

"I got a bad feeling about this place Bruce..."

A small, young man stood trembling within a sketchy looking locker room, nothing but a white towel to cover his nude body. His hair was a bright orange, cute little freckles covering his cheeks. This was Wyatt, a caring but shy young adult out on a night of fun with a couple of friends.

"Oh- Yer' just bein' a worrywart again Wyatt.." The tall, imposing man before him responded.

Bruce was this man's name, and he'd been a close friend to Wyatt for quite a long time. His body was built like a tank, with huge hulking biceps and muscles sprouting everywhere. Nonetheless, the light blush on his chiseled face showed he was thoroughly intoxicated.

"Ya gotta be more assertive Wyatt!" Bruce continued supportively, though he wobbled as he walked. "You weren't able ta make any progress with Amber tonight, were ya?"

Wyatt remained quiet. It was true. The purpose of tonight was for him to become closer to a girl he liked, the beautiful and dazzling Amber. Bruce and his friend Flint had set up this whole triple date thing, going out to the city at night to truly enjoy themselves. Wyatt could remember Amber's gorgeous velvet eyes as she sat there, shining in the dingy, soft light of that bar they'd just left. And yet, despite all this preparation, Wyatt had been totally unable to make any sort of move...

"Don't cha worry squirt." Bruce pat Wyatt's back supportively, understanding through his inebriation. "Now's that we're all going into this spa together, you can finally court her!"

The idea sounded good in principle, but Wyatt didn't like it one bit. Since it had gotten so late, the group had decided to dip into a nearby hotel for the night. Instead of getting separate rooms though, they'd all opted to join in together for a 'couple's package' that seemed surprisingly cheap. Unable to read the details of this package and too shy to speak up, Wyatt simply went along with the group. And now he found himself stuck in this dingy locker room...

"Hey, what are you guys waiting for?! Hurry up!" On the other side of the room, a lean man with a sharp face.

This was Flint, one of Bruce's friend and thus a friend of Wyatt by association. Wyatt always thought he was a bit rude and kind of a douche, but the two got along sufficiently well. The man was currently standing before a large metal door that looked like it was that of a bunker. He was tapping his foot impatiently, his body entirely bare of any sort of clothes.

"The showers are over here." He complained. "Hurry up or the babes are gonna get to the spa before us!!"

"Alright, I'm coming!" Bruce commented eagerly, ditching his own towel and stepping forth.

Wyatt raised his hand to express his concerns, but as Bruce and Flint turned away, he did not feel confident enough to raise his voice. Dejected, the boy let out a sigh and slumped down. One of these days... One of these days he'd learn to have some control. But for now... Having no other choice, Wyatt ditched his towel and accompanied his group of friends.

Once the trio of men had passed through the ominous metal doors however, they found no normal shower room. Wyatt shyly stepped into the middle of the room, standing idly like a wild critter being

plucked into a brand-new environment. He closely inspected every minute detail that he could. On the ceiling were an array of sprinkler nozzles with a range that covered every single corner of the room. The sprinklers were connected to a series of bright red tubes that spread throughout the whole roof, covered the walls, and went into the ground. Other than that, the room itself was pretty barren. Two blinking lights on each parallel wall gave barely enough light to see the brilliant white ceramic tiles that covered the walls and floor. At the other side of the room, a thick metal door with the same design as the one they'd just gotten by taunted Wyatt with an ominous feeling.

"What the hell kinda shower room is this?!?" Flint raised his voice with anger and annoyance, always happy to be the first one to complain. He'd stepped to the left side of the room, and after staring at some tubes and not finding any kind of handle, had become quite enraged.

"Hmmm... Dat's strange..." Bruce added with a little bit more control, wobbling left and right with eyes glazed. "Yer' right Flint. There's no sort of nozzle or key or nothin' to turn the showers on..."

In that moment, the piercing, grating sound of the metal door closing rang loudly through the room, sending shivers down Wyatt's spine. The boy sharply turned back towards the door, fear and dread apparent on his mind. He wanted nothing more than to dash away from the room and save himself from whatever it was this room was supposed to do. But his feet couldn't move, as if he'd been frozen by an ice so thick that even the sun couldn't melt it. Shivering there in the nude with his hands cupping his softened package, Wyatt simply stood in the middle of the room watching as that dreadful mechanical door closed automatically, clanging loudly as it locked itself and became impossible to open.

