. And yet the blowback, the jiggling that would follow... She had already been shown just how badly she was affected by it. Even just a teasing touch was enough to make her cum, filling the mighty warrior with complete shame.

The one that was currently guiding them deeper and deeper was cloaked in a robe that had several sigils, all indicating that he was an Astral. He had not given them his name, because Pigs like them did not deserve to know their owner's name. Especially skyfaring Pigs that weren't even at the same level as an Astral.

Which was why he was dragging them along using a simple leash and a set of collars. Even though they had no way of escaping, thanks to their excessively huge bodies, that didn't stop him from wanting to instill proper behavior into their minds. And Pigs followed behind their owner. Always staying obedient, no matter how big they were.

None of them knew where they were going. They were only barely aware of where they were in the first place. They were... They were in the depths of Albion. The only reason they were able to know that much was due to the energies of Light pouring in through the cracks of their stalls. Always keeping them protected, even though that just doomed them to stay in the roles of Pigs...

"Aha. Here we are. Gaze upon her, Pigs. Gaze upon the greatest Pig of all. My pet project, and my way to bring back Astral dominion."

The Astral that was guiding them along stepped out of the way as the three Pigs squeezed their way out of the terribly tight passage, with each of them having horror dawn on their faces. All thanks to what they saw in front of them...

It was... It was the Lord of Albion herself, Vira. However, she seemed distinctly different compared to her normal self. Not just because they could easily tell that she was merged with Albion's Guardian, Luminiera. The Light that poured from her was far too harsh to ignore. No, the thing that truly stood out to them as being wrong was not due to the similarities between her and the Primal Spirit.

It was the fact that Vira took up the entire room. She was so fat that she could almost be classified as a small island in her own right. Even though she wasn't laying down, thanks to the power of Luminiera keeping her floating in midair, she wasn't moving anywhere anytime soon. All thanks to her massive belly, pushing up against the walls of the room. And to make matters worse, that wasn't just fat.

A single gaze towards the belly pinned against the wall, and there were very clear light spots forming on that enormous mound. She was pregnant. And every few seconds, one of her developing children decided to be rowdy. Given the size of her belly, which completely dwarfed the rest of her body, it was impossible to tell just how many children were developing inside her. Just that there were far too many, which only spelled trouble for the greater Skydom.

"Oh... Oh my goodness..." Narmaya muttered, trembling as she felt her nethers growing wetter. She... She didn't think she'd ever see somebody this gravid. And yet it caused a reaction within her, one that made her want to be just as big...

"D-Damnit, what the hell..." Ilsa muttered as she experienced much the same sort of rush. Which was making her tremble harder as she gazed towards the Astral that had gotten them into this mess. "You... D-Damn you..." She only wanted to feel this way when she was with her one and only. And Djeeta had promised.... Promised... What had she... promised..?

Alexiel wasn't able to truly articulate what was going through her mind at this point. At most, she could only stare straight up at the massive woman. She could see the gigantic gravidity, but she could also notice how most of her limbs had gotten fat enough to be completely useless. Which didn't matter much to somebody with the powers of a Primal Beast, even as it sent a strange sense of envy into the Earth-aligned Primal Beast...

All three of the Pigs were subjected to the powers resonating from Vira's form. All while Vira giggled as she felt more Pigs enter the room. She could feel their presence, even if she couldn't see them. And her body... Oh, her aching body and her aching brood... Both hungered beyond anything she had ever dreamt of.

"Maaaasterrr..." Vira moaned, her voice booming thanks to the power of Luminiera flowing through her. "I hunger... That girl, the blonde you offered to me... She was not enough to satisfy me. I need more... Much, much more..." She made it clear that her hunger was nowhere near satiated. All while her stomach let out a very audible grumble.

The Astral laughed and clapped a little. He had to admit, taming Vira had been more difficult than he originally would've given a Skyfarer like her credit for. But Luminiera... She was the girl's weak point. Primal Beasts could never resist their makers. And even a descendant like him could bend her to his whim. Using their bond, he was able to alter Vira's mind. Direct all of that love that she held for two important girls in her life, to him and to him alone. From there, breeding her until she was this large and this hungry was a simple matter for somebody like him.

"Of course, my dear Vira. I brought you more pigs to satisfy you. These three should be especially filling. They should more than make up for that scrawny girl that served as your appetizer." Indeed. He had used her as well. First, he captured the Girl in Blue, and used her link to the blonde to manipulate them both. Then he severed that link and sustained her for just long enough that she could lure more Pigs to this island, before he let Vira consume her. The Girl in Blue would remain. To act as the host of the Pig that kept the other Pigs in line.

"Ohhhh... Oh my... Three meals? You really shouldn't have, darling. You spoil me so much..." Vira could only giggle in that booming manner as she sent out some of the Bits that her power had command over. All so she could lift the three targets up to her. All so that they could become her next meals.

Narmaya, Ilsa and Alexiel would've probably tried to struggle. If not for Vira's light being so engrossing. It was mesmerizing them. Making it harder and harder for them to think. All while they were being filled with the need to be bred. Not that they would be given the chance to fulfill that need. Not as they were pulled closer and closer.

Though they were generously huge, and Vira's head was only so large compared to the rest of her armored and gravid form... That wouldn't stop her from stuffing them straight into her mouth. One by one. Not caring to chew. Not caring to do much of anything besides swallow. That was how Vira dealt with all of her meals.

Narmaya. Ilsa. Alexiel. Three powerful women. Now nothing more than snacks for a woman that was so much stronger than all of them. A woman that would repopulate the skies with a superior race, all thanks to her beloved Master. Even just thinking of satisfying him while feeding on them was enough to make her pussy quake between her thighs...

It was impossible to see them going down her throat, and they didn't push out her belly any thanks to how enormous she already was. In fact, the only indication that the girls had even disappeared into her stomach was the loud and violent sound of the three of them being digested in very short order. Turned into nothing more than incredibly satisfying nutrients for her and her brood.

Vira let out a delighted moan as her breasts started to leak after that meal. Her massive udders, ones that were permanently kept stimulated by a set of pumps attached to her nipples. The pumps that immediately began to suck out as much milk as they possibly could...

The Astral that served as her Master smiled as he watched it all go on. He had gone through all of this work to make a brand new Primal. One that would not be used as a weapon of war, but a weapon to dominate the skies. Through mass production of Astral and Primal hybrids. His beloved children. He naturally made sure that they would be born in a state where they could never rebel against him. They would be his darling children for all eternity.

