



## TAMING THE COCOGOAT...

Steven didn't know what to say after curiosity had spurred him into opening the parcel that had arrived in the mailbox earlier that day, thinking there would be no harm as long as he said he was doing a simple safety check after reading off the paper slip detailing the order; from the shady company that sounded like the front for a scam group to the name of the person that had ordered it...*James Dunn*, classmate studying under the same course in college and one of the best roommates he could ask for, paying on time and doing his part to keep the homely little flat they shared nice and clean.

So to know that someone like him...had ordered something like *this*? It left Steven frozen in uncertainty as his furrowed eyes took in the sight of a skimpy yet elegant costume that looked familiar, based on some form of traditional Chinese dress maybe. Accompanied on the side by an assortment of accessories ranging from dark, semi transparent gloves. A silky leotard with shoulder cutouts and a set of lace leggings. Flowery sleeves. An ornate choker sporting a brass cowbell. And amongst the other miscellaneous bits; a smooth, arcing pair of ebony horns indented with crimson lining attached to a headband...but that wasn't all there was in the box.

For there, on the side, tucked away inside a corner as if to hide its incriminating nature, lies a scandalous set of women's beachwear, except this one looked like it could only serve a purpose on a gravure set...or maybe something even more raunchy. For no woman in their right mind would ever think to wear a woefully inadequate string bikini fashioned after a cow's hide, as if to mock the wearer if they were ample bosomed. And with the accompanying shoulder length gloves and thigh high stockings all sporting the same black and white splotches, saying this was supposed to be beachwear was an inexcusable defense for what was clearly something a horny man would want their girlfriend to wear...but as far as he could recall, James was single...and none of his current lady friends were the sort to willingly agree to wearing this sort of stuff...

*'Maybe he's seeing...an escort? No...he's never brought anyone like that over before...what the heck was he even thinking? Ordering shit like this?'*

If Steven hadn't been the one to discover this, then their landlord might very well have. He was the sort to check parcels of unusual size and labeling, like the one currently lying open on the floor. And he wasn't the sort to indulge in the pleasures of the flesh, seeing as how he was a devout Christian...so devout in fact, that he would readily evict any tenant if there was evidence to bear that they were no-good merry makers in possession of such scandalous material...again, like the 'clothes' lying on the bed...

Getting ready to leave a message for his friend with a demand for answers, Steven turns his back on James' haul after snapping a photo of the incriminating evidence alongside a hastily typed out message that could simply be boiled down to *'What the hell were you thinking you horny monkey?'*

## TAMING THE COGOAT...

And in that moment when his guard was down, the unexpected would occur, catching Steven completely off guard as an incredible force pins him to the wall, knocking the phone out of his hands while startled fingers accidentally send the message, producing a garbled sentence from the random button presses before it hits the floor. All while Steven begins to writhe and yell in fear amidst the pain and shock, thinking a thief had snuck in silently before creeping up for an ambush.

But no man, let alone a thief, could have skin that felt so...unnatural...neither did they have more than two hands as evident by the many arms that held a vice grip over Steven's limbs and vital points of mobility like the neck, leaving him trapped and unable to do anything more besides the faintest twitch and to vocalize his peril in an attempt to alert the neighbors, but that plan would soon be silenced (quite literally) when yet another hand plants itself firmly over his mouth, rendering the man immobile and mute, helpless in the face of his unseen attacker(s), wondering how on Earth they had even managed to sneak in without a sound before tackling him from behind where he could swear there wasn't anyone around.

Hearing his phone vibrate on the floor to signal a new message instills a modicum of hope in Steven as his efforts to free himself slowly dwindle against the insurmountable strength of his captors. If James had received his message and replied, then maybe he would've noticed something off with the way his half written sentence had come out in a jumble, therefore instilling the idea that maybe, just maybe his good old housemate was in trouble...if only he knew...