A soft sigh escaped from Wyatt's lips. At least now that escape was impossible, Wyatt would no longer have to worry about whether or not he had the strength to try it. Looking around, he wondered if the two drunks around him had any sort of idea what was going to happen next. He wondered when it would happen, and if anything would happen at all. For all Wyatt knew, this was nothing more than an automated shower and all he was feeling in his gut right now were drunken delusions. The thought of them all coming out on the other side ready to indulge in a spa and go to bed brought him some semblance of comfort.

Luckily, he would not have to wait much longer. Without any sort of warning, the tubes began to tremble uncontrollably. Viscous liquid shot through them with intensity and power, filling up every part of the tube until it had reached the nozzles. Even though he hadn't seen it yet, he could tell this liquid was certainly not water. The way it sloshed and gurgled fiercely meant it was much thicker and stickier. The floor itself was scattered with little remnant droplets, a bit obscured thanks to the low lighting, but shining with a greenish hue below Wyatt's feet. For a second, everything went quiet. Wyatt gulped loudly.

*Phhhsstttttt*

Then, just as suddenly as when it had started, the liquid began raining over the entire room. In an instant, all three men were completely drenched in this mystery concoction. The two other men gasped in relief, their bodies growing hot in the liquid that covered them, but Wyatt remained completely still and unmotivated. Despite its strange texture and odd greenish color, the liquid didn't feel that much different than water. It had a subtly sweet taste that was very palatable, and its temperature was quite

comforting to the skin. The shower almost felt like a wholly pleasant experience, yet this did nothing to quench the pit of dread forming in Wyatt's stomach.

"Ahhhh~ That's more like it!" Flint called out commandingly, stretching out his arms and swallowing much of the liquid as he remained totally unaware that he wasn't really being covered in water.

"Hmmm... N-No, w-wait..." Bruce muttered with a thoughtful sensation. "Something's... Something's wrong here..." He was able to discern the oddness of the situation, though he was much too drunk to figure out exactly what.

It would only be after several minutes of being covered in this strange liquid that the men would realize the true magnitude of their current situation. Bruce and Flint were the first ones to feel it, a beating foreign sensation thumping inside them completely uninvited. Their legs began to walk them towards Wyatt of their own accord, as if they were being pulled by an invisible force. They didn't think much about it for a little bit at the start, but as both men discovered they could not control their motions in the slightest, panic began to spread.

Flint's body only stopped when his right shoulder collided against Wyatt's left shoulder, his right hip connecting with Wyatt's left. Similarly, Bruce carefully attached himself to Wyatt's right, packing the three men very closely together.

"H-Hey! What the hell's the big deal!!!" A furious scream burst from Flint's mouth. Unlike Wyatt, Flint wasn't embarrassed about parading in the showers naked with other dudes. However, he was quite conscious about personal touch between guys. "Give me some personal space here!!!" He complained with annoyance, trying his best to pull his body away from Wyatt's.

"What are you talking about dude?! *You're* the one who stuck onto me!!!" Wyatt responded with anger, mimicking Flint's movement as he pulled in the opposite direction.

To Wyatt's right, the big burly Bruce could do nothing but pant uncontrollably, sweat pouring down his body along with the strange warm liquid. His head was much too foggy to properly think by now, his thoughts entirely focusing on a churning sensation within him instead. As Bruce leaned forward with exhaustion, a feeling of compression overcame the entire lower part of his body. His legs squished against each other, his hips crackling as if they were contracting in on themselves. All of this force was directed leftwards, towards Wyatt's right leg. The pressure was only tepid at first, but the more these three legs tried and push together, the stronger it became. Bruce continued to pant deliriously, his mind reaching its absolute limit. Letting out a soft breathy moan, Bruce merely shivered as his legs and hips combined with Wyatt's left leg, conjoining the two men into one.

