

“HmMMM~... haaaaahn~...”

Centorea emits some deep, rumbling moans as she continues to lie on her flank, her eyes remaining shut while pleasurable tingles flow through her body. She still feels Darkness’s slippery insides stretched around her cock, which is somehow still erect. She also still feels Darkness’s body wriggling around in a continued effort at pleasuring her. While such efforts are not unwelcome, they make her feel like she might blow another load at any moment, and at this point, she wants to start winding down a little. Thus, she issues a somewhat reluctant command to her favorite toy.

“Mmmh, Darkness,” she states, “that’s enough for now... okay~?”

Seconds after Centorea says this, she feels no more squirming from the zealous slut. She breathes a gentle sigh of relief as she finds herself able to lie completely still, no longer twitching or jerking from Darkness’s motions. Of course, the elastic crusader’s pleasant, wet warmth still envelops her penis, which makes her wonder whether she should try removing her. After pondering for a bit, she ultimately decides against it. With her toy no longer moving, the feeling that she provides is nicely balanced — pleasantly snug and warm, but not distractingly arousing or orgasmic.

“Mmmmmmh...”

A similar but less potent pleasure permeates the rest of her body. Ticklish tingling sensations periodically flare up within random parts of her human and horse halves, making her feel like she’s being gently massaged by static electricity. This sparkly afterglow seems to be the direct result of her recent explosive ejaculation. Reminiscing about Darkness’s passionate throatfucking almost gets her excited again, but she stops herself when she recalls that she’s trying to “close out” her little play session.

Still, it's hard to ignore the results of that throatfucking and of her giant orgasm, which naturally brings her attention back to her cock, and then to her heaving gonads. She focuses specifically on the pressure *inside* her balls as she recalls the brief, wonderful moment where she felt the weight of one lady in her right nut and **two** in her left. This testicular lopsidedness had proven utterly blissful while it lasted.

Currently, the weight in her balls is balanced. She knows why this is — when she blew a fat load that exploded out of Darkness's ass, one of the ladies had been freed. However, her eyes have been shut since she blew that load, and as a result, she has yet to see who her little escapee is. She's curious about their identity, but for the moment, she's fine with continuing to lie on her flank, basking in pure bliss. She wants to enjoy it for as long as she can while she slowly "winds down..."

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

“Mmmfh,” she hums. “There we go...”

The “wind-down” ends as the ticklish feeling begins to fade from Centorea’s body, starting at her legs. It vanishes from her hooves, then her lower legs, then her upper legs, leaving each of them feeling strangely cold, as if a blanket had been pulled off of them. She adjusts to the loss of her pleasure high fairly quickly as the tingles start to fade from her barrel.

As the tingles fade from her barrel, they also fade from her cock and balls. Briefly, she fears that this might cause her masculine genitals to feel some sudden pain. However, this is not the case — if anything, the opposite is true. While the rest of her body feels cold without the tingles, her cock and balls continue to feel as good as before thanks to the little ladies around and inside them.

Once every part of her horse half besides her cock and balls is back to “normal,” the tingles begin to fade from her human half, starting at her lower abdominal area. They slowly fade away from each part of her stomach, gradually working their way up. Centorea feels totally fine as the tingles fade from her lower sternum...

“Uuuugggh...”

...only to wince when the tingles fade from her chest. As they do, a sharp, stinging pain suddenly spreads through her breasts. It seems that her previous groping, alongside the fact that she took a direct hit from Megumin’s explosion magic during the battle, has made her chest a little sore. She rests her hands on her aching breasts and groans, wondering how she might deal with this issue.

Maybe the holographic menu can provide me with a remedy...

She is probably right; the holographic menu seems to be capable of miracles. However, the centauress is currently still lying on her flank with her eyes firmly shut. Each time she had used the menu before, she had been standing upright and her eyes had been open. She figures that she should get into a similar position before trying to use it again. She also figures that she should open her eyes now — they've been shut for some time, and she's still curious about who made it out of her testicles...

Thus, she finally opens her eyes.

Within her grounded view, she sees the green tatami floor spread before her. She wonders if what she's seeing right now might be similar to how her shrunken toys see the world from their diminished perspective. However, this thought is fleeting at best. Just a couple feet or so away from her face, semen covers the floor in a massive puddle. At the center of the huge cum-puddle, coated thickly in the stuff, is the shape of a woman. She doesn't appear to be moving. Despite the jizz covering her, Centorea can make out several details of her form, including brown hair and a mature, curvy figure.

She smirks with amusement as she recognizes her.