For the reply displayed on the screen of the dropped phone was anything but a concerning reply. No 'How are you doing?' or 'Is something wrong?', only a rather simple and incriminating message that could only point to a greater plot by the mastermind responsible for all this;

[Can't wait to see U babe~ ❤️]

While Steven remains trapped inside his room, James would tuck away his phone after double checking the time of his parcel's delivery, confident that it matched up nicely with his friend's 'interruption'. Originally, he'd planned to let the landlord take the fall, knowing of his habits better than Steven had thought. But the idea of 'easy access' brushes aside any concern he might've had for his supposed friend. Sure, he was a good guy and all, but James wasn't a big fan of his holier-than-thou attitude. In his eyes, Steven was just a toned down version of the big bad landlord...and if he had to start with him...then it was no skin off his back, grinning wryly as his hands move to navigate a strange application; some sort of control switch linked to a device of sorts, thumbing down on the trigger button without hesitation.

Besides, once it was all over. He was sure Steven would be *much* more agreeable to his views...whether he liked it or not of course. And if the results were as spectacular as he was made to believe they were after

## TAMING THE COGOAT...

consulting with the shady individuals he had come into contact with after stumbling upon a certain storefront in the back alleys of the seedy downtown district he worked in for his part-time job...

“Well...consider me a repeat customer~”

Back at the flat however, things weren't getting any better for Steven, who by now had to have realized that the being behind his back wasn't human. For the oblong shadow cast by the entity was disjointed, cutting off at certain portions from what he could see. No shoulders, strange protrusions around the wrists, a thick collar where the neck should be, whose movements began to echo a familiar jingle; the chime of a dingy cowbell...

*'No way, it can't be...t-the clothes are alive?!*

As if to answer his mental query, the figure behind him starts to move after staying stationary for a few harrowing seconds, giving him precious few seconds with which to try and break free as the 'arms' around his wrists loosened their grip, allowing the man to almost overwhelm his inhuman foe, a wild maneuver that inadvertently seals the deal as a flying fist inserts itself into the encompassing warmth of a silky smooth glove, the very same one he'd seen crumpled on the bed as it's matte gray length creeps up his arm, instantly feeling all control sapped from the trapped limb as an invisible force slowly pries apart Steven's balled fingers without resistance, feeling an immense pressure that almost threatens to snap his bones and crush muscle before it fades away, imparting a strange...almost ethereal sort of 'contraction' that made the captured arm feel lighter...yet stronger...as if an expert masseuse had applied their magical touch to relieve any tension in the muscle while clogged toxins vanished altogether, rejuvenating him with plentiful strength, albeit not enough to regain control.

With his neck now free to twist and turn however, an eerie sight would blank Steven's mind as wide eyes come to rest upon the glove-wrapped left hand currently froze in an angular position and the slightly yellowed hue beginning to spread out from it, consuming his tanned hide while hair separates itself from skin before fading like dust in the wind in the face of the spreading discoloration, heralding a change in body structure as the rest of his upper arm begins to conform to the slender, almost feminine contours of his forearms, tapering off into a waifish palm topped with fingers he didn't remember being so thin and fragile...

But that one arm wasn't the only limb to be affected, for that momentary distraction had allowed for the phantom clothes to enact their own changes, tightening clasps and slotting themselves into place while ridding their victim of his original clothes, shredding them apart just like the once abundant body hair that riddled his hide, vanishing wherever the living clothes made contact while flesh and bone contorts against Steven's will, his furious yelling and startled cries going unheard thanks to the interference of the aforementioned choker as it slams itself into the back of the man's neck before tightening itself against

