

It was clear that Spring had already arrived upon the cold, windy mountainside of Garreg Mach. Plants of all sorts flourished in the dry and chilly mountain climate, blooming into beautiful flowers that glistened with sunlight. Warming weather brought on an onset of enthusiastic students onto the beautifully decorated courtyards, allowing them to enjoy to have some pleasant relief from their arduous studies. But the chirping birds and idly chatter did little to soothe Cyril's troubled mind. Head held low in deep thought, a concerned Cyril continued making his way through Garreg Mach's courtyards.

The internal struggle between Cyril's rational mind and his gut feeling was really wrecking him apart. During quiet, relaxing moments like these it really did feel like nothing was wrong. But then all of a sudden, when nothing in particular changed, he would be filled with a creeping sensation of disgust he could not control. Was there really something wrong going on in Garreg Mach, or was it simply his imagination? Why was he feeling so uncomfortable and awkward so often? Cyril felt like the answer was within his grasp. If only he could figure out what was wrong....

"Alright girls, listen up!" Ingrid's imposing, dutiful voice rang out from the adjacent courtyard. "Today we're going to over one of the most important parts of taking care of your mount!"

Cyril let out a little sigh. While he was wasting time worrying over some imaginary problem, there were students like Ingrid dutifully completing their academic duties. Perhaps he had been focusing too much on his negative feelings. No matter where he looked, there didn't seem to be anything particularly wrong going on at the moment. It was a perfectly normal morning at Garreg Mach. Cyril could certainly get in his own head at times. Surely, if there was something wrong, he wouldn't be the only one who noticed it, right?

But as soon as Cyril started to feel some sense of normalcy and confidence return to him, he mindlessly walked into the same courtyard where Ingrid was giving her instructions. What he saw there should have lifted his spirits, made him feel better. Instead, he stopped at the gates of the courtyard cold, all the color draining from his anxious face. In an instant, all of Cyril's hope was vaporized from his body in favor of that same creeping existential dread he was all too familiar with.

Right in front of Cyril's very eyes trio of Ingrid, Petra and Bernadetta stood side by side, all draped in the fancy shiny armor of their new advanced classes. They had all promoted into powerful rider of some sorts, like Cavaliers or Pegasus Knights. However, none of the girls were currently riding atop their mounts at the moment. Instead, each of them eagerly lined up behind their horse, tightly grabbing onto their equine's large ass while they pushed the tips of their enormous, fat, erect horse-cocks against the dripping hot folds of their animal companion.

Cyril was left utterly speechless from the scene he was experiencing. Not only did all of these beautiful ladies possess incredibly large, throbbing, sweaty horse dicks with plump heavy testicles, it looked like they were just about to start thoroughly fucking their own horses!!! The noble, knightly Ingrid didn't show a single ounce of shame as she prepared herself to ravage her mount's equine pussy right in public. Her face was as self-assured as ever, her posture tall and staunch. It was almost like presenting her huge, hanging brown-tinged horse penis out here in the open didn't bother her in the slightest.

To her right was Petra, who looked more excited than serious as she felt the heat of her Pegasus' cunt pulsating against her penis. Petra's horsecock was about a quarter smaller than Ingrid's, though still

quite enormous. Standing at about 16-Inches long, the member was covered in beautiful pale tufts and a prominent snow white bush that was like that of an angel. This was the average size for Pegasus members, but the girl seemed to be quite adept at controlling its incessant and needy throbbing of arousal.

Then there was Bernadetta, the small twitching girl who seemed the most out of place. Bernadetta was the only one that actually needed a stool to be able to reach her horse's pussy while standing up, and yet hers was the biggest cock of the entire group. Bernadetta's enormous, pulsating horse phallus was almost large enough to give Claude's a run for its money. It was clear that the girl did not bathe often, because even from where he stood Cyril could smell the incredibly powerful, musky, stud scent of Bernadetta's penis. That or her very cock was so imposing it emitted pheromones on its own. Its color was mostly black, but it had plenty of pink splotches covering its veiny, leathery shaft. With precum already dripping from her needy cock, it looked like Bernadetta was about to lose it at any second.

"Bernadetta!! Stay focused!!!" Ingrid reprimanded her companion firmly. "This isn't about getting that monster dick of yours off! This is about making an intimate connection with your mount!!!"

Bernadetta let out a bellowing moan, the tip of her heaving horse cock grinding against her horse's pussy with so much desperation. "S-Sorry! Sorry!!! I-I'll d-do it r-right, s-s-so don't get mad!" She shot back with a distressed voice, though it was clear that her fat penis was painfully horny.

