

Morgana has been just so *happy* the past few months. Ever since he gained a human form through means the author is too lazy to explain, so much has been going so well. For starters, his pride was boosted because all those '*I'm NOT a CAT!*' comments now were actually right. Being a cat in the real world didn't necessarily get in the way of his bond with the others, but he'd be a liar if he said things hadn't gotten even better since then.

Most noteworthy was the change in his relationship with Ann, who had some rather mixed thoughts on the whole ideal. Morgana was happy, and she was happy for him. She knew of his *affections* for her, and it didn't need explaining that him being an animal got in the way of things.

But that wasn't the case anymore, and holy fucking shit he was actually pretty damn cute. Now that it was a human boy and not a cat treating her like a proper lady and openly displaying his adoration, Ann couldn't lie... she was beginning to develop a bit of love in return.

Still, she was hesitant. Honestly, there wasn't much wrong with him. Really! There was another ravenette guy in their friend group she fancied, but Sumire already sunk her claws into him and gaped his backdoor every night.

Ann was over it by now so it probably doesn't matter much. Sometimes she'd tell herself she just isn't sure if she's in the place for a relationship right now, but that'd just be a damn lie. Since there is nothing wrong with Morgana, why does she feel this way?

Hm. Well... it isn't because something is *wrong* with him. It's because something is *right* with him. So right that it actually drives her up the fucking wall. One specific, little- no, not little. One specific **gigantic** detail- no, more like *two* details. **Two specific GIANT details that were currently JIGGLEQUAKING RIGHT IN FRONT OF HER.** ❌

"Oh, Ann, how about these? I'm sure this jacket would look absolutely *adorable* on you!" Morgana asked his 'friend', bent over as he examined some red leather piece that resembled her Phantom Thief outfit. Ann wasn't focused on his words.

She was focused on the heavysset, ultra-wide pants-stretching **boyblubber** he had for asscheeks. God, it was so **fucking** unfair. It was bad enough he was such a nice-looking prettyboy, but that was dangerous when paired up with a body that'd be more fitting on her, not him.

The breeding hips of a fertility goddess. A clapsmacking backside that shakes rapidly when he walks and a pair of thighs she's dreamt of every night ever since he got this form. Worst of it is that Morgana doesn't quite seem to know how bad of a bitch he is.

People are staring whenever they go somewhere together, constantly. Never at Ann now, always at *him*. It isn't as if Ann is some kind of un-curvaceous stick, but she's nothing when compared to him and she knows that.

They've even had several people walk up and offer to have Morgana do some modeling for them almost as if Ann isn't right next to him! Cases like all of that, she can maybe handle. Morgana unknowingly flaunting his cake to her, and leaving his butt just an inch away from pushing into Ann's tented-out skirt? She isn't so great at that.

"Ann?" Morgana repeated, looking over his shoulder. "He~lloooo, are you conscious over there?"

'My cock sure is, you boyslut.' Ann murmured internally. Quickly, she perked up to reply. "Y-Yeah, sorry! Just had a *lot* on my mind lately. That jacket is super cute, though! Say, why don't we head into the fitting rooms and see how it fits on me?"

Ann couldn't take much more of this. She had to give him what he deserved and she needed to do it now, before somebody might just come along and steal him away, too. He definitely has a lot of other fat-dicked girls lusting after him.

She grabbed the jacket off the hanger so fast she nearly ripped it, and placed a hand upon Morgana's back to hurriedly rush him along. She took the opportunity to eyeball his pudgy bottom's (not) light claps. It only pissed her off more. It shouldn't even physically be possible to shake as much as that.

He was babbling about something as they approached the fitting room, probably some more compliments, she didn't really pay it all any mind. Ann didn't want to hear Morgana utter a single word that wasn't *'More~'* or *'Daddy~'* and god DAMMIT she was going to get what she wanted.

"Alright, now be a dear and wait outside for me, hon, okaythankyoubye!" She hurriedly spoke and gave him a kiss on the cheek for good measure, shuffling inside the little room all alone. If he had any worries, just one smooch like that was enough to dispel them.

Left to her own devices, Ann exhaled deeply. The raging hard-on she was packing was given a glance, the monstrous holepumper twitching with viciousness she'd never felt before. Guess her dick and his ass were always meant to be, huh?

She sped through the process of undressing. Everything she wore that day was stacked in a messy pile, besides the red tights. She'd need to find a replacement around here, given her stupid swinging **ladycock** tore a big hole through them. It was regretful, but not a big shock.

Next, she slid that red leather around her torso. There were bigger priorities, but she couldn't *not* check herself out in the mirror. Ann smiled, pretty proud of Morgana for picking out something that fit her so well, literally and figuratively. She looked pretty damn hot with it left unzipped, and if she got some big boots to match, this wouldn't be a bad outfit!

