

NUN BELIEVERS

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“It’s bloody cold out there!”

“I mean it’s Coerthas... What were you expecting?”

What sounded like smarmy banter between two Miqo’té women was actually little more than a friendly exchange – a product of their personalities as friends mixed with the circumstances they had found themselves in. Of their own choosing, but their circumstances, nonetheless. **“You should also keep your voice down S’aiya, don’t forget why we’re here.”** Or so the red-headed woman said to the brunette.

The brunette then sighed in Silvia’s direction, a touch deflated. **“I know what you mean, but it’s odd they didn’t station any guards.”** They hadn’t slipped through the side door of an abandoned monastery on the outskirts of the frozen Coerthas for a good reason. *Work*. A commission to investigate the property after a number of travelers had sighted what appeared to be scantily dressed Au Ra nuns walking in and out of the establishment. Local authorities were *naturally* concerned, but they were shorthanded.

And *that* was why Silvia and S’aiya had found themselves there. They weren’t supposed to take down whoever was using the monastery or anything like that on their own, but two talented young women who knew their way around a combat situation? At the very least the idea was that they could gather intelligence and bring it back so that the authorities could launch a strike safely.

“So what is this stuff? You’re the expert on weird crap, right?”

The duo had slipped in through a side door and into a storeroom that was connected to what they understood to be a prayer hall according to the blueprints they had been lent. It was dimly lit by wall-mounted torches, confirming that it was in use. But there were strange ornaments and objects strewn about the shelves. **“...Is that a *dildo*?”**

Silvia was a scholar that *did* study things like artifacts, so she playfully rolled her eyes when S'aiya made that first comment. The second? She was taken off-guard by it. Because there were *absolutely* dildos on one of the nearby shelves. *Barbed*, dragon-dick shaped dildos. **“Now *those* aren’t something you expect to find in a monastery.”** With that said, she opened the door to the prayer hall a tad to peer in. Only to gasp softly. **“Er... I do believe we’ve found some sort of strange draconic sex cult.”**

“...What makes you think that?”



“There are nuns straddling the large statue of a dragon out there. And it’s very, erm... *erect*.” This was probably enough information to bring back, right? The smell of sex through even the door crack was strong, and oddly it took Silvia a moment to tear her eyes away so that she could attempt to close it again. *But she didn’t get to.* The door was pulled open the rest of the way from the other side, and this pulled Silvia forward so that she stumbled... right into the arms of a scantily clad nun.

S'aiya fared no better as two more women appeared from behind and grabbed her arms. One of them shut the door, leaving Silvia alone to be dragged up in front of the sexual dragon statue. **“Crap!”** Her reaction stirred laughter from the ‘sisters’ that filled the pews, many of them playing with those dildos they had seen in the storage room. The Au Ra that pulled her was

strong and smiling.

“Fear not, my lost little newt. You will soon understand the ways of the breedmother!”

*Breedmother? Aren’t they normally referred to as broodmothers? A question she very much would have liked to have asked had she not been gagged with foul-scented cloth, hands tied behind her before she was pushed back... landing *perfect* against the sharp tip of the statue’s*

stone cock, piercing through cloth and straight into her pussy. “**MMPH!?**” A wave of arousal and pain alike rippled through the Miqo’te’s body for the huge dick was far too big from her slit.

It was difficult to find the balance to do so, but seeing as none of the scantily clad nuns were trying to force her down, she did her best to lean forward with arms bound behind her to try and push off what was essentially a gigantic stone dildo. She eventually *managed*, only for her weight to shift backwards due to an imbalance. She fell right back onto the dragon’s penis and this time it went even *deeper*.

A mix of a moan and a groan came muffled through her gag, Silvia’s energy sapped from being penetrated in such a bizarre position once again. This situation was *bad*. Were they just going to kill her after? And what about S’aiya who was still being retained in the storeroom? These were valid concerns to be sure, but they were hardly the tip of the iceberg. There were things that Silvia just hadn’t realized yet – because the sensation of a warm, stone dick wedged up her pussy was a far more distracting feeling.

Well, that and her clothing was in the way.

But around a pussy that felt like it was twitching endlessly things began to *change*. Her loins themselves were slowly accepting more of the dragon’s ‘package’ because they were widening. No, her entire *pelvis* was seemingly doing that, for the woman’s hips had been stretching wider to accommodate the mass of the overglorified dildo that her body was receiving. *Four to five* inches were added to her overall gait, and had she been paying attention she would have felt the straps of her undergarments beneath her tights snap from the added width.