"Like I was saying! In order to be proper riders, it is important we take care of our mounts' needs." Ingrid continued, keeping a face of discipline despite the fact her fat, dark horse dick was throbbing eagerly. "That includes their sexual needs too! As you can probably tell, our mares are all in heat. Horny, pussy dripping heat that can only be quenched with our *b-big musky, horse erections.*" A shudder shot down the trio's spine, their entire bodies twitching with the animalistic desire to breed. Ingrid quickly shook this distracting sensation off with a shake of her head. "T-This satiates our horse's bodies and makes our connection stronger! T-That's why we're doing this!!!"

The explanation seemed utterly ludicrous to Cyril. Who in their right minds would even want to have sexual relationships with their horse?!? But the moment he started to question it, Cyril would immediately find that it made total sense. Of course mounted units wanted to be as close as possible with their mounts. Plus, since they too had animal members it would only be natural to have such urges. Unable to formulate any arguments to communicate his disapproval, poor Cyril could do nothing else but simply stand there as the girls started defiling their own horses.

"First, make sure to grab onto your mount's backside firmly. You don't want to slip off and trip while you're doing this." Ingrid instructed carefully, as her hands tightened onto her horse's large, plump backside. A motion which was quickly followed by Petra and Bernadetta.

"T-Then- Hnnnggghhh~" Ingrid let out a blissful moan, her eyes growing glazed as lust started to overflow within her mind. "M-Make sure to line up your cock against the right hole. *E-Even if it feels really good to fuck their urethra~*"

None of the girls could keep themselves still at this point. They were all thoroughly panting, their cocks pulsating harder than ever before. The raw, sexual heat of their horses sunk into their throbbing members, whilst the delicious, musky scent of horse pussy filled their noses. With every passing second, their minds grew more clouded with an uncontrollably lustful desire to fuck and breed.

“And thrust!” Ingrid finally gave the order, and like a firing squad in harmony, all three girls slammed their hips as hard as they could towards their mounts’ asses at the same exact time.

The loud, pleased whinnies of aroused mounts echoed throughout the courtyard, along with garbled, moans of their three riders. The trio’s cocks were incredibly hot, hard and enormous, yet they slipped through the sloppy equine pussies of their horses with the utmost of ease, almost as if they fit them perfectly. For a few seconds, neither of the girls could move further or even articulate a coherent thought. The way the hot, drooping folds of the horse cunts wrapped around their girthy horse dicks made them feel like their minds were melting on the spot.

“N-N-Now t-the key to a g-good session w-with your mount i-is to have discipline.” As soon as Ingrid was able to get a hold of herself, the girl straightened herself out and continued the lesson. “Your t-t-thrusts m-must be continuous a-and t-tempered. Y-You must remain c-composed, a-and never-”

“AAAAHHHHH, I CAN’T TAKE IT ANYMORE!!!” Suddenly, Bernadetta’s voice flared up with uncharacteristic fire and energy. Her every body part was twitching uncontrollably, sweat pouring profusely down her glimmering, pale skin. The girl had gone past her breaking point, and now her cock was taking charge.

“I WANNA FUCK~ I WANNA MATE~ I WANNA BREED~~~!!!” Flinging herself towards her mount, Bernadetta literally jumped off her stool and onto her horse’s large ass. Her expression looked utterly deranged as she clung tightly onto the backside of her horse like some sort of monkey. Eyes ablaze with lust and cock buried deep inside of her mount’s folds, the girl began to thoroughly slam her hips into her horse’s pussy like there was no tomorrow. “HORSE PUSSY~ WANNA FUCK HORSE PUSSY~~ BREED~~ MATE~~~ FILL WITH MY SEEEEEED~~~!!!”

“B-B-Bernadetta n-no...!” Ingrid made a troubled moan, though the mere sight of Bernadetta utterly dominating her horse only caused her own cock to throb with desire. “Y-You mustn’t... L-Lose control~”

“By the spirits of the earth and the sky~!” Petra howled in pure bliss, looking up into the heavens as if she’d just received a holy revelation. “These customs of Fodlan are simply wonderful~ I feel like I am one with nature itself~”

Grabbing onto her Pegasus’ tail, Petra began thrust her cock into her mare’s pussy over and over again. The girl showed no semblance of restraint, pulling on her Pegasus and slapping the horse’s fat ass like she owned it. She wasn’t just a part of nature, she was *the* master of nature.

“Your genes belong to me, mare!” Petra exclaimed commandingly, the tip of her throbbing horse cock crushing the entrance of her Pegasus’ womb with each forceful push. “You will be baring my foal~ I will make you impregnant~!!”

“Nooooo Petra n-not you too!!!” Ingrid howled in dismay, which did little to dissuade Petra’s utterly intense pussy obliteration. The proud knight could do little but drool with desire as she watched her companions utterly lose their minds defiling their own mounts. Her cock twitched with desire deep inside her horse’s pussy, copious amounts of precum already oozing from her expecting tip. She felt so mesmerized looking at Petra and Bernadetta going at it with so much fire and intensity. Longing filled her heart, while lust caused her nuts to gurgle and shudder.