Oh, she's getting sidetracked! She's gotten all hot for a reason, and it was time to capitalize on that!

"Pssst. Morgana~" Ann called out. She turned her body to the curtains she walked through, legs wide apart and dick standing firmly at attention. "Why don't you sneak in here? See how I look in the jacket, huh?"

"A-Are you sure?" He called out from the other side a little hesitantly. "Maybe.. just.. for a little bit. As long as we aren't caught, okay? Gotta stay q-quiet!"

The male had *some* sense. He didn't recognize that he was about to get buttstuffed and gaped nonstop, but he could read the room well enough. Morgana pretty much threw himself into the room, and-

"HUH!?" He reacted accordingly. Standing in a weak stance with buckling legs, Morgana's baby blues flickered from Ann's smug face to the drooling veiny buttbuster that was aimed towards him. "A-Ann?"

In response, the blonde chuckled. Step-by-step she made her way closer, resting her tip against his crotch and squeezing a shoulder. "Like you said: gotta stay **quiet**."

"You're not very quiet, you know?"

"GLRRK SHLFRHLK SHLRRP SHLRRP SHLRRP NGHFKF MMMNPSRRFH!!!"

Ann let out a battered groan, pounding a footlong of girldick mercilessly down Morgana's twink throat. She had a feeling his pretty lips would look perfect when

wrapped around a dick, and she couldn't have been anymore right about that. And what do you know? He was a surprisingly good dicksucker!

Not long ago he was forced into a thotsquat while throating her down, one hand coiled around her dick to stroke off the base and another squeezing her bloated balls. Rather attentive, Morgana didn't leave a single inch unattended to.

At least, that was what he was doing before she threw caution to the wind and sunk all the way in with a vengeance. It was her way of repaying him for all that unintentional teasing and all the jealousy she felt. Fucking his face so hard it hardwires his brains and ensures he becomes her personal cocksleeve, and it'd probably end up as some big romantic gesture in his eyes, anyway.

Him and his teary half-lidded eyes he couldn't see anything through besides an endless barrage of **dickmeat**. Morgana's moans must've reached through the entire store even with a girthy schlong muffling them, which was cause for worry about what'd happen when he took it up the ass.

"UNF, THIS IS WHAT YOU *GET* YOU LITTLE **BITCHBOI!** DO YOU KNOW HOW MANY TIMES I LOST SLEEP *JERKING OFF ALL NIGHT* TO THAT ASS DOWN BELOW!? HUH!? NNNH, HEHEH.. WELL LUCKILY WE'VE GOT JUST ENOUGH LUBE ON THIS **BUSSYPOPPER** FOR ME TO **RUIN YOU.**"

With a wet **SHLAP!** Ann smacked in there once more, a few grunts following, ballsacks comfortably pushed against his chin. Morgana looked up to her in a seemingly dream-like state, face red and cheeks puffed out. His mouth was full of tar-thick pre-cum, delicious and savory with a shockingly sweet flavor to it.

Her cock was just as perfect. Ann could tell how much he *loved* every inch. She may have stopped thrusting, but she never stopped dragging his tongue against everything within reach. Coating it in more of his viscid glue-like spit, massaging the veins that were pushed right against his taste-buds...


It made sense he'd whisper as if in actual pain when Ann yanked all the way out, length standing above him harder and even bigger. Ann had a hand on her hip, looking down at Morgana with contempt. She made it clear she lost all respect for him. She saw him as less of a person, less of a man. He was just her fucktoy.

She took her dick and smacked it against his cheeks, amusedly watching him desperately try to catch his breath. "You take cock pretty well. I'd be disappointed if I learned you were letting *other girls* slut you out. You do know what's coming after that, right? Shoving all of this girldick up your boybutt and making you *mine?*"

Morgana had no reply. Fuck, he couldn't even *breathe* right, not when there was a pungent slab of fuckmeat pressed right against his face. His eyes immediately shot over to stare at the dick that was just using his throat as a holster, taking in the details again. This? This was going to go up his bottom? Yeah, he could take it, if he didn't want to be able to walk for a good week or two.

Morgana would have never expected to feel this way. Taking dick felt good. Being treated like a whore felt good. Satisfying a virile pillar of flesh ready to breed his holes felt **good**.

Even if he wanted to deny it in his mind, he couldn't deny his arousal. Dick size was the one department where he didn't trump Ann, but his bulge was still super obvious.

"A.. Anything for *you*, Lady Ann." Morgana smiled up at her, his head tilting with a **CHU~**  to the side of her meat. This is probably where Ann *really* fell in love with him.

"God, I need to make you my **wife**. Before that, though? Let's do a little something fun. Get your clothes off, *all* of them."