Even stranger was the skin *around* her pelvis though. It had all darkened towards a copper tan, and that coloration spread farther and farther like and infection, hugging her ass and thighs. Once they were covered these areas *swelled*, ass cheeks ballooning out several inches behind her to yank down her tights, while across her thighs those tights frayed and tanned flesh bulged out through tiny tears. They *doubled* in thickness, creating an enticing appearance that evened out ever so slightly as the tan crept down her legs.

“**MMPH!?**” And it only evened out because her legs had grown a little *longer*, pushing her posture back and the dick further up her throbbing snatch beneath pubes that were thicker *and* darker in color somehow. Silvia didn’t have the foggiest idea about what was happening. In fact her very mind felt like it was plagued by a fog of sorts – one that made it difficult to think. But there was one thing that she felt for sure. Her

arousal was growing and her hips had begun to gyrate ever so slightly against the stone against her better judgment.

The moment the 'tan' touched her tail in passing while creeping up her torso, the phenomenon spread into the skin beneath her fur as well. Rather than dye it bronze, however? From the base of the tail to the tip, the skin around it turned thick and rough. Her fur fell out without follicles to bind it to her skin, revealing pieces of hard, dark blue keratin that resembled the scales of a reptile in its place. This tail was less flexible and the base was incredibly thick and barbed. It was the same kind of tail you might have found on any of the *Au Ra* in the pews that were watching her transformation with sick interest.

And that tail wasn't even the only sign of this. Similarly colored scales had crusted over the sides of her widened hips and thickened thighs – spreading all of the way down the sides of her legs where they then completely covered the fronts of her shins. From a *very* narrowed waist down she looked like an entirely different woman by this point. A fuller figured, slightly taller woman. Something that only become truer as the tan crept up into her torso.

“Mm... Mm!” Silvia wasn't sure when or how, but at some point she had begun to rock up and down against the stone dick rather than simply try to pull herself off and escape. It felt *natural. Desirable.* And it was made a little bit easier to do as her body continued to grow and her muscles strengthened to acclimate. *Au Ra* women were typically fairly short but Silv was defying those odds. By the time the tan crept through her torso and arms she had grown from 5'5" to 5'7". That was almost *freakishly* tall for an *Au Ra* female.

And I was often made fun of for my height. But the Breedmother's Cult saw my potential. They accepted me. Here I can dominate. The women love me for it! The fog that had crept over her mind was clearing, but that clarity revealed some troubling signs of memory and personality change. Had she not always been an *Au Ra* woman? That was the past she now believed herself to have had.

As the change in skin color enveloped her tits beneath her tunic, they began to swell triumphantly. Silvia's nipples were already hard from her aroused riding, but they grew larger still while the space afforded by her disheveled upper wear became far too lackluster to accommodate what was growing. Breasts soon swelled to *twice* their original size, perky and proper while aching *immensely*. If not for her hands being bound she would have been massaging them in that very moment while scales cupped them from beneath.

It was around this time that some of the nuns began to move. It hadn't bothered the transformee at all that a full room of women had been watching her ride the dragon, and in fact from her perspective it felt like that's how things *should* have been. It made her even hornier, actually. She trusted this cult. They would take care of her. So the sight of three of them coming in to tear of her existing outfit until she was completely naked wasn't just accepted, it was *welcome*. "*Mmn...*"

The copper coloration eventually found her hands, creating dark scales on their backs, and it finally reached into her face too. More scales appeared around her cheeks and beneath her chin, while her lips thickened and darkened above them to bite down harder on her gag. A smaller nose and even smaller eyes were all traits of your typical Au Ra's face, scales dipping down from her forehead. But keratin simultaneously wrapped its way around her ears until they were hidden beneath two forward pointed horns. At least before those ears were erased within, leaving only two holes for hearing.

"*Mmmn?*" The trust was still there, but even Silvia was confused when the nuns that had stripped her lifted her up and off the dick from both the legs and the back. She wanted *more*. Their intentions were soon made plain as another of the nuns began to pull thin cloth against her body though. A nun's shoal was hung over her shoulders, the cross-marked white cloth serving to only cover the nipples of her big tits whereas leather was snapped around her pussy in a thin line and bound to a collar around her waist with a heart-shaped, fishnet cutout in the center. It was the exact same outfit that all of the nuns were wearing.