It was only when Ingrid felt her horse start grinding against her crotch in desperation that Ingrid snapped out of her trance. Her mount was greedily horny, and seeing its comrades howling and neighing in utter bliss caused it to rub against Ingrid as she needily asked for more. They were both incredibly horny. They were both jealous of their friends. Despite all of Ingrid's grandstanding about responsibilities and proper care, there was only one thing left for her to do.

"Oh, what the hell." The girl spouted as she threw away the last of her inhibitions.

Grabbing onto her horse's ass firmly, Ingrid began pummeling her horse's needy pussy into absolute oblivion. The duo moaned with bliss, but Ingrid did not slow down for a single second. Though she was not as fast as Petra or as energetic as Bernadetta, she more than made up for it in sheer strength. With her bare arms alone, Ingrid could pull her whole horse towards her crotch, and a single thrust was able to reverberate to the other end of her mount's body and even seep into her bones. Ingrid was like a mighty stallion, exerting all of her strength and lust to show who the true alpha stud was.

"Take it~ Swallow my penis whole you horse-whore~~~" Ingrid groaned out in a low, gravelly voice. She hated acting this feral and dirty, but completely defiling her mount for her pleasure was far more arousing than anything she could imagine.

Any kind of reason and control had been entirely lost as the trio of girls desperately slammed their cocks into the depths of their horses' pussies. Their dicks propelled them forward, their bodies giving in to their feral desires. The original intention might have been to form stronger bonds and to satiate their mounts' desires, but in the end all that they could do was surrender to their desires to breed and mate with their big fat horse cocks. In many ways, the girls had become no better than the animals they were fucking.

It was a sight that just made Cyril's stomach churn with a dreadful sensation. Why was it that watching these beautiful, young, female students losing their minds over horse pussy sickened him so much? It was only right that they take care of their mounts' needs, and if they could also satiate their own needs in the process that seemed perfectly reasonable.

But this reason did not ease Cyril's worries much at all. He never thought that mounted units would have such intimate and important responsibilities. And frankly, he didn't want to spend much more time thinking about it. Sharply turning away from the trio, Cyril power walked as fast as he could in the opposite direction. Unfortunately, as the boy made his way onto the other side of the courtyard, he would quickly realize that it would contain much of the same as what he had already witnessed.

Standing side by side along one of the many benches set about in the courtyard were the energetic Caspar and the sleepy Lindhardt. Just like many of Cyril's other classmates, the two were proudly sporting their new class uniforms. Caspar's leathery Brigand vest left his stiff pecs totally exposed, whilst Lindhardt was outfitted with the elegant, white robes of a Priest. But the most noteworthy part of these two was not their uniforms, but rather the fact that both of their crotches were currently exposed with oozing pussies instead of manly cocks. Legs spread wide open and with thick blushes on their faces, the duo of boys lowered their drooling cunts onto the hardened cocks of the pair girls who sat on the bench behind them.

Taking on Caspar was the beautiful pink haired Hilda, with a cock that was as fat and big as an actual spear. Her entire upper body was shrouded in the thick, heavy armor of an Armored Knight, which

covered everything save for her fat breasts which pushed forth in the place where a breastplate should be. Below her hips however, the girl's titanic cock and pudgy belly were allowed to push as far and free as they desired. There was no way to overstate how incredibly massive and hard Hilda's penis truly was. Even Claude's lordly cock would shirk in fear at the magnificent member. Caspar's stomach was toned with a firm six pack, yet as Hilda's cock bore into his cunt, it bulged through Caspar's belly as if it was clay.

Besides her was Hilda's best friend Marianne, trembling and moaning as she tried to survive Lindhardt's holy pussy. The girl's penis was unlike anything Cyril had ever seen, far from human or even animal. Instead of the usual cylindrical shape, her cock had taken the form of a dark, blueish cone. It was hard, and yet looked as malleable and gooey as slime. The penis slithered around left and right like a writhing tentacle, almost as if it had a mind of its own. It was details like these along with her hefty black robes that showed how Marianne had turned into a fully proper Dark Mage.

"Come on Lindhardt!" Caspar panted with an excited expression, his hips swinging up and down the length of Hilda's fat shaft. "Y-You gotta work harder or else I'm going to make my girl cum first~"

It was a good thing that Caspar's pussy was meaty and wide, because the way he skewered Hilda's immense cock into the depths of his folds would have driven most other people crazy. His was truly a warrior's organ, able to take any sort of punishment without even flinching. Even as Caspar continued to slam the tip of Hilda's cock against his womb, the boy treaded along like it was light exercise. This was only problem of having replaced his penis with a Brigand's vagina. Now all that built up testosterone caused increased aggression that manifested as pure, unstoppable lust. Caspar's huge, throbbing clit pulsed, his inner walls twitching with bliss. Even with Hilda's cock filling him all the way up, he simply could not get enough.