## TAMING THE COGOAT...

the broad pillar, suffocating him as its shape, like the arm before them, conforms to a new ideal imposed by the metamorphic clothes and accessories as more pieces slap tight around a rapidly shifting Steven, squeezing muscle into non-existence while pumping in supple fat and tender meat to fill the spots, securing clasps that were now an eerie fit while immaculate cloth brushes up against equally perfect skin that would leave any girl jealous. All while the furious protestations of a man slowly but surely begins to meld with the unmistakable vocalizations of a young woman once the accursed bell around Steven's neck begins to work on his Adam's Apple, pushing it back until the bulge against his neck was a barely noticeable lump, a perfect fit for the two compact, slender shoulders that now adorned his sides instead of the jacked up tree trunks they once were, stripped of all signs of manliness as they remained frozen, moving against his will to plant themselves against the wall while the creeping leotard that had already consumed his equally trained legs forces the man into a humiliating position; thinning legs spread, arching back bent...a fat ass stuck high in the air...a bum gradually beginning to inflate into a much more pleasant view while the engorged pecker, an ugly sight struggling to remain against the silken fabric of the leotard below starts to recede in turn...

*'N-No way, this thing can't be...this can't actually be real! I'm not a girl!'*

Despite his vehement protests, the reality before him couldn't be denied nor blocked out. His gym honed manipulators had been deflated in an instant, dressed up with girly flair, unaware of how perfectly they fit on his still shrinking frame as the leotard continues its work in tandem with the oriental dress now slipping itself around his paralyzed rear, tying knots to secure itself around a back that was starting to look tempting for one to run their finger across with every passing second while the dark, gray undertone gels perfectly with pale skin flourishing beneath the enchanted fabric's touch, turning the simple leotard into a teasing veil once plump flesh begins to push and strain against the thin cover, gleaned from muscle that had been repurposed to bestow Steven with beauty and elegance instead of brutish power and might. Replacing gaunt lines and chiseled indents with flowing curves and roiling layers of cushioned blubber especially prominent around a tender core, ridding the jock of his abs in favor of a tight, mellow belly set in the middle of broad handlebars perfect for rearing children with while a lean butt now sags outward into a dump truck ass, complete with pliable cheeks a man would coo with glee if they ever got the chance to lay their hands on them, a tantalizing emotion that stirs in the core of Steven's new body, giving his deflated manhood one last fighting chance as it surges to its peak, hard and erect, yet pathetically small when compared to its former size as internal changes begin the final steps toward the fate that awaited the now effeminate looking man, his old baritone, a thing of the past now that the soft, arousing moans of a woman with an accent had taken its place. Coming out more clearly now as the obstruction in his throat begins to clear, allowing for air to pass once more, an act that only serves to make Steven grow more aware of just how much his body had changed since the last time he was able to properly process stimuli, both external and internal with the clarity afforded to his panic stricken mind by fresh air flowing in his veins.

## TAMING THE COGOAT...

Although the masculine form of address seemed ill suited when used to address the voluptuous young lady standing with her curvy legs spread wide and her hands planted against the wall, showing off a bubble butt hugged by the skintight leotard that had more or less settled into position beneath the choker with porcelain smooth skin peeking out through scandalous gaps afforded by shoulder cutouts, teasing keen eyes with the sight of a petite armpit laid over with the creases and shadows of muscle and fat that connected nicely to the burgeoning breasts subsuming one of the few attributes left of Steven's old self, that being a flat chest gradually beginning to droop outward into tender melons hanging low in the air while most of his cranium remained, doing its damndest to resist the euphoric touch of the suddenly animate clothes that had pounced on him once his back was turned, for who could expect a pile of clothes to suddenly come to life and attack? A mistake that had cost him dearly once the fading rod between legging wrapped thighs of pillowy girth finally concedes defeat, settling into place atop a virgin snatch composed of hypersensitive lips gleaned from the repurposed, smoothed skin of emptied nutsacks, tuned to clench and squeeze around the very thing it once was as a test run forces a surprised yelp out of Steven's lips, a sound that didn't quite fit the visage of a young man in his early twenties with a vanishing stubble as the unknown forces work to correct that error. Carving a sharp chin blessed with rounded corners and a chubby cheeks while the same continues further down below as a heated red tone appears over the woman's stomach, accompanied by beads of sweat trickling down a smooth forehead and an extending mane of luscious hair as wiry strings cleanse themselves of oil and debris, lengthening past supple shoulders to frame a pair of perfect mammaries hanging heavy off of Steven's chest, breasts that jiggled and shook without support while swollen nipples of pink provides yet another burst of orgasmic shock that runs through the former man's body, causing her to tremble with yet another involuntary sound far more sensual than the last to leak out from between glistening lips sporting the kissable flair that would make her an instant hit amongst men if she were to form so much as a pucker, begging for a kiss they wouldn't refuse, something the newly bred female would soon lust for as the metamorphosis wracking her body slows to a crawl, dulling her senses until she couldn't even realize control had returned to her body, bucking broad hips like a trashing mare while arcing a flexible spine in euphoria, bedazzled by the alien sensations of her new body while a sky blue color seeps forth from the roots to frame the mellowed visage of an oriental beauty enraptured by a balanced mix of embarrassment, disbelief and fear all at once after the last bits of her narrow eyes finally give in, contorting against her will until they were left as wide, shapely pearls with a nice little slant to their edge, containing hazy amber cores set to lose their golden hue once webs of effervescent purple begin to make themselves known.