"Eheheh... so it was *you* who made it out, Wiz... last to enter, first to leave, hm~? I can't say that I'm *entirely* surprised, especially when— *urgh...*"

Another pang of pain from her chest causes her to momentarily close her eyes. Re-opening them, she again looks toward the cum-covered, three-inch form of Wiz, which appears to be at arm's length from her.

"Perhaps I'll have a use for you now that you're out here... heheheh..."

Centorea pushes herself back up to her full height and re-opens her holomenu...

[Megumin]

(Height: 3 inch)

[Darkness]

(Height: 48 inch)

[Aqua]

(Height: 3 inch)

[Wiz]

(Height: 3 inch)

...which displays the usual information to her.

She thinks about potential remedies...

[INVENTORY]

(Aqua)

(Darkness)

(Megumin)

(Wiz)

[SYNTHESIS]

(See more?)

...and the menu suddenly changes from displaying four different windows to displaying just two. One of them shows the “items” that are apparently within her possession. The other, meanwhile, hints at the possibility of creating new ones.

“Huh... that seems useful.”

Centorea taps the “see more?” option on the “Synthesis” side of the holomenu. This causes the menu to change from two windows to just one...

[SYNTHESIS]

[Create What?]

[Suggested:]

(Fleshlight)

(Cocksock)

(Relief cream)

(See more?)

...which displays some rather interesting options.

“Hmmm... I suppose there’s only one that makes sense at this point.”

Centorea taps on “relief cream...”

[RELIEF CREAM]

[Description]

(For relieving soreness on skin. Provides moderate regenerative effect.)

[Select material:]

(Aqua)

(Darkness)

(Megumin)

(Wiz)

...causing the window to change to a more focused display. Her eyes widen.

“Oh? *Select material?*”

She feels surprised for a moment, then realizes that she really shouldn’t.

“Synthesis” implies existing material. Said material comes from her “inventory.”

This leaves Centorea with a fairly simple but obvious choice to make.

“Hmmm...”

She lowers her head, staring down at the cum-covered Wiz.

“Well... I suppose I should choose the option at hand.”

She raises her head to look at the holomenu before tapping Wiz’s name.

[RELIEF CREAM]

[Description]

(For relieving soreness on skin. Provides moderate regenerative effect.)

[Material selected: Wiz]

(Please wait...)

The holomenu blips away. With nothing else to look at, Centorea looks down, staring at Wiz’s motionless form. She wonders if she should reach down and grab her, but it quickly becomes clear that this will not be necessary. Wiz’s body begins to float, semen dripping from her limp frame as she ascends several feet into the air. Eventually, the motionless lich is equal in height to Centorea’s eye-level. At that point, she stops ascending and simply floats at a fixed point. Seconds later, her body rotates, going from hovering horizontally to hovering vertically with her feet pointed downward.

Centorea wonders if *now* is the time she should grab Wiz. However, like before, she finds that her input is unneeded when a translucent glass cup manifests under her. The cup appears to be twice as tall as the shrunken lich.

Without warning, Wiz's body begins to slowly descend toward it.

"A-Ah, wait," Centorea says.

Wiz's body ceases its descent. Centorea brings her holomenu back...

[Megumin]

(Height: 3 inch)

[Aqua]

(Height: 3 inch)

[Darkness]

(Height: 48 inch)

[Wiz]

(Height: 3 inch)

...specifically to change her toy's size.

She taps on Wiz's number...

[Megumin]

(Height: 3 inch)

[Aqua]

(Height: 3 inch)

[Darkness]

(Height: 48 inch)

[Wiz]

(Height: 6 inch)

...and doubles her height.

Her holomenu blips away, and she watches as Wiz's size changes one last time. She stretches taller until she is exactly as tall as the cup, making her a perfect fit for it.

"Okay," Centorea says. "Resume!"

By her command, Wiz's body continues floating down toward the glass cup. Soon enough, her body enters the cup and keeps descending until her feet touch the bottom. At that point, her body limply falls backward, leaning against the inner wall of the cup. Centorea stares through the glass intently, wondering how the transformation will take place. She doesn't have to wait long to find out.

Wiz's feet rapidly melt into a cream-colored puddle on the circular glass floor. From there, the lich's body continues to quickly melt, appearing to sink into the puddle, which quickly fills the bottom of the cup. Her shins disappear into the liquid as it rises, quickly overcoming her knees. The meniscus then swallows up her thighs and hips. Through all of this, she remains unconscious, blissfully unaware of her transformation. Eventually, her head is the only part of her left, shortly before it descends into the slurry. The liquid-that-was-Wiz fills half the cup, which appears to be more than enough.

Centorea's eyes widen as the process concludes without her lifting a finger.

