

Church on State

The Talkman

Adam and Paula Fitzpatrick had left their hometown of Parkersboro to escape the rampant corruption that gripped it to its core. They would return ten years later with hopes of cleaning it up.

Adam and Paula were high school sweethearts. Adam had always been an outspoken guy, and that is what attracted Paula to him. To be honest, she had had a crush on him for years.

They went to school together, and they also went to the same church. That was where she first laid eyes on him, during Sunday School, when they were children. She was smitten at first sight, but was too nervous to say anything. As she grew up, she just could not seem to work up the nerve to confess her feelings. She talked herself away from him, afraid of rejection, and her childish crush dissipated with maturity, though those initial feelings still lingered.

During her middle school and early high school years, she explored other options, while still keeping an eye on Adam. That old flame still flickered, but not as brightly. Adam had always seemed shy as well, but as he grew up, he became

more outgoing and outspoken. And once this happened, Paula's crush began to burn brightly once again.

She would watch him when he was on stage with the debate team, and the passion with which he spoke reaffirmed her attraction to him immediately. It also didn't hurt that he had become an exceedingly handsome young man.

Paula loved intelligent men, so watching this handsome young man speak with wisdom beyond his years, passionately defending his views and high minded ideals, was enough to rekindle the embers of Paula's crush. He drove her wild every time she saw him, watching him quietly from the crowd, heart pounding and face flushed hot and pink.

It took a while, but Paula eventually worked up the nerve to talk to him, and she could see him perk up when she started talking politics. Their first meeting evolved from awkward chit-chat into a friendly debate, and she could feel his respect for her growing as they developed a fluid give and take, each conceding politely to the other's point of view.

They started dating soon after that, and quickly became inseparable.

Adam recognized a kindred spirit in Paula. For most people his age, talking about politics and world issues was taboo; most of their classmate's interests were banal and selfish, ordinary. In Paula, he found someone he could talk to and learn from. She was as informed and proactive as he was. It also didn't hurt that she was extremely cute. Cute and funny. And she didn't let him get too serious about things. She kept him grounded and did not let him take himself too seriously.

Adam wasn't the type of guy to go after the hottest girl around; though those types of vapid sluts seemed to pursue him endlessly, drawn to him despite his disinterest. He wanted a girl with substance. And Paula had substance. She had personality.

That's not to say she wasn't pretty, because she was. She may not be a model, but she was more than enough for him. She had a cute, round cheeked, face, with mousy brown hair and a light bit of freckles. She had smooth, creamy pale

skin. Her body was petite, and he soon realized that Paula had some body issues.

Adam still remembered the first time they made love. It was both of their first times. It was the greatest moment of his life up to that point. He enjoyed himself, but Paula at times seemed hesitant and unsure. She did not think her boobs enough for him, but he comforted her, telling her anything more than a handful was a waste. She didn't think her butt was round enough, her slim hips wide enough, but he consoled her, telling her it was perfect as is, and yet again, more than a handful is a waste. As time went on, Paula loosened up, and Adam could feel her confidence grow in herself, as he constantly reassured and comforted her.

Paula couldn't help but wonder how she got so lucky to end up with a man like Adam. In her opinion, he was the hottest guy she had ever seen. He had a lean, muscular, build, solid but not imposing. He had a strong jaw line and sharp features, making him stand out from the crowd. He had a boyish charm, and an extremely charming smile, and these features made him seem approachable and affable. And he had a smile you had to earn. Sometimes, he could be a bit too serious about things, but Paula knew just the way to

ground him and put that cute smile of his on his face. He had charisma that could carry a room. He never dominated the conversation, he always let people speak their mind, but the way he spoke made everyone want to listen.

Paula could tell he was meant to be a politician. He was perfect for it. Paula realized she could never do the things Adam could do. Adam was a star. But Adam needed someone like her at his side, and Paula vowed to be there.

Paula knew it was destiny when Adam confessed that he had had a crush on her since they were young, when he saw her at Sunday School, but had been too shy to approach her. They shared a laugh as she confessed the same feelings during her younger days, and they wondered what could have been had they gotten together earlier.

Adam proposed to Paula during their graduation ceremony. There was not a dry eye in the house. Most parents would be hesitant to let their 18 year old child get married, but their parents realized those two were perfect for each other. They married quickly at the Church they

had attended their entire lives, the Church where they had first seen each other.

It was as they were deciding which college to attend that they realized the corruption that had spread through the town they grew up in. Parkersboro had seemed like the perfect little town, but as they grew up the shiny veneer of the city started to disappear, revealing the town's seedy underbelly. Urban decay set in, as streets fell into disrepair, street gangs spread graffiti, and vandals ran rampant, destroying or desecrating public property. Those in government were exposed for some of the unseemly things they did; bribes, back alley deals, abuse of power, scandal; but they always seemed to escape justice. The drug trade was thriving, and the police were unable or unwilling to do anything about it, as most of the cops were eventually revealed to be on the take. The criminals were running the town, it seemed, and no one was stopping them.

Most importantly for them, though, was that this taint had spread to the Church. Both of them were devout Catholics, and they both would say that part of the reason they turned out as grounded, mature, young adults was due to their involvement in the Church. But the Church's greed and

suspicion of involvement in some shady dealings had shaken their faith. Now that their Church was corrupt, it seemed that part of what made their home was gone and the memory of those bright and happy days with it.

Both Adam and Paula were aware of this cancerous taint, but neither was in a position to do anything about it. Adam hated what his hometown had become. He vowed to himself that he would change things. He would not let himself be corrupted like so many others were. He vowed to be a beacon of hope. He vowed to be the one to change things. But he knew now was not the time. It was with heavy hearts that both of them chose to leave Parkersboro and go to college out of state, both leaving home for the first time.

They were nervous as they entered college, unsure of how to start a new life in a new place. But they acclimated quickly and turned this new city into their new home. They got a house together, they joined a Church together, and they went to school together. Things were great.

As time passed, it still nagged at both of them that their home town had ended up with such a tarnished reputation.

They both kept up with Parkersboro in the news, and things only seemed to get worse. This grated them, but they were still not in a place to be able to do anything.

They both went on to study Political Science in school, hoping to pursue a career in politics, but, deep down, they both knew Adam was the one with a future in politics. He was a man that could get people on his side. Paula was just as intelligent as he was, but she did not have the charisma, the passion, or the strikingly good looks that he did. She was not a bad looking girl, but she did not stand out from the crowd.

Immediately after graduation, Adam and Paula both got jobs with the local government. They knew they needed to get their feet wet, and experience how the political system worked first-hand. It did not take long for people to recognize Adam's political talent, and once they did he quickly rose within the political ladder. Within two years he was elected mayor.

This city had never had a more popular Mayor. For once, the Mayor was not some cigar chomping stodgy old rich

guy, but a young and vibrant forward thinking go-getter, who genuinely cared about the community. He was clever, using the media and the internet in a way the old guard would never think of. He was a young-man in an old-man's game. His charisma won over people quickly, and the disillusioned youth found someone they could believe in. He was their voice. And to the dismay of his competitors, he was an immediate success. The local economy grew, unemployment went down and local businesses thrived. And he was most proud of the fact that he had stood up to corruption. He had been offered bribes, offered back-alley deals, and he was even threatened, but Adam stood up for himself. He stood up for good. He had succeeded in the way he wanted to. He had never felt more pride.

As his first term came to an end, people were calling for his re-election. But the truth was his thoughts still dwelled on Parkersboro. He knew now he had what it took to clean up a town, and get it on the straight and narrow. He knew he had what it took to end corruption, and nothing tantalized him quite like going home and cleaning it up. Part of him wanted to stay here and continue the work he started, but he couldn't resist the temptation. It was with a heavy heart

that he announced that he would not be returning as Mayor for a second term. He was going home.

Adam and Paula returned home for the first time in nearly ten years. It was nice to see their friends and family, but unfortunately, Parkersboro had not improved. The strain of corruption was apparent in every facet of the town. The businesses, City Hall, and even the schools. Adam knew he had his work cut out for him.

Adam had already started his campaign for Mayor of his birthplace, and even though the election was not for another eight months, he had a home base set up, in an old restaurant, where he had his people spreading the good word about him, generating positive buzz.

Paula was his campaign adviser, and helped handle the financial side of the campaign. She was the perfect person to have on his side, and plus, it was nice to spend as much time as he could with his soul-mate.

To get support for his campaign, Adam was required to meet with the heads of various organizations, and that's

what he was doing today. He was meeting with the newly elected Mother Superior of the local convent.

Paula had set this meeting up, as she still maintained a close relationship with the Church. While Adam still maintained his faith, he did not attend Church as often as he used to. The Church had a negative stigma attached to it that had left him disillusioned. He still attended when he could, but it was mostly for Paula's sake. She was much more devout than he was, and she had confessed that if she wasn't in politics, she would be working for the Church. She was happy to see that the Church in Parkersboro where they had gotten married was under the guidance of a new group, led by a new Mother Superior. Paula had yet to meet her, but everyone spoke very highly of her. Paula was quick to accommodate when she'd received a call requesting a sit down with Adam from this Sister Catherine.