And the milk that was pouring from her chest? It would be used to nurture the entire brood, once it was time to birth it and care for it. Not only that, but the milk was used to hasten the fattening process of any Pigs that were currently being stuffed up above. As well as keeping the Girl in Blue properly fed, so that she could maintain her current state as the Pig that kept all the other Pigs in line with her powers. It was a wonderful system. One that would be very difficult to break. And to think that he had chosen her on a whim, just because she had that bit of spunk that others Skyfarers lacked.

Ahh... His wonderful Primal Pig. In due time, the entire Sky would be theirs...

[Persona 5 Stinky NEETs]

"H-Haaah... I-I gotta... I gotta stop... But... Nfffhhhhhh!"

Makoto was suffering. Not because she was hurting in any way. Rather, she was suffering from a status that she had been inflicted with while she was in Mementos, trying to get stronger alongside the rest of her friends. All so they could continue freeing the hearts that had been involved in the Conspiracy. Because it didn't seem to do anything, she hadn't really gotten it cured in any way.

It was only several days after the fact, during a lull in activity, that she started to notice the effects. Firstly, she found baths utterly repulsive. This was fine, because her actual physical activity wasn't nearly as intense as one might think. Which resulted in her body odor only gradually getting worse, rather than bit by bit.

While that was definitely something that caused a lot of concern within her heart, the thing that truly managed to fill her with worry and dread was the fact that she just... She just couldn't stop huffing and sniffing her armpit. Her hairy, stinky, absolutely disgusting armpit...

Because she hadn't been bathing, she hadn't been trimming either. And as a result, she was experiencing an explosive growth of armpit hair. Probably caused by the status that was making her so addicted. No matter how long she was exposed to her armpits' stench, she wanted more. She needed more. She needed to be able to huff them at all times...

Which was why... Which was why Makoto had snuck out when most were asleep. She wore a heavy coat, one that she hadn't washed in weeks, and she headed to a special store. All so she could pick up a special item that would help her indulge. A single item that cost the last few yen that she had on hand. But that was fine. She didn't expect to buy anything from this point onward. In fact, she didn't expect to leave her room...

How long had it been since she made that transaction and came home? It was a good question that Makoto couldn't possibly answer. Because she could hardly even think straight. The only thing she could do was sniff and snort like she was a pig. Like she was the dirtiest, hairiest pig in the whole barn...

A single glance into the mirror revealed just how badly Makoto had fallen. She wasn't even wearing any clothes besides her panties at this point. A pair of panties that were decorated with a very lewd print of her

older sister. She didn't know how or why there were panties like these, but she had managed to acquire a pair. Which only made the experience of being such a degenerate all the more delightful.

Makoto snorted, and the air quickly rushed into her nostrils. The same nostrils that were currently being tucked back by the nose hook that she had bought. It was hard to put it on, especially since she wasn't used to this kind of play. But once it had hooked on and got snapped in, she felt like a whole new girl. A girl who couldn't stop herself from snorting and sniffing as much of her scent as she possibly could. Scents that were getting so strong that she swore parts of her brain were dying whenever she took a whiff..!

Before she had completely devolved into this kind of degenerate, the kind that experienced such a wonderful rush from huffing her own stink, she had tried to call Futaba to figure out what was going on. All she could figure out was that she was inflicted with some sort of... NEET status. Before she heard Futaba oinking like a stink-loving pig and shutting the call. She was probably just as inflicted as her. If not more so, considering how she sounded.

"Mooore... I need to stink... Moooooore..." Makoto muttered to herself as she kept on huffing her own smell. All while she slowly gazed towards the pile of dirty laundry that had been piling up in the corner. Ever since she was first inflicted with this status, she had stopped bothering to clean any of her clothes. Which meant that any of the clothes she wore while she was slowly being affected by it were now terribly scented.

Which was perfect for a degenerate like her. When she thought that she had gotten enough of her pure scent, she immediately went over and collapsed onto that pile, digging her face into all of those extra stinky clothes. Especially... Especially..!

Her panties, her pantyhose, her skirt, her bra... All of those each had a distinct version of her scent. Each of them was filled with her stink. And each of them made more and more of her brain shrivel up in response. She just kept huffing more and more, all of that extra horrid smell sinking into her nostrils.

She knew that she should stop. She was still very much aware of the fact that she had fallen prey to something that should be so irresistible. And yet here she was. Sniffing like she was mad. Sniffing until she couldn't sniff any longer. All because of her obsession.

Ah... Ahhh... The more she pushed her panties up against her face, the more she couldn't stop herself from jamming her hand into her pussy. Her whole hand, because her pussy had gotten nice and loose too. It wasn't like she had masturbated enough to loosen it up, more that her status was making it all loose and gross.

Just the thought of the stench from her pussy was enough to make Makoto's eyes roll into the back of her head while she fisted herself, causing her to cry out in intense delight and scream from the bottom of her heart. Overwhelmed in every sense of the word, consumed by her lust. Taking short and hurried breaths as she tried to use this orgasm to regain control...

But Makoto's body wouldn't let her do that. Her body immediately intensified her current state by grabbing one set of her panties, the ones that were the most soaked by casual sweat and a little bit of nervous leakage. And then she forced it onto her face, wearing it like a mask and making it reach as close to her nose as possible.

Just the act of putting it on was enough to make Makoto cum again. But that wasn't enough. She wanted more. More! So she grabbed every pair of panties that she could, putting on more and more until she was wearing every single pair on her face. Each dirtier than the last because she was cumming straight into the pile, dirtying them all..!

It didn't matter that some of the dirtier layers were further away from her nostrils. The hook that kept her nose pulled back meant that she could still smell each and every one of them. And she loved it. She loved it so much. But there was still... There was still something missing...

Besides the fact that she wasn't wearing her current pair on her face. That one could stay on. She wanted to defile her sister. Not... smell... Oh. Oh... That's what she was missing... Thaaaat's what she was missing..!

Makoto gasped as she forced herself back onto her feet. Gradually staggering her way out of her room, into the rest of her house. All so she could go find her sister. She had to find Sae... She had to find her stinky sister and see if she was keeping herself groomed. If she wasn't, then she was going to indulge in the smell. Snort it, sniff it, maybe even lick her armpit and make her even stinkier..!

As she shambled deeper into the house to try and find her, she heard a couple of moans echoing out into the hall. As well as very quiet protests. Which just emboldened her. She could hear her indulging just as she had. Ehehehehe.... Ehehehehe... To have another NEET as a sister...