And then she was dropped back down, the dick slipping past the leather around her snatch and back into her widened pussy. She could take much more of it than before, but that didn't really matter. The sudden drop finally evoked a messy climax all over the stone member, and as she bit and moaned through the gag her hair both darkened to black and shortened to hang just a few inches past her shoulder. She was left in a daze for a moment.

With her transformation complete, the sister that had led her and pushed her onto the dildo finally helped lift her off and untie her and a second got to work cleaning her cum off the rod for the *next* victim. Not that the dark-skinned, dark-haired Au Ra woman that she had become really *wanted* to leaving her post with how hard she had been riding it in the



final moments. **“How do you feel, *Terbish*? Have you seen the beauty of the Breedmother?”** The new Au Ra’s mind had been pacified into understanding the very first name that was spoken to her as her own. She immediately accepted that her identity was that of *Terbish*.

“Yes, sister. The Breedmother’s ways have been instilled upon my body and mind. *Within my womb.*” *Terbish* felt reborn. Memories of her time prior to being set upon that dragon dick were vague and she didn’t really care to remember them. She was a woman of the Breedmother’s Cult now through and through. A draconic sex cult of Au Ra women that indoctrinated more and more into their cause through the same process that she had just experienced. Which reminded *Terbish* of something. **“Would you like me to fetch my partner?”**



The sister that had ‘trained’ her nodded, and with a sultry sway *Terbish* walked to the door that she had been snatched from. The same storeroom that contained a S’aiya who had already been gagged and bound. Women of the Breedmother’s Cult always had ‘partners’. Another woman to satiate each other when the mere dildo wouldn’t do. In *Terbish*’s mind, because she had come with S’aiya she would be partnered with S’aiya. She grabbed the Miqu’te by the collar and pulled her out. **“Your turn.”**

Of course S’aiya didn’t know what was going on. She didn’t know that the dark-skinned beauty that had just grabbed her was the friend she had been terribly worried about while tied up in the storage room. Yet attempting to struggle against the woman’s strong grasp as she was pulled along was futile, and before long she found herself standing before the wet and slippery dick of the mighty dragon statue herself. **“MMPH!?”**

“Do not fret, my little newt. You will make a fine partner for me.”

And *Terbish* pushed S’aiya back, falling on the dick’s tip herself with a pained moan.

Being a lesbian, she was naturally used to utilizing sex toys. But certainly *not* one that was quite so large under any circumstances. It was almost shockingly large, but what didn’t strike the Miqu’te was that relative to her own body it was actually growing *larger*. Not because the statue itself was showing any signs of growth, but because her 5’6”

height was doing the *opposite*. Even despite her uncomfortable posture against the dragon dildo initially her feet could still touch the ground without leaning forward... *at first*. But gradually those feet were lifted off the floor – and not because she was leaning back and into the dildo more.

Rather, her pant legs were bunching up a little around her knees, and while her jacket had slid off her shoulders when she had fallen, her hands would have pulled back into her sleeves were she still wearing it. Not to mention the bottom of her white top was closer to her navel than it had been prior. Unlike Silv, who had grown taller, S'aiya had done the exact opposite. She had shrunk down to 5'0", making her a full five inches shorter than Terbish.

A more reasonable height for an *Au Ra woman*.

It wasn't like the woman hadn't noticed that her feet were no longer touching the floor. After all, because of it she could feel the dildo pushing more into her clit. She finally mustered the strength and will to force herself upright a little so that shortened legs could reach but she *definitely* didn't have the strength to lift herself up. Even *despite* the fact that her body was becoming far less *top heavy*.

Her tits were already *larger* than what Terbish's had become and that wasn't a good fit for the dynamic the Breedmother had in store for the two women. Rather than grow any more excessively in size, S'aiya's bosom actually did the opposite. Her white top almost looked like it was collapsing in on itself because there was a dramatically lessened amount of meat for it to contain. Huge tits crept closer to her chest and her nipples shrunk, but just as oddly? The natural tan of her skin appeared increasingly pale. Until eventually they were merely on the lower side of C-cups. Still extremely perky, but she could probably fully grab one with one of her hands.