The stimulation from the combining was so intense, even Wyatt himself couldn't help but give a little yelp in arousal. But being in much more cognitive control, the boy turned his attention towards the changes and inspected them in further detail. This new unified limb was still a leg, that much was for sure. But its structure differed radically. Their thigh was absolutely massive, an almost spherical lump locked closely to Wyatt's side, with a short stout shin at its end. Then, the limb seemed to bend forward into a long vertical tube that ended in a triangular-shaped foot that possessed three big, fat toes. In all honesty, it resembled the leg of an ostrich more than it did that of any primates.

“Ahhhh~ F-Fuck!! W-W-What’s hap-p-pening?!?” Flint gave an acute groan of his own, as the same type of transformation overcame him.

This time, Wyatt turned his head towards the shifting limb quickly enough to see the transformations first hand. The three feet merged into one, their sizes decreasing and their nails combining until they looked like simple toes. Their calves joined together, becoming thick and short while one long vertical protrusion pushed their knees up to the height of their crotches. And speaking of crotches, it did not take long for Flint’s crotch and penis to be entirely consumed by a thick, rounded thigh like the ones that rested on turkeys. All that was left of Flint now was his awkward human torso, attached firmly to what looked to be a big, long avian leg.

“No, no, no, no, no- This can’t be happening-!” Panic spread through Flint, a deep knotting existential dread coming over him. “This is a fucking mutant place!! We’re getting turned into fucking freaks!!!” The man’s gut reaction was to flail uncontrollably, his body desperately searching for some sort of way to escape.

Unfortunately, there was no longer any hope of escape for this trio. Their backsides began expanding slowly in every direction. Wyatt’s anus, the only one of the three that still remained intact, became plumper, wider and fatter along to the size of his cheeks, its ring taking the shape of a deliciously thick donut. The trio’s combined butt soon grew on par in size with their supple thighs, and still, it did not cease growing. Each one of their cheeks eventually outgrew their heads in size, giving them an enormous, bubbly ass that looked downright comical.

With their entire lower section changed, their transformation now shifted onto their torsos, which began suffering from that same crushing sensation as their legs. Wyatt’s arms were totally absorbed when his friend’s bodies pressed into him, but even their arms seemed to entirely vanish from existence. The men groaned, panted and gasped, their innards gurgling loudly whilst their bones crackled. After so much meshing, pushing and squeezing, their bodies finally gave way and all of their torsos seamlessly merged into one.

This new torso bore the shape of a pear, with its thicker section stuck between their two titanic legs and in front of their plump, round asses. Meanwhile, the thinner part rested at the top where the trio’s necks and heads popped out, its nub bending forward and preventing any of them from staying upright. Most of their bodies’ defining features seemed to have been totally erased in the merge. Their new round torso had no muscles, no belly button or hair. All signs of their previous shoulders and arms entirely eliminated. It was all smooth skin and soft supple fat, except for a pair of sensitive nipples on each side and Wyatt’s original cock and balls hanging down from the bottom of their body.

“Haaah~ Haaah~ Haaaah~” Bruce groaned breathily in arousal, his tongue lolling from his body and his eyes totally dazed.

It was a sensation of luscious desire that all three of them could feel equally, as even Wyatt and Flint found themselves short of breath. In response, Wyatt’s cock soon hardened into a fiercely erect state. Though not the largest or mightiest at a respectable 4 inches, it served as the only conduit through which the trio could express their arousal.

Wyatt did not fight his lust too harshly. He was in the middle of Flint and Bruce, in more ways than one. Not absolutely disgusted with his current situation, as interest and intrigue plagued his mind. But he was nonetheless quite concerned over what this would mean for his life.

“Bruce, you fucking whore, stop being so horny!!!” Flint on the other hand, went as overboard with his reaction as he did with everything. “Can’t you see we’re turning into a fucking pervy freak!?! I gotta think about something that’ll calm us down... Like men-! That’s right! I ain’t no gay boy! Just think about muscly guys and their dicks! Their... *H-Hot steamy cocks~*”

In the blink of an eye, Flint’s entire demeanor had shifted. His eyes became as glazed as Bruce’s, his angering scowl softening until his expression was dreamy and dull. Without any sort of prompting, he began muttering all to himself. “*Ahh~ How nice would it be if we found some delicious hunks with huge dicks~*” He went on in a blissful tone. “*Big pulsating cocks to mate with us~ To get ravaged by a powerful mate with his powerful member~*”

