

The struggle between man and demon was, in a word, eternal. From the very moment man had drawn his first breath, the intrinsic virtue within his breast found its distaff rival in the caricatured form of the demons set to prey upon him.

Naturally, this meant that the two didn't often get along.

It wasn't that they didn't try, mind you. Humans and demons had been the subject of some truly staggering epics, romantic, comedic, tragic, you name it. But their antipodal natures meant that the tragedies outweighed the comedies -- certainly the romances.

That's why you had groups like the Holy Church of the Indefatigable Spirit of Man and All His Creations. Virtue personified, the "priests" of the church were blessed, regardless of the myriad coats that they took on during their pilgrimages. Whether they skulked in the verdant underbrush of the forest, tromped about in the rust-red desert steppes, or tended to yet unexorcised dens of inequity that blighted the landscape, the warriors of the Holy Church of the Indefatigable Spirit of Man and All His Creations was dedicated to one thing and one thing only:

Fucking demons into submission.

Now, this probably seems, in a word, anathema to the preconceived notions that come part and parcel to how a holy warrior deals with demons. Honestly, most people probably think so at first, too. But there's a very good reason why the best way to do battle with a demon is to plunge a rock-hard prick into its (her?) dripping cunt.

The warriors of the Holy Church et cetera were, as previously mentioned, blessed. This meant that their fluids were quite literally anathema to the unholy and otherwise not very nice. Their blood sent vampires gagging. Their sweat may have felt gross to another human, but to a demon? It was honestly just revolting.

And their seed? It was one of the only ways to permanently pacify a demon. But not just at a touch! No, one couldn't simply blow their load on a pair of fat, eldritch tits and call it a day! To render such a change permanent, to indelibly render a demon safe, docile, and harmless, a warrior had to bottom out in their cunt, really hilt himself in her...and pump his consecrated load right into her womb. Only by flooding her sex with his seed could the taint of her demonic heritage be purged from its source, rendering her naught more than an exotic, sexually-insatiable "human."

The horns didn't really ever go away, but the wings and tail did. That's not really what most of the priests were concerned with in their prospective brides, but when you ran an organization that hinged on men literally fucking women submissive, you tended to take what you could get. If that meant you had a mouth-breathing lout gawking at a succubus' tits before they had a sex-duel to decide the fate of a village, so be it.

Speaking of which, that's exactly the type of priest that headed the group upon which this story finds its focus. Battleaxe hefted over his shoulder, rendered terrifyingly dull by his hard-won experience in battle, Ustrik trudged through the murk and muck of the Swamp of Ill Omens.

"Look alive. No time to stand around, boys," he rumbled, eyes narrowed at the crumbling tower of onyx before them. His bare chest crossed with scars, Ustrik exemplified the seldom-seen school of barbarism that the Holy Church called upon in times of need. Clad in little more than a hastily skinned bear pelt over his loins, Ustrik seemed incongruously comfortable in the misery of the swamp. He cast a glance over his shoulder to the trio behind him and cocked his head towards their destination. "Almost there. Ready?"

"I should hope so," panted Forto. Unused to prolonged physical exertion, his training as a cleric in the city hadn't really prepared him for the trek across the swamp. Once-white robes were stained indelibly grey by its residue, and, to be frank, Forto was sick of it. "I'm ready to be out of this miserable sludge, at least. I'd bed a thousand succubi before I crossed it again.

"Don't be so sure of that." Mikhail was, of course, quick to dispel notions of comfort at the end of the tunnel. His life as a ranger on the outskirts of civilization were, in this case, a double-edged sword. To him, it was a boon. His utilitarian armor, leather and oil-soaked cloth over it, was perfect for the slog to the Tower of Trials, but to the others? His grim outlook was seldom more than a reminder of the futilities of life. "Way I see it, we've got three steps back before we're in the city again. Into the tower, into bed, and back through the whole sordid mess."

Ritten, friend only to the shadows, was silent. He hadn't stolen a thing in, what, weeks? Days? Hours? Wasn't good. Wasn't how a thief operated. Not at all.

But their desires, their squabbling, their private doubts. Such pettiness had to be dispelled as they passed under its obsidian arches. For this was the final proving ground, the application of the theories they'd learned during their time as hermits. For though they saw themselves as their respective classes -- Ustrik, a barbarian, Forto, a cleric, Mikhail, a ranger, and Ritten, a thief -- it was not until they faced their mirror-rival in combat that they would be accepted into the priesthood of the Holy Church.