"Y-Yes, Lady Ann!" When it's Ann who asks to jump, he asks how high. No hesitation on his end, he was completely in the nude before half a minute even came to pass. Impressed by the speed and his naked figure, Ann purred with a few **throbs**.

"As much as I want to leave marks of cum all over your bare skin, we can do that another day. What I want you to do today, iiiis.." Ann trailed off. She snatched up her school hoodie and skirt, and Morgana immediately figured out what he was gonna have to do. Ann handed her clothes off to him, smiling at his uneasy expression. "Put these on! You can do that for me, right babe?"

"Babe..?" He echoed. "Of course! Just gimme a second. Not sure if these will fit me."

Ann's left eye twitched. She made a mental note to pound him so hard he passed out.

Morgana threw the clothes on, and he seemed to be mostly right. The hoodie wasn't so bad. It was a little of a tight fit, but that just meant it hugged his curves real well. The skirt on the other hand? Pfft. Didn't cover a single inch of all that *ass*. It was pathetic, several steps below a miniskirt on him.

Ann stood right behind him as he stared into the mirror, taking it all in. He looked good, that didn't really need to be said. Cute, even! And most importantly: so very **fuckable**.

Ann grabbed at his shoulders, looking into his eyes through the mirror with a lip bite. “Wow, look at you, baby! I kinda hate to admit it, but I think you rock those even better than I do.”

“Heh. T-That means a lot, Lady A-”

“*Daddy.*” Ann corrected.

“That- that means... it means a lot, **Daddy.**” Morgana forced that word out. He didn’t know why a girl was insisting he call her that, and he really didn’t know why it was as erotic as it is.

“Turn around for me? I wanna see that behind.” Ann requested of him. Morgana made his move with no hesitation. He moved, holding onto Ann with his hindquarters stuck out a little. Before she spoke, he could feel her **twitching** against his thighs.

He didn’t see the need to actually ask for her opinion, but his lips moved anyway to voice that out. “Your opinion, daddy?”

Ann hummed lowly, sinking her nails painfully deep into his heft. She forced the cheeks to jiggle up and down and **CLAP!** together, brushing her cock against the undersides of them. “My opinion is that we needed to get you in my lap *yesterday*, you total fapbait.”

A deep and longing smooch session was started by the blonde, lowering the both of them to the ground and pulling Morgana on top of her. The newly crowned bitchboy straddled his girdaddy, hugging her like she could disappear at any moment. His asscheeks certainly did the same to her dick, down there...

The very first visitor Morgana was getting through the backdoor, and one that would become a *permanent resident*. At the apex of their exploration of each other’s mouths, that new companion made its way inside with zero warning.

SLAM! ✨

A thrust and accompanying *plap* so loud you’d think it played over the loudspeakers. Morgana parted from Ann to **squeal** at the insertion. It was nothing he was prepared for, yet not nearly as painful as he was expecting. Honestly, it just felt plain good instead. So much shoved all the way inside, somehow managing to fit inside his snug buttpipe.

“D-DaddyYYyYYHHH~💕 It’s shhoo- *holyfuckyholyfuckyholyfUCK* what’s this feelin’..~?”

Ann giggled. She held one of his cheeks and stared into his eyes, pecking at his mouth once more. “It’s the feeling of letting your pride rot away as you become a good-for-nothing **BUTTSLUT** of course! Just get ready, o-okay? I’m gonna start thrusting soon. I’ll count down.”

“Ah, a-alright! I’ll be ready. I promise.”

“Ahaha, good, doll! Let’s get started. Five.. four.. Thr-”

PLAPPLAPPLAPCLAPCLAPCLAPPLAPPLAPSHMACKTHUDTHWOPCLAP~!!!

Oh. Oh, she was lying.

Morgana’s back *arched*, his toes **curled** and he wailed at the top of his lungs for the wallstretching girlcock of the woman he loved. She jammed along his prostate repeatedly, more so focused on pressing into it than pounding him the way she really wanted to. His reactions were rewarding enough, so she’s too eager to see how he reacts when busting hands-free from a buttgasm.

His face was shoved into the crook of her neck, face hidden as every embarrassing cry and shout was pouring out of him.

***“ooOouhfhFHHFUCKFUCKFUCKFUCKFUCKFUCKKK~
ANNnnh.. Annh you- AANNHHHPLEAASSSHEE!!!!
YESYESYESYESDADDYYYESSS PLEASE DON’T SHTOOPP.
I’M M-MOANING LOUD ENUFF FOR ALL OF THEM TO HEARRR YOU K-KNOW!?!?
DADDY ANN’S DICK IS SO NICCEEE.. I WANT MY ASSHOLE TO TASTE IT
ERRYDAY~💕💕💕💕💕💕💕💕”***

That, and even more horrifically shameful admissions. Ann held him in place by the asscheeks with an iron hold, and beat her dick into his meathole with little resistance. Yes, that booty was like a black hole with how brutally it sucked her in, but nothing was going to get in the way of her wicked slams.