Wyatt shuddered. Flint’s perverted thoughts were also serving to arouse him quite thoroughly. However, what bothered him the most had to be the fierce burning sensation surging from their shared crotch. Wyatt’s cock throbbed needily up and down, all of the three men’s arousal pulsing into its shaft. The surge of lust was so powerful, it felt as if the whole member was about to explode. But as their horniness reached its climax, their shared cock started to shrink instead. Little by little, inch by inch, the trio’s penis retreated back into their crotch, its head, urethra and veiny length sinking into his skin like a broken ship sinks into the water. Their balls too, lost any semblance of shape as the skin of its sack flattened and its testicles seemingly disappeared.

For a second, their crotches remained completely bare, a blank spot thoroughly rumbling with all of the uncontained arousal that had been building within them. And then, with a gentle dainty puff, a long vertical slit had formed on their crotch, replacing their previously masculine member. Thick, viscous lines of fluid dripped from this new organ as it grew wider and wider, two slender flaps blooming at each of its sides. A cute pink nub was nestled comfortably within the top part of its hood, while its insides led to a meaty, bumpy tunnel where Wyatt’s testicles had transformed into a beautiful womb. The men’s penis, their last remaining symbol of their previous masculinity, had been turned into a womanly pussy.

“Dicks~! Mating~! Cocks~!” Yet funnily enough, none of them seemed to mind that much. Flint was yammering profanities at the top of their lungs, his mind overwhelmed at the thought of getting their brand new cunt impregnated by many virile cocks. “Need mating! Need mate!!” He cried.

“Mggghhh~ Gahhh~ Haaahhh~” Bruce panted in a similarly enthusiastic fashion that sent shivers through their combined organ. His smile had turned could luscious by this point, and he was salivating as much as water was pouring over his head.

Wyatt remained the most composed of the group, and even he was having quite the hard time keeping himself together. For some reason, the man felt no sort of sadness upon losing the precious member that had rested between his legs for all of his life. Instead, he found himself bustling with a sensation of power and control the likes he’d never felt before.

However, their changes were far from over. A pressure surged, causing Wyatt to grunt uncomfortably. The boy tried to fight back against the sensation, clenching his teeth and holding his breath in hopes he could prevent his further mutation. But it was no use. As Wyatt’s concentration was broken, the area

around their nipples exploded into a pair of titanic, plump, bouncy breasts. Each one of the breasts was easily as big as beachballs. Their nipples were puffy, rounded and hard, with beautiful pink pert areolas surrounding them whole. It seemed they had grown a beautiful bosom that rivaled their inflated asses in size.

The trio of men moaned out lusciously in unison, the hefty weight and dangling sensation of their heavy breasts causing their combined pussies to shudder with ecstasy. This was the catalyst that finally sent all three men over the edge, causing to forgo any sort of resistance and give in to their transformations.

Each one of the guys' necks grew longer and cylindrical, like a flexible tube they could move and stretch rather than a stiff pole. Their chins receded, their foreheads shrinking downwards until their heads had taken a shorter olive-like shape. Any kind of facial hair was stripped from their faces, as was their actual hair, which fluttered off their heads and disintegrated in midair. As their noses sunk into their skulls, their lips grew larger, plumper and more luscious. They soon became the most prominent feature on their face, taking up most of the space in the form of curved, thick lips like that of a sultry woman.

Slowly but surely, every single defining feature other than mouth and eyes was stripped from their new individual heads, giving them all the appearance of dumpy, bald identical clones. All that remained of their original head were their eyes, their irises glimmering in their original colors. But even those did not remain unchanged, for they each grew long, slender natural eyelashes of beautiful female models.

It was only at this point, when they were no longer individuals, males or even human, that the terrible shower of strange liquid finally seized pouring over their new monstrous form. The sprinkler's chirping slowly grew quieter and quieter until no liquid escaped their nozzles. The many pipes on the wall and ceiling stopped reverberating as the pressure decreased to zero. Only the sound of dripping droplets of liquid remained, along with the serious panting and gasping of three separate voices, each one of them oozing with arousal and need.

"Haaaah~ Haaaah~ Haaaah~" Wyatt panted breathlessly. Though his loins continued to ache with heat, rational thought was starting to become much more manageable now that they were no longer being assaulted with that hot, unbearable substance.