"Hm," she remarks. "That was fast."

Reaching out, the centaress grabs the cup of cream that used to be a woman. She gives the cup a quick, playful shake, watching the stuff inside slosh around a little. Immediately afterward, she positions a flat hand next to the cup and tilts it slightly, pouring half of the cream into her open palm. The stuff coalesces into a dome-shaped, shaving cream-like glob. However, it feels wetter and slimier than any shaving cream she can recall touching, bearing a consistency closer to that of shampoo.

Centorea slaps her hand onto her left breast, rubbing the cream over it vigorously and feeling it absorb into her flesh. The pain in her chest is reduced by fifty percent. Relieved by the pleasant sensation, she pours the other half of the liquid into her hand and spreads it over her right breast. All remaining aches and pains vanish in an instant. She huffs an elated sigh.

“Haaah... there you go, Wiz... I think we’ve found a perfect place for you~”

Centorea smirks smugly. Using her little toys in this manner is utterly intoxicating, filling her with a sense of power and dominance that few other things can compare to. Such thoughts naturally lead her back to thinking about the lady surrounding her cock. She has grown quite used to the feeling of Darkness’s insides hugging her thick shaft, which causes her to worry about losing that feeling. With how tight she is on her cock, it’s very possible that she will remain snugly affixed to it until she removes her. However, it’s also possible that she might slide off for any number of reasons.

Hm, she thinks, her smirk straightening. **But how best to keep her on? ...Ah.**

Centorea recalls the options she had seen on the Synthesis submenu.

One of those options seems perfect for safeguarding against “slip-ups...”

Mhmhmm~...

...and just thinking about it causes her to regain her smug smirk.

She re-opens her Synthesis menu...

[SYNTHESIS]

[Create What?]

[Suggested:]

(Flashlight)

(Cocksock)

(Relief cream)

(See more?)

...and taps on the “Cocksock” option.

Heh... there.

[COCKSOCK]

[Description]

(Sheaths a penis of any size. Comfortable and conformable.)

[Select material:]

(Aqua)

(Darkness)

(Megumin)

She taps on Darkness’s name...

[COCKSOCK]

[Description]

(Sheaths a penis of any size. Comfortable and conformable.)

[Material selected: Darkness]

(Please wait...)

...which yields an identical message to last time. Unlike the previous instance, however, the “please wait” disappears before she has a chance to close the holomenu. It’s replaced by a new type of message...

[COCKSOCK]

[Description]

(Sheaths a penis of any size. Comfortable and conformable.)

[Material match = ideal]

(Material “Darkness” already possesses most properties of desired synthesis.)

(With synthesis applied, “Darkness” will gain remaining properties:)

(1. **Adhesion** — will not detach from your cock unless requested)

(2. **Malleability** — will conform to any object or shape regardless of size)

“Malleability,” she reads. “Conforming to any size or shape, it says...? ...Ah. Darkness, now I can make **extra-sure** you won’t fall off... *with a little size reduction~*”

With a quick flick of Centorea’s wrist...

[Megumin]

(Height: 3 inch)

[Aqua]

(Height: 3 inch)

[Darkness]

(Height: 48 inch)

...she switches back over to her size-modifying menu.

Awh, she thinks, noting Wiz’s absence. **Down one toy. What a shame~**

Chuckling dementedly, Centorea lays a finger on Darkness's number...

[Megumin]

(Height: 3 inch)

[Aqua]

(Height: 3 inch)

[Darkness]

(Height: 1 inch)

...and finally gives her what she's wanted from the very beginning.

"Mhmhmhmhm.... mmmmhhhhh~!"

A playful chuckle morphs into a low moan as Darkness tightens around her cock. She shudders at the feeling of the woman's insides becoming taut around her penis, wondering what this must feel like from *her* perspective...

Darkness only wishes that she could moan to make her pleasure known.

Looking forward, the crusader can only see a small portion of Centorea's cock, which stretches forward a short distance before merging into the wall of her ballsack, and a small portion of her underbelly above her. Because of her limited frame of view, even though she knows her body is being shrunken based on what Centorea had said, it doesn't *feel* that way from her perspective. It feels as though her centaress mistress, and her giant horsecock, are *growing* around her and inside of her.

She watches as the small portion of horsecock before her eyes slowly expands, becoming wider and longer. At the same time, the ballsack wall pulls further away from her and the underside ascends higher while becoming larger as well. Simultaneously, she feels the diamond-hard rod slowly growing inside of her mouth, esophagus, stomach, and intestines, pushing firmly outward against her elastic entrails. Outside, this causes her stomach and neck to distend to an absurd degree, conforming to the shape of the enlarging member like a fleshy condom. Meanwhile, the remainder of her body — including the top of her head, her arms, her legs, her back, and her ass — shrink while staying near the shaft's base.