Paula had some ulterior motives as well. Part of her knew a surefire way to get a group of voters was to get the church on their side. Plus, despite his best efforts, Paula had caught on to the fact that he was not as dedicated to the Church as he used to be. She was hoping that maybe this new,

supposedly charismatic and influential Mother Superior could maybe win him back.

Adam and Paula were waiting in his office for the Mother Superior to arrive. Their campaign office operated out of a small storefront they'd leased in one of the more run-down neighborhoods. When they'd moved in the front window was broken and boarded up, and it was covered with lewd and offensive graffiti. Adam had never been afraid of hard work, and in the space of a week had transformed the run down storefront into his renewed and renovated campaign office. Adam thought it important to be close to the action; to show not only his dedication to community outreach, having employed many of the locals in some way or another, but that he was not afraid. Now his campaign office stood as testament to his promise that he'd similarly clean up the rest of Parkersboro.

The gleaming white spit-shined storefront stood out as a sign of his incorruptibly spirit in the midst of the ruin that surrounded it. Paula had decided to have the Mother Superior meet them here, to show their dedication, and hopefully to impress her and gain the Church's support.

"So, you haven't even met her?" Adam asked.

"No, but I have only heard good things." Paula said.

"Do you know if she is punctual?" Adam asked, checking his watch, and tapping it with his finger three times for effect, holding it up to his ear as if to make sure it was still ticking.

"No." Paula said with a laugh, "I haven't heard that."

Adam stood and walked over to the window. He looked at the city, a city he hoped would soon be within his power to save.

"There are better things we could be doing right now, as opposed to meeting with all these leaders of these organizations. We could be out on the streets, getting our name out there, doing good," Adam huffed, a little frustrated. It was not in him to be cooped up in one place. He was constantly at work, constantly moving. Paula came up behind him.

"Honey you need to calm down." she said, rubbing his shoulders. She knew how worked up he could get sometimes, but like a good wife, she knew how to calm him down. She kissed his neck and as she continued to rub his neck she could feel him relax a bit, pushing back against her.

"I always love how you looked all dressed up." she said, admiring her fit, sexy husband in his dress clothes.

Adam turned to face his wife. He wrapped his hands around her waist.

"You don't want to get me too relaxed. You don't want me to have to take the rest of the afternoon off and show you what happens when you rub my shoulders like that," Adam growled in mock lust, leaning forward to kiss his pretty wife. She giggled and kissed him back. Before they could get carried away, there was a knock at the door as it opened. Adam and Paula pulled apart just in time as somebody walked in.

"Hello?" a female voice called out questioningly. A head peeked around the door. Her headpiece gave away her identity. She looked over at the red faced couple, startled and embarrassed at having been caught in an intimate moment by a Nun.

"Oh, I'm sorry. Is this a bad time?" the Nun inquired with a polite giggle that put them at ease. Adam looked over, and he was surprised to see she was so young. He expected an older woman, not the pretty face of the woman standing behind the door.

"No, by all means, come on in." Adam said, pulling away from Paula and walking towards the nun to greet her. As he did, she stepped out from behind the door and shut it. As she did, Adam couldn't help but study her.

She was strikingly gorgeous. Bright, friendly eyes, pouty lips, and a cute, dimpled, smile. She only looked to be couple years older than him. Adam realized this woman could have been a model, but obviously she had gone the opposite direction.

He glanced at the rest of her, and even though she was wearing a bulky habit, with the way the unflattering garment was cinched at her waist, the way the bulky material draped off her lush form so dramatically suggested that she had a good body. And despite his better judgment, he could not help but note that with the way the habit hung off her, it seemed as if she had a very sizable chest. Adam realized what he was doing, looking at this pious representative of the Church with that same calculating leer he had seen his frat buddies use when sizing up a hot bodied sorority slut, and he looked up into her eyes before anyone could notice his shame.

"Hello, Mother Superior. I'm Adam Fitzpatrick. This is my wife, Paula." Adam said, quick to regain his senses, gesturing towards Paula as he invited her in.

"Please, no need for the formalities. You can call me Catherine." she said with a warm smile, holding out her hand. Adam took her hand in his, and she squeezed it gently. She did the same with Paula.

Adam went and sat behind his desk, and Paula sat to the side. Catherine sat across the desk, facing Adam. As Catherine took her seat, she fidgeted with her outfit, as if it was uncomfortable. Well, it was a pretty hot day, Adam thought.

"So, how can I help you Catherine?" Adam asked. She had requested this meeting, so Adam was here to let her say her piece.

"Well, first of all, it's nice to see a fresh face in town. I think we are in agreement that things around here need to change. Lord above knows that I've have done my part," Catherine started, looking up and crossing her heart, "Before I got here, the Church was extremely corrupt, and I sought to change that. Some have rejected my group. They called us untraditional, or an outlying sect. People fear change, and they will oppose it. So, you need to remain strong in order to succeed. Trust me, I know. So I am here to help. I know there can't be any formal business done between us, but the Church's support can go far. I try to keep myself active and informed politically, so I know you are the future, Adam. I not only want to establish a relationship between your campaign and the church, but I

want to establish a strong relationship between you two and my Church," Catherine concluded.

"What do you mean?" Adam asked, raising a questioning eyebrow.

"We have done our research on you two, and we have noticed you guys haven't come back to our church since arriving back in town. I would like to change that," Catherine stated firmly.

"Well, we've been busy with the campaign. I have been going to a Church just outside town, and Adam comes when he can." Paula replied nervously, afraid of offending the Mother Superior, squirming slightly underneath her stern gaze.

"Well, I hope to change that. I want you guys to come to my church, and see what we have to offer. I hope that you two will come back week after week. And if you like what you see, then you will have the Church's full support in the upcoming election. I will make myself indispensable to your campaign. If you need anything from me, let me

know. Not only do I want you to get close to the Church, I want you two to be close to me. I am hoping that, during this campaign, we can all grow to be close friends," Catherine paused, leaning forward slightly, "Very close friends."

Adam smiled, as she finished her speech.

"So, you have been called untraditional. What makes you guys untraditional?" Adam inquired, knitting his fingers together as he leaned forward to hear her reply.

"I feel I have a far more progressive world view than most of my contemporaries. Honestly, I think the Church is stuck in the past. The Church adheres to a lot of dogma and custom that is no longer relevant in our modern society. The more we get stuck in the past, the more we drive the people of the present away. I feel that if the Church does not evolve, attendance will go down, and our message will be lost. People think of Pastors and Nuns as old, rigidly boring people. I want to show the youth of today that they can be involved in the Church and that the Church can be youthful, cool, and most importantly, relevant. I am trying

to bring us up to the present, with an eye towards the future," Catherine paused, sitting up a straighter, chest thrust proudly forward, "The Church, in many ways, inhibits a lot of the ways that some people experience God in their own lives. In many ways, the church shoots itself in the foot. Like I said, I am more progressive than most. For example, I feel one of the ways in which I differ from most is my attitude on sex. While there are certain rules in place, I feel there is more wiggle room than most. I argue that the church should be far more open with sex, not treat it as some dirty thing that should be hidden. I feel a more open discourse on sex would be beneficial for all. We should encourage people to have healthy sexual relationships, and still live a pious life. Sex happens, whether we hope it doesn't or not. That's just one of the things that differentiate us from the 'normal' church." Catherine proposed proudly, "In the past the Church has acted as if the act of physical love for pleasure rather than procreation was a shameful practice, but this only drove such physical intimacy into the alleys and the back rooms; in effect Church unwittingly created prostitution, and made it profitable. It is this feeling of shame that leads to adultery, betrayal, and sin. If the Church is more open and accepting and preached education and restraint rather than shame, think of all the unwed teen mothers, or divorces that could be avoided?"

Adam nodded slowly, taking in what she said.

"How does the Church feel about this?" Adam asked pointedly. Catherine laughed.

"Well, they don't agree with the views and philosophies of one upstart young Nun such as myself, but what they do like the fact that attendance has increased 150% since my arrival in town." Catherine stated proudly. Adam nodded, impressed.

"Well, I don't have much more to say. I hope I can count on seeing you two on Sunday. If there is anything more you want to discuss after seeing what I have to offer, we can do it then." Catherine said.

"We'll be there." Adam said with a smile, rising from his seat.

"I should be going." Catherine said, looking at the clock on the wall. She stood, as did the married couple, while they said their goodbyes.

Catherine turned to Paula, and took her small hand in hers, "Thank you for making time for me, Child. The Lord smiles on devoted young women like you."

Paula flushed, as Catherine turned to leave, closing the door behind her.

"What do you think?" he asked his wife.

"Actually, I kinda like her." she said brightly.

"Me too." Adam said.

"She might be a little out there as far as nuns go, but she is a free thinker and that is the type of person we want on our side." Paula said.

"Agreed." Adam replied.

"She's definitely not your typical nun." Paula added.