"Oh god... What's happened..." Bruce commented hazily, his head still throbbing from his drunkenness and lust. "What did they do to us? What did we do...?"

"T-This is all your fault Bruce!" Flint was the first to complain, averting his gaze from the other two in utter shame. "I-If you hadn't spent all that time standing idly with that dumb face, we could have escaped from this!"

"Yeah, you're one to talk Flint." Bruce snapped back. "I can still picture your wild fantasies of being mated in my mind! Oh, you were crying for dick more desperately than any gay man I've ever seen!"

"You fuck-!!" Flint's face filled with rage. "I'm gonna-!"

"That's enough!!!" Suddenly, the Wyatt piped up with an uncharacteristically commanding voice, which instantly quieted both of his body-mates. It was absolutely bizarre. Neither Flint nor Bruce had ever felt any kind of authority towards Wyatt, and yet now that he was between them, they felt the need to follow behind him. "Fighting isn't going to get us anywhere. We need to find a way to get out of here, and maybe even find something that will transform us back."

*Clunk-clunk-clunk-clunk-*

As if on cue, the door on the opposite wall began to automatically open of its own volition. The large metal door slowly slid to the left, each one of the boy's staring at it with confusion until it could open no more.

"Well then!" Wyatt spoke brightly, feeling a bit confident that the door had opened as if he had commanded it. "Let's get going!"

The way this trio of guys could move their shared boy was a bit tricky, but before long they were starting to get the hang of it. They couldn't completely move one of their limbs completely independently, but if they all worked together their body seemed to move as intended. Bruce had more control over the right leg, and Flint had a bit more control over the left leg, but somehow it seemed like Wyatt retained the most control of all. Of course, being three separate heads, they all had their different set of thoughts and wills they wished to act upon. Yet, no matter how much Bruce or Flint wished to stray, they always ended up following Wyatt's lead, creating a strangely stable union between the three.

They slowly made their way through the door, though the way that they moved was much different than before. The men's legs strutted forward slowly, moving their hips left to right in a rhythmically hypnotic pattern. Their chest swayed back and forth erotically, causing their tits to bounce about almost uncontrollably. It wasn't because of their inexperience, rather, it was as if something inside them was calling them to move in such a way. There was something about their new forms that felt liberating, and none of them could help but unwittingly present that. Before long, they'd already found themselves in the adjacent room, which was unlike anything that they had expected.

Instead of the previously cold, industrial and empty showers, this new room was warm, comfortable and inviting. A set of beautiful marble tiles covered the floor, its walls painted to look like a fabulous beach resort and its ceiling coated in dark and covered in tiny lightbulbs, giving the appearance of a dazzling night sky. Electric tiki-torch lamps submerged the entire room in a tropical, romantic hue, which was accompanied by stereos playing sounds of waves swishing, bugs crying and fire burning to further induce an authentic mood. Many wooden chairs, tables and a couple water-proof couches adorned the room. There was even a small pool and a jacuzzi over in the corner of the room! Suffice to say, this was exactly what a spa was supposed to look like!

However, out of all the things in their line of sight, perhaps the most astonishing was the creature that stood anxiously in the middle of the room. Just like Wyatt and his friends, this odd monster possessed three different heads attached to a single body. Their legs were long and slender, their butt shapely and large and their torso was fattened and dumpy. In all honestly, they looked almost exactly like Wyatt, Bruce and Flint, except for the flat chest and the noticeably large cock dangling down from between their legs.

Wyatt stared at the creature in thought. It seemed as worried and out of place as they were. Plus, the head in the middle possessed some beautiful velvet colored eyes that sparkled in the darkness... Wyatt gasped. He knew exactly who these three were.

"A-Amber?!? Is that you?!?" The boy yelped with a worried expression.

"Bonnie! Linda!" Bruce and Flint called out as well.

Coordinating together, the trio of bodymates rushed over towards their fellow mutant. All three of the creature's heads sharply turned towards them, relief plainly visible in their eyes.

"Wyatt! Bruce! Flint!" The trio of girls cried out desperately, growing a bit less uneasy at the sight of their dates.