By the time she's done shrinking, she's effectively become a one-inch woman atop a massive dick, one that's wrapped inside a cocoon of her own flesh. A sliver of uncovered cock remains, which looks impressively large within her tiny view, as does the ever-present ballsack wall.

“*Hoh~*,” comes a satisfied sigh from above. “That feels better... mmrh, and according to my menu, I can do... *this~*”

Darkness can only wonder what “this” could possibly mean. Then, her vision — still filled by the sliver of bare cock, the ballsack wall, and the overhanging underbelly — begins to fade. Eventually, she sees nothing but her namesake.

She’s curious as to why this could be and attempts to open her eyes. However, she finds that she no longer has them. She can still feel her arms, legs, back, and butt... for a moment. It’s not long before the parts of her body that still feel somewhat normal — those which lie “on top of” the cock covered by her own skin — begin to transform. Gradually, she feels her bones soften and lose shape as her arms shrink into her sides. Her asshole seals up while her individual cheeks become smoothed out. Her ribs, spine, and even muscles melt inside her, merging into the mass of flesh that is the rest of her. She soon loses her ability to do anything but simply *feel*, her bones and muscles fusing, becoming a uniform mass that exists only to sheath Centorea’s cock.

I...

She’d moan or sigh, but that might never happen again at this point.

Thus, she is left alone with her happy, degenerate thoughts.

**I think I’ve... hit the limit of degradation... nothing could be so perfect as this...
hnnnnnnnnnnngh~! L-Lady Centorea... thank you~!**

“There~,” Centorea says. “*That’s* a good cocksock. Mhmhmmhmmhmmhmm~... Darkness, if you can still hear me... you feel *great* on there. Hm... but now...”

She looks around her room, taking in several sights that make her frown slightly. Her own semen, vaginal secretions, stomach juices, and lactations stain the tatami floor. She doesn’t even remember producing the last one, leading her to realize that she probably forgot quite a lot during her little play session. It had been quite intense, and her mind wasn’t exactly “all there.”

“Hmmp,” she harrumphs. “I should probably get this clean before I— ah?”

Just as Centorea thinks of this...

[CLEAN ALL SECRETIONS]

[Description]

(All fluids released from your body will be disposed of.)

(TAP HERE!)

...her holomenu pops up and offers a convenient solution.

“...How nice.”

She taps it. It vanishes — and just as it had advertised, her fluids vanish as well. Sighing and stretching her arms toward the ceiling, she looks around her room.

She notices that her door-sized mirror is leaning on a wall adjacent to the doors. It’s turned away, so she sees its featureless backside instead of its reflective frontside. Trotting over to it, she grabs it and rotates it, letting it lean on the wall.

Gazing into the reflective panel, she's quickly reminded of her stark nakedness. She also sees that her hair is frazzled and disheveled, much to her embarrassment. Moreover, she sees that the flesh-covered sock that covers her cock is very noticeable, sticking out like a sore thumb between her brown-furred legs.

“I suppose I should clean up a little and put some real clothes on... hmhmhm~...”
Smiling, she sets a finger on her lip as she stares at her Darkness-sheathed member. “Funny how this simple little cocksock should prevent all future escape attempts. Heh... I wonder how those two are doing right now~?”

Slsssh...

Slrssh...

Slrck...

“Ugh... what... the?”

Megumin mutters incoherently to herself as she awakens. She’s still curled up, and nearly every inch of her body is still tightly hugged by pulsating testicular walls. Her nostrils are still filled with the scent of semen, though it’s not as strong as before. The reason for this is simply because the liquid has decreased in quantity. Previously, it filled half the chamber, submerging all of her body except for her head, knees, and toes. Now, it’s been reduced to a tiny puddle at the bottom of the sphere, quivering ticklishly beneath her back.

“A-Are you kidding me?” she mumbles. “Explosion didn’t work...?”

“*What!?*” comes a muffled, high-pitched shriek from her neighbor. “*H-H-How!?* *That was supposed to pop this stupid horse-bitch’s balls like a balloon! MEGUMIN! Y-You screwed this up!*”

“How did *I* screw it up!?” Megumin fires back, raising her voice for Aqua to hear. “Most ballsacks aren’t freaking *explosion-proof!*”

“*Then you tell me! How does this make any sense!?*”

“I—! Urrgh...” Megumin pauses. “I don’t know, okay! Maybe... uh...”