"MMPH? MMPH!" There was something almost squeaky about the moans and groans she was sounding, but much like Terbish before her she found herself beginning to *enjoy* the statue's cock, hips rocking subtle. The paler tone of skin was creeping through the rest of her body now, and much like Silvia she was developing scales in similar locations with one notable difference. Her scales were the white scales of the Raen tribe. Something that was exemplified in the inevitable scales of her changed tail, or upon white horns that waved backwards where her ears had once been.

S'aiya's mind was groggy. Was she supposed to be in this monastery? *I am! I was always way too slutty... too playful! I think I'm um, what's it called? Hypersexual? So it was hard for me to make friends! But the*

Breedmother's Cult gave me a place to belong! ...Or so new memories suggested. Her thoughts sounded far ditzier and energetic than S'aiya ever acted. "**MMN!?**"

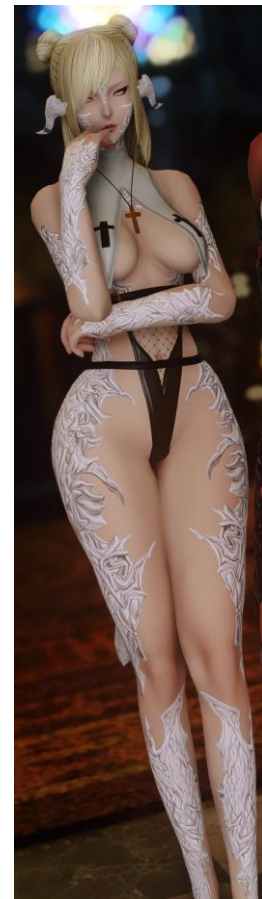
Now intentionally riding the dick, a surprised moan was sounded as she felt it push farther into her pussy than it had before – in tandem with the front button flying off her pants. Her hips had *significantly* widened all of a sudden, and like her new Au Ra peers her thighs and ass had bloated into a fully plushness that made up for her smaller tits. Her ass was probably even bigger than Terbish's, and she couldn't help but think about being spanked in the bedroom.

Her small body was close to cumming and the sisters had taken notice. Led by Terbish on this occasion, she was subjected to the same lifting and stripping and redressing process that the taller Au Ra was (though they had a hard time yanking tight pants from her thickened lower half). Before long her paled body was dressed in the very same, with the face of the woman now smaller and cuter than it had been as a Miqu'te, white scales and all.

Being dropped back onto the dildo one last time was enough to make her finally squirt, and as she moaned in a satisfied manner through the gag her messy, brown hair finally lightened to a platinum blonde, shortening to her shoulders while some was tied up into buns by the nuns attending to her. Then Terbish grabbed and lifted her so that she was standing, removing those bindings with an astounding strength.

"How do you feel, Kikume? Have you seen the beauty of the breedmother?" Terbish repeated the words that had been spoken to her when her own transformation had concluded flawlessly, changing only the name so that it was more suitable for a woman of the Raen clan. The blonde-haired and white-scaled Au Ra's golden eyes glazed over at the sound of her new name, and once her bindings were finally removed she reply.

After sensually licking her lips, that is. "**Oooh, sister! I feel great. The Breedmother's way is so good!**" The process of being indoctrinated could lead to changes in one's personality. While Terbish had become serious and demanding, a real *top* in the bedroom? Kikume was a playful, bubbly bottom that desired to be straddled and tied up. She had been a little sad that her bindings had been removed. But not as sad as she had been when she'd been lifted off the



prized dragon dick of their cult.

Of course the two of them were only ‘sisters’ in that they had become nuns, so Terbish grabbing Kikume by the shoulder and pulling her in for a rough kiss with *lots* of tongue wasn’t all that strange. They both yearned for it anyways. And that union of their bodies was met with moans and cheers from the crowd of other women in the pews. “**Why don’t we get a little... rougher, y’know?**” Kikumi’s arousal was plain. Her pussy was still dripping through the thin folds of cloth around her loins, and she was rubbing her tits up against Terbish, who was taller than herself.

The very first sister who had changed Terbish spoke up. “**You two know where the Room of Union is. To celebrate your induction into the Breedmother’s Cult, why not use it?**” An idea that sparked a greater fire in the eyes of both women. Without saying a word, Terbish grabbed Kikume around the waist and tossed her over her shoulder, the smaller woman squeeing with delight as her bare ass jiggled in the air.

“**A good idea.**”

“**Oooh! Don’t forget a *huge* strap-on from the storeroom, Terbie!**”

...Terbie?