As the two creatures came together, the men's head wrapped around their lover's in a sort of snake-like hug, save for Wyatt and Amber who stopped and awkwardly stared at each other for a minute. The duo blushed lightly while their friends embraced their dates. Wyatt could feel his heart thumping, though he was not sure if it was mainly because of his bodymates or himself. It seemed even in this state, he still found himself very fond of Amber.

"Oh no... So they transformed you guys too?" Wyatt finally broke the silence, observing the girls' new forms with dismay.

"Yes, it seems so..." Amber sighed, her face looking down dejectedly.

"It was so horrible!" Bonnie piped up with a worried shrill, making that usual pouty expression of hers. "We got squished together and our titties disappeared!"

"We're not even girls anymore!" Linda added in annoyance, scowling as much as her face could make it. "Instead they put this horrible cock in between our legs!"

The men all took a step back, their gazes reflexively shifting towards the girls' crotch. It really was a horrible cock, though in more ways than one. The member was extremely large. Even in its flaccid state, it was longer than that of any human male. Two fat, heavy sagging balls clung down below their penis, and a set of frizzly black pubes sprouted about everywhere. By all accounts, it was unpresentable and crude as the cock of any man. Yet, all three men couldn't help but gulp with hunger. A strange pulsation returned to their crotches, heat permeating through their system. However, all three quickly shifted their attention before they could get out of control.

"Y-Yeah, I know exactly how you girls feel." Flint commented, his tongue swishing about in his salivating mouth as if he'd seen a delicious treat. "We got turned into a fricking girl. With these huge titties and a stupid dripping pussy..."

This time, it was the girls who turned down to stare at the men. Their gazes were fierce, full of desire and dominance. Wyatt, Bruce and Flint all shivered with arousal in response. It felt strangely good to leered and examined sexually. They'd even made a cute little pose unwittingly, sticking their legs out and pushing their breasts aside to give the girls a clear view of their aching cunt. A little flirtatious signal that was obviously working, because beneath the women's crotches, the trio of boys could see their cock quickly grow into a fully hardened and erect state.

"A-A-Anyways..." Amber shook her head lightly, trying her best to change the subject. Though the blank stare she went into clearly indicated that she was still thinking about the men's luscious body. "S-So... What should we do now?"

"P-Probably find a way to escape, I-I think." Wyatt responded in a dull, monotone voice. He tried focusing on Amber, on escape. But his bodymates were still stuck staring lustfully at that magnificent



erect shaft, making him much too aroused to continue thinking normally. “There s-should be an... Other w-way out... I-I... I think...”

His words faltered. All Wyatt could do was stare deep into Amber’s brilliant velvety eyes, which shone like the moon under the brilliant night sky. His breath quickened, more exasperated pants escaping past his enlarged lips. He could feel their vagina quivering with necessity, its copious vaginal fluids of arousal already splattering all over the floor below them. From the way Amber’s lips remained half open, her eyes glimmering underneath the roof lights, Wyatt could tell exactly what she wanted. It was the same thing he desired too.

Without exchanging a single word, Wyatt’s and Amber’s faces darted eagerly towards each other, their lips sealing together in a sloppy, amorous kiss. The two heads moaned in unison as their large tongues darted into the depths of each other’s mouths. Neither party would have been so bold as to steal a kiss in such a commanding manner, but the power that resonated within them from the transformation made it impossible for them to stay still. Soon, the rest of the heads joined in by kissing their corresponding partner, Bruce taking his girlfriend Bonnie and Flint taking his date Linda. Both of the creatures’ bodies shuddered with excitement. They all knew it was wrong, each and every head, and yet, it felt better than anything they could have ever imagined.

The girls’ cock trembled, the boys’ pussy shuddering. As their kissing continued, the couples’ lust only kept growing stronger. A surge of power coursed through the girls’ body, testosterone flowing freely in their veins. In a needy attempt to demonstrate their lust, the trio of women began to push the men back towards the wall. All of the men instantly gave way to the women’s superior power, of course. Not because they were weaker necessarily, but because the thought of being pinned down and dominated caused their knees to grow weak and their pussy to flow with arousal.