Adam and Paula attended Catherine's Church the next Sunday. As they entered the Church, they were blown away by how packed it was. They were able to find some seats in the back to take in the show. They watched the Priest take them through the service, and once he was done, Catherine emerged, to the delight of the crowd. For the next few minutes, Catherine spoke. All eyes were on her as she spread her message. Adam and Paula saw her at work for the first time, and her charisma and passion showed through. She had the crowd in the palm of her hand, entranced. Adam realized Catherine would be an incredible politician. He might be able to learn a few things from her.

Adam and Paula gave each other impressed nods as Catherine finished and the service came to a close. They waited as people filed out of the Church. Once enough space had cleared out, they made their way towards the front of the Church to talk to Catherine. Catherine smiled as she saw them approach.

"So, what did you two think?" Catherine asked with a bright smile.

"It was pretty impressive." Paula said. Adam nodded in agreement.

"Can I expect to see you guys here next week?" Catherine asked.

"Sure." Paula volunteered eagerly, "I've always loved the Church, so I would be happy to get more involved."

"That sounds great! And how about you, Adam?" Catherine questioned, meeting his gaze with her own.

"I'll be here when I can," Adam stated diplomatically. He noticed a disappointed frown cross his wife's thin lips.

To be honest, Adam was a bit weary of Catherine. Sure she was charismatic and she put on a great show, but he thought that the theatrics might be a distraction. He was impressed

but he was not quite as enamored with her as Paula was. He was not quite as fulfilled by the Church as he had used to be. The corruption he had encountered had left a sour taste in his mouth, and as he got older, he started to question a lot of his beliefs, including the existence of God. He put up a good front in front of Paula, but he was conflicted internally by this question, his faith tenuous.

"Well, I can't wait to see you. And if either of you want to ever talk one on one, my door is always open," Catherine said invitingly.

Adam and Paula nodded and turned to leave. They walked out of the Church, hand in hand.

Neither of them knew it, but a pair of eyes was watching them. A woman's eyes. Her eyes glued onto Adam's butt as he walked. She smiled to herself. She looked forward to the day when she would see that butt bare. She looked forward to the day when she would see that butt of his as he thrust into her, driving his no doubt large dick into her and filling her with his seed. Her pussy moistened at the thought. She knew it was only a matter of time. She knew that very soon,

his wife would be out of the picture, and he would seek comfort in her lush body.

Paula was interested in taking Catherine up on her offer of a one-on-one meeting. She tried to talk Adam into it, but he brushed her off, claiming he was too busy, but he wished her luck. That was how Paula found herself in the Church during the week. She was walking the halls of the Church, looking for Catherine's office. She finally stumbled upon it, and she looked in to see Catherine at her desk. Paula knocked to get her attention.

"Oh, Paula! So good to see you. Please, sit down." Catherine said, smiling as she stood and welcomed her guest, gesturing to an empty chair. Paula sat down, and Catherine followed suit.

"So, how can I help you?" Catherine questioned, as she settled back into her comfortably plush chair.

"Well, I want to help out here at the Church however I can." Paula replied, as she tried to get comfortable in the stiff-backed wooden chair.

"That's wonderful news. We can get down to business later, but I want to get to know you better, okay?" Catherine beamed.

"Uh, sure, what do you want to know?" Paula answered hesitantly.

"How is your marriage going? It must be pretty stressful," Catherine probed, raising a delicate eyebrow.

"It's going okay. You're right, it is stressful at times, and we both understand that we don't have as much...quality time...as we used to, but it comes with the territory, I guess," Paula admitted embarrassed. Paula had pretty much confessed to her that they don't get to have sex as much as they used to, and hoped that Catherine had not picked up on it, but she could already see the look of sympathy in the Nun's intelligent and knowing eyes.

"I totally understand. I know how difficult it must be to maintain a healthy relationship with the stress you two are under," Catherine said comfortingly, "How's Adam doing?"

"He's good. He's busy, but he's good." Paula answered quickly, trying to defuse this line of questioning, as her cheeks became pink with embarrassment. Catherine smiled.

"So, how would you like to help?" Catherine asked, changing the subject, much to Paula's relief.

"Well, in any way I can. I am busy, obviously, but anything I could do to help that could fit in my schedule would be perfect," Paula responded eagerly, "To be honest, I have always wanted to do more work at the Church. I've told my husband that if I wasn't in politics, I would have gone into the Church. Maybe I would have been a Nun like you."

"Really?" Catherine replied, a sly grin creeping across her stunning face, as she again raised her delicate eyebrow,

"You know, we are always on the lookout for more women to join the Church as Nuns. If you ever felt the compulsion, we would love to have you." Catherine offered. .

"Oh, I don't know about that. I'm married now. I think that time has passed," Catherine answered, laughing the suggestion off. Catherine stared at her, her beautiful face suddenly stern and serious.

"We are accepting of women from all facets of life. It is never too late to join the Church. It doesn't matter if you are young, old, single, married. Sure, sacrifices must be made to live a more virtuous life, but to be closer to the Lord, that would make all it all worth it. Believe me, I know." Catherine countered, stern and forceful. Paula suddenly felt small.

"Um, well, I'll think about it." Paula said, eager to move on from this conversation.

The rest of the conversation was pretty dull, as they discussed the various opportunities for Paula to help out. They came to an agreement for her to help out at an event

later in the week. Paula left in a good mood, but a little shaken by Catherine's offer.

Part of what Catherine said resonated with her. Part of her was tempted by the idea of becoming a Nun. She had always been devoted to the Lord, and part of her wished she could live a life that would illustrate that fully. But, she just could not, right? If she were to become a Nun, she would have to get divorced, and she could not do that. She loved Adam more than anything. She would have to give up on the pleasures in life that she had gotten used to. She would have to give up all of her stuff. She would have to give up the life she lived. She would have to give up sex! She could not do any of that...could she?

Adam was in his office, taking care of some paperwork. He was a little worried about Paula. She had seemed distant the previous night, and when he asked her about it, she said she was fine. But Adam knew his wife well, and he knew something was up, but she would not tell him what. Adam

was worried about her, but he was too busy to press the issue.

The campaign trail was tough. It was hard to get donors to support his cause. The people with money did not want things to change because the current ways benefited them. He was hoping his campaign would not fall apart due to lack of funds. He had the right message, but he hoped it did not get lost because of a lack of money.

Adam stretched, and rubbed the sleep from his eyes; he could feel fatigue setting in, having put in many long hours in the past few weeks; and decided that he should wind down the day and head home as soon as he checked the mail.

Adam picked up the stack of mail he had received and started sorting through it. He finally reached a large, unmarked envelope. He opened it up and reached inside. His fingers latched onto what felt like glossy 8x10 pictures. He pulled them out and flipped them around. He was stunned by what they revealed.

He was holding a stack of pictures of a woman. And not just any woman. They were pictures of an extremely voluptuous woman, in very little clothes. To put it bluntly, this woman was stacked. She had giant breasts, snugly tucked into a scandalously tight bra. They looked absolutely huge. Adam had never seen bigger breasts in his life. They were complimented by the fact that those huge tits were on an otherwise firm, fit frame. She had smooth, tan skin and a firm, flat, belly. His assessment was that she was in great shape.

Adam's eyes trailed down her belly, past her cute belly button, to her underwear. The only things this woman wore were a lacey pink bra and a matching set of skimpy pink panties. Both items of clothing were semi-transparent, which allowed Adam a glimpse at both of her turgid, juicy, nipples and the small strip of hair above her pussy. The only thing Adam could not see was the woman's lower legs and her face. He could see just a hint of her long smooth brunette hair as it fell over her shoulders. Adam had to admit, this woman was amazingly sexy. Then he realized this was only the first picture.

He flipped to the next photo. The first photo had been from the front, the second was from the back. This allowed Adam to see this woman's perfectly ripe heart-shaped ass, teasingly exposed by the skimpy little thong she was wearing. Adam had to admit her ass was absolutely perfect. It was round and firm, and jutted out in just the right way.

Adam's eyes trailed up her smooth, sexy back, the graceful slope of which was only marred by the overworked strap of her straining bra, stretched so tight it cut into her supple white skin. The picture again only exposed a bit of her long brunette hair before the picture cut off.

Adam flipped to the final picture. This one again highlighted her prodigious bust, still encased in the sexy bra, but unlike the others, this picture showed part of her face, namely her mouth. Her glossy bee-stung lips were thick and full, and were covered with sexy deep red lipstick. They were pursed in a kissing motion, and her hand was under her chin, as if she was blowing a kiss to the person looking at the photo. On the bottom of the picture were words, written in the same shade of lipstick and sealed with a kiss.

"I thought you would enjoy these. XOXO."

Adam neck snapped up at the sound of a creak in the hallway, and he was gripped with a sudden paranoia that he would be caught looking at these sexy photos. His first instinct was to shred them and be done with it, but he was aware that his opponents could easily be going through his trash, looking for any dirt they could find on him. He instead resolved to open a locked drawer in his desk and shoved the pictures inside, locking it again. He gave the drawer a solid jerk, ensuring it was secure. The drawer did not budge. Satisfied that his secret was safe, he dropped the key into his breast pocket to ensure that no one would be able to rifle through his desk but himself.