Why, then, did they each hesitate before the gate? Was it the inky void that extended past its creaking doors? Was it the unfamiliar chill that poured from its depths, like ice in the midsummer's heat?

Or was it merely the fear that they would fail? That they wouldn't be able to meet their demonic "better" half in combat, that they'd fall to the depths of depravity?

Ustrik shook his head with a growl. His singular focus was, in this case, a blessing, for such qualms took little more than a grunt to push to the side. "See you on the other side, boys!" He bellowed, lifting his axe from his shoulder and charging into the gate. If the unknown was to be

feared, then Ustrik would make it known...!

And as the world shifted around him, turning from tepid swampland to the foot-tamped clay of an arena, Ustrik couldn't help but smile. The roar of an invisible crowd rang in his ears, and he was at home. A barbarian, as he'd learned, was no more comfortable than on the field of battle, and if that was to be his proving ground, he had already won.

Blood pumping, eyes tinted sanguine red as his frenzy settled over his mind like a familiar shawl draped over frigid shoulders, Ustrik prepared to face his opponent.

He didn't have to wait long.

She stepped out to the crowd's vehement disgust, though why she was met with such disapproval confounded Ustrik. Buxom, wide-hipped, the pinnacle of the Amazon ideal, she drew his eyes like a magnet. Everything about her stoked his lusts hotter and hotter.

She was just barely shorter than him, and given that Ustrik towered over nearly all he met, man or woman, this was no mean feat. What's more, her figure blended both feminine curves and raw, brute strength. Though her abs tensed as she adopted her stance, looking hard enough to rival stone, if not steel, her breasts wobbled with the same motion. Her thighs were thick enough -- and well-muscled enough -- to crack skulls between them if she chose, leading to hips that could only be described by Ustrik's lust-addled hindbrain as "child-bearing."

Everything about her promised passion. Mad, furious passion, rutting, fucking, graceless, sweaty, animal. He was a man, she was a woman.

Well, a minotaur.

But they would be joined in carnal matrimony, and he would find his place in the priesthood because of it. All he'd have to do is knock the gladius from her hand, strip her down from that scandalous attempt at an outfit -- little more than two brass cups covering her nipples and a loincloth similarly obscuring her loins -- and she would be as good as his! Like hell was he going to relieve the ache between his legs anywhere but between hers!

"Been a while since I had a proper man to test my mettle against," she sneered, the two of them beginning to circle each other. In a fight such as this, "sizing up your opponent" took on a very different meaning. "Most of the deacons now are too weak to carry a proper weapon. But that strength will be your undoing, brute." She smiled, cold, cruel, thrusting out her chest for his greedy eyes. "I know your type."

"You're a beast. An animal. The second your cock's s- Gah!!"

He didn't have time for monologues, especially not from fuck-meat like her. She was made to be bred, and he was going to breed her. Shield raised in a pathetic attempt to ward off his thunderous blows, the minotaur staggered at each mighty slash of his axe. Metal against metal, threatening to deafen the unseen spectators, and soon, soon...!

Soon her shield fell away, the minotaur stunned by the sudden, brutal assault. She shrank back, wide-eyed and shocked, and it was in those decisive moments that she suffered her only wound: a rough fall back onto her cushiony rear.

Ustrik smirked down at her, victorious. The crowd fell silent for a moment.

Only to erupt into applause when he thrust his fists into the air! He had done it! He'd bested her, as a priest bested his demon-bride, and passed his trial! The trivially cowed minotaur rose on shaky legs, cheeks hot with shame, eyes cast downward.

"Well done, my lord," she mumbled, made somehow modest -- despite her immodest attire. She tried to cover her body, failing just as miserably as she'd failed in battle moments ago. Not even two hands could cover the bottomless valley of her cleavage, especially when she panicked and dipped one between her thighs to try and hide her now-dripping sex. She squeaked when her armor vanished into sparkles, the trial itself having recognized her defeat. Licentious brass replaced by an intricate gold collar around her neck, complete with a humiliating bell that rested on her prodigious bosom, the minotaur was his.

All his.

Ustrik licked his lips and strode forth, his armor similarly vanishing in the wake of his victory. He was Adonis -- No! -- He was the Ares to her Aphrodite. The Heracles to her Hippolyta. And there was but one step before she was his to own forevermore.