*“Maybe? Maybe **what!?**”*

“Maybe it’s because we’re items! I mean, think about it. Unless an item is cursed, it’s never going to directly harm its owner, right?”

*“So, you’re saying even if we have our free will, we **still** can’t hurt her!?”*

“...Yeah, pretty much.”

“That’s— that’s so UNFAIR! Raaaaarrgh!!”

Slrrsh-slrrsh-slrrsh-slrrsh-slrrsh!

Megumin hears some up-tempo sloshes and realizes that Aqua must be thrashing about in her testicular cell, throwing every ounce of strength that she has against the walls around her. However, such efforts are clearly useless when a significantly stronger attack had left little impact. Nonetheless, Megumin sits still and doesn’t say anything. She knows that her words would probably make Aqua even angrier, and ultimately, it’s in her best interest to let the goddess get her aggression out.

Slrrsh-slrrsh... slrrsh-slrrsh... slrrsh... slrrsh... slrrsh... slrrsh.

Eventually, Megumin hears the sloshing slow and stop...

“Haaaah... damn... horse-bitch...”

...before Aqua heaves a defeated sigh.

“This is such bullshit...”

“Well,” Megumin shrugs, “at least we’re here and not her stomach.”

“I don’t see how this is much better,” Aqua spits. “But sure, fine... if nothing else, maybe she’ll just leave us in here...”

“At this point,” Megumin admits, “I might even prefer that...”

“Hmm... there we go.”

After Centorea finishes buttoning her shirt, she stares into the mirror before her. What she sees in it is a well-dressed, professional-looking, straight-lipped centauress, one who would never be suspected of leveraging living toys for masturbatory purposes. Her sleeveless, perfectly-ironed shirt tightly hugs every curve of her waist and breasts, while her recently-combed, unfrazzled hair shines like a single unbroken chunk of gold. Both of those features do plenty of work in selling her no-nonsense image to her peers, the most important piece of her ensemble — especially now — is her skirt.

Its black fabric drapes over her barrel like a tablecloth. Its hem reaches all the way down to her knees and carpals, rendering them, and every part of her horse-half above them, invisible. Her cock is also concealed behind it, and if not for the fact that she can feel it, she could easily forgive herself for forgetting it's even there.

She nods confidently. The well-kempt centauress in the mirror nods back.

“Alright. Now, I—”

Goouuurrlouurrggg...

“—ouf...”

Feeling a painful tingle spreading through her empty stomach, Centorea winces. Those professionally straightened lips of hers quiver as she relives recent memories — specifically, those that involve her cramming women up her ass and down her throat. With her current hunger, she almost regrets not digesting Wiz or Aqua. In her defense, however, she *was* preoccupied with pleasure when she confined them to her gut.

“I’m just glad it’s dinner time now. I’m starved...”

Centorea steps toward her room’s door and slides it open. Looking through it, she sees the wall of the second floor hallway that contains all the house’s bedrooms. Centered in her field of view is the door to Miia’s bedroom, which stands opposite hers. She’s well-accustomed to this sight, so she doesn’t spend very long thinking about it, opting to instead focus on other sensory inputs — namely, smell and hearing.

Immediately, she hears muffled sizzling and crackling coming from downstairs, which she recognizes as the sounds of the stove. She inhales the faint scents of meats, vegetables, oils, and even some mouthwatering spices in the process of being cooked. This enticing blend of smells causes her stomach to growl some more, urging her to proceed into the hallway. Instead, she continues to stand still. Other muffled sounds from downstairs meet her ears, prompting her to pause and listen to them very carefully. She hears flapping wings, slimy slithering, and two giggling, girlish voices...

“Hehehehehehe~!”

“Papi won’t let Suu get away this time, nyahahahah~!”

...which she immediately recognizes. One of those voices belongs to the sweet, soft-spoken slime girl known as Suu, while the other voice belongs to the energetic, third-person-speaking harpy known as Papi.

“It sounds like those two are enjoying themselves,” Centorea says to herself. “They probably heard me earlier and got wound up... I just hope they don’t— *urgh!*”

Gooouurrroouuwourrrl...

An insistent growl from her stomach reminds her of her current goal.

“Okay, fine... I suppose I’ll get a move-on.”

Stepping out into the hall, Centorea turns to her right and sees it continue on. Doors leading to the rooms of her fellow tenants — known to humans as “monster girls” — line the walls. At the end of the hallway is a set of stairs that leads down to a landing, which wraps around a hundred eighty degrees before continuing down to the first floor. She slides her door shut, heads to the stairs, and descends toward the landing.