A muscle...no, an *organ*, flanked by repurposed testes that weren't there before spasms beneath her tummy as they begin to pump her full of hormonal chemicals, causing a newly opened passageway in her loins to convulse in response while already swollen nips harden even more. Followed shortly thereafter by another shudder, this time localized in the core of her chest, straining and beating against her ribcage until it felt like she was about to choke, managing to let out a breath of air that helps to relieve that tightness from Steven's body as bones shift and flesh adapts, adding onto the already pendulous masses

## TAMING THE COCOGOAT...

swaying beneath her as it bubbles to an even bigger size, filled with sweet fluids produced by revitalized glands that add heft and firmness in tandem with its pre-existing perkiness. All while the last articles of the magical ensemble slot themselves into place; a neat little red ribbon to tie a fluffy mane into a low hanging ponytail that slumps over the pale skin of a shivering back, an ornament of unknown purpose attaching to the scarlet hoop hanging by her hips and the aforementioned headband settling into place atop Steven's petite head, ruffling blue cotton before the immaterial plastic begins to fuse with her scalp, serving to link the twin horns together with the underlying calcium until they were a natural extension of her...a highly sensitive addition with nerves so attuned that the humid interior of the room was starting to make the blue haired maiden feel awkward as her newly attached horns fed that extra stimuli into her, panting with a cute tongue lolling in the air while a rocking body gradually calms itself once the mysterious force that had reformed her like putty finally recedes...leaving Steven irrevocably transformed into an Asian girl that was the spitting image of a certain, popular character complete with the more outlandish, fantasy traits no one could ever dream of seeing in the real world...and a tonal opposite of who she once was.



Instead of a bodybuilding jock working part time in a warehouse with a bright future ahead in attaining his Engineering degree, the lady that had replaced him looked nothing of the sort. Voluptuous, slender and most of all; meek, no longer any sign of furious resistance left to see in the adorable face that had replaced a gruff mask as she shakily moves over toward the full body mirror leaning against the wall to catch a glimpse of what the clothing she picked at with frightened fingers had done to her, letting out a cute whimper as a flurry of new emotions rouse within her rapidly beating heart, unaware of how naturally she shifts her curvaceous body into an undeniable pose of femininity. Legs bent inward at the knees, lowering her already diminutive height of approximately five foot three to an even smaller stature while running gloved hands over her porcelain smooth cheeks

painted a furious red from all the blood rushing into her head from the intense feeling of embarrassment she couldn't quell.

"T-T-That's me...t-that's really me? E-Even my voice...uuu...what's with...this feeling?!"