"Ugh... I told you this isn't a competition." Lindhardt rolled his eyes with an annoyed sigh. "I just need to do this because- Unnnfff~ I need to recharge magical energies."

Whilst Caspar's motions were tough and aggressive, Lindhardt barely moved his hips into Marianne's cock. He didn't really need to after all, for a Priests have the most pleasurable addicting pussies out of any class. As they cannot synthesize any magical power of their own, Priests are forced to constantly copulate with dicked allies. Once sperm fills their wombs to the brim, they are able to cast the most amazing of white magic spells. And in return, they give the person they have sex with a great amount of pleasure as well as a passive revitalizing energy that keeps them aroused and producing more sperm.

"See Marianne~? What'd I tell ya!" Hilda grunted with a big wide smile, relaxing on the bench as if it was a grandiose throne. "Just look at the pair of cute pussies we were able to get by just asking!"

"Y-Y-You're right Hilda~!" Marianne gasped in response. As tears formed in her eyes from the pleasure, she grabbed onto Hilda's hand tightly. "T-T-Thank you s-so much~!"

The pair of gal pals let out ecstatic moans as they felt Caspar's and Lindhardt's pussies eagerly pleasuring their pulsating members. It was almost like they were graceful queens, the way they didn't even have to move an inch of their body while bounced up and down the length of their fat cocks. Hilda's mighty cock rumbled as it plunged into Caspar's folds. No matter how much energy Caspar put into his thrusts, the tremendous tool would not bend or falter, skewering into Caspar's insides like an unbreakable spear. Marianne's tentacle penis meanwhile, slithered and wriggled within Lindhardt's cunt like a worm

burying into the ground. Her cock bent and twisted in all sort of unnatural motions, writhing madly of its own volition as if it wanted to get a taste of every inch of Lindhardt's cunt. Bodies shuddering with excitement, the girls made sure to enjoy every second of this masculine pleasure that overpowered them.

But to Hilda, it wasn't enough. "Alright, I'm about done with this." Growing tired of all this foreplay, Hilda's stiff, beefy hands tightly gripped onto Caspar's hips.

The boy sharply turned his face back in shock. "H-Hey what are you doing-!" Caspar squealed in surprise. "Ooooooghghh~ Aaaaaahh~"

But before he could even complain, Hilda pulled the boy's ass all the way down to her crotch, slamming her entire member into his quivering folds. For as cocky and proud as Caspar presented himself to be, the truth was that he had only taken two thirds of Hilda's whole penis. The girl was aiming to rectify that. With his butt resting on Hilda's thick laps and Hilda's entire fat cock buried in the depth of his pussy, all Caspar could do was gasp and pant breathlessly. His vagina was deep enough it could barely hold Hilda's dick, but he was wildly unprepared to take it all in one go like this. Not that Hilda seemed to mind. Wrapping the boy's head in a tight headlock, she began to mercilessly pound his defenseless pussy into oblivion. He'd had his fun already, so it was time for Hilda to have hers~

"L-Lindhardt-!!!" Marianne gasped loudly as her body arched backwards. "I-I'm-! I-I'm-!!!"

"Yeah, yeah. I get it." Lindhardt shot back with a tone of annoyance.

Sinking his hips down as far against Marianne's as he could, the boy let Marianne's entire member dive into her cunt. Even a boy as unenergetic and stoic as Lindhardt couldn't help but moan the way Marianne's slimy cock slithered within the inner walls of his pussy, twisting and stretching his insides without any sort of consideration. It was truly incredible how different Marianne and her cock were. On one side was the shy and reserved Marianne, who could never even think about hurting a fly. On the other was her corrupted tendril cock, which was currently violently messing up Lindhardt's pussy without even the slightest of inhibition. He two should have been a total mismatch, but there was no denying how much Marianne absolutely loved using her tentacle cock to claim innocent pussies.

As the boys' pants began to grow louder and their bodies slammed down with increased ferocity, Hilda and Marianne could feel their nuts start gurgling with heat. The hot, tight pussies embraced each of their throbbing members, filling them with a sizzling pleasure that was slowly driving them mad. With each thrust of her imposing member, more and more of Hilda's mind faltered in favor of pure bliss. Meanwhile, Marianne's slippery cock was trembling and convulsing almost as if it was ready to burst from her body. Both of the girls moaned in unison, unable to contain their unbearable sexual urges. With their hands still tightly clasped together, both Hilda and Marianne came at the exact same moment.

Like a couple of volcanos exploding all of their hot magma held within, Hilda's and Marianne's cock unloaded blasts after blasts of their steaming hot liquid into each of the boy's wombs. In a matter of seconds, Hilda's enormous dong was able to easily fill every ounce of Caspar's tight pussy with her seed. Even though Caspar's brigand cunt was extremely wide and durable, the thickness and copious amount of semen deposited inside was so incredible, the boy's stomach soon began to bulge outwards

into sizeable pregnant tummy. Eyes rolling to the back of his head and body going limp within Hilda's iron tight grasp, the energetic and excitable Caspar was totally conquered by Hilda's superior cock.