The arena faded into the ether, replaced by what, he knew not. It was different for everyone, wasn't it? He'd heard of a paladin claiming his bride between the four posts of a princess' bed, but a barbarian...

...a barbarian, apparently, took his woman upon a throne of bone, sinew, and skulls. He smirked. Fitting, by his estimation, and too much to bear by hers. Why else would the minotaur shiver and cast her gaze elsewhere?

But Ustrik had neither the time nor the inclination to wait for her to work up the nerve. A sharp tug on her leash -- one of rough, iron chains, he noted with approval -- and the two approached the throne.

"M-My Lord," she stammered, the red upon her cheeks having turned to excited pink, "I

never...I never thought you'd best me so easily." She gulped as he reclined in his throne. A snap of his fingers rang like thunder in the void of the trial's space, and she flinched at the sound. "I...I know what you ask of me."

He looked her over once more. Where once there had been a warrior, smug and domineering in her raw sexuality, now there was a caricature of the female form. She still had muscles, certainly. Her size hadn't shrank, either. But now it was her fat, jiggling tits that drew his eyes. Her thighs, pressed together like a blushing virgin's, even as her body begged to be taken as a wife on her wedding day.

"And I know the gravity of your task." She knelt before him, prostrate before her master. Her tone dipped to a breathy murmur. "You, proud priest of the Holy Church, must pacify me and render me docile, lest I tempt thee to the sin of indolence." She looked into his eyes, her posture, her tone, her everything conveying her endless submission unto him...and the rigid rod of his cock, jutting up proudly between his legs.

Ustrik noted with a grin that she could only look into his eyes for a few seconds before her attention turned to the bloated crown of his cock. Spellbound, she continued her recitation. "For as the priest tames with pleasure, so too does the demon. If a priest cannot relieve his lusts into a demon's womb, surely he will be lost to pleasure. If he does not make the demon his wife..."

She swooned forward, mashing her bust up against his crotch, and his iron-hard erection throbbed and twitched between her breasts. "...She shall surely make him her slave. Oh, Master..." She brought her hands up to her bust, pressed them against either side of her mammoth tits. "I. I know you intend to take me as a bull takes a cow. But. But first, I need-"

She shivered.

"I need to pay homage to the only man strong enough. Valiant enough. Virile enough to best me."

"Hh. Fine, woman." Ustrik snarled, planting a hand on her head, between her horns. A wisp of smoke coalesced around each pointed tip, gilding them with dull, beautiful gold. "Submit to me as a woman before you submit to me as a wife. Besides." He flicked one of her nipples, and with a squeak of her surprise, cream dribbled from one stiffened peak. "It'd be a shame to not use a cow as a cow's meant to be used."

"Y-Yes, Master," she cooed. Her hands pressed to either side of her bust, ensuring that her bottomless cleavage didn't part for so much as a second. She hefted her breasts up, up, up, dribbling sweet, warm cream all over his lap...before-

"Hh!"

With a wet, messy schluck! she brought her tits down and sheathed his cock in her cleavage. Gods, but it was heaven! Warm, pillowy, pleasantly wet thanks to her messy, drooling teats! A dollop of pre from his bloated cockhead only made the vice of her cleavage slicker, and soon Ustrik was content to let the dairy cow bounce her breasts in his lap purely of her own accord.

To think, a demon, once seen as a fearsome beast able to steal the hearts of men, reduced to a mewling cock-sheath. Only natural, his pride told him. For what kind of woman would be able to stand up to the sheer monument to virility that was his thick, stiffened cock? It was clear from every breathless bounce of her tits in his lap that she was entranced. Shameful, that she once considered herself a warrior, given that each time the beet-red tip of his prick popped out from her cleavage, she drooled, leaned in, and planted a sloppy kiss to it.

And all the while, his hand never left her head. "Good girl," he rumbled, and she shivered with delight when he did.

It was after one passionate kiss to his cockhead that she finally found the will to pull away. Lust-drunk, she stared up at his eyes, her own hazy expression glazed with sweet adoration. "I knew it from the moment I saw you, Master," she purred.

She'd since taken her titanic tits in two hands. Where one pressed down to his lap, the other slid up, up, up, his cock kneaded between her two pillowy breasts. "You're a beast. A true, honest-to-gods stud." She leaned in and wrapped her lips around his cockhead once more, sucking hard enough to coax a groan from him.