As she nears the landing, the sounds of sizzling, crackling, flapping, slithering, and giggling gradually grow louder. However, as soon as she sets a hoof on the landing, all sounds made by Papi and Suu abruptly cease, leaving only the sizzles and crackles. Curious, she maneuvers around the landing to stand in front of the final set of stairs. From her vantage point, she’s able to peer down upon the main floor of the house. She sees the living room to the left and the dining area to the right. Further to the right, there’s an archway that leads from the dining area into the kitchen, which is, of course, the source of the delicious smells and the satisfying crackling. Her eyes drift that way, but only briefly. She quickly refocuses her attention on the dining area and its table, which has six chairs around it. Only one of those chairs is currently filled.

The individual sitting in that chair is the spider-like arachne known as Rachnera Arachnera. She holds a magazine in front of her face, apparently caught up in reading something intriguing. Centorea descends to the bottom of the stairs, walks forward a bit, and stands right in front of the dining area. At that point, Rachnera apparently hears her, as she lowers her magazine and trains all six of her eyes on the centaress.

“Ah, Centorea,” she says. “Good to see you again after your... *escapade*.”

“Eheheheheheheheheheheh...” Centorea rubs the back of her head, blushing.
“I didn’t make **too** much noise up there, did I?”

“*You did,*” comes Miia’s voice from the kitchen over the sound of sizzling pans.
“*Now you’ve got Papi and Suu all riled up!*”

“Ah,” Centorea says, looking through the kitchen archway to see Miia at work.
“Sorry about that!”

“*It’s fine! But we should make sure they don’t run off before dinner...*”

“Right,” Centorea nods, refocusing her attention on the now-smiling Rachnera.
“You know what’s odd? I heard them on my way down, but then they just—”

“*Ehehehehehe~!*”

Centorea fails to finish her sentence before she hears some Suu-like giggles to her left. Looking in that direction, she sees the corner of the living room, where a doorway lies. The doorway is mostly filled by a curtain that obscures everything behind it, serving as an easily-permeable “door.” Even with the curtain obscuring her view, Centorea is well-aware that the doorway leads to the bathroom and the laundry room. More importantly right now, it seems to be where Papi and Suu are hiding...

“*Suu! Wh-Where’d you go, huh!?*”

...or where *one of them* is hiding, anyway.

Centorea keeps looking at the veiled doorway, curious about what will happen. Judging by the lack of noise from Rachnera, she seems to be curious about this as well. After a few more seconds of waiting...

"Hah! Papi found you!"

...Centorea hears Papi excitedly announce her discovery behind the curtain...

"Ehehehehehe~!"

...before hearing some girlish giggles belonging to Suu from the same location. Following this, she hears the distinctively wet sound of Suu's fast-paced slithering. Moments later, the curtain flaps upward as Suu comes swiftly sliding through it, heading her way. Centorea can only watch as the scene plays out before her...

"Papi's gonna get you, Suu~!"

...and she hears another determined cry from Papi before the curtain flaps again, allowing the blue haired, blue-feathered harpy to fly through and pursue the slime girl. While Papi flies after Suu, the slime girl swiftly slithers toward Centorea's flank. Then, Suu whisks underneath Centorea, causing her skirt to flutter as the slime girl's warm, slippery form brushes the underside of her Darkness-sheathed cock.

Centorea feels a nice jolt of pleasure from this momentary bit of physical contact, but it's short-lived. Papi continues chasing Suu and tries swooping under the centaur, which results in her totally missing the mark...

Thud!

“Ouf—!”

“Awah—!”

...and slamming into Centorea’s equine flank.

The birdlike girl rebounds dramatically, landing on her butt with a heavy *thump*. She shakes her head as she recovers, while Centorea gives an annoyed harumph.

“Papi! Please, don’t try any maneuvers you’re clearly too big for.”

“S-Sorry! Papi thought she could fit, but— huh? What’s *this* Papi sees...?”

“Wh-What?” Centorea cocks her head. “What are you talking about— oh...”

Centorea notices that Papi’s eyes are directed at *something* under her skirt.

“Heehee,” she giggles, “Papi wanna see~!”

Papi flops down onto her wings and knees, crawling to Centorea’s skirted side. She peeks underneath her skirt and gasps. Centorea steps to her right in response, startled a bit by Papi’s proximity.

“H-Hey!”

“Oh?” Papi looks up to match Centorea’s gaze. “Centorea has *boy-parts*?”

“W-Wait just a moment,” Centorea says, “I’ve—”

“Hmmm?”

Suu’s voice comes from Centorea’s right, as does a slick slithering noise. Centorea looks that way to see Suu standing at her full height before deforming herself, becoming a puddle of goo with her head on top to look under Centorea’s skirt.