By comparison, Marianne's ejaculation was much more restrained and subdued. The girl merely whimpered and shivered whilst her cock violently coiled and swirled around inside of Lindhardt's pussy, letting out slippery strands of fluid everywhere it pointed. Lindhardt held back pleased gasps as semen flowed deeper inside him. The moment a single drop of sperm entered his womb, it was quickly synthesized into magical power, giving both himself and his partner a happy pulsation of pleasure. Despite being as lazy and tepid as he was, even Lindhardt had to admit it felt extremely good to recharge his magical energies.

Flabbergasted and caught of guard, Cyril slowly stumbled away from the group with an ever growing feeling of concern. Should such casual displays of sexual intercourse really be approved in public? Well, of course they should. Lindhardt needed to recharge his magical energies as a mage, while Caspar had to take of his over energetic and lustful body. Plus Hilda and Marianne only wanted to help. It was perfectly reasonable for them to do something like that in the courtyard, Cyril knew that. Nevertheless, his gut sensation was much less inclined to agree. Advanced classes sure bore a bunch of responsibilities. Responsibilities Cyril wasn't sure he could deal with...

"Haaaaahh!!!"

"Graaaaahhhh!!!"

Behind him, the loud burly voices of masculine men began to rang out. No pleased moans, no lusty gasping, just some good old fashioned brawling growls. Cyril gave out a pleased gasp of relief. Being a huge fighting enthusiast, Cyril knew a good scuffle could pick his spirits back up. It was exactly the thing he needed at a moment like this, where the world felt like it was going to fall apart and dread consumed him. There was no way a couple of big buff guys grunting together could ever be considered strange after all, right?

And for a few seconds, it really did feel like the world had returned to normal. When Cyril turned around to face the noises, he did not see a single horny woman or throbbing cock. Instead, the only view to grace his sight was the incredibly macho scenario of Raphael and Balthus tightly locked together on the soft grassy floor of the courtyard. Wrestling! Wonderful, normal wrestling. It looked like these two boys were having a fun, decent match of wrestling that even Cyril could enjoy.

Much to Cyril's dismay however, his excitement and expectation were just another thing to be crushed under the incredible musculature of Balthus and Raphael. As soon as the boy approached the two men, it became instantly clear they were doing much more than wrestling. Aside from Balthus' impeccable white priestly robes and Raphael's torn, leathery jacket, both were entirely nude from the waist down. The men's crotches violently slammed into each other over and over again, yet there was not a single masculine member in sight. Instead, Raphael and Balthus each bore a beautiful, glistening feminine pussy that quivered with arousal atop of their toned, muscular nether regions, organs that perfectly fit each of the men's proud classes.

Out of each of the cunts, Balthus had to be the one most out of place. His nether lips were a brilliant pink that seemed to sparkle with the sunlight. The area that surrounded it was entirely soft and devoid of hair, despite the fact that both his stomach and legs were totally swamped in hair. It was almost as if

it had a holy, heavenly glow, dousing the incredibly masculine and gruff man in a secluded region of pure femininity. Cyril had not seen man or woman with folds as precious as Balthus'.

Raphael's cunt on the other hand, had the same kind of tough, burly appearance as the big hunk of man himself. The man's labia was big, puffy and widened, his entire cunt colored a slightly redder and darker pink. The thick blond bush that rested above his whole as well as the way it barely reacted to anything made it apparent this was the tough, unsensitive pussy of a Brigand. Its most defining feature however, had to be the enormous throbbing clit that pushed forth from his vaginal hood. The thick member was at least 3-inches in length, pulsating and twitching almost as if it was a cock on itself. By itself it wasn't much, but it was certainly intimidating.

"Come on Raphael!" Balthus shouted in a gruff, enthusiastic voice, holding the other man tightly in his arms. "You're gonna have to do better than that if you wanna defeat me!"

"Nggghhhh~ Why is your Priest pussy so tough-!?" Raphael grunted loudly as he continued to grind his cunts against Balthus'. "There's a free meal on the line though, so I just gotta win this bet!"

As Raphael took one big breath, the absolute giant began to pound viciously pound Balthus' pussy with his own cunt. Their thick muscles pushed together, beefy arms locking each other in a tight embrace that was closer than that of lovers. The difference between the way their torsos fiercely tussled and wrestled each other while their cunts lovingly pushed together was quite incredibly. Clits pulsated with arousal, thick vaginal juices seeping from one pussy and into the other. It was a mixture of masculine roughhousing and tender scissoring that was never seen before.