"I knew from the moment I set eyes upon your chiseled, perfect -- mmf! -- manly frame. Adonis! Adonis had come to put me into my place, to make me a woman! To rut me pregnant and turn my roiling heat into sweet, dutiful embers! I never knew that you'd do it so quickly. That you'd see through my tricks and silence me immediately."

His cock throbbed in her cleavage, his heartbeat frantic, cock twitching with every pump. "I've bested paladins, warriors, brawlers. All sorts of 'fighters' that could hardly wait to fuck me. But none of them were men. Not like you." She pulled her breasts apart, brought them down to the base of his cock, and pressed them together, vice-tight once more. Ustrik didn't do much more than snarl his approval.

"A barbarian. So viscerally masculine. How could I resist? Gods, I'd only heard stories before." She shivered again, moaning. "Beast-men that rutted like animals. They seeded their bitches until they were as submissive as the she-wolf to her husband. Oh. Oh-!"

With a high, keening squeal of delight, the minotaur's teats gushed cream, drooling it in streams

onto his chiseled abs, his tit-covered lap, his proud, stiff cock. It felt incredible, warm, hot, wet-

"M-Master, I must confess, I have. I have-" She panted, breathless, though no less eager in her ministrations to his cock. "I c-climaxed from the mere thought of your manhood. You-"

Her eyes rolled back, her tongue lolled out, her large, dark nipples oozing milk. "You have tamed me!"

That prompted the first movement he'd made in what felt like ages: a twitch upwards of his hips, just enough to push the tip of his cock from the pillowy prison of her cleavage...so he could splurt his seed onto her whorish face. She didn't move at all as the thick, sperm-packed arc of his climax streaked over her gorgeous, feminine features, though her milking turned harder, faster as he came. "Yes, yes, Master! Oh, Master, you're so strong and big and- Ooh!"

"And I c-can't think straight," she keened, leaning down to lap up the stray droplets of his orgasm. But that cream, that cream kept his prick warm, stiff, ready. "Your seed, it's exquisite..."

He grunted in something like pride. Of course it was exquisite. "The pinnacle of man," she sighed dreamily. He snorted through his nose, hot breath signalling his approval. "The apex predator! The alpha male!" Her every word was honey to him, and soon his hands found themselves resting on the arms of his throne. His throne. He was a king, an emperor, a god, and she was his priestess.

"Please, Master, cum-!" She moaned, milking his shaft with her fat, wobbling tits. "I need it, I need to know I've pleased my Master! Gods, you're as virile as a bull...!" She kissed his cockhead once more. "A mad, rutting beast! I cannot -- could not! -- resist!" Another squeeze from her tits, another suck from her lips.

He came into her mouth this time, and she giggled with excitement as she slurped down every drop he had to give. Gods, but he could grow used to this. She was his, wasn't she? She had to be. Look how eagerly she submitted to him.

"Oh, Master!" There, she said it again. Ustrik smiled to himself as he sank back into the throne. She was his cock-addicted priestess. She worshiped him. "I'm so pleased that you enjoy my tits this much."

His cock twitched, splurting a stray rope of seed into the air at that. She giggled once more, burying his cock in her cleavage, allowing not even the tiniest peek of his crown to poke out. "Yes, good, you've earned it..." She purred, kneading his hilted prick with her titflesh. "Cum, Master. Have to empty those bloated balls before you take your crown."

He came. She cooed her approval. "Good, good! Ooh, such a virile, insatiable stud! Lusty, rutting

beast..." She bounced her breasts on his lap, and he came again. His seed merely pooled in her cleavage before dribbling down the front of her tits. "Tit-loving bull. No one can resist this cock. Look, you're the gods' gift to women! Every pair of breasts in the world needs a hot, thick wad of your cum splattered between them. To show just how easy it is for your bloated, bitch-conquering cock to own whatever woman you choose."

He liked the sound of that. A lot. Fat, jiggling tits, cleavage all tight, presented to him like the spoils of war...

He came again.

"You're the bull-king, my bull-king. Irresistible, insatiable," she purred, bouncing her breasts in his lap. "Every cow in the world needs to be shown to whom she belongs, and the only way to do it is to fuck her tits with this magnificent cock."

Sounded good to him. Sounded perfect to him. Yes, she rose to her feet, and his cock flopped back against his belly, freed from the prison of her cleavage.

He needed to find another bitch, some other pair of tits to fuck. Right now. Grunting, snarling, growling, he rose from his throne and staggered forward, cock jutting out from his lap.