“Oh,” the slime girl says, “Centorea *does* have boy-parts...”

“Oh~?”

Centorea suddenly hears Rachnera’s teasing tone coming from the dining table. She looks that way to see the arachne looking back at her.

“Ahahah... I thought Miia had been joking when she mentioned that.”

Centorea blushes a bit as a *third* spectator joins the fray. Rachnera skitters across the floor, coming to stand in front of Centorea. She then bends her human half down to get a good look between the centaress’s legs. All six of her eyes widen as she takes in the sight of her covered cock.

“Haven’t just left it out in the cold either, hm~?”

She raises her human half, looking Centorea in the eye. Banishing her blush, Centorea nods at her.

“Mmh, yes... even though it’s perfectly room temperature throughout the house. Eeh. Regardless... this little *sock* is indeed quite nice~”

“C-Can Papi have one, too!?”

The harpy flings herself at Centorea's side, grabbing her arm and tugging on it with sparkling eyes. Suu appears by her other flank, causing Centorea to scoff since, presumably, Suu would have no trouble gaining one of her own *without* magical aides. Perhaps such thoughts are foreign to her innocent mind... probably for the best.

"Well," Centorea says, refocusing her attention on the dinner table, "perhaps we can discuss my... *day*... over tonight's meal, hm?"

"*Great timing,*" echoes Miia's voice from the kitchen. "*I'm almost done! And I didn't burn anything this time, I swear~! ♪*"

Everyone collectively sighs, hoping that is indeed the case...

“What do we even eat in here?” comes Aqua’s voice from the other testicle.

“What...?” Megumin scoffs. “I don’t know. We’re immortal, so we probably don’t have to eat anything anymore.”

*“I mean, just hypothetically, if we **DO** have to eat. Then what?”*

“Suck up some cum, I guess,” Megumin halfheartedly responds.

“B-But then we’ll digest it and stuff, and eventually, it’ll come back out...!”

“Look— I—” Megumin sighs heavily. “I’m just going by the ‘we don’t have to eat’ theory until I start feeling like I’m actually dying of starvation.”

“Okay... well, with me being a goddess, I probably have like, double immortality! So I probably have like, double the need to not eat!”

Huh... Megumin thinks to herself. **Says the most gluttonous girl in our party... or, well... what’s left of it...**

Crrrritch~!

“Mmmmn~!”

Centorea nods to herself as the flavor of crunchy kale chips hits her tastebuds, melting in her mouth in a curiously satisfying way. She looks across the table at Miia, giving her a thumbs-up.

“I can hardly believe I’m saying this, but you’ve done a fine job tonight, Miia!”

“Indeed~,” Rachnera comments before taking another bite of chicken.

Suu absorbs various foods into her body, while Papi scarfs down a whole fish. Both of them seem quite pleased with their meals, just as Rachnera and Centorea are, causing Miia to smile and blush.

“Awh, thanks, everyone! You’re too much... ehehe.”

“Mmhm,” Rachnera nods. “We’ve had all sorts of surprises today... haven’t we?”

Rachnera’s eyes drift over toward Centorea, drawing Miia’s in the same direction. After Suu finishes digesting her meal and Papi swallows down yet another whole fish, both of them turn toward Centorea as well.

“Yeah, yeah!” Papi chants. “Tell Papi about your new toys!”

“*Yeah,*” Miia smirks with a hand under her chin. “What’s up with them, anyway?”

All four monster girls lean over the table, staring at the centaress in anticipation.

“Eheheheheh, well,” Centorea begins, “I know I promised you all a story, *but...* I think it would be best if I explained what actually *happened* tomorrow. For now, though... there’s something I’d like to show you.”

Centorea waves her hand, creating a green holographic window before her...

[Megumin]

(Height: 3 inch)

[Aqua]

(Height: 3 inch)

[Darkness]

(Height: 1 inch)

...which displays the usual information that she is used to seeing at this point.

Her fellow tenants obviously *aren't* used to seeing it, however. They all gasp. Centorea giggles as she lets her eyes drift from one of her fellow tenants to another, seeing the genuine bewilderment on their faces. Amused, she can't help but feel like she's a little filly again, showing off a new toy to her friends. Said friends remain in stunned silence for several seconds until Miia says something.

“Huh, so... does that thing control your little lady-toys?”

“It does,” Centorea states. “It has all sorts of additional functions as well, and... let's just say that it *might* be possible for us to use it to *repurpose* humans. Mhmhm~”

Miia and Rachnera gasp at this, while Papi and Suu's eyes suddenly go wide.