Her former confidence in the delivery of her deep voice had been changed into a meek, uncertain voice that came out of soft spoken lips as a bear whisper tinged with a slight accent that only enforced her

## TAMING THE COCOGOAT...

reassigned genetics from a red blooded American to a foreigner, possibly even Chinese in origin, something that irked her even more when mixed with her newfound inability to act on her anger, an anger she could still remember feeling not too long ago upon discovering the scandalous clothes in the mail, the very same ones that had assaulted her with a mind of their own, changing her to fit their needs as her uncertain hands continued to explore her body. Whimpering like a puppy whenever they would inadvertently grace certain areas of her undulating body as she tries to remove them, leaving Steven in complete disbelief at how soft and tender a woman's body could be, her skin was so smooth...so sensitive, that whenever something went wrong with the attempted removal, the stimuli would trickle down to the void between a sexy thigh gap and up into her boobs, further cementing the fact that her manhood had been completely decimated as a curious hand finally grows bold enough to prod at her toned stomach, shivering in ecstasy as it goes beneath the woefully short hem of her dress, down to the smooth incline housing a tunnel of heat and damp flesh where the beginnings of a rod should've been, pressing down all the way until her first voluntary moan graces the air. Loud, clear and guttural unlike her shy vocalizations from earlier as a sharp nail pricks the top of an unclothed clitoris, causing an already damp spot in the shape of a slit to spread as semi transparent threads hug the outlines of fattened folds to offer a glimpse at the sight of Steven's unblemished flower, oozing the nectar of a lustful lady who hadn't yet realized what her body was yearning for...

*"Mngh! S-So sensitive...H-How do I stop this...can't take any of this stuff off of me...W-Wait...wasn't James the one who...the one...what was...obb my head..."*

Upon the reminder of her housemate being the one who had the parcel ordered in the first, Steven's head begins to pound with the onset of an intense headache, causing her to stumble away from the mirror before forcing her to sit on the bed, shivering as a pang of bliss shoots up her spine from a cushioned ass smudging into the sheets, muddying her intentions to get James to help her figure this out once that pleasure remains, melding with the pain and building all the while until it was an indescribable hell competing against the ultimate form of heavenly release, a fiery combination burning away inside Steven's mind to the point where all she could do was sit still and spasm, convulsing in an epileptic fit while her neck cranes upward, eyes wide in shock while pupils dilate and shrinking, covered in a visible plume of steam rising off her body from all the heat generated by the rapid assault on her synapses as a mental corruption begins to take hold of her mind now that her body was fashioned anew, remaking it just as easily so that meek, waifish persona. A temporary band aid to keep her from resorting to any acts of recklessness like alerting the authorities who most likely would've dismissed her anyway...or to seek aid from friends, peeled away and discarded to reveal a vindictive, wanton soul that would be a perfect fit for the temptingly sinful body it now inhabited.

But not everything had been forgotten. With key moments from Steven's memories being used to cement and encourage loyalty and adoration for the man she used to live with as equals, pushing her down a step or two until she was now the lesser one, not a hardworking money maker who paid rent on time but a



## TAMING THE COGOAT...

simple lady of the house whose only purpose was to ensure the place was kept neat and tidy while tending to...*other duties* involving the man she now saw as her employer...her lover...her Master when the time came for it at any time of the day.

Instead of meeting in the lecture hall after a week or two in college, she could only ever remember sticking by James' side as far back as his earlier youth in highschool where new memories of a far more seedier past embeds itself in Steven's mind, spurring new thoughts and sensations to make themselves known. Doing naught but drowning in the tidal wave of unwanted information being zapped into her brain to fill the spots that were being opened by her precious memories being deleted against her will, steadily forgetting all she once cherished; the faces of her parents, the grades she had maintained, her friends at the workplace and beyond until her own name had become a foreign subject, unable to associate herself with being called 'Steven' anymore after another major blow to her psyche in the form of a massive IQ reduction, leaving the former college student dumber than a rock as her magenta irises go cockeyed, rolling into the back of her head as she sits there like a pretty doll, unmoving with only the occasional jerk to her soft shoulders and a twitch in her petite, stocking wrapped feet to signal life as saliva leaks out of her mouth, running down a shapely chin before dripping onto her teats, soaking into the leotard that still held firm over her aching body...one that now realized full well just what it needed to do as light returns to fill glassy eyes, burning not with intelligence or fear but with a simplistic ire for the pursuit of earthly pleasures relating to the flesh. One the new woman was keen on fulfilling as she rises off the bed with renewed confidence in her presentation, arching her spine in a way that emphasizes her bust and equally plump rear while standing proud and tall, wearing a serene look of bliss on her face with lean eyes narrowed into salacious slits while a small smile forms below as pert cushions of pink press tightly together, nibbling on a lower lip in anticipation as the eerie presence that had subsumed Steven entirely turns her attention toward the remaining cow print underwear lying before her, earning a titillating giggle from the vixen as she begins to strip.