Makoto was this close to just cumming right then and there from the mere fantasy. A far cry from the girl that she had once been, wanting to achieve nothing but a quick and dirty orgasm that would drive her even wilder. But instead of letting that happen... She decided that she should just go check on her. Then, and only then, could she cum her brains out and indulge herself even harder.

As she opened the door to Sae's room, she was assaulted by a wave of warm air. All while she saw Sae sitting in bed. Fucking her pussy with her fingers, looking like a complete and total mess. And even better, she was currently sniffing the smell of... One of her panties... Ehehehehe. It seemed as if her sister was a panty thief...

"C-Can't... Can't stop... W-What's wrong with me..?" Sae gasped as she kept on huffing the smell from Makoto's panties. Stroking the inner sides of her pussy, even pinching her clit between the digits of her fingers. All while she forced herself to enjoy it more and more. She couldn't believe that she had gotten like this. She was... She was a prosecutor, it was her job to make sure that the law was upheld. And here she was... Sniffing her sister's panties like she was nothing more than a simple degenerate.

"Ehehehehe... Does it smell good, Sis?"

Sae's eyes widened as she snorted even harder. All while she finally noticed that Makoto had snuck in. That she was wearing a bunch of her panties as a mask. And that she was right there. Watching her. Keeping a close eye on the kind of degeneracy that she had been addicted to.

Even though Makoto looked even more ridiculous than Sae ever could, Sae was still vulnerable to the shame running through her. "D-Don't look at me, Makoto. I-I'm... I... I-it's not what you think..!" She cried out, hoping that she would forgive her. Or at least stop staring at her like this. She didn't want to be judged for her actions, when she could barely control herself!

"Ehehehehe..." Makoto just giggled. She didn't care about the kind of excuses that Sae could cook up. She didn't really care about her trying to defend herself either. She wanted to help her. And the best way to help her sink even further... The best way... Hhhahaaaahhh...

Sae watched as her Sister just... Just snorted as much as she could, and then came straight into those panties. Those panties that had... That had her on them. W-Why did they have her on them..? A-And more importantly... H-How were they going to smell after they had been doused in that much cum? She couldn't even think of how they were going to smell, but she knew that they were going to be the best. There was no other option. They were going to be phenomenal...

Makoto giggled as she watched her sister furiously masturbate from watching her cum. All while she reached down and started to pull off those extra soaked panties. She could FEEL her scent pouring off them. Her cum's odor. The odor that made every hair inside her nose stand on its end. It was so intense. And there was no way that her sister was going to be able to handle it. Which just made it feel even better...

The NEET slowly wrapped her panties around Sae's face. Watching as she was unable to do anything to resist. Watching as her nose was compressed as the fabric was secured around the back of her head. Watching as her eyes gradually widened more and more as the smell sank in... And then...!

Sae's eyes rolled into the back of her head as she started cumming uncontrollably. Not just one orgasm. Several in a row. As she sank deeper and deeper into degeneracy, being infested with the same NEET status that Makoto had. Ehehe... Maybe they should spend her cash on a nose hook of her own...

Ehehehe... The Stinkiest sisters around... What stinky fun they were going to have...

[FGO Fat n' Preggo Love]

"Wake up already, Master! You're not going to sleep in on Christmas!"

Ritsuka yawned a little in response to the extremely rowdy voice trying to wake him up. So rowdy that he felt his tummy rumbling a little. Whenever somebody was extra aggressive, he tended to get hungry. Because his usual solution to dealing with rowdy people was helping them with a bit of food as well. It was a great way to calm them down and a great way for him to get nice and relaxed too.

As for the source of said rowdy shouting, it was his beloved Mordred. One of his very first Servants that he had summoned, and one that proved herself to be invaluable. There were so many times where he thought he would be in danger, only for her to prove that she was there to protect him. Always and forever. And he rewarded her with a lot of love. And especially a lot of food as well.

It was why she had grown so big. It was why she barely ever fit into her armor ever again, and why she always had that massive gut and those equally thick thighs on display. Because he had been personally feeding her all kinds of overly filling meals, so that she could never fit into her usual outfits. Even her casual stuff barely fit at this point, resulting in her wearing a set of decorative pasties on her nipples and a loincloth to preserve some sort of modesty.

And yet despite this. She was still there for him. Still there to love him. In her tomboyish and aggressive way. And it wasn't just because he had been feeding her so much that she always wanted seconds. It was because she liked being with him. And getting a taste of his cooking was one of the very best rewards that somebody like her could receive.

"C'mon. You're staring, Master. What, are you still happy that you filled me up? Or is there something else on your mind?" Mordred grinned as she slapped that big firm yet extra jiggy belly of hers. "Don't you worry. I know you love it. I love it too, and it's all thanks to how much you pumped inside."

That belly of hers, which had been mostly fat just a few months ago, was now full of life once again. Thanks to a certain discovery that had been made thanks to a few accidents on Da Vinci's part, Ritsuka was able to breed life within Mordred. To say that the two went at it night after night to make sure that it was possible for her to conceive was an understatement, as their rambunctious lovemaking was the talk of Chaldea for several weeks straight.

After that, well, she just kept on growing. At this point, Ritsuka would have to supply her with mana alone if they were to head out together. Which was why solving incidents in smaller Singularities usually took a lot longer. Also because he preferred to stick his shaft straight into her extra plump body while they were in different regions. Whether it was the jungle, the city, on the beach, in the middle of the ocean... So many strange locales, so many ways to try and enjoy her body...

It was why Ritsuka ended up here. In a luxurious apartment for him and her alone. This was apparently a Singularity that crossed over with another timeline, one where another version of himself was a harem master. One that bred every single one of his Servants and made them all as lovingly fat as he possibly could. Not unlike what he had done with Mordred.

But there was only one girl that Ritsuka had eyes for in his timeline. And that was Mordred. His big, gravid lover. Still as loud as ever, still as lovable as ever. In fact, just seeing her like this, towering over him and letting her belly rest on top of his... It was enough to make him giggle a little in delight.

"Great, you're starting to get delirious." Mordred snarked, before putting another hand on her belly. Making it very apparent that the kids within her were starting to wake up. Which in turn made her leak straight onto the bed, as there was barely anything that really got in the way of her pleasure leaking out.

She was wearing a Santa outfit, which Ritsuka had only now noticed since he had only really woken up when he felt the kicks through Mordred, which prompted him to smile a little and chuckle more. "You're awfully cute like that, Mordred. I guess I have to prepare some cookies and milk then, for the esteemed and very heavy Santa?" He teased her. As he always did. He knew exactly how to tease her, thanks to how much he had helped her grow.