This session of intimate kissing and pushing only stopped when the guys tripped on a couch behind them, causing them to fall butt first into the furniture’s soft cushions. For a moment, the trio of men felt disoriented. But when they all looked up to see the women standing before them commandingly, with their throbbing cock ready to strike, their minds instantly fell into place. The guys’ legs spread out instinctively, their heads shrinking down in order to appear more submissive. They were presenting themselves like a bitch in heat, feeling wholly prepared to be bred and mated.

There was no holding back when the three women came down upon their lovers with absolute ferocity. They sharply stuck in between the guys’ legs, pressing their tubby flat chests against their breasts while they lined up their cock towards the men’s vagina. In their eyes, the brilliant gleam of bestial lust glimmered brightly. No thought was contained within their minds at this point, only the intrinsic desire to mate the breedable partner before them. Charging their hips back, the three girls grunted loudly as they slammed their fat dick into the depths of the boys’ pussy, taking all of their new virginities in one single go.

All six voices rang out into the room in delirious pleasure. But the women were far from satisfied. This act of penetration was no more than an appetizer, one that did little to quench the luscious hunger swelling within them. Like a vicious, unrelenting beast, the girls pounded their cocks into the guys’ gushing cunt over and over again. Their cock slid perfectly through the thick, bumpy tunnels, almost as if the two had been perfectly made for each other. Their heavy, hairy balls swayed back and forth wildly,

each one growing larger with every one of their thrusts. It was a total and complete sexual domination over the trio of guys that found themselves helplessly pinned.

And the boys were loving every single second of it. Head waving about uncontrollably with dizzy, pleasurable expressions, each and every single one of the guys panted and moaned with lust as they were taken by their beautiful dates. Though their voices were still decidedly masculine, they had a soft feminine quality to them that indicated how much they loved to be overtaken like this. Their breasts bounced up and down along their body like volleyballs in a tournament, their cunt eagerly wrapping around the fat, heated shaft of their mates. It was blatantly apparent by now, from their pleased screams and drooling faces, that no masculine features truly remained on any of these 'men'.

The women's cock throbbed with fury, their legs thrusting forward with every single ounce of force they could muster. They were all feeling the exact opposite thing as their counterparts, testosterone and domination running rampant through their bodies and minds. Amber looked down upon the moaning trembling Wyatt, her heart thumping as she saw him crying and twisting with pleasure. The delicious taste of his lips still lingered in her mind, taunting and teasing her to get more. A part of her warned her not to take it like some sort of savage, that it needed to be reciprocal. However, why shouldn't she take it? After all, he was *her* mate~

With the speed of a flashing bullet, Amber's head blasted towards Wyatt's, wrapping her lips sloppily around his mouth. Wyatt gave way instantaneously, allowing the commanding woman to slide her tongue inside and greedily suckle onto his soft lips. And how could he not? His pussy squirmed happily, sending shivers through all of the three men's spines. He loved giving himself up to her will~

Bonnie and Linda were similarly energized by Amber's possessiveness, which only fueled the pounding of the men's slippery cunt. However, the other girl's focus was much different than lips. Instead, each one of them eyed the beautifully round and jiggling breasts that rested upon their partner's chest. Their mouths watered at the sight, their eyes locked onto the busts' dazzling bouncing motion. As straight women, neither of them had ever felt this way about a pair of tits before. But seeing these magnificent globes displayed so lusciously before them, there was only one thing either of them could do.

Just as their leader had done before, Bonnie and Linda jumped directly onto one of those fantastic breasts, wrapping their entire maws around the guys' sensitive nipples. Their tongues swirled about each of the nips like tornadoes, licking and twisting everything into their domain. All three men moaned back loudly, their pussies contracting tightly in a sweet, feminine orgasm. They could hardly contain themselves. It was as if every part of their body was being taken, conquered, surrendered to a pleasure that was much greater than any of them could have ever dreamed of. As sticky saliva was slathered all over the men's breasts, they could all feel themselves being filled with pure, unadulterated arousal.

Arousal which prompted both Bruce and Flint to find their own delicious snacks to feed on. Heads shaking hazily with perverted smiles, the duo of free heads eagerly traveled down to the underside of the girls' crotch. There, they were both met with the delicious musk of the women's fat, pulsating cock. More specifically, they'd found the girls' hairy, heaving ballsack swaying back and forth seductively.