With her former identity's proclivity for good and the unfamiliarity of being a female out of the way, the reformed lady expertly runs her hands over the places where they needed to go, undoing clasps and loosening knots before the first few pieces of her outfit begin to drop to the floor, starting with her ornate top and the miscellaneous bits attached to them as it crumples onto the floor by her tip toeing feet, followed soon after by worn gloves and forearm cuffs, leaving the full glory of her beautiful form exposed, eyeing herself up with adoration while hugging rubbing her shoulders with eager finesse, basking in the creamy smoothness of well cared for skin before resuming her steady striptease, deftly tugging and pulling on certain portions of the leotard she once struggled to remove as bits and pieces begin to slide off, exposing more of her bare body to the world as leggings come loose, followed shortly after by an uncovered groin beneath a rosy red stomach, the slapping of flesh as breasts come to rest atop her chest, sagging just a little while pointed nubs stuck out hard like arrowheads, flopping around to her movement until finally managing to slip the collar free of her choker, leaving that bit on with a dainty index finger hooked beneath it while she stares up her nubile young body with soulless eyes, tugging hard

## TAMING THE COGOAT...

on the string that binds it until her neck bulges, choking herself with a euphoric groan until she was satisfied with the tightness of the cowbell choker, adoring the way it bites into her neck until her ears twitch at the sound of a key fiddling with the lock of the front door, breaking her indulgence and hastening her efforts to get dressed as she bounces back over toward the lewd dressings left for her by Master with a skip and yet another happy giggle, all too eager to adorn her plump form in the inadequate clothes she once considered an affront to all women...

"Not a sound to be heard...wonder how well it's going with her...hasn't responded to my messages at all..."

Muttering under his breath with a heart beating in excitement, James slowly enters the main hall, setting down his bag before locking up and approaching the room his old friend had no doubt shut himself inside of after deciding to take a look see at what he had bought, letting himself be caught in a trap that must've been finished with...whatever it was the seller had described. Too wordy for someone like James with a short attention span to follow after...all he knew was that he'd ordered it to make his dream girl...his waifu, a reality. And he didn't care if the landlord or his supposed best friend had to vanish for it to come true.

And as he pushes open the door leading to Steven's room, any lingering regret the horny bastard might've had for using his friend so heartlessly or the fortune he had spent to seal the deal was annihilated in an instant as his eyes immediately lock on to the alluring form of the curvaceous female that had taken his place; tempting, seductive and a face that oozed sexual desire as pink orbs meet his gaze...a goddess, leaning against the wall dressed up in the accommodating outfit he had made sure to specify was to be his girlfriend's favorite outfit...and she was all his to enjoy...to order around as James saw fit...far better than being nagged at occasionally by another man.



But while her name remained a mystery to her, James knew her all too well as *Ganyu*, a popular female character from one of those famous gacha games that had swept the globe. He used to lust after her nonstop despite her nature as a simple 2D character...a lust that hadn't quite died down over the past few months following her addition to the game.