"Good, good! I'm sure that whichever slut you fuck will be yours after just one load emptied into her cleavage, 'Master,'" she tittered to his back. "After all, who needs a wife when you can fuck a pair of breasts instead?"

Hip cocked to the side, the minotaur watched Ustrik stagger into the void and back into the real world, broken and addicted.

Of course, the nature of the tower and its ability to obfuscate the passage of time meant that hours would pass between Ustrik entering the trialsite and his subsequent exit.

In that fateful span, the others found themselves at a loss.

"When's he to return?" Mikhail murmured, glancing to Forto.

"Couldn't say," he replied with crossed arms and a sigh. "Legends say that the tower tailors its trial to each individual acolyte, but...who knows?"

The three of them idled at its entrance, shifting anxiously from foot to foot. Not much to do but wait, they figured. Ustrik had always been the one quickest to charge into battle, so his absence was almost paralytic to the remaining trio. It was almost shocking when the next to speak up



had been Forto.

"There's no point in waiting," he finally said. "The Tower of Trials is possessed of a terrible magic, and it. It appears we're to face our challenges alone. If not..." He looked to his comrades. "Well. Ustrik's not returned. And proud though he may be, I doubt he'd wait too long to bark at me to enchant his axe if he was in a pinch."

He strode forward, determined. "There's no point in waiting. When I see you next, I'll be either a priest or a pauper." And with that, Forto passed into the tower, and reality dissolved around him.

Even before he saw it, he felt it. The stagnant air of the swamp gave way to balmy heat. It wasn't so thick as to be unpleasant. Far from it, actually. The sultry spice to the air was a welcome change from the tepidity of the bog, and the sights that fizzled into reality soon after were similarly pleasing to the senses.

Forto found himself in something akin to a throne room. No, not quite, though the luxury it held rivaled the palaces of royalty. Pillows littered the ground, not quite stuffed enough to offer firm support if one were to recline upon one. More suited to lounging across two or three than anything else, it seemed. It was a bit hard to tell what the room was even suited for. Light sources were nonexistent, save perhaps the dull glow of coals in braziers hanging from the unseen ceiling, but somehow, Forto didn't have to stumble around blindly. The room was just barely visible enough to navigate the pillow-dotted floor.

And a spotlight focused on the crown jewel of the mysterious lounge.

A small, circular platform found its place in the center of the room, bathed in soft, pink light. Normally, the glow wouldn't be any more impressive than that of a torch; it certainly wasn't any stronger than torchlight as far as Forto could tell. Even so, in the otherwise dim room, it dominated, not least of which due to the sight it illuminated.

Dancing in the center of the room was the most beautiful woman Forto had ever seen in his life. At least, he assumed so. All he could see was her silhouette, her body itself hidden behind a curtain separating the two. It was a testament to that silhouette that he found himself drawn helplessly forward.

Breasts, hips, waist, legs. She tantalized without showing so much as a scrap of skin, but the shadow dancing upon the veil before him teased salacious nudity. Hands above her head, she swayed her hips from side to side, rolling them in figure-eights for his ravenous eyes. Was this

to be his bride?

She spoke, and her voice was music.

"Finally, I have an audience." Low, smoky, purring, her voice carried a smile and sent shivers down Forto's spine. "Rest, my husband, and allow me to soothe your nerves before I take you to heaven." She reached out to him -- as far as he could tell -- and splayed her slender fingers out before crooking them at Forto, one by one.

"You're an Apsara," he mumbled. Behind the veil, she giggled.

"And you, my husband, are well-read. I am, indeed, an Apsara." She raised her hands above her head once more, humming to herself as she swayed her hips. "Does this cause you unrest, my husband?"

"A little." Forto gulped. He couldn't take his eyes off her. Didn't really want to, either. But that was the danger, wasn't it?

"A nymph, fallen from heaven, sent to deceive." She spoke his thoughts aloud, poisonous worry made somehow palatable by her sensuous purr. "Sculpted by the gods to sate their lusts, the Apsaras were cast from paradise by their masters' jealous wives...only to tempt the gods themselves into Hell." She moaned through pursed lips, a low, needy hum. "It is rare that I find myself faced with an acolyte worthy of my attention."

She smiled, and her silhouette smiled in tandem. Glittering white appeared in a crescent upon its face. For the first time since he'd seen her, she looked...menacing. Even as she continued, her shadow's grin didn't so much as twitch.