In an attempt to gain the upper hand, Raphael pressed his crotch forward and jammed his large, bulging clitoris into Balthus' actual vaginal hole. This quickly proved to be a mistake however, as Raphael couldn't help but shiver and moan when he felt the tight, vaginal walls of Balthus' cunt wrapping around his tiny nub. The heat and tightness of Balthus' pussy was unimaginable, perfectly slurping up Raphael's clit like it was a fully articulate mouth. It was so overwhelming Raphael knew he'd lost the upper hand, but it also felt so amazing the man couldn't help but start grinding his hips with increased arousal.

"Woah Balthus~!" Raphael happily moaned, unable to control the incredible thrusting of his hips any longer. "Your pussy feels absolutely amazing~! It's driving me wild~"

Throughout the entire encounter, Balthus had been the one in control. He'd forced Raphael to take the lead, been able to resist the consistent, pleasurable assaults, and maintained a smug confidence attitude the whole way. But now that Raphael was really pushing against Balthus with all his lust and force, the king of Grappling himself was starting to feel a little bit heated. Balthus' cheeks lightly flushed, his cunt throbbing eagerly from each of Raphael's thrusts.

"H-Heh, you're not too bad yourself." Balthus complimented his competitor. "Now come over here and show me what you're truly capable of~"

Faces slowly pushing closer and closer, Balthus and Raphael closed their eyes in unison before their lips met together in a soft, passionate embrace. What had started as a competitive, brusque challenge had by this point devolved into bestial love making. Any pretense of their bet had entirely disappeared, their bodies lovingly clinging close to each other in order to squeeze pleasure from each of their masculine forms. Not even their twirling tongues and sloppy kiss was able to awaken any realization in either of

the men. There was nothing wrong with passionately making out with your opponent after all. One had to take every advantage one could get~

It was too much. It was all too much for Cyril to handle. Everywhere he turned, all that people saw was people using their class-modified bodies to have perverted sexual interactions with each other. Even things that he normally enjoyed like food and wrestling seemed to be ruined by all the constant perversions! Such interactions were, of course, entirely justified and necessary for the growth of the students. Cyril was blatantly aware of that. But they were simply overwhelming. Cyril didn't care if his gut sensation wasn't justified anymore. He simply needed to get away from it all!

Turning away from all of the perversion unfolding around him, Cyril closed his eyes and began running as fast as his legs would take him. The boy wasn't really quite sure where he was heading, carried on by raw emotion than anything else. All he knew was that he wanted to go somewhere nice and quiet, a secluded place where he wouldn't be assaulted by constant stimulation and would have some time to process all of his feelings. That's when he realized the perfect spot. The Golden Deer classroom! Not only was it the classroom with the smallest number of students, but it was lunchtime right now, so there was no way he would find anyone else there!

At least, that's what he'd thought at first. When Cyril actually dashed towards the classroom and peeked through the open doors, he soon found it was far from empty. Atop one of the many tables of the classroom sat the tiny white-haired Lysithea, her legs spread open and a virile cock sprouting from underneath her long, violet Mage robes. She was actually a bit hard to notice, for the much taller and smug Lorenz was sitting right atop of her lap, taking the girl's entire throbbing cock whole as he bounced up and down ecstatically.

"G-Get off me Lorenz!!!" Lysithea squealed angrily, gasping and panting with lust as she tried her best to push the larger man away. "I-I need to~ Mmffff~ K-Keep my magical energies!!!"

"Oh, hush now." Lorenz barely gave the girl any attention, focusing instead on the continuous, lustful motion of his hips as he slid up and down Lysithea's pulsating member. "You're way too pent up now. You need to release a little bit or you're going to start feeling sick."

Despite his pompous attitude, Lorenz was in fact making a valid point. Cyril could not see the length of the girl's shaft as it buried deep into the folds of Lorenz' priestly cunt. What he *could* see however, was the way Lysithea's girthy, titanic testicles slumped down from her crotch. No other person he'd seen thus far could even dream of competing with the size of Lysithea's ridiculously fat balls. Each nut was easily the size of a cannonball, and her entire sack was like a plump sack of flour slumping down on the table due to its sheer weight. Being a Mage, it was important for Lysithea to keep a good portion of her semen, as it was invaluable in magic casting. But it seemed like the girl had seriously gone overboard and the size of her nuts had shot out of control!

"Y-Y-You're only saying t-that cus you want all m-my magical energies for yourself!!!" Lysithea shot back, trying to do anything to rile the boy up.

Lorenz simply rolled his eyes in response. "Stop being a little brat and just cum!"

“Cum, huh...” All of sudden, Lysithea’s face grew dark. Cyril was standing at the door of the Golden deer classroom, several feet from where the duo were having sex, but even he could feel the unimaginable power coursing through Lysithea’s body

With a powerful, commanding motion, Lysithea’s tiny hands firmly gripped onto both sides of Lorenz’ hips. Lorenz yelped out like a little girl, a sensation of dread creeping up his spine. As Lysithea slowly looked up, her eyes began to glow with an eerie, purple shine. Thick, violet magical energies surrounded her hand, giving her strength that could put even the most powerful of Brigands to shame.