"Heh. Cookies and milk. The only kind of milk I'd be getting from you is the milk down below." Mordred said, before putting her hands up on her breasts. Those milky mounds that were leaking milk straight onto her dome of a belly. The activity within her had caused her to lactate, and that in turn made her feel even

hornier than she already was. So much so that her breath got so hot that you could see it fogging up within the room. Despite the fact the room wasn't cold at all... "How about I give you a bit of milk first then, since you're supposed to get a gift. Then you give me the best gift you can imagine. I know you've got a couple of ideas, even if most of them are real stupid."

No matter how closer the two of them had gotten, she was still very willing to insult her Master. Because that's just how the nature of their relationship was. Even as he pulled himself up slightly, a difficult task considering his own weight and his very plump gut, she couldn't help but snicker in return. Considering he had been a twig when she first heard his call, seeing him this big was too funny.

Ritsuka had no shame in his body. It was just a side effect of feeding people. Whether that was Mordred during spouts of anger, or her during moments where they were deeply in love... Or just Mordred in general. He ate a whole lot of food when she was around. All food that he had personally cooked for her sake. It's just that eating with her made the meals that much more delicious, something that had caused her to start feeding him in turn. Which was why his own weight gain had accelerated and left him on a fast track to catching up with her.

No amount of teasing would stop him from claiming what he thought was his. And since she had already invited him over, it was only fair that he latched onto her tits and started sucking and slurping and digging in as much as he could. And every droplet of milk that quickly started to pour down his throat just made the taste of it all the more divine.

Mordred knew that he was going to be sucking from her tits. But she couldn't stop herself from letting out a moan as he did so. Especially because he was clinging to her belly whenever he did it. Squeezing his strong and plump arms into her heavy belly. Pushing up against her gravid form, beckoning the kids to start getting rowdy inside her. Kicking around and... nnnn...

Ritsuka could feel an extra squirt of milk pouring down his throat. It wasn't hard to tell that she had a small immodest climax. She never was able to handle the sheer pleasure that came with having such rowdy kids inside her. He kind of expected that to happen when they first ended up making love to one another. Telling her that being pregnant was a tough task, even for a Knight like her. She just told him to keep fucking her and filling her. Well, now she was reaping the consequences.

"Fuuuuckkkk..." Mordred muttered with a massive blush on her cheeks. She kept feeling more and more aroused as he sucked from her breasts. Sending her into a spiral of pleasure that was almost impossible to recover from. She wanted more. Way, way more than what he was already doing to her. She wanted to cum so badly. But more importantly...

The kids kicking and squirming around inside her was making her desire to be pregnant again even stronger. Even though she was pregnant with a brood already, it was very possible for her to get knocked up with a second batch. A third, a fourth, as many as she could handle. All thanks to what Da Vinci had managed to cook up. Which was what essentially forced her to push Ritsuka off her tits after he had drunk about a few liters worth of milk.

Ritsuka wiped the milk from his mouth as he watched her bend over, shaking her plump and breedable rear in his direction. Her pussy extremely drenched as she gasped and panted, her tits leaking like a cow's udders as more and more of that milk started to stain the sheets. It wasn't hard to tell that she wanted to be bred. But he still wanted to hear it. Otherwise, there was no point in stuffing it into her.

"C-C'mon. You know I want it. Don't just sit there and tease me. Santa gave you milk, so now you give Santa milk. It's a fair trade!" She shouted, as she felt another pulse of pleasure rush through her thanks to the pressure of being this pregnant. Every now and then, just being pregnant was enough to drive her wild. And when combined with her currently aroused state, there was nothing she could do to avoid becoming breeding crazed..!

She wanted to be bred. She needed to be bred. She always ended up like this when she was with him. Because he just had a way to make her this submissive. This... God, she just wanted to have his cock inside her. Filling her until she was about to burst.

Thankfully, she didn't have to wait long. He was more than willing to give her exactly what she wanted. Lifting his belly onto her strong back and then slamming it right into her hole. Slamming it in and out, rapidly, making sure that he paced himself and hit all the right spots.

Mordred screamed in delight as she felt him pounding her. She could feel his cock brushing up against all the nice spots. All the best spots inside her. And the more he fucked her like this, the more she bounced in turn. Her heavy belly being dragged against the bed, her tits spewing more and more milk...

It was heavenly. And it didn't take long for her to cum at all. Barely any time at all before she ended up just losing control of herself completely. Whether it was her scream, her milky tits leaking with the intensity of waterfalls, or her pussy trying to clamp down on the cock inside of her to make sure that she milked every single droplet from her lover.

Ritsuka returned the favor. Slamming deep enough with his thick shaft to the point where her cervix was forced to open up and let him cum inside. Adding another liter or so of cum to everything that he had already poured inside. Giving his kids a bit more nourishment beyond his cooking, and ensuring that another brood would soon be conceived to join them.

But just one fuck wasn't enough. He was ready for another round. And then a round after that. This was Christmas after all. And he knew that the greatest gift of all, the gift that she wanted above all else... Was to be so over encumbered with kids that she couldn't walk.

And as her beloved Master, he was more than willing to grant such a simple wish....

[Touhou Cock-based Brain Drain]

"Big Sister is always so serious, it's not fun at all. She's always so sour, always so unhappy. She'd be so much happier if she just didn't think about things. Like me!"

Koishi Komeiji was thinking aloud. She was really only able to think when she did that, due to how she had hurt herself by closing her third eye. It meant that her subconscious was the only conscious, and that meant a lot of naughty desires were out in the open. In fact, part of the 'didn't think' line of thinking wasn't born from wanting to help her. It was more due to wanting to see her just with a set of empty eyes, walking around like she didn't know anything. She was horny for that, especially since she had seen herself do it once due to the nice newspaper.

But how was she going to help her sister stop thinking? There weren't that many ways that she could help, if she thought about it. She'd have to like, make her close her eye. But then again, there were a few ways to do that, weren't there? All she had to do was make Satori stop thinking too much, no matter how she accomplished that method, and then she had to take all those thoughts that hadn't been thought in a while and get rid of them. Then Big Sister would probably just close her third eye naturally, and then they could spend all of their time being cozy!

Yep, that sounded like a great plan. It was also an incredibly dangerous and possibly difficult plan. But it was Koishi's plan. Therefore, it was the best of plans. All she had to do now was go and find her sister, and that was easy enough. She was basically a shut-in, so she knew exactly where she'd be!