"And yet, I am naught more than a demon to your Holy Church. Another monster to be made humble, another monster who seeks to tempt men into the pleasures of wasteful sex. To ensure that the race of men falls, as all who climb too high must fall." She leaned forward, and her shadow's smile vanished. Hands on her knees, she turned just slightly to the side to offer her profile to Forto. Her breasts hung from her chest, heavy and full and assuredly bare. The swell of her rear promised similar softness.

Forto had seen succubi before, and she was unlike any he'd laid eyes upon. They were crass, aggressive and unsubtle in their sexuality. Tits bloated and wobbling, caricatured, hips wide enough to bruise a man's lap with the ferocity of their lovemaking. But she was...perfect. Even through the veil, he could see that. Not so slender as to leave men wanting for more, not so large as to approach grotesquerie. Curvaceous, hourglass perfection. The feminine ideal, crafted by men to please them. So effective as to enslave them.

"Are you afraid, my husband?" She murmured. Forto blinked, jogging his thoughts from the

fugue they'd slipped into. Even as she spoke, she didn't pause her slow, sensuous dance for a moment. "I will admit, such fear would not be unfounded." Side to side, her hips swung like a pendulum. Her body writhed before him like a serpent, undulating in lazy waves. "My sisters and I were the ones to bring about an end to the age of gods." She let her head fall back, reaching to cup her breasts. "I have made deacons my slaves. They did not respect my power as you do, my husband, and they suffered accordingly. Though they would say," she said, a smile upon her voice once more, "that they did not suffer for even a moment."

"The punishment I mete out, my husband, is exquisite."

"It is that which laid the gods low."

"That which even the pontiff of your Holy Church fears the promise of."

"That which would leave a man hungry, wanting, ravenous forevermore if he should taste but an instant thereof."

He was hard in his robes. Forto had been listening, spellbound, watching, ensorcelled. Couldn't even shake his head to try and snap himself out of it now.

"But I am not unkind, even to those who fail to pay me the respect I deserve. After all, they fall to their knees in worship in the end." She paused, and the smile returned, shimmering upon the veil between them.

"My husband."

She stopped, finally, frozen mid-step. One leg brought up, crooked and forming a cross with the other. Her foot dangled, suspended just off the ground.

Forto realized after a moment that he had been holding his breath as soon as her dance paused. He'd sat down at some point, palming himself through his robes. He'd abandoned his staff somewhere in the haze on the outskirts of the room. Did it even have walls? It didn't matter. Only she mattered. When she spoke, he listened.

She spoke.

"Do you fear me, as I am to be feared?" She was still as a statue, but that grin widened on the veil.

"Will you submit unto me and gain a lover who has lavished gods with pleasure and left them drunk by her presence?"

"Or will you try, as all before you have tried, and force me to submit?" Something about her voice changed. She wasn't purring anymore. It was kind of a low, sensuous hiss. She clicked her

tongue, capped it with a soft moan.

"Are you truly beholden to your own carnal urges? Is your spirit so weak as to succumb to the curiosity of what I do to those whom I enslave?" His cock seemed to stiffen at that. "Do you think you could defeat me, make a slave out of me?"

"All men do, you know." Gauzy fingertips brushed his cheek, but he didn't look away from her frozen silhouette. Phantom lips pressed a kiss to his cheek. Another pair wrapped around the head of his cock, bobbing on his length. He saw nothing. He felt everything. "It's why you're men. You think that you are gods. That you are untouchable. Your foolish, wonderful pride."

"Maybe you could do it." Her voice was right in his ear now, hissing, purring, tempting. His hands were at his sides. After all, the hands pawing at his body were exquisite, far more skilled than his could ever hope to be. He could get used to this. "No one's ever come this far, have they? Look, an empty room, empty save for you. And me. Maybe it's destiny."

"The gods fell for me. But maybe you're different. You must be." Lips pressed against his, and even if he couldn't see anything but her shadow on that silk-thin veil, he felt the heat of her body, the tender caress, the greedy squeeze, pump, stroke of her hands. "You're different. This is destiny. Surely you could tame me. And besides."