“You want me to cum~?” Lysithea asked again, though her tone now was much more threatening and menacing. Lorenz felt the girl’s cock eagerly throbbing inside him. Not just from reflexive pleasure, but from anticipation for something much stronger. “If you really want me to cum that badly, then I’ll just have to fill you up like a water balloon!!!”

Using the incredible strength she’d gained from her magical powers, Lysithea began to slam Lorenz down onto her cock with pure, reckless desire. Whereas before, Lorenz’ motions were dignified, smooth and sensual, now his body was being pumped up and down as if he was nothing more than a worthless, disposable sex toy. Eyes crossing and tongue drooping out of his mouth dumbly, the boy helplessly whined and moaned as his pussy was utterly obliterated. He could have tried to struggle away from Lysithea’s grasp, but it was entirely worthless by now. He had flipped Lysithea’s switch, and now he had to take her entire magical assault until she’d been satisfied.

Yet the one least satisfied of all had to be Cyril, who did not find the cute role reversal interesting in the slightest. How could this still be happening?!? Even in the places that were supposed to be totally isolated and devoid of human interaction in the slightest, Cyril was still finding his newly promoted classmates devolving into sexual intercourse. Were the burdens of Advanced Classes truly so severe that they couldn’t help themselves?! Was this just what it meant to be in an Advanced Class? No... It couldn’t be. There had to be some place in this entire Sothis-damned school where he could get away from all this commotion!!!

Frustration continuously building within him, Cyril marched away from the Golden Eagles classroom in frustration. He headed towards the Black Eagles classroom, the other house with the smallest number of students, still adamant that his original idea wasn’t that flawed. Maybe this time, he’d encounter the peace and quiet he desperately needed. Cyril felt like he was about to explode. If he didn’t find a secluded place fast, he was sure his nerves couldn’t take it anymore.

But as Cyril opened the large doors of the Black Eagles classroom and gazed inside, he no longer felt an inkling of surprise. On the other side of the room, kneeling on top of what was supposed to be the teacher’s desk, was the Black Eagle’s house own leader, princess Edelgard herself. Her lordly clothes looked quite regal and prestigious. Looking slightly less regal was Hubert, wearing a set of scrapped and scratched clothes as he took the empress-to-be’s massive, throbbing cock.

“O-Oh!!!” In front of them, the orange-haired Ferdinand stood guard in a set of heavy, bulky armor. His huge erection pushed forth through his armor entirely unashamed, a fact which was entirely normal for your average Armor Knight. “L-L-Lady Edelgard!!!” He tried to scream whisper at his liege. “S-Someone’s here!!!”

Unfortunately for him, it seemed that Edelgard’s attention was set on much more important matter.

“Mmmffff~ Hubert your tight Thief pussy feels so good~” The girl moaned out happily. Her hands tightly gripped onto Hubert’s slim waist, her hips slamming into him with all the fierce empress force she could muster. “Y-You’re such a little slut~ You’ve been trying to keep it a secret from me, but I know exactly what you did~”

“Haaa~ Haaaa~” Hubert gasped breathlessly, the once frightening and imposing man reduced to nothing but a mess of whimpers. “W-Whatever~ NggghhhH~ Are you r-r-referring to, L-Lady Edelgard~”

“Y-Youuu were studying t-to be a mage, w-weren’t you? O-Or a dark mage~” Edelgard accentuated her rhetorical question by slapping Hubert’s ass hard, sending shivers of bliss throughout the man’s spine. “And y-yet, the moment you heard I was getting a huge, virile, uncontrollable Lord cock, you switched to the class with the widest pussy~ Did you really want to get impregnated by me that badly~?”

No words came out of Hubert’s mouth this time. Instead, his only response was to blush even harder as his arousal grew fiercer and bolder. A litany of depraved moans escaped from Hubert’s quivering lips, his pussy tightly clinging onto the fat girth of Edelgard’s massive penis. He felt so ashamed to have been exposed like this to his liege, huge amounts of embarrassment that translated into thick, uncontrollable lust.

“Nggghhhhh~ Fuuuuck~ Y-Your pussy is squeezing me so tightly Hubert~!” Edelgard bent forward with pleasure, barely able to move an inch of her member as it was trapped in the tight confines of Hubert’s pussy. “I’m right, aren’t I~~!? You changed your body just so you could be my personal little fleshlight~”

By this point, Hubert no longer cared about his shame or appearance. The boy needily started to grind back against Edelgard’s fat penis. His warped face pressed down against the table without any care, letting out a puddle of drool and tears, whilst the rest of his body shivered with an unsatiable desire to be filled with Edelgard’s seed.