Everything about him used to be so gratingly perfect, but she doesn’t feel very annoyed now. His almost girlish moans against her neck, his weighted bubblephat **SLAMMING** into her pelvis and a malleable boypussy so soft and welcoming it immediately made her decide she wanted to settle down with this fuckboy ASAP!

“N-Ngh..” Ann mewled. She’s been holding back a lot of excited yelps to keep that aura of dominance up, but where’s the fun in that? No point in letting Morgana be the only one to run wild. She moved closer to his ear, nibbled at it and just started to *holler*.

“SCREAM AT THE *TOP OF YOUR LUNGS*, YOU *SISSY BITCH!* I-I WANT THIS ENTIRE SHOP TO KNOW THAT I’M TRYING TO *KNOCK YOUR BUSSY UP* IN HERE, C-CLAPPING YOUR ASSH ‘TIL I’M MOANING LIKE A *SLUT* TOOOOoonngfhhSHITTT..~💕 T-TELL ME TO CUM FOR YOU, DO IT LIKE A PROPER *JIZZ-ADDICT* RIGHT NYOWWW!”

SPANK-SHMACK-THRRCLAP!

Ann drummed on his rear and Morgana happily embraced it, throwing his weight into the sex *literally* with some downward drops of his chunky peach. It helped make that sex twice as fast, Ann’s girlpillar tugging in and out of his rumping at mach speed.

Morgana spoke again slowly and passionately, a far cry from the needy shrieking Ann wanted at first, but was glad to have replaced the more she listened to him.

“Daddy Ann, p-please, I need you to inject me with every I-last bit of *babybatter* yooUUU HAAAVVVEEE!! I w-wanna feel all of that hot seedy **nut** c-cloggin’ my assshhh, leaking out of me and down my leggs while we walk side-by-side, so e-everyone can know I’m your **BITCH**. I **love** you. I will. I a-always will, so let’s consummate this by making me a **MOTHER!**”

Ann wouldn’t be able to go another second without cumming if she tried.

“Hahwffhh.. Huff. *Hnngh*. Stealing my heart... and *then* all my cum, huh? Here, then. Here, **T-TAKE IT!**”

Ann let her inches disappear deep within Morgana’s hole, and let even more dense and burbling sauce pour inside. Their lips embraced through it, leading to an unexpectedly long kiss as Ann uncontrollably came for **three** entire minutes. Both her and Morgana’s legs spasmed, and the boy had already reached more climaxes than he thought he could have in one *day* from that gaping he endured.

The climax his girlfriend was going through just pushed him through one last one- no, make that two. Actually, *four!*

It felt like it was never going to end, so it disappointed both when it did. Saliva trails kept them together when they pulled away, and the post-nut clarity that came in called for panicked glances around the room. Out of the two, Ann was less ready to leave, keeping warm inside Morgana’s hole and even hugging him a little harder.

“We should really leave soon, huh?”

“Y-You don’t look like you’re even *thinking* about getting up, Ann. Gahh, at least let my hole breathe!” Morgana whined, playfully attempting to escape. It just made her tall flesh stir inside of him, making her moan due to how sensitive she still felt.

“AuHGHHhh! Okay, okay! Just a few more minutes, please? Your butt feels soooo good, Morgana, and I’ve been thinking of this moment for like, ever!”

“Oh, fine. You do deserve it. A-And I might’ve gushed to Ren a lot about how I’d do *anything* for you, and I don’t see how this wouldn’t qualify.”

“Mhm, exactly! Plus, I’m gonna need to buy new tights. And some panties for you, because you are walking home in that outfit, mister!”

“... Heh. D-Do I – do I *have* to!? Wait, nevermind. Said I’d do anything for you, don’t even bring it up! Uh. Hold on.” His voice dropped into a whisper. “I can hear some girl moaning on the other side and beating her dick, what do we do?”

“That explains why we weren’t thrown out. The employees are freaks, too...” Ann replied, half-amazed. “Go tell her you’ll let her bust on your butt for a discount, I’m getting you an *expensive* thong!”

“EH!? A-Are you for real right now, Ann!?”

Her silent, shit-eating smirk was all the answer he needed.

“What did I even get myself into.” Morgana lamented.

‘Be careful what you wish for’ sure is a phrase to live by. Although, as Ann forced him into his feet and dragged him out to that cute employee, holding out her own boyfriend’s ass to get painted with cum? He began to feel more and more that this sure is better than how he was expecting it all to go!

As they were leaving the store later, Morgana took another look at his girlfriend, and wondered *why* this place was selling ‘I ❤️ BUSSY’ t-shirts.