Ehe. She was going to have a lot of fun with her brand new sister, once she had helped her understand things!

Koishi skipped into Satori's study, and there she was. Casually reading another book. Reading was one of Satori's favorite pastimes, because she wouldn't be able to see the conclusion to a story even if she used her third eye. No book had a soul for her to read a mind through. Well, besides the books that were actually Youkai. But those were far and few between!

"Biiiiig Sisterrrr." Koishi chimed, as she walked right in front of Satori. Waving in front of her face to make sure that she couldn't see her. It's only when she wanted to be seen that she could be seen, but since Satori was her sister, she was especially sensitive to that subconscious activation. Which was why Koishi was doing her best to make sure she could go ahead and have fun. Otherwise she'd have to come back later and just let Satori enjoy her book.

Once Satori was definitely too busy with her book to notice anything, and not at all paying attention to the fact that Koishi didn't want to be seen, it was time to get to work. Koishi rubbed her hands together as she walked closer, all so she could put one hand on her sister's head. Letting that hand sink deep into her head, so she could have a bit of fun with the girl's subconscious. Just pluck a little at her thoughts and figure out how to fix her that way.

Satori blinked a little. It felt like something was happening in her mind. But that wasn't possible. There was nobody around. Not a single person. Strange. Oh well. She should just continue reading. Just continue reading...

Yes. Reading and stroking her cock. Squeezing her hand around her cock and masturbating while she was reading. It's what she did. Because she was so alone most of the time, it didn't feel wrong to do something like this. It felt completely normal. To just stroke away at her shaft until she reached her final climax. To stroke away until she reached the moment where she'd cum so hard that she'd probably be left completely winded. Even if the book was nothing more than fiction and not erotic literature, it was still stimulating enough for her...

Of course, Satori wasn't even aware that she wasn't really stroking a cock. Right now, the only thing that she was playing with was the empty air. And for Koishi, it was actually pretty fun to see her do something like that. To see her humiliate herself. But it was also relaxing for her, she bet. After all, when did Satori ever try to masturbate? It was such an uncommon thing to see her sister doing. Which just made it look all the more alluring. She wanted her to keep masturbating... But she couldn't just masturbate with nothing to really play with. So Koishi would give her a little nudge, to make the subconscious become real...

Satori let out a moan as she felt something trembling through her, causing her to squeeze down on her cock even harder than she had before. Panting and gasping as she felt all sorts of hot sensations spread

through her. W-What was going on..? N-No matter. She just needed to keep stroking her shaft. Yes... M-Maybe the book was just that... that good...

W-Why couldn't she read the words, exactly? The more she looked down at the pages, the more it felt like a garbled mess. A mess that she couldn't understand heads or tails of. She needed... She needed to understand more of it. But she just couldn't. What was she meant to do when faced with something like this..? What could she do...

Ah... That's right... Thaaat's right... She should just... just keep... stroking... Yeah... What was... what was she doing exactly..? Reading..? N-Nah... She was... She... Ah...

Satori's eyes were growing more and more blank as she continued to stroke. All while her third eye fluttered more and more, having trouble keeping track of her thoughts and everything that worried her. All while Koishi giggled as she stroked her own cock. She wasn't going to let her Big Sister enjoy a cock and not enjoy her own as well. It felt really good to play with herself as she watched Satori slowly but surely drain herself...

Now, manifesting something subconscious took effort. Especially from the person who was affected by her power. So Koishi used a bit of her consciousness to fuel it. Which was why Satori was having more and more trouble thinking and staying aware. Because her consciousness, her thoughts, her mind... All of it was slowly but surely gathering inside her balls. Bubbling around, begging to be released. Making her balls grow even bigger with every breath she took...

Seeing that pair of balls grow heftier and heftier was incredibly arousing. So much so that Koishi almost wanted to just press her cock up against her sister's and see what would happen. But she had to restrain herself. Just a little. That way, she could really enjoy the show. She needed to wait until her Big Sister was about to blow. Then she'd give her the tiniest nudge, and then she'd really be fun to play with! Ehehehe, it was a perfect plan!

Satori was having a lot of trouble thinking of anything. Her mind was little more than cum bubbling around inside her head. She was trying her very hardest to think. Her very hardest to keep focus. But all she could do was just keep stroking. Keep stroking and.. and...

Her balls trembled as she was forced to let out a moan. And then a single thought forced its way into her mind. T-That's right... Her mind... Her thoughts, herself... It was all down there, wasn't it..? That's why she could... She...

Satori thought that she had managed to crack the code, only for her eyes to grow dim again as she kept stroking, and her balls audibly churned as that realization was made null and void by it being converted into seed as well. Leaving the girl able to do nothing except drool and sway back and forth. She... She... Uhh....

There was nothing really left inside her head. Nothing that could point her in any concrete direction for what to do. All she could do was just keep stroking aimlessly. She wanted to cum. She really wanted to cum. Which was why she kept stroking. But it was not like she could just cum without getting enough stimuli. She needed to cum lots and lots, but... buuuuut...

"Big Sister!"

Satori's eyes widened as she not only heard Koishi, but also saw her. She appeared right in front of her face, as her cock kissed the tip of her own. And in the process, a massive shock of pure pleasure started to fill her mind. A shock that was so powerful that... ThaaaaaaAAAAAAAT!

The mind-reading Youkai let out a powerful scream as the sounds of her balls grew stronger and stronger. And before long, the contents of her balls were emptied out onto the ground below. All that thick, sticky seed just being splurged onto the ground below. Never to be put to use again. All those wonderful thoughts that resonated with her worried and naturally cynical mind. All those worries, all that personality stuff that had been draining into her balls... All of it just poured out in one big chunk. Leaving her with very little left inside her mind. Very little that could be constituted as anything that resembled the old Satori Komeiji...

And as Satori just kept on cumming, she eventually started to giggle and smile from ear to ear. She really liked not having anything up there. Her third eye had naturally closed itself due to the sheer amount of emotion and arousal that poured through her, as she looked a lot more like her sister at this point. They were like two opposite colored twins, and both of them were incredibly giggly...

"Ehehehe! You look a lot more fun now, Big Sister!" Even though she had just caused everything that defined the old Satori to get squirted onto the floor, where it'd later be mopped up by Rin after she went through the trouble of cleaning the entire manor, Koishi was just happy to have her sister smiling. Anything else was a complete distraction. She was happy, and that was the only thing that mattered. Especially when her sister was happy too! Ehehehe, what a successful plan that had been!