Without thinking twice about it, both men closed their eyes and eagerly swallowed one of their swelling nuts into their mouth. Their voices cooed in bliss as they swiveled those plump testicles around their tongue, savoring the delicious taste of the ballsack's tangy, musky flavor. They could feel the hot spunk

contained within, jizz so powerful and virile, merely having it this close was causing them to grow heated with lust. Above them, the women all shuddered pleasurably, but this one act only caused them to exert more of their lust upon the needy men. With necks crossing and bodies pressed together, the whole group had completely embroiled themselves in a single unifying act of sexual unity.

Soon, the women's thrusting began to grow harder and faster with every passing second. The men's pussy continued to tighten around their cock, and all of their voices were becoming louder and more unhinged. Every single part of their bodies pulsed intently, indicating only one thing: Their climax was within reach. The girl's breast suckling doubled in intensity, the men's ball slurping oozing with further passion. Whether they were trying to beat their coming orgasm or trying to reach it faster was anyone's guess. All they knew is they wanted more~ Harder~ Faster~ A primal desire to indulge in this debauchery for longer and longer, until~

*Spuuuurttttt~~~*

The girls' balls tightened, their hips slammed ferociously into the men's crotch. As their cock became engorged and pulsed madly, a thick spurt of powerful jizz blasted directly into the guys' pussy, inundating their womb in a sea of white. Every single head shivered with complete and utter ecstasy. Flint and Bruce continued massaging their dates' balls, making sure they would dump every last ounce of their load directly into them. Bonnie and Linda held on to the boys' tits with an iron grip, moaning lustfully as their hips bucked forward instinctively. Meanwhile, Amber and Wyatt didn't even dare to break their kiss. All their pent up lust, desire, love, it melded together in this single moment to create something absolutely magical.

As the ladies spent every last ounce of their strength, the trio promptly collapsed on top of their soft, pudgy mates, their cock still buried deep inside their pussy. It would take a while for the girls to finally be able to let go of the boys' breasts, in a very similar manner in which the guys refused to release the softening, depleted nuts. And even when they finally did let go, both pairs quickly occupied their mouths by entering yet another amorous kissing session with their respective partners. The sound of soft, luscious smooching quickly filled the room. Their mutual company was all that any of them could think about now.

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It took quite a long time and multiple other sexual encounters before any of the heads could start thinking clearly once more. In fact, they only stopped when hotel staff entered the spa after any of them refused to come out for so long, worried that something wrong might have happened in the transformation. It turns out the group had accidentally picked a transformative package without noticing, to which the staff apologized for severely and promised to not only refund them, but also find a way to reverse the process. However, each group of heads had grown so accustomed and comfortable with their body by this point, that they all collectively declined the offer.

Instead, both creatures completed their transformation package by officially changing their gender, name and deciding to become two separate entities. Wyatt, Bruce and Flint would be no more, from this point on they would be known as Weslynn. Similarly, Amber, Bonnie and Linda all combined to become

Abel. Though each creature consisted of three different heads with their own thoughts and desires, they'd all consider themselves as one single being.

Thanks to these new changes, Weslynn no longer had to worry about being assertive and winning her love over. The ball was now in Abel's corner, and with his efforts their relationship instantly improved. Soon they would start dating, move in together, get engaged and eventually even married! Though a lot of the old friends and family members felt disgusted and heavily judged such a union, when the two were standing there in the middle of the wedding isle, they could not feel happier.

Of course, there was a little bit of trouble when it came to deciding who would be wearing the wedding dress. Weslynn had adapted very quickly to her new gender role, growing to love the idea of being dressed in beautiful flowers and clad in white, despite their voices still remaining somewhat masculine. Abel on the other hand, refused to become overly masculine in any way. He still much preferred wearing dresses, using make up, and presenting himself as female, which meant that he too desired wear a wedding dress to his wedding.

In the end, they both decided to wear wedding dresses at the same time. This was the culmination of their love, and having accepted their new grotesque and conjoined lives, this was nothing more than a mere bump in the road. It would be far from their last adventure however, as the heavily pregnant belly protruding from Weslynn's tummy indicated. They two would be in for the ride of their lives from now on!