“Whaaaaat? You mean Papi and Suu can turn anyone into toys!?”

“That’s right~,” Centorea nods.

“Huh,” Rachnera remarks, setting a contemplative finger on her lower lip. “Sounds rather cruel for the human involved...” Her lips part slightly to reveal a grin. “...I’m quite intrigued~”

“Me too~,” Miia adds. “Just how much can you do with them, anyway?”

“Well,” Centorea shrugs, “there are many options, and I certainly haven’t seen all of them... but rest assured — we’ll have *plenty* of fun tomorrow~”

“I think I’ve finally gotten used to the smell,” Megumin says.

“*That’s how she’ll get you,*” comes Aqua’s muffled voice through the wet walls.
“*Make you think this is like... where you belong!*”

“Eh...” Megumin settles back into the wall behind her. “Maybe it is at this point...”

“*C-Come on, don’t give up! You’ll have another Explosion tomorrow, r-right?*”

“First one didn’t do much... maybe we *should* just accept it?”

“*Urgh... w-well I’m not gonna!*”

“Suit yourself. As for me... I’m just gonna get used to it for the moment, at least... until we either think of some way out of here or we just... don’t...”

“Hm~, hm-hm-hm-hm-hmmmm~, hm-hm-hm-hm-hmmmm~ ♪”

Centorea stands in front of the kitchen sink as water flows down from the faucet, swirling into a foamy vortex as it slips into the drain. She holds a plate in one hand and a soapy sponge in the other, using the latter to scrub some grime off of the former. Once the plate is squeaky clean, she places the sponge behind the sink basin. Then, she rinses the plate and her hands. After that, she sets the plate on the drying rack, where it joins several other dishes and bits of silverware. Finally, she turns the faucet handle to cut off the flow of water.

“There we go... all done.”

Smiling, the centaress turns around and looks through the kitchen archway, seeing the now-empty main floor of the house. After she offered to do the dishes and clean up the dining area, everyone else had apparently headed upstairs to retire for the night. She figures that she should do the same now that her work is finished.

Centorea quietly clops her way toward the curtain-covered doorway and pushes it aside. A short hallway is revealed, with the bathroom door being on the left and the laundry room door being on the right. She heads toward the door on the left, pulling it open and seeing the shower inside. It's much larger than the average human shower, as it must accommodate a lamia, an arachne, and a centaress.

Centorea takes off her clothes but leaves her cocksock on. From there, she enters the shower and grabs the showerhose from the wall. She sprays it over herself, letting the warm, refreshing water cleanse her nude form. She pays special attention to her cock, being sure to concentrate on spraying a good amount of water on it...

“Mmmmm~<3”

...which nicely tickles it in spite of the item covering it. Centorea assumes that Darkness will be able to feel the water trickling over her fleshy form, pattering against her like a gentle rain. Though she's unable to vocalize her approval, she's apparently able to slightly increase the warmth around Centorea's cock, which she is thankful for.

After completing her shower and drying herself off, Centorea heads back to her bedroom, deciding to sleep in the nude. She steps onto her sleeping area, stretching with a wide smile, feeling tension leave her muscles... while also feeling something rather curious happening between her hind legs.

Centorea's cock starts retracting back into its sheath. The rod deflates and descends into the fleshy scabbard, taking Darkness right along with it.

"*Hm,*" she muses. "Guess you won't be going anywhere, Darkness... and you two in my sack won't be getting out anytime soon~... *yaaaaaaaawwn~*"

Yawning, Centorea shuts her eyes.

"Nighty-night, little ladies... see you all tomorrow~"

Still standing, her legs become rigid as she descends into slumber...

“Guess this is really it for us,” Aqua says. “Ugggh... this sucks.”

“Maybe Kazuma will come and save us,” Megumin mumbles. “But if that doesn’t happen, and we can’t find a way out ourselves... then I suppose we should get used to being items...”

“Mmmmmrrrgh...” Aqua grumbles, before raising her voice somewhat. “Well, fine! As a goddess, I’ll just have to be the best damn sex toy around!”

“Hey, hold up,” Megumin says, shifting in her testicular prison. “You’re not even close to being the best at pleasing Centorea. Obviously, with my explosions, I can give her huge orgasms!”

“Yeah? And I haven’t even tried using purification magic! I could like, clean out her asshole or something!”

“That’s what showers are for, dumbass!”

*“Well it’s not like she **needs** stupid explosion magic to get off, either!”*

“Yeah, but I—!”

“**YOU—!**”

The sounds of the girls’ arguments continue through the night, their meaningless bickering the only constant as they begin their new lives as sex toys...