Satori giggled as she kept stroking her cock, even though her balls were completely and totally empty at this point. "I am really fun! And you're fun too, Koishi! Why don't you cum too?" She chimed, as she pushed her cock up against her sister's cock. Pushing and prodding at it, almost as if she was beckoning her to cum too. Because she wanted her to cum lots and lots. Cum so much that she'd go all stupid, just like her! Ehehehehehe...

Koishi moaned as she felt the tip of that cock kiss hers again and again. It was a little overwhelming. Okay, maybe a lot overwhelming. Maybe sheee... Sheeee... Shheeeeee!

Just as her sister had done, Koishi ended up squirting from her cock. And because her subconscious was what drove her, she barely even noticed that her balls had grown so hefty because of her consciousness being pumped into them. She couldn't really access her consciousness in the first place, so it didn't matter that she managed to make all of that cum splutter out. If anything, it made her mind feel a lot lighter and a lot clearer. So much so that she started uncontrollably stroking too.

Both Komeiji sisters giggled like the cocky ditzes they were. Stroking and cumming all over. Locked into a loop of getting stupider and stupider, driven by the pleasures in their cocks. And if anybody were to catch them like this, they would no doubt be confused...

Before realizing how stupid they were and join them, all thanks to the sisters infesting them too. Ehehehe... So much fun...

[Reality Shifted to Preggo 'Mommy']

"Dear Santa.

I wish to be just like Mommy.

Merry Christmas

Oliver."

That was what a young man had sent up to the North Pole. Hoping that it would reach Santa. Hoping that he would read his letter and grant his tiny wish. It wasn't much, but he really hoped that he would grant it.

Truth be told, he didn't explain exactly why he had wanted to be like his Mommy. Not just because his Mommy had been gone for a long time. With him living with his Sister, Emily, and nothing more beyond that. But he knew that when Mommy was still around, she was really popular, and...

W-Well. She was popular with boys. Lots and lots of boys. And little Oliver wanted to be just like her. Popular with the boys that he was attracted to. Because he was gay. He just hadn't admitted it to his sister, nor had he admitted it to anybody else. He just hoped that Santa would take pity on him and help him.

Not that he thought that Santa was actually real. He wasn't stupid. He hadn't gotten all the way to high school without learning about the bleak side of reality. But he still wanted to hope. If Santa could understand and make him happy by giving him plenty of male friends, maybe even a boyfriend, then... Ehe, that'd be nice.

Thus, the young boy slept. Snoring until Christmas Day would arrive. Snoring until he got the chance to wake up and see the fruits of his wish. He hoped that it would be granted. He hoped from the bottom of his little gay heart...

Not knowing that when Santa granted wishes, he had a tendency to misunderstand a little. He was rather old, after all. And when confronted with a wish like this, well, there was a lot of wriggle room in terms of how he could grant it.

And as Oliver slept, he was deeply unaware of what was happening within him. Especially unaware of the life that took root inside him...

"Honey, darling, it's time to wake up. Don't sleep all day, it'll be bad for the babies."

Oliver heard a masculine voice cry out towards him, as he quietly started to yawn. Honey..? Darling..? Who was it that was calling out to him, and why did he feel so heavy? More than that, he just kinda felt really dizzy. As if something was really wrong. Something... Some...thing..?

It didn't take long for Oliver to notice that there was something distinctly wrong about him. Namely the fact that his stomach was distended. Bulging so far out that it looked like he was pregnant with triplets or something. Maybe even more than that... But... I-It wasn't real, was it?

A single touch to that gravid belly was all that it took for Oliver to experience such a powerful rush that he thought he was about to climax right then and there, sweat quickly running down the sides of his face. Unfortunately for him, this was completely real. There was no getting around facing the facts.

Somehow, he had gotten knocked up. But... T-That shouldn't be possible, right? He was a boy, and he could still feel his dick between his thighs. In fact, he could feel his cock poking against that very same stomach, showing how aroused he was despite the absurdity of the situation...

"C-Calm down, Oliver. Calm down. This... This has to be some sort of weird dream." He muttered to himself as he slowly stood up. All while feeling the heft of his brand new belly. As well as the heft of the breasts that were resting on top of it. Those mounds that were leaking a tiny bit of milk...

He had to admit that if this was all a dream, then it was definitely an intense one. He had this kind of desire in the past. When he had been indulging in a bunch of yaoi stories and comics that resulted in the improbable. Did... Did Santa... Did Santa cause this when he asked to be like Mommy?

Even just thinking about Mommy was enough to make his body tremble all over. He could feel the life inside him kicking. He was going to pop any day now. Even though he had barely been pregnant for more than a few hours. Despite the fact that it felt like he had been pregnant for so much longer. On top of this not feeling like his first pregnancy...

"Haaah... Haaaaaah.... S-So heavy... So hot..." Oliver muttered to himself as he looked at his form in the mirror. If he turned a little to the side, he could see his belly poking out even more than it already was. Really bringing emphasis to how pregnant he was. If... If he was to be fucked right now, would he end up letting one of those kiddos pop out? Where would it pop out from? His ass? Or his... N-No, there's no way that anything could fit out of that hole below.

"Darliing. You're getting naughty without me again?"

The door to his bedroom opened up, and Oliver felt his cock tremble as he heard that seductive yet loving voice. It was such a familiar voice, but he couldn't believe it. There was no way that the one who used that voice could actually be calling him Darling. Because she... S-She...

He. Though the voice was feminine, a single glance towards the owner revealed them to be a young man. A young man that looked distinctly like his older sister, Emily. Or rather, it was his boyfriend, Emil. A boyfriend that he had met when he was a lot younger, and they grew up to love one another and experiment. It was how Oliver had ended up pregnant the first time, and why they had tried again. Because they wanted another few kids to join the existing pile...

Oliver was having trouble keeping up with these changes. It was like... It was like the world had taken both him and his sister and transplanted them into brand new roles. All thanks to the wish that he had sent to Santa. He now had Mommy's role, and his sister had been turned into his lover. His handsome, slightly rugged, extra strong lover. Just looking at that slightly hairy man was enough to make Oliver's cock drool a bit of cum. All while he was forced to stare so lovingly at the man that was meant to be his sister... Ah... Ah, Emil... He really couldn't belong to anybody besides him...

"Emil... Mmm... Darling..." Oliver was trembling as he felt his beloved get his strong hands all over him. Gasping as that wonderful man caressed him. He wanted more of him. Even though he knew it was wrong. Even though he knew that he was meant to be his sister in reality. But right now, he didn't care. The haze that was growing in his mind, the lust that filled his gravid form, it was too strong...

"Honey, sweetie..." Emil said in turn, one hand sinking into Oliver's thigh and one into his breast. His breeder thigh and his milky tit. "We need to make sure you keep growing, you know? Our kids'll want a big Mommy that can keep them nice, warm and well fed. And you know how I love bigger boys."

As he heard that, Oliver let out a tender gasp. He really liked the way that he was playing with him. He really liked the way that he could just... Nnfhhh... He wanted to make his wants and his needs come true. If Emil wanted him to be bigger, then... theeeennn...

Oliver let out moan after moan as his beloved manhandled him a little more. Playing with his most tender parts. All while those parts grew thicker and thicker. More meat being piled on. Letting him grow fatter and fatter until he looked just like a proper Mommy should, with his equally fat shaft still hanging between his thighs.

At a glance, there was nothing better to call Oliver besides the perfect combination of feminine genes and submissive masculinity. His cock was even bigger than his hubby's, but that didn't matter. The only thing that his cock was good for was birthing and cumming. Especially when he bent over and let his hubby completely screw that loose hole of his. Jamming his cock in and out in rapid succession until he ended up passed out from all that delightful pleasure.

Deep inside Oliver, it was like a voice was trying to call out to him. Telling him that all of this was wrong. Telling him that he wasn't meant to be doing something like this. But that voice went completely ignored. Because there's no way that Oliver was going to listen to a voice that was trying to take away what he felt was fun.

As Emil let go of him, after having kissed him lots on the neck and on the shoulders, Oliver giggled and turned towards the bed. Instead of heading out to the kitchen where they could enjoy breakfast, he instead

decided to bend over across the bed. Planting his arms and his head on the bed as he stuck his ass out into the air, letting it softly shake and clap in an enticing manner. Showing exactly what he expected from his partner, and what he desperately wanted. It wouldn't be that difficult to give him, all he had to do was grab and start thrusting.

"Naughty darling..." Emil muttered as he grabbed ahold of his beloved's fat ass. Letting his fingers sink into that delectable derriere. All while he pressed the tip of his own shaft up against that hole. Letting it just rub up against it bit by bit. All a bit of foreplay, to make sure that Oliver was well and truly ready for the best kind of morning...

To say that Oliver was turned on would be an understatement. Even just having his sister... brother... lover...? Lover... Looooover... Having him play with his hole like this, teasing him in such an intimate fashion, it was making it really hard to think straight. really hard to do anything besides having his cock drool in delight.

And then Emil thrust forward. Slamming his cock straight into that hole. Again and again. Over and over. He was thrusting with full intensity, seeing no point in going gentle due to how perverted his lover was. Besides, that ass was so tight that if he didn't do it this hard, then he wouldn't get anywhere.

Oliver was letting out scream after scream as his beloved slammed his cock inside. Just a few hours ago, he had been a hopeless and lonely boy. But his wish had been granted. He was popular with at least one boy. Even if it did make him into a Mommy. And.. Aaaand...

He could feel his kiddos thrashing around inside him as he was being fucked. The way they assaulted the inner lining of his... womb...? Whatever they were inside, the way that they just kept thrashing around was making him more and more aroused. So much so that he just kept on screaming, with his own cock letting out more cum.

The ground below the two lovers was getting wetter and stickier as the submissive Mommy was made to cum over and over, the sheer intensity of the thrusts going into his ass being too much to resist. And before long, he received a gift. Something that was even more lovely than being filled with three kiddos...

Oliver's eyes rolled into the back of his head as his lover came inside him as he had done so many times before. And given his current body, it was not impossible to imagine that he would get even more pregnant thanks to this. Leading to a fourth kid to form alongside the others. Maybe a fifth... Maybe... Maybe even... Ehe... Ehehehe...

He was in bliss. In utter delight. All thanks to his wish coming true...

[FGO Fellatian TF]

"Hmph. Those mortals... They've infested our beloved Olympus. And now, my dear Brother's running around. Being a complete idiot in the process."

Deep in the Fifth Lostbelt, Olympus, the version of Pollux that was native to the Lostbelt was currently wandering through the streets of the sprawling divine city. All for the sake of snuffing out what few mortals still remained. And if she was able to find those despicable humans from the other world, the world where their divinities had been taken from them... Oh, she was going to take great pleasure in breaking them.

"Ehehe! Another Mama! And she's all alone! Good!"

Pollux raised an eyebrow as a deep fog started to pour out around her. All while a white-haired young gal slowly made her appearance. Clad in a very thick looking cloak that made it hard to make out the full scope of her figure, besides the fact that she was younger than she had any right to be, and that she was short. Not only that, but the cloak made it difficult to ascertain her true nature beyond the simple fact that she was a Servant.

"Another Mama, you say..?" Pollux grit her teeth as she glared towards the girl clad in that cloak. She could feel her hatred rising. She was allied with those humans, wasn't she? "You dare compare me to those mortals? Who are you, and why should I refrain from cutting you down where you stand?"

"Ooo. Mama's mad." The girl giggled, as the fog around her grew denser and denser. Transforming the area around them from the streets of Olympus into the streets of London, all thanks to the sheer intensity that she was able to put out. "But that's okay. Jack'll make Mama all better. Mama tells Jack that she's really good at making Mamas happy, and fixing the bad things about them!" She giggled again, giving away her identity as Jack the Ripper in the process. If the surroundings transforming into her preferred locale didn't give that away.

"I am not your Mama!" Pollux shouted, as she tried to brandish her blade. But all she could do was pant as she felt a strange scent slipping into her nose. A scent that made her blush all over as the girl just kept on walking closer and closer. "W-What's going on..?" She muttered in a lower tone. Trying to hide her confusion so the girl didn't have any weakness to take advantage of. She wasn't going to let her guard down around an enemy, much less one subservient to those mortals!

Jack giggled as she came closer and closer. "Mama always says that she loves Jack lots and lots. Especially when she fills Mama to the brim and nearly makes her go pop! Jack loves to make Mama love Jack! So Jack's gonna help Mama love Jack! Ehehehehe..." Her logic was very childish, but there was something about her that was making her all the more worrying. And it wasn't just the way she kept staring at Pollux.

No, it was something underneath that cloak. Something that was throbbing. Something that was begging to be let out. Actually... Now that she was looking at the throbbing spot a bit... Pollux could definitely see the fog wafting forth from that spot. Was... Was her fog caused by whatever was underneath?

"Aha! Mama's found Jack's dick! Good Mama!" Jack giggled, as she grabbed ahold of her cloak. "Now that Mama's seen it, Mama can't look away! Jack's gonna make Mama really happy now!" She was so ecstatic about this, so much so that she immediately threw away her cloak, abandoning it and letting out her power in full force.

And in the process, she also revealed the source of that fog. It really was her cock. Her big, throbbingly fat cock. Her enormous shaft that was bigger than her arm. Bigger than both her arms... It was really just absurd. But that was part of what made Jack so proud of it. She was really happy to be so endowed. Because it seemed like she was able to satisfy a lot of girls with it.

Not that Pollux was able to really process anything once she had looked at that massive cock. She could see the musk wafting off it. The thick fog that was being made from it. She... She was using her own musk to hide herself away. All so she could probably strike first towards girls that weren't aware of her. It was no doubt why she was currently paralyzed, why she... why she...

"Mama's drooling!" Jack giggled. She really liked this new Mama. The other Mama, the tan one that acted like she was a Papa, was a lot harder to breed and convert into another cock-loving Mama. But this one was really easy to break! "Mama, gimme a kiss!" She giggled again, as she stuck out her cock and made sure that Pollux could reach that cock with her lips.

Pollux would never do something like that. She was a God! She was a divinity that stood above mortals! To have somebody like this, a mere young girl from the far future where Gods no longer mattered, point her disgustingly thick cock at her and make her kiss it? There's no way that she was going to willingly kiss it.

And willingly was the keyword. Because she immediately started to pepper it in kisses. Covering that cute cock in so many nice marks, all while Jack continued to giggle in response. Pollux wanted to try and stop herself, but her body moved on its own accord. Enthralled by the musk that was rushing into her mind and

fogging up her thoughts, as well as the sheer size of that cock. It was even bigger than Brother's. So, so much bigger...

It wasn't just her cock that she kissed either. Pollux was well and truly overwhelmed, as she got down on her knees so she could kiss the underside of that cock as well. She wanted to give it as much love as she possibly could. All while her body continued to tremble with each kiss. She wanted more. Mooooore. MOOOORE. She would never be satisfied with something like this.

Jack giggled as she felt Pollux push her face up against her balls. "Mama loves my cockstink! Ehehe, good Mama! Mama's gonna be really happy when she's full of my cum!" The little girl with the enormous shaft was beyond depraved. More than happy to completely ruin her with that thing. As she had done so many times before. As she would continue to do over and over again...

Pollux didn't want to keep servicing this perfect specimen. She didn't want to keep indulging this. But she loved it. She loved it so much. She wanted to keep indulging it. Over and over and over. Until there was no chance that she'd be able to come back from it. She had fallen prey to the musk, the allure of the cock. And she just couldn't pull away.

In fact, after having taken a deep breath of those extremely musky and extremely hefty balls that supplied that cock, she brought her head back to the tip of the cock. And she put her hands behind her head, keeping them resting there as she squatted in such a slutty way. Showing off her incredibly drenched pussy, as she started to sink her head down onto that cock.

She wasn't able to take in a lot of that cock. At least, not initially. It was horrendously huge, after all. Nobody, even the gods, would be able to suck it. Unless that was their sole purpose. She knew that. Jack knew that. Everyone that she had been with knew that.

"Mama's sucking! Come on, suck more, Mama! Suck and suck and suck! Mama's only good for cock!"

Jack cheered. And as she did so, the musky fog that surrounded them started to fill Pollux's nostrils. It was so intense that her eyes rolled into the back of her head. So intense that she could barely think about anything. It numbed her to any sensation besides pleasure...

Including the fact that her lips were extending. Growing further and further. Lengthening until they were completely and utterly stupidly long. Because she was listening to what Jack was telling her. If Jack told her that she was only good for cock, then she could suck all this cock. And if she could suck all this cock, that meant that she was no longer a divinity, much less a human or a female.

She was... She was a... F-Fellatian. The knowledge filled her mind, as the act of sucking on that massive cock was rewriting her Saint Graph in real time. And despite how humiliating it was, despite the fact that she should be against something like this...

She loved it. Pollux, thanks to this cock and thanks to the musk that had invaded her brain, loved sucking so much cock. So what if her lips had been permanently elongated to the point where she could suck cock at a distance? So what if the sight of this cock would make her lips grow even more if she ever saw it unattended? She didn't mind. She was a Fellatian! Sucking cocks, especially Jack's, was the most important thing she could think of!

"Mama's doing it! Mama's a Fellatian! Ehehehe, Mama's doing exactly what Mama said would happen to other Mamas!" Jack really enjoyed it. It wasn't the same kind of intense blowjob she got from the really big and really strong Mamas. But this was good too. Especially as the lips reached the base of her cock, causing her to kiss her crotch while sucking. That felt even better, and she loved Mamas that could do that. She loved Mamas in general, and to have another join her harem of Mamas was all the more fun!

Pollux didn't really listen. She just kept on sucking. Over and over and over. Sucking with that massive mouth of hers. That elongated tube that she called a set of lips. Letting the warm and sticky insides coat that cock, as she tried to make it cum. Tried to make it release its hot, sticky loads all over her insides..!

And it happened after a little while. The wonderful cum that she desired. Bursting in through her mouth, down into her throat before splashing in her stomach. Though not without a little amount of it splurting out from her nose as well, to show just how much had been shot out. Ah... Ahhhh... To suck a cock and be rewarded like this... It felt heavenly..!

Jack giggled as she watched Pollux slowly grow limp as her lips retracted. Not fully, as they remained rather floppy once she collapsed. It's just that she couldn't focus on her lust like this, so the lips didn't do anything. They just laid there. Ready to be used again. On a cock as great as Jack's.

"Mama's really easy to play with." Jack giggled again, as she stretched a little. The musk around her slowly went away as she deactivated her power, causing her cloak to reappear on her shoulders. She was ready for another Mama to break. Buuuut... Mama had told her that if she went off without getting back to her with a new Mama after she had wandered enough, then she'd get spanked again.

Soooo... Jack had to pick up the fellatianized Pollux, very easy for a strong lil' Servant like her, and then start carrying her back to Mama. If she was lucky, then Mama was going to reward her with an extra stretchy

suck and make her cum lots and lots! Ehehe, turning Mama into a Fellatian meant that things were a lot funner than before. Even if it meant she had to do things like this.

But for now, she'd return to Mama. Having conquered a God and reduced her to a cock-obsessed maniac, just like all the other slutty Mamas that met Jack...