“Yes Lady Edelgard, yeeeeess~!!!” Hubert cried out desperately, his pussy tightening around Edelgard’s member in orgasm. “My body is all yours to take and defile in every way you want~~!!!”

Edelgard recoiled at the confession, almost as if she’d received critical damage to her heart. The girl’s cock began to thoroughly beat with passion, her member growing so erect that even the tightness of Hubert’s folds could not stop her. Sharply regaining her senses, the princess gripped onto Hubert’s waist as if he was nothing more than a fucktoy as a luscious smirk came upon her face.

“Don’t worry Hubert~” Edelgard cooed into the boy’s ear in a tone that was partly menacing partly utterly aroused. “I’ll pump you full of so many babies, the empire will have a new army~”

With that, Edelgard began to utterly devastate Hubert’s cunt with every last ounce of strength that she possessed. The girl’s motions were violent and entirely dominating, pounding Hubert down against the desk over and over again. Were the table made of anything slightly more brittle, the entire thing would have been torn apart with a single one of Edelgard’s mighty thrusts. Hubert started to lustfully wailed as his insides were scrambled by the length of Edelgard’s member. Not just moan or whimper, but eagerly scream out into the room with the most submissive and high-pitched yelps he could muster. Edelgard’s mighty cock offered no sort of mercy. Despite having the widest pussy available, Hubert’s cunt was still not able to contain the tremendous beast, and Cyril could see it bulge out in front of Hubert’s stomach every time Edelgard skewered him. Even Claude’s already exaggerated member could barely compete.

The entire display was undeniably raw, incredibly deranged, and unimaginably perverted. It produced that same awful, stomach-churning sensation. Yet, as Cyril watched Edelgard's movements grow faster and her voice cry louder, he could feel a funny sensation awakening in him. All day he'd witnessed all the struggles of his other classmates. All that pent up, uncontrollable lust, all the extra care needed for their new sensitive body parts. Edelgard was the perfect case study. Even someone as serious and firm as Edelgard could barely control the new urges of her new class. That's when it hit him, the source of Cyril's concern becoming clear to him. The reason why he was feeling anxious all along was simply because Cyril didn't want to promote classes yet!

As a wave of relief over his realization washed over Cyril whole, Edelgard's own relief came crashing in waves when she slammed her thick cockhead through the gates of Hubert's womb and began to let out every single drop of her freshly prepared seed. Blast after blast of her thick ejaculate filled up Hubert's inner walls while Cyril experienced the glorious satisfaction of having his gut feeling justified. Hubert's own pussy too climaxed, shifting and shivering as more and more of Edelgard's jizz entered him. However, he was no match for Edelgard's absolutely endless supply of semen. Within seconds, his womb was stretching out to form a huge, round cum belly, so thick and sloshy it pushed him up and away from the table. Both boys had achieved exactly what they had been desperate to achieve for so long.

The sheer of being filled up and fertilized by Lady Edelgard was so overwhelming, poor Hubert couldn't help but pass out on the spot. As for Edelgard herself though, she was far from satisfied. Giving out a blissful sigh, the princess slowly pulled her cock out from Hubert's stretched out cunt. Cum spewed out of the boy's gaping pussy, but not fast enough so as to even put a dent in his sizeable belly. It was impressive how much jizz kept on drooping out of Hubert's folds. Much more impressive however was the fact that Edelgard's cock remained eagerly erect. Lust still permeating through her system, the girl laid her lustful gaze upon the frazzled Ferdinand.

"Hey Ferdinand~" Edelgard cooed in a soft yet ominous tone, her throbbing, cum-coated cock pointing directly at the armor Knight. "I'm still a little bit pent up~ What do you say the two of us make some more babies while Hubert recovers~?"

"B-But Lady Edelgard!!" Ferdinand shirked back in fear. The horny glimmer in Edelgard's eyes told him clearly that he was in danger. "I-I h-have a p-penis-! I-I mean- I c-can't get pregnant!!!"

This was obviously not enough to dissuade the thoroughly aroused princess, and before Ferdinand could do anything about it, the boy was slammed into the ground by Edelgard's luscious strength. Even a mighty Armor Knight like him could not compete with a Lord in heat. His incessantly throbbing erection would be put to the test when Edelgard feasted upon his lower hole.

With much of his spirit regained, Cyril left the empress to her own devices and closed the door shut. Having finally figured out what was bothering him, Cyril's mind was somewhat eased. But now he actually had to do something about it. In order to abstain from taking his Certification Exam, he would have to go to the source of all the promotions: Professor Byleth of the Blue Lions house. Thankfully, the professor spent lunch time inside the classroom with her students. And though he was already quite tuckered out from all that he'd experienced thus far, Cyril would be forced to embark on one final journey to fulfill his destiny.

Steeling his spirits and giving a heart sigh, Cyril bravely stepped forth towards the unknown.