He was surrounded by her. Breasts mashed up against his arms, his chest, but it wasn't just that, it was her hands, fingers laced with his, squeezing them tight as she rode him. But she was sucking him off, tongue rolling around the head of his cock, mouth as practiced as a whore's. She was riding him, she was fucking him senseless. She was kissing him, he was-

He was different. A little voice, whispering in the back of his mind, purring, gasping, moaning. He was different. He was special. He could tame her. Submit to a demon. Never, not even for a moment. He was a man, a priest of the Holy Church, and that meant that he was to be an avatar of the gods and subjugate the profane Female in all of Her iterations. He was different, and he would show her as such.

"I-" He mumbled, blinking blearily at her shadow as sensations all but overwhelmed him. Hips, tits, lips, ass, grinding, sucking, mashing up against him. "I-"

"Yes, my husband. Say it. Say it, and fall, as all have fallen before me." She hissed, two pairs of arms unfurling from her sides, even as her foot hovered just above the ground. "Foolish, proud man, thinking with his thick, throbbing cock. Stoked too hot and cracking at the slightest touch."

"Do you submit by your own will?"

His eyelids fluttered, and he was about to cum, he could feel it. His balls clenched down, and his cock throbbed in his robes.

"I duh- I do not."

The phantoms vanished. Or they seemed to, at least. He had never seen them, so their disappearance could only manifest as a sudden, cold solitude.

"You do not submit by your own will," the Apsara repeated, and the veil finally fell.

Her lips moved, plump, black, curling at their corners with a smile, but he didn't hear her speak. He'd lost himself in her eyes, gorgeous, bottomless amber, ringed with kohl. Her skin, flawlessly smooth, soft, the color of caramel and honey and cocoa, blended and drizzled over curves that promised endless pleasure, perfection distilled, voluptuous. Her belly, smooth and lacking a navel, her thighs, her legs, her feet--

Her foot finally touched to the ground again, and it was as if something inside him changed. Like his mind had shifted to the left. Like his thoughts would never be quite right. Ever again. Forto grunted, and he looked to her six arms.

Six arms? No, it was. Oh.

Oh. It was more. More of her. Two more stepped out from behind her. Two more of her, and they approached, sinuous, predatory. They walked with the unmistakable gait of women who knew just how breathtakingly gorgeous they were, who knew that they were going to take the stupid, horny man in front of them and claim him. His heart. His mind. His everything.

Forto couldn't speak. He couldn't move. Not with divinity so close to him. No, he just kind of fumbled uselessly for words as the duo of Apsarae approached him, his cock uselessly, traitorously stiff in his robes. They laid themselves beside him, one on each side, and traced two slender fingertips over his body. Their touch dissolved his clothes, and soon Forto was naked before them. Before Her.

"You could have been my husband." She carried her glittering, pearl-white smile on her voice. He smiled with her, not truly hearing her words or the message behind them. "You could have had everything."

Her twins pressed up against him, cooing, murmuring sweet, wordless nothings against the shell of his ear. One kissed his jaw. The other kissed his collarbone. Both of them stroked his cock, sliding their palms up and down his length.

"Instead, you will have nothing." The veil raised once more, and her shadow began to dance. Her hips swayed. Her breasts jiggled. Her spine curved, and her body followed. Eyelids drooping, Forto giggled.

"You will be trapped in heaven, imprisoned for all time by perfection, and you, the idiot-god of male pride, will blindly, slavishly obey your cock's every whim. And your cock," came her voice

from everywhere at once, "obeys me."

But Forto wasn't really listening. Hard to listen when you were blissed-out and riding the wave of luxurious pleasure that he was, and the twin facsimiles didn't seem to plan on letting up their pampering any time soon. When one hand drifted away from his pre-drooling prick, another slid up to take its place. If one pulled away from his side, it was only to better adjust her position pressed up against him. And all the while, they purred and cooed into his ears, driving thoughts from his mind with every touch, every sibilant hiss, every inch closer to sweet, blessed release.

Release that would never come, as it turned out. Forto didn't care. Didn't even think about how he was long past the limits of his endurance, because there was something so gradual about it all that meant he could bear it -- no, that he craved it. Perfection was to be savored, and if he could savor perfection forever, wasn't that something like heaven? Attended to by angels, worshiping a goddess ad infinitum, pleasure climbing higher and higher, straining towards an ideal he'd never...quite...reach.

A trickle of drool crept down his chin. It wasn't long before one Apsara smeared it into his skin with a kiss, giggling. Time lost meaning. Words lost meaning.

Forto lost himself in pleasure and, though he couldn't say it himself, would have done it again.