He did not know who had sent these pictures, or what they were trying to accomplish. He knew it was all too easy for politicians to get embroiled in scandal for stuff like this, so he decided just to brush it off and try not to give it too much thought.

As Adam left for the night, he could not help but wonder who the woman in the photos was. If he would have studied the photos longer, he would have noticed a clue to the woman's identity. He was too lost in her hot body to care.

If he would have studied the last picture a little longer he would have noticed what the woman had around her neck. And if he had studied her cleavage just a little longer, he would have noticed what the clue was. He might have noticed the rosary around her neck, and the cross tucked snugly in this woman's incredible cleavage.

It was a few days later and Paula was at the Church. She was cleaning up after an arts & crafts event for some of the neighborhood kids. As she threw some stuff away, she heard a voice from behind her.

"I think this went well," Catherine chirped cheerfully as she entered the room.

"Yeah, it was fun," Paula answered back with a smile, standing up and brushing off her hands.

"I'm surprised your husband hasn't come by to meet with me yet." Catherine mused, the corners of her mouth dropping in a slight, disappointed, frown, "I had hoped he'd come out with you today."

"Well, he's been pretty busy," Paula replied apologetically, "He was going to come help me out, but something came up. I'm sure he'll drop by soon."

"He'd better. He'll end up in my office sooner or later." Catherine laughed, stepping next to Paula, and put her hand on the smaller woman's shoulder, giving it a firm and insistent squeeze, "Have you thought about what we discussed last time?"

"W-What are you talking about?" Paula questioned with a hint of confusion.

"We had discussed you joining the convent," Catherine answered, the humor gone from her usually melodious voice, her eyes stern and serious again.

"Oh, uh, no, I hadn't really thought about it," was Paula's shaky response, as she squirmed uncomfortably under Catherine's gaze, "I assumed you were joking."

"I never joke where the Lord is involved," Catherine replied humorlessly.

Catherine sighed, as she put her arm firmly around Paula's shoulder and began to lead her to the door in the back, "I'm pretty good at reading people Paula, and I think I have a good read on you. I can tell that you desperately want to join us here, but you are too scared to do so. You are too afraid at how Adam will react. You need to understand how life-changing joining the Church can be. That feeling of freedom and satisfaction will make it all worth it. Trust me." Catherine explained. Paula was taken aback.

"I don't know what you are talking about. I don't believe I am giving off that impression," Paula responded, flustered,

as she scrambled to keep pace Catherine's long legged stride, as the nun gently lead her towards the back.

"So, you don't want to be closer to the Lord?" Catherine questioned, raising her delicately trimmed eyebrow.

"That's not what I'm saying, it's just..." Paula mumbled before Catherine cut her off.

"You sound unsure. Let me show you around a bit," Catherine offered, opening the door that lead into the recesses of the church, "I want you to meet some of my girls."

Catherine walked through, expecting Paula to follow. Paula felt uncomfortable about this, but she felt obligated to follow. She walked behind Catherine as they walked the halls of the Church. Finally, Catherine led her threw a door into a large room.

A nun walked past Paula, and she was shocked by what she saw. The nun was young; younger than her; and she was

gorgeous, but most noticeable was her outfit. She was wearing a habit, but it was unlike any she had ever seen. It was absolutely painted on. Painted across her voluptuous body. Her large breasts. Her bubble butt. It was practically a body suit. She was confused by this, and she looked at Catherine quizzically.

"I see you noticed her habit," Catherine said proudly, "I know it's a bit untraditional, but you will find I'm a bit of an untraditional girl. Besides, I teach my girls to highlight the gifts that God gave them." Catherine paused and then added, "God gifted these woman with physical beauty to better attract parishioners and spread his word; that's why they call it being 'blessed.'"

Paula looked around and saw she was in a room full of nuns. Paula could immediately see Catherine's influence, as these girls were clearly not your typical nuns. All of the nuns were her age or younger, and they all adhered to Catherine's fashion code; namely tight, form fitting habits.

Paula was stunned. Each one of these girls was stunningly beautiful. Each one of these nuns had hot bodies, illustrated

by their tight habits. She could not help but notice that each one of these girls was quite blessed in the chest department, every last one of them exceedingly busty. Each one of them had hourglass figures, fit and firm. Paula realized that each one of these nuns could have been models. Nude models. Centerfolds. Porn stars.

"Why haven't I seen these before?" Paula asked, looking around in confused wonderment. A lot of the nuns had helped out at the event they just held, and they were all wearing similar outfits to Catherine. Traditional habits. It was as if they changed now that they were out of sight of the public.

"Some people are hesitant when confronted with change. We keep the peace, for now, but eventually, these will be our daily wear in public." Catherine responded matter-of-factly. Paula had to admit that she was impressed by her bold confidence in what she viewed as an unlikely future.

"Do you have one?" Paula asked playfully, as she gave an amused look at this unusual yet beautiful woman.

"Of course. I would ask my girls to wear those if I was not willing to do so myself," Catherine boasted proudly.

Paula marveled at this woman. She did not come across like a nun to her. Nuns were not usually this open and candid...or fun to be around. Catherine had a way about her that made you want to be near her.

Catherine showed Paula around, introduced her to the nuns, and explained some of their daily lives and some of the charitable events they took a part in almost daily, such as helping the homeless, helping the imprisoned, and cleaning up the city. Paula was impressed.

"Paula, I think you would fit right in here. My girls and I value passionate people who care about the Lord and his Flock. My girls and I value people who have been blessed by the Lord in many ways. The Lord has blessed you with a selfless soul. You would fit right in here," Catherine said.

Paula was flattered to think she would fit in with these girls. They were all so beautiful. Paula had never been one of the hot girls. Sure, she was pretty, but she had always been

more studious than most of her counterparts. While the hot, slutty girls were out going to parties, getting laid and having fun, she was in her room, studying. She had never fit in with those girls, and she had never tried. For the first time in her life, another woman was implying that she would fit in with a group of beautiful women.

Paula liked to think she was pretty, but in an understated way. She would be described as bookish by most. Even though Adam always called her beautiful, Paula had always had a realistic view of her own looks, and she knew she was not a full-blown hottie.

She had cute brunette hair, cute glasses, and a cute sense of style. She was cute, and nothing more. But, she was cute enough to land a stud like Adam, and that thought made her smile. But no amount of self-justification could make her compare her cup size with these girls and hope to match up. She had never outgrown her A-cup bra, a fact that had always frustrated her. She had always hoped her breasts would grow bigger, but her prayers went unanswered. She had to watch in school as girls she hated, girls who were total bitches, sprouted giant breasts while she could barely fill a training bra. She had always felt like

girls looked down at her and laughed at her behind her back, and in some cases straight in her face, for having such meager breasts.

She had always been told breast size did not matter, but for awhile, she doubted that. She watched as all the hot guys in school ended up with girls whose only redeeming qualities were their massive boobs. All the evidence pointed to the simple fact that guys loved big breasts, no matter the girl they were attached to. This hypothesis lasted for a few years, until she met Adam. Adam showed her that not all men had to be with a woman with big titties. Adam did not care about stuff like that. He loved her as she was.

"Melody, can you come over here please." Catherine called across the room, shaking Paula out of her revelry. Paula watched as a woman walked out of the crowd. Like all the girls here, it seemed, she had massive breasts which jutted out in front of her. Paula could not help but watch jealously as they jiggled with her every graceful step. And then she looked up at Melody, and immediately recognized her.

"How can I help you, Reverend Mother?" Melody questioned, her voice as sweet as her name.

"Melody? Melody Banks?" Paula asked incredulously, eyes wide.

"Paula?" Melody asked, her face lighting up. She squealed in joy and hugged Paula, crushing her large, firm, breasts against Paula's non-existent chest.

Paula was a bit confused. To be honest. Melody was one of the girls in high school that she hated. The one's that were bitches and sprouted the huge boobs Paula so desperately envied. The one's that looked down at Paula. The one's that Paula wished she could be like.

"How are you doing Paula?" Melody inquired cheerfully, "You look good!"

"Oh, thanks. Things are good. Helping Adam with the election," Paula replied awkwardly.

"I'm glad to hear you guys are still going strong. He was always a hunk." Melody replied with a sly grin and knowing wink that made Paula uncomfortable.

Paula remembered what Melody used to be like. Melody had been a shameless flirt in high school. She was the type of girl that would hit on any guy she found hot. Any guy single or taken. Paula still remembered the time she caught her flirting with Adam. Adam said it was nothing, but Paula always held onto him extra tight when she was around.

To put it nicely, Melody was not the most...pure girl around, so Paula was shocked to see Melody as part of the Church. She had always seemed like she looked down on Paula for being so devout, but here she was, a nun.

"I must say, I'm shocked to see you here," Paula said bluntly.

"Melody here was living a life of sin," Catherine started. "I recruited her to the church a few years ago. Now, she is on the correct path. Melody, did you make the right choice?"

"Oh, absolutely. I have never felt more right about anything I have done. Catherine taught me so much. I had never experienced God until Catherine here showed me the way. I can't tell you how many religious experiences I have had since joining the convent." Melody answered sweetly.

"You see, Paula. Tell me, have you ever experienced a moment in life where you saw God? We experience that every day. A true religious experience. The feeling is indescribable. Don't you want to see what it's like?" Catherine said, tempting her.

"Um, not exactly..." Paula said, wondering if they were telling the truth.

"Well, just know that you are so close to experiencing that. I know there are sacrifices you have to make. You have to leave your husband. You have to give up sex. But wouldn't it be worth it?" Catherine said.

Catherine seemed so sure and cannily serious about this that Paula just knew she was telling the truth. Paula had to admit she had never had a religious experience, not like

they spoke of. Paula had to admit it did sound tempting, but she couldn't, could she? She was married! She was in love!

"Um, I don't know, uh, it's just, I can't." Paula answered meekly.

"The choice is up to you, Paula, and the offer is always open." Catherine said with a disappointed smile. "I won't push it any more right now. I can see you're nervous."

"Uh, okay." Paula said with a nervous laugh. "I don't know if I could fit in with you guys anyway. You all look so good in your habits. I would get lost in the shuffle."

"Paula, this isn't some girly clique like in high school." Melody reassured her, "We are all friends here. And besides, don't sell yourself short. You look good."

Paula simply nodded and smiled. Melody seemed like a changed woman. She was no longer the skanky girl that hit on her boyfriend. She was reborn, thanks to the Church.

"I guess the habits aren't so bad," Paula said. She started to think maybe she would look okay in the modified habit.

"You should see the one Catherine wears. She looks amazing in it," Melody said.

"Oh, don't flatter me," Catherine said with a laugh.

"C'mon. God truly blessed you. You should show it off. Isn't that what you taught us?" Melody said.

"Yeah, c'mon Catherine. Show it off." One of the other nuns said.

"Should I?" Catherine asked Paula.

"Yeah, go ahead." Paula said. Paula had never felt like she was in the cool clique in high school. But here, she was being included with all the other girls. She had to admit, it felt nice.

"Okay. I'll be back in a minute. I'll come find you guys. Melody, take care of her," Catherine directed her charge before she left the room, leaving Paula alone with Melody.

"So when do I get to see Adam?" Melody asked coyly, sucking on her bottom lip.

Paula thought for a second. Ten years ago, she would not have let Melody close to Adam. But it seemed like Melody had learned the error of her ways.

"Actually, he's about to pick me up. He should be arriving now," Paula said, quickly checking her watch.

"Oh, let's go meet him then," Melody said brightly.

Melody showed her around a bit more as they walked towards the front of the church. Paula wished this had been the Melody she knew in high school. Maybe they would have gotten along. Paula had to admit that she was fun to be around, and she admired her carefree attitude; she found it endearing.

Adam was waiting as they reached the entrance. He looked at Paula for a second before getting distracted by the nun next to her.

Like Paula, the first thing he noticed was her habit, and the voluptuous form it clung to. The large breasts. The fit form. It was not until she spoke that he looked at her face.

"Adam Fitzpatrick, it's been too long," Melody cooed. There was an almost sensuous quality to her greeting that put Adam off his game for a moment. He recognized that voice; that seductive, breathy, sing-song voice that had often whispered such dirty things in his young ears.

"M-Melody?" Adam stuttered in disbelief.

"It's so nice to see you," Melody breathed into his ear as she pulled him into a firm hug. Adam felt uncomfortable as he felt her large breasts squish warmly against his chest. He could not help but think of the voluptuous woman in the pictures he was given.

"Wow, a nun? That's incredible!" Adam said enthusiastically. Paula was surprised to see his admiration of nuns.

"Yeah, I'm a changed woman," Melody said, rubbing her hands on Adam's strong back, before breaking the lingering hug, "I've been following you very closely. I'll let you know you have my vote."

"Oh, well, thank you." Adam said, "That's, uh, quite the habit, there." He had known most nun's habits to be bulky, but the habit Melody was wearing was molded to her voluptuous body.

"Oh, this thing. Catherine encourages us to show off our gifts," Melody replied. But Adam did not hear all of her words. He was too distracted by the sight behind her.

"There you guys are." Catherine called, walking towards them. Adam couldn't help but glance at her body. It would be hard not to, since her habit seemed to be painted on. And what a body to be painted to! Her habit was even tighter

than Melody's. And, his first impression had proven correct. She had absolutely giant breasts, which jutted out in front of her. They looked even bigger due to her flat belly and otherwise fit frame. She had a perfect hourglass figure.

Adam felt like he was being watched, and he looked up to see that Catherine looking at him, with a friendly smile on her face. Adam felt fiercely embarrassed, being caught checking out a nun. It was ridiculous! She didn't seem angry that he had been gawking at her body. She seem liked she expected it.

"Uh...what's the story with these habits?" Adam asked, clearing his throat.

"I was telling Paula. At my Church, I encourage all my girls to show off the gifts God gave them." Catherine said. After looking at Catherine, he had to admit that God had been very generous to her.

"Why do you wear two different ones?" Adam asked.

"Well, I don't know if everyone is quite ready for this. Like I have said, we are a very progressive church. Showing off our bodies is one way we do that. The human body is nothing to be ashamed of. People need to know that." Catherine said.

"Fair enough," Adam shrugged. He looked to the side, as Melody had moved behind Paula. He was distracted by Melody, because she was not standing idly by. One of her fingers was tracing her chest, across her large bust. Adam was not even sure she knew she was doing it, as her expression was blank. The finger slowly brushed around her nipple, causing it to harden and display itself under her tight gown. Adam looked at her face, and it seemed like it shook her out of her revelry. She batted her eyes and smiled brightly as her hands dropped to her side. He smiled and quickly looked back to his wife. If he had kept looking, he would have noticed Melody look at the handsome young politician again, and lick her glossy lips hungrily.

"We should get going," Adam said, uncomfortably, trying to excuse himself.

"Adam, I want to talk to you here at some point, one-on-one," Catherine stated firmly but with that bright, charming smile that put people at ease around her.

"I'm really busy," Adam said, noting how Catherine's smile dropped a bit, "But I'll do my best."

"I'll get you sometime," Catherine countered playfully, her laugh infectious. Catherine grabbed Melody and led her back into the church.

Melody waved behind her, "Bye, Adam...Paula. Can't wait to see you again!" she winked.

As Catherine and Melody walked away, Adam could not help but notice their habits molded around there similarly heart shaped asses. Adam cleared his head. Why does he keep checking out this nun? That is so fucked up. She's a nun! He justified it by telling himself she was very attractive, and her habit left little to the imagination. As soon as she was gone, Adam turned to Paula.

"How'd it go?" Adam asked with a tired smile.

"It went good." Paula said. Adam kept smiling. "What?" Paula asked. Adam paused, then spoke.

"You have to admit, that habit of hers is, like, uncomfortably tight." Adam said.

"Oh my gosh, I know!" Paula said with a laugh, relieved that he was not the only one who noticed.

Catherine watched the happy couple leave. As soon as they were out of sight, her smile dropped as she turned to Melody.

"Stupid girl! You came on too strong. I'm sure he noticed," Catherine hissed.

"I'm sorry. He's just...he's hotter than I remembered."
Melody pouted in response.

"I know he's hot. We just have to be patient." Catherine said.
"We just have to get under his skin." she added. And thanks
to Melody, they had.

Catherine turned to Melody.

"Do you still have the camera?" she asked.

"Yes, of course." Melody said with a knowing smirk.

"I'm going to need you to take some more pictures,"
Catherine said.

Melody smiled sinisterly.

Adam could not forget about what he had seen. He did not realize how voluptuous Catherine was. Her body, judging by her habit, looked amazing. And then there was Melody. Seeing her hot body brought back a lot of memories.

She never told Paula, but Melody had mercilessly pursued him in high school, even after he started to see Paula. Adam was able to brush her off. He didn't deal with sluts. And she was a true slut. But he remembered the last thing she had said to him in high school. She said that he might be turning her down now, but that someday, she would be his.

Despite the fact that she was a nun, Adam vowed to keep his distance; he did not trust her.

And then there were those pictures. Adam got home late the next night. As much as he hated to admit it, he could not get those pictures out of his head. He could not resist the temptation to peek at those pictures whenever he got the chance. God, the woman in those photos was so hot! He generally was not the type of guy to objectify a woman, but this woman was begging to be objectified. He had never been the type of guy to look at naughty pictures or porn or

anything like that, but these pictures were too naughty to ignore. He had never been a breast-man, but this woman's massive hooters were making him wonder whether he was missing out on an entire realm of pleasures only a big pair of tits could provide.

Those pictures were driving him nuts. He was having trouble getting work done knowing those pictures were there, beckoning to him. And he needed to get work done, because the campaign was in trouble. He knew he should destroy the pictures, but he could not get himself to pull the trigger. So every day, for more and more time, he would take time out of his busy day and just admire this woman's perfect body.

It was harmless, Adam would tell himself. It was not like anything was going to come from it. He was a happily married man. He would never cheat. Paula was everything he ever wanted in a woman. He did not need some big-titted skank. He got everything he ever needed from his wife.

Adam had to wonder who this woman was. Who was she, and would there be more to come? What was this woman's goal? Only time would tell.

So Adam got home, and he noticed all the lights were out. Paula usually waited for him to get home, so he was caught a little off guard. Caught off guard, and disappointed. Staring at those pictures had him all worked up, and he was hoping that she would be down for a little fun.

He heard the TV was on in their bedroom, so he quietly set his stuff down and slipped into the bedroom.

"You alright?" Adam asked, worried.

"Yeah, I'm fine," Paula said.

In all honesty, Paula was conflicted. What Catherine had said had resonated with her. Part of her did want to be closer to the Lord, and join the convent. When she was younger, she had heavily considered being a Nun. Catherine and her girls seemed absolutely content and

satisfied, fulfilled, and Paula was jealous. They claimed to have daily religious experiences. Catherine and her girls seemed like an awesome group of girls, and Paula felt honored that they would even think about letting her join. But she had committed herself to Adam and his election, and she could not abandon that, could she?

All these thoughts swirled in her head, so she was unable to relax. Adam could sense her conflict and he had an idea to cheer her up. She felt her husband slip into bed behind her and spoon up behind her. He usually slept nude, so she felt his dick press against her butt. He started to kiss her neck.

"I've been thinking about this all day," Adam whispered in her ear, rubbing his large, erect nine-inch dick against her butt. Part of her melted at his touch, but another part of her was too conflicted to fully enjoy herself. She knew she wasn't up for sex tonight. She didn't know it, but she was about to say the words that would spell doom for her marriage. She was about to say the words that were the beginning of the end for many marriages.

"Not tonight, honey." she said, covering up her pussy with hand underneath her nightgown.

"Are you sure you're okay?" Adam asked.

"I'm fine, it's just, not tonight." Paula said.

"Oh, uh, okay," Adam replied. Paula was usually up for some fun, so it was extremely unusual for her to pass it up. Adam rolled onto his back, his cock painfully erect. He was not the type of guy to jack off, so he knew he would have to go to sleep with blue balls.

Paula didn't know that she had passed up on her last chance at sex. She didn't know that she would never have a man offer sex to her again. Adam thought he could just wait till the next day to make love to his wife, but when that time came, Paula was asleep before Adam got home. His balls were swollen and full, thanks to those nasty pictures. That nasty woman had incited his balls to fill with cum, but what Adam did not know was that that same woman that had induced all of that cum to fill his balls would be the very same woman to help empty them.

Paula felt bad for withholding sex from her husband, but it just felt weird to her to have sex while debating whether or not to become a Nun. Yes, she was now considering it. It just felt right.

She had not thought about her desire to join the Church for a long time. She had been very dedicated to the Church in her younger years, and she had never felt happier than she was when she was at Church. As she grew up though, her interests veered elsewhere, and even though she was still an avid Church-goer, she started to feel like her talents would lead her to politics.

This all stemmed from her desire to help people. She thought she could do that more effectively by helping her husband effect real social change. But the more they got bogged down in politics, the more it soured her to the whole thing. It was hard work, but it was in many ways, unfulfilling.

She and Adam hit so many walls in their efforts to get their election going. She knew Adam could win if they just got to the heart of the matter; the need for real social change; but getting people to listen was just so hard. But now, seeing how happy and fulfilled the nuns at the church were, and how much they were helping the people of the city, she could see that they were effecting some real change. The only thing stopping her was her husband. She loved him so much, and did not want to think of hurting him.

Unfortunately for Adam, this withholding of sex was not working for him. He was getting more and more distracted by his throbbing dick and swollen balls to the point where he could not get any work done without having to shake off his naughty thoughts. He just hoped his wife would get out of the funk she was in so he could make love to her.

Adam knew that he would go nuts if he did not drain his painfully swollen balls soon.

Adam was in a good mood as he entered his office. He felt like he would be able to have an effective day free of distractions, at least until he turned on the light in his office and saw an envelope on his desk. A very familiar envelope, identical to one he had gotten before.

That last envelope had contained pictures of the sexiest woman he had ever seen. The envelope beckoned to him, calling for him to rip it open and explore what delights it may contain within.

Adam shut the door quickly and rushed over to his desk, snatching up the manila envelope with greedy hands. He slowed himself as he took a deep breath, regaining his composure, and gently opened it. His excitement grew as he confirmed that there were indeed more pictures inside, but he could only see the back of them. As he removed the pictures, he only had one wish for this set: he wanted to see those tits.

Adam had never been a tit-man, but checking out those pictures had awoken in him a hidden fascination for massive fucking breasts. He did not know if it was possible

for a single set of pictures to turn him into a breast-man, but if it was possible, these pictures were doing the trick. Those tits just looked so soft, so firm, so comforting. He was obsessed by the idea of seeing them bare. He was obsessed by the idea of squeezing them, laying his head upon that incredible bosom.

If Adam had been thinking clearly, he might have felt guilty about blatantly ogling a sexy woman's naughty pictures, but since his wife had left his balls so painfully swollen with cum, it was impossible to resist the temptation these pictures provided. Besides, it was harmless. He was just looking at pictures. It was not like that was cheating. It was just a happily married man checking out sexy pictures of a big-titted slut in sexy underwear. How much harm could that do? It was not a sin to look.

He pulled out the pictures, and he immediately confirmed that these were pictures of the same woman. By this point, he had studied her body so completely, that he could recognize her form in intimate detail. But there was one noticeable difference.

This time, the woman had no underwear.

Adam gulped deeply as he realized what the first picture was. He had never seen a picture so raw, so sexual, so nasty. The picture was of the woman, on all fours on the floor. You still couldn't see her face. The focus of this picture was her bare ass. Her perfect, bare ass. The cheeks looked so round and firm, with the perfect amount of muscle to make you want to grab and squeeze them. The cheeks parted naturally, displaying her tight little asshole front and center, it being the central focus of this first photo.

Adam had never been interested in seeing a woman's asshole before, but the way this woman proudly displayed it let Adam know it was something special. He looked below it and saw the lips of her dripping pussy. Adam realized that when he looked between her spread legs, he could see her massive breasts ballooning outward as she pressed them on the floor. Adam had been so drawn in by her asshole that he didn't see the caption written on top, in the same red lipstick as before. The caption consisted of one word: 'Tasty!' Adam licked his lips unconsciously. The word was surrounded by two hearts, a cute touch on an otherwise very adult image. It reminded him of the dirty little notes

Melody would leave him in his locker, and the filthy promises she'd made in them, dotting her 'i's' with little hearts.

Adam flipped to the next picture. In this one, the woman was one her back. Her legs were spread, proudly displaying her cute little pussy, and the tuft of hair above it. He looked up her torso towards her chest. Her mountainous tits were pointing skyward. Unfortunately, with the angle, he could not see her no doubt succulent nipples. Her hand was between her legs, flicking her clit, causing a flood of juices to drool down towards her ass, and pooling on the floor. The one-word caption perfectly summed up this photo: 'Juicy!' It featured the same familiar cute hearts as well.

The third photo resembled the third photo from the previous set. In the last one, her bra-clad tits were front and center, and it featured her mouth in a kissing pose while hiding the rest of her face. This one had a few differences. First of all, there was no bra. Unfortunately, he still could not clearly see her nipples; just a teasing hint of areola. Her right hand stretched across her chest, pressed against both tits, preventing him from getting a full view. Her arm covered her left breast, while she squeezed the other breast

with her hand. The sight of all that smooth, succulent, breast flesh bulging through her fingers was enough to drive any man wild.

Adam's eyes reluctantly drifted up at her mouth. Last time, it was blowing a kiss. This time, she was smiling an arrogant smirk, as if she knew he was unable to resist ogling her irresistible body. Again, the picture cut off the rest of her face, but he was not too disappointed.

Adam looked over to the corner of the photo, and saw one last caption, surrounded by the cute hearts. When he read it, his jaw dropped. It read: 'Can't wait to see you again.' Had he met her? Did her know who this woman was? Who was she? Was this a hoax or something? He felt like he would remember this woman if he had met her. She seemed pretty memorable. Too lost he was in her body that he again ignored the largest piece of evidence, namely that decorated rosary nestled securely between her tits. It was understandable though. When you see a pair of 44EE's nearly bare, they have a tendency to consume your vision.

Adam was startled out of his revelry by a knock on the door, and his assistant's voice "Adam, your ten o'clock is here."

He quickly stashed the photos in the drawer with the others. In his rush, he forgot to lock the drawer. Adam was kept busy all day, but his mind was elsewhere. His mind was on those photos in his drawer, and the identity of the big-titted slut in them. He had to leave the office for most of the day, but he could not wait to get back and study those photos a little more.

Catherine watched with interest as a clearly nervous Paula sat in front of her in her office.

"What's troubling you, Paula?" Catherine asked, leaning forward. Paula sighed deeply before responding.

"I have to admit, part of me is really considering your offer. You guys seemed to be doing some good work, and politics is such a tough game. The only thing stopping me is my

husband. I love him so much. He is the best thing that has ever happened to me. How can I honor my marriage with me pursuing this?" Paula pleaded, desperate for Catherine to get her out of this quandary.

"If I was in your position, I would join the Church. That is the honest truth. In all honesty, politics is a nasty game. I fear that your husband is already corrupted. He hasn't come to see me once, despite my invitations. He hasn't sought the guidance of the Church. He throws himself into his work. He comes home late. He feels guilty. I have met a lot of idealistic politicians, and every last one of them was eventually lead astray. Politics is nasty stuff, and I fear if you don't escape now, you may be lose your way as well," Catherine said.

"I don't know about that. I don't think he is corrupt..." Paula said.

"I tell you what. Go to his office, and have a look around. If you don't find any evidence of corruption, then by all means continue your life in politics and your happy marriage. But, if you find one bit of evidence otherwise, I

say divorce him now and join us. Don't let yourself be lead from the Path. Keep yourself pure and join us. The Church would welcome a lamb like you to our flock," Catherine pleaded earnestly.

Part of Paula wanted to write off Catherine's ridiculous plan as hyperbole; there was no way Adam would do anything untoward; but another part of her wanted to follow through...Paula did have her suspicions. She gave Catherine a small nod as she stood up and left.

A sly, satisfied, smirk grew into a smile filled with sinister intent, as Catherine watched Paula leave.

No one raised an eye as Paula walked into her husband's office. Part of her chided herself for doubting her husband, but she thought it could not hurt to have a look around, and lay her paranoid suspicions to rest. She found nothing but boring stuff as she looked through his file cabinet; nothing untoward, as she expected. She went to the desk and looked

it over; everything was on the up and up. She breathed a soft sigh of relief.

Paula was flipping aimlessly through the drawers of Adam's desk, finishing up her search with half-hearted resolve, already convinced that she'd just been paranoid, when she pulled out the bottom drawer.

Staring her in the face was a picture of a woman. A nude woman. A voluptuous woman, with her arm placed across her breasts, blocking them from view. In the corner of the picture was a caption. It said: 'Can't wait to see you again.'

'Again'!?! Holy crap, her husband had met with this woman! That could only mean one thing.

Paula collapsed into a chair, as the impact of her discovery drained the strength from her body. Her husband was cheating on her! There was no doubt. Catherine was right! Her husband had strayed! He was cheating on her with some slut! She hoped there was some explanation, but she looked through the drawer and found more pictures of this woman. It was a fucking shrine to her! He saved pictures of

her, which meant he wanted to have them. They were in a drawer with a lock, and the key was nowhere on the desk; Adam carried it with him. This was his closely guarded secret, not a passing flight of fancy. There was no question.

In a daze, Paula replaced the photos in the drawer as they were and left, holding back her tears.

She wanted to wait till morning to make sure she was doing the right thing. This forced her to spend one last night with Adam. She watched him as he got home late through her narrowed, suspicious, eyes, acting asleep. She noticed some dried sweat on his brow. Had he been vigorously fucking some slut the last few hours? Had he fucked her good? That had to be the case. Cheating asshole!

It made her skin crawl when he kissed the back of her head. Her marriage had been a lie. All of it! This asshole had taken of advantage of her trust and good nature so he could get some nasty sex with some big-breasted skank. The only thing she could believe in anymore was the church. In Catherine.

Adam knew his wife was in a bad mood, and she had taken the day off, so he left early from work the next day to surprise her. He walked in to find the house empty. She should be home by now, he thought. He looked around, and noticed some stuff was missing. For a second, he wondered if he had been robbed. Then he found the note on the dining room table. He picked it up and began to read.

'Adam, I know the truth. I know the secret you have been hiding. I know you have been cheating on me. I loved you! I loved you more than anything, but you took advantage of that! You need to reflect on what type of man you want to be. The city doesn't need another corrupt figure. I hope you bow out of the campaign now, or I will lose all respect for you. I am joining the church.

Part of me hopes I'm wrong. Part of me hopes this is a misunderstanding. That's why I'm not asking for a divorce...yet. I think we need some time apart, and then maybe we can work this out.

I hope you are the man I thought you were.

Paula'

Adam's knees collapsed from under him. He fell into a dining room chair, numb. Paula was leaving him. Why? He just sat there, not moving, trying to figure out what had happened, how his marriage had fallen apart. He was just confused. He had no idea how this happened. He stayed in place for almost an hour, until he was startled by thunder. He finally realized it was pouring rain. He knew that wouldn't keep him inside. He had to find Paula and figure out what she was talking about. He knew the way to find her. She had been talking to Catherine at the church, seeking her wisdom. Someone there had to know something. Adam walked out into the rain.

Desperate, Adam called Paula's cell. It rang three times, before someone answered. It was Melody, "Hello?"

Adam's eyes went wide. What was this? What was going on here? Where was Paula? Why did Melody have her cell phone?

"Where's Paula, Melody?" he demanded, his breathing heavy, his face flushed.

"Calm down, Adam," Melody cooed in that soothing, breathy, voice of hers, "What's this all about?"

"Don't fuck with me!" Adam spit, "Why do you have Paula's cell phone? Where is my wife? I get home and find this fucked up note...this is your doing isn't it? I knew we couldn't trust you! Still playing the same slut games you did in high school!"

"Adam, that hurts," Melody pouted over the phone, "I swear to you, I'm a changed woman, and I had nothing to do with this. Paula left because of something YOU did," she paused, then continued, a wry, teasing, quality invaded her tone, "Apparently she found your pictures."

Adam stopped short, standing in the rain, his fist clenched and teeth grit. He had been framed.

"Adam, I think you need to seek solace in the Church, Adam," Melody continued, more serious now, and then teased, "I can't wait to see you again."

Adam hung up abruptly, and flung open the door to his car. How had it all gone so wrong?

Melody calmly set the phone down and smiled, satisfied that the last part of the plan was coming together.

Catherine knew it was only a matter of time. Paula had come to her early in the morning, begging her to join the church and become a nun. They discussed this for a long time, discussing what had happened. For a moment, Paula began to have second thoughts, but Catherine was encouraging in Paula's desire to leave her husband. And she made Paula promise not to talk to Adam. Adam would try to pull her back with his corrupt ways. Catherine told her a clean break was necessary. Paula reluctantly accepted. Catherine had to fight the urge to smile.

As if on cue, there was a knock on the door. She opened it and there stood Adam, soaked from the rain.

"Where's Paula?" Adam demanded, his breath ragged, his balled up fists shaking. Catherine put on her sympathetic face.

"Adam, I heard the news. Please, come in," Catherine cooed sympathetically.

"Where is she? Melody had her phone...I think she has something to do with this...I think she set me up," he babbled, pacing back and forth, "I-I couldn't find her so I came to find you."

"I don't know anything about Melody or any 'set up', Adam. Paula came here this morning of her own free will, and decided to join the Church as a Nun" Catherine calmly explained, dismissing Adam's paranoid accusations, "She said she found something that shook her faith in your marriage. I'm sure that this is all a misunderstanding. Here,

please sit down. I'll tell you what I know," Catherine promised. Reluctantly, Adam breathed deeply and slumped down into a nearby chair.

"I'm sorry. It was raining." he said, apologizing for his soaked clothes.

"It's okay," Catherine said with a bright, understanding smile, "Listen, your wife has been talking to me a lot lately, about how she has been thinking about leaving you. I have been trying to talk her out of it, but she seemed so paranoid about you. I told her how lucky she was. How you were such a great man, but she seemed convinced you were cheating on her."

"I'm not! I don't know where she got that idea," Adam replied, head in his hands, shuddering from the cold of his damp clothes, tears forming, as he sobbed, "I love her! This is all a set up...the pictures...Melody..."

"I know, Adam. I know. But, maybe this is a blessing. Here," she said, grabbing his head in her hands. Catherine smiled and pulled Adam's head into her bosom. Onto her breasts.

She felt him tighten up in fear, "Shhhh...rest your head, Adam. Please. You'll feel so much better," She felt Adam relax as he let himself rest his head on her massive breasts.

Adam was wet, cold, and scared. He needed a friend. He needed guidance. Before he knew it, he felt his head resting against the softest set of pillows he ever felt. He opened his eyes to realize his head had been pulled against Catherine's jutting breasts. He tried to jerk away, but Catherine held him firm and stroked his hair, calming him, reassuring him it was okay. He needed some comfort, so he would accept the pleasure against her breasts provided. Outside thunder rolled, as a gentle shower grew into a storm.

"It's okay, Adam. It's okay. I don't know what she was thinking. She was foolish for doing this. Just rest your head on my breast," Catherine cooed motherly. She held the emotional married man against her chest. She scratched his hair lovingly as he gathered his emotions. He had his eyes closed as she rocked him back and forth.

Adam could feel the soothing warmth of Catherine's chest, and hear the roll of thunder. He was reminded of how his

mother would cradle him in a similar way when he was a child, scarred by the loud crack of thunder. That old, distant, but familiar feeling of security and warmth washed over him. Despite the turmoil he'd been in when he arrived, Adam felt strangely safe and comforted, lying against the soft, warm, bosom of a woman he trusted.

Adam eyes had glazed over as if in a daze. Catherine noticed this and smiled. She gently lifted his head. She reached down to lower the zipper on the front of her habit. Her cavernous cleavage started to emerge. She lowered it past her large breasts, which allowed her to pull each side of the habit apart, allowing her huge, bra-clad tits to burst out. It was a sexy, lacy black bra, which perfectly matched her habit. Her tits were packed inside it, pouring over the edges. And in between them was a decorated rosary with a large shiny cross. Before Adam could notice anything amiss, she lowered his head back onto her chest.

Adam felt the sensation of smooth, soft skin against his face. His eyes opened and he realized where he was and what he was doing. He realized he was face deep in some juicy cleavage. He tried to pull away but she held him tight.

"It's okay. This will make you feel better," Catherine breathed soothingly, reassuringly, as she firmly clutched the married man to her soft titties. While being smothered in warm cleavage was nice, he was a bit confused, his senses returning.

"What are you doing?" Adam questioned.

"I know a lot about you, Adam. I know that you are questioning a lot of things now. Your choices, your marriage, your faith. Let me guide you, Adam. Let me show you the path to true bliss, through the church. Take comfort in my breasts and let me let me say my peace to you," Catherine cooed, still stroking his hair in that motherly way. Still holding his face firmly against her warm, inviting, bosom.

Adam could not help but think that this was highly unusual. He was being clutched into the breasts of a busty nun whose tits were hanging out of her habit. But he had to admit, he was feeling a little better.

"I've had my eye on you for awhile now, Adam. You need the Church in your life, and more importantly, you need me in your life. You need to permanently rest your head on the welcoming breast of the Church." Catherine said. Thunder cracked from outside as the storm got worse, and the hollow howl of the wind could be heard in the empty room.

"Adam, you shouldn't be alone tonight. You should stay here. Let me show you the ways of my Church. I guarantee that by morning, you will not want to leave. But firstly, we need to get you out of your wet clothes. Here, come with me to my quarters. It's right through the door here. I'll get you some dry clothes and we can talk more personally," Catherine offered.

Adam pulled away from her chest and nodded. Catherine smiled as she stood up, taking him by the hand and led him through the door in the back of her office into her quarters.

Her room was dimly lit, giving it a more intimate vibe. There were some religious decorations throughout, as well as some more modern amenities, such as a 40 inch flat

screen TV. Her bed had silky black sheets, which looked mighty comfortable. It looked like the bedroom a progressive Nun would have.

"Okay, slip out of those clothes. I'll find you something more to wear. Don't worry, I'll keep my back to you for your privacy," Catherine commanded, sorting through her closet.

If Adam were thinking clearly, he might have asked for more privacy, but in the state he was in, he did not think twice about it; he was cold, wet, and still emotionally compromised. Besides, she was a Nun. He could trust her.

Adam unbuttoned his soaked shirt, and let it fall to the floor. He followed this with his undershirt, then he undid his belt and let his pants fall to the floor. He was disappointed to realize his briefs and socks were both wet. He looked at Catherine sorting through the closet. He figured she would toss the clothes back onto the bed, so she would not face him. With that, he dropped his briefs onto the floor and slipped off his socks, leaving him nude.

"I'm sorry Adam. I have nothing for a man in here. Are you decent?" she asked.

"Uh, not really." Adam spat, embarrassed, hastily reaching down to grab his briefs and slip them back on.

"That's okay. You can just slip under the sheets, and I will take your clothes to be dried. Maybe I can get a robe for you too," Catherine replied curtly.

"Oh, okay. I guess." Adam said nervously, pulling back the sheets and slipping his nude frame into the bed. Once he was decent, he let her know. Catherine turned around and smiled at the naked man in her bed. She walked around the bed and scooped up his clothes and took them to an adjacent room. She quickly returned. Her breasts were still hanging out of her habit, with her rosary hanging from neck and smothered in the softness of her cleavage. Adam uncomfortably noticed them jiggle under her skimpy bra, and quickly averted his eyes.

Catherine had dismissively tossed the clothes into the tub and walked back into the bedroom. Adam wouldn't need

access to them for awhile. He was right where he belonged, nude in her bed. She was ready to join him.

"Well, I don't want you to get too comfortable, so how about we just talk right now," Catherine said, her eyes studying Adam in a way that made him feel uncomfortably vulnerable.

"Can I get a robe or something first?" Adam asked meekly, clutching the sheets more tightly around him.

"When I talk to someone, I want them to be nice and comfortable. You are about as comfortable as possible, so let's just talk now," Catherine said, slipping onto the bed and sliding up next to him. Adam couldn't argue with her. She leaned up onto the headboard and clutched his head to her breasts again. Adam could not resist their pillowy softness. She began to run her fingers through his hair as she began to speak.

"I know I am not a typical nun. Most nuns wouldn't let themselves get this close with someone. But my Church is different. I will get as close as necessary to spread the Good

Word. I have done a lot of work to get close to you. You were a tough nut to crack, but I am glad you are here," Catherine started.

"I sensed immediately that you and your wife were not a good match. She seemed too weak willed to survive the rigors of both the married life and the political life," Catherine admitted.

"That's not true," Adam argued weakly, clinging to the hope his marriage could be saved. A false hope, if Catherine had her way.

"It is, and you know it. This is a great blessing. A great opportunity. You don't need her. You need the church in your life. You need me in your life," Catherine countered. A silence fell as she teased his hair playfully.

"And I must say, as a woman, she made a huge mistake letting a handsome man like you go," she said with a bright smile. This caused him to smile slightly in return.

"There you go," she said, smiling brightly. He tried to pull his head off of her, but she held him down.

"Thanks for being so kind," Adam started, "but this doesn't seem right."

"Some might find this inappropriate, but in our Church, it is considered normal," Catherine replied.

"I have to ask, you keep talking about how you are trying to convince me to join your Church, but you don't seem to be making any arguments to convince me," Adam asked.

"There is only one thing I have to say to make you change your mind," Catherine said.

"And what's that?" Adam asked.

Catherine brought her lips to his ear, and whispered a sentence that would change his life.

"Did you like my pictures?"

Adam's eyes went wide, his mouth suddenly dry.

"E-Excuse me?" Adam asked, confused.

"Did you like the pictures I sent you?" Catherine asked plainly.

"W-What pictures?" Adam asked, his mind racing. It could not be...could it?

"You know, the naughty ones." Catherine whispered, kissing his ear.

It all fell into place. Catherine had sent him those pictures. A nun! Catherine, the Mother Superior of this Church, had been sending him sexy pictures. Pictures of her body. Pictures of her tits. Pictures of her pussy. Pictures of her asshole. It had not been Melody that framed him; it was Catherine!

He struggled to pull away quickly, but she used all of her strength to hold him down.

"It's okay. It's okay. Calm down. It's okay," Catherine said, again stroking his hair, trying to sooth him.

Adam continued to struggle; he felt like the bottom of his stomach had dropped out. He trusted her, sought comfort from her, protection from that slut Melody, but now realized that it was all a ruse to drive him toward her. She'd betrayed him.

"Let me go!" Adam demanded harshly.

"Why? Why did you send me those?" Adam asked, his face now mashed roughly against her breasts, as Catherine used her leverage to jerk him forward, smothering him in her excess flesh.

"Calm down and I'll explain everything." Catherine said. Adam kept fighting her. Finally, she grabbed his wrists,

rolled on top of him, and pinned them to the bed. She sat on his stomach and smiled as she had him under her control.

The truth was, Catherine was no innocent flower. Catherine was extremely calculating. Her plan was working like a charm. Catherine smiled to herself. She knew the die was cast. She knew her plan was almost accomplished. Paula was about to give up sex for life. Her married pussy would be closed for business. Her stud of a husband could never accept that. He was a man. He would need the company of a woman who could truly satisfy his natural, male urges. He would not stand for a woman who could not provide him the sex he needed. A guy like him deserved to be getting satisfied constantly. He was desperate and horny. He was confused about why his wife had left him to join the church. He had come to the church for guidance. And boy, he would get it. He would get all the guidance he would need. His fat dick would be guided into her tight little snatch, and then he would be property of her Church forever. He would learn that her brand of religion was the one he had been searching for.

Catherine was devout in her belief. She encouraged her girls to do anything it took to spread the word. She was fanatically driven to expand the influence of her Church. Catherine was unafraid to get involved with some of the more unseemly members of the community, people who thrived in the corrupt atmosphere years of crime created. Some people would call her a criminal. She was directly involved with a lot of the illegal activities in Parkersboro, such as the rampant drug trade. She had many connections to the mob as well, and had free access to the prison system, passing messages and goods along through her Flock. Catherine was not violent, but she was happy to let this near lawless state in Parkersboro continue. The way she justified it to herself, lawless times create desperate people, and desperate people seek solace in the Church. The more people who were desperate for the Church, the more people Catherine could spread her message to. The more people she could control.

The current mayor had taken stands to try to stop crime in town, and he had made it hard for Catherine to spread her message. But