## TAMING THE COCOGOAT...

So to see her likeness before him, plastered over Steven's own whose mind and body had been overwritten in the process was a dream come true to the hormonal young man as he takes his first steps toward the beautiful lady pressing herself up against the wall, breathing heavily under her breath as her man approaches, carelessly crushing the phone underfoot as he begins to undress much to Ganyu's happiness, unable to stop herself from directing her gaze over to the throbbing tent in James' boxers as his jeans fall to join her discarded outfit, swallowing a lump of saliva as her throat tightens in response to the imprinted image of her Master's exposed penis twitching before her very eyes, mustering all she could to remain at her best behaviour despite how wet she was getting from the combined torment of cocklust and the sheer embarrassment she couldn't suppress now that her precious Master was right behind her, gasping with a noticeable shudder running through her upon the feel of James' hand running over her bare bum before tracing the folds of her vagina, coming away with a hand slick with her grool he promptly rubs away on the shirt he had since taken off, leaving him naked directly behind his equally exposed prize.

"Holy cow babe...you're...absolutely gorgeous..."

"T-Thank you, Master...w-would you like to begin? I'm sure you've had a tiring day..."

Despite the time barely reaching past twelve in the afternoon, James already adored the light hearted, almost faux sense of affection and care displayed by his doting girlfriend in stark contrast to how Steven would've simply ignored him or bashed him for going out and coming back barely an hour later, more than eager to satisfy Ganyu's needs in addition to feeling up even *more* of her delectable body...although there was one thing he wanted to confirm first before anything else...teasing his girl by kissing her loins with the tip of his pecker, loving the way she could barely contain herself as a string of vaginal juices squirt free from her juicy snatch before dribbling to the floor in a shimmering mess...all from that tiny touch alone...

"Before that...does the name Steven sound familiar to you?"

"I-I'm sorry? Steven? I apologize Master, I can't say that I ha-*ahm!*"

"Not so sorry babe but...that's all I needed to hear...fuck, you're tight!"

Turning her barely composed sentence into an ecstatic scream of bliss through the sudden insertion of his penis into Ganyu's warm innards whose reactive muscles waste no time in squeezing around the length of her lover's pulsing rod after it had pierced her hymen and filled her up nicely, James grunts in response before picking up the pace again, fighting against his girlfriend's fantastic inner grip as he begins to piston in and out of her sopping wet loins while grabbing ahold of her cushioned handlebar hips, producing soft, wet slapping noises as flesh batters flesh everytime he buries himself balls deep inside of

## TAMING THE COCOGOAT...

her, conjoining man and woman in coital bliss as the couple begins to enter a steady rhythm, all while the crimson trickle of a woman's deflowerment washes away under an extended squirt of fluids, spattering the floorboards with a mix of her juices and smidgen of James' precum, a prelude to the steaming hot blast of bitter spunk he wholly intended to shoot inside of his former friend after abstaining from the act of self release for about a week or so after making a deal with the shady devils of the underworld...all so



that he could have the heavenly piece of ass that was Ganyu all to himself...

And judging from the euphoric look of undeniable ecstasy she wore on her face, Ganyu had no qualms with her Master's intentions, letting him use her like a pillowy cocksleeve, dismissive to the notion of being a man until now, for it just didn't make sense to her.

Could a man have a tight pussy like hers? Did men have milk filled teats ready to lactate with a nibble of swollen nips currently smooching the wall while her man did from behind? Could men dress themselves up like a doll with the most scandalous outfits in existence to please another? Could a man make the most arousing noises known to existence while a hot dick jams itself inside a vagina deep enough to shove against a creamy tummy

that would one day be filled with new life? No...no they could not...and that fact only served to embolden James' efforts to ensure that he became the very first man to wed a true to life video game character...

“Damn it...you were worth every...single...penny...oh god!”

An exhausted moan was all she could utter in response to James' declaration of his satisfaction, and as she feels her Master's dick begin to twitch and writhe inside of her, Ganyu could only hope he let it all inside of her, uncaring of the life she now left behind in favor of this one, where bliss and maternal instinct would be all she knew for the rest of her days...and maybe another wife or two to keep her company...

**THE END**

## SOURCE GLOSSARY

### *Image Sources*

Image 1 by Memeno : <https://www.pixiv.net/en/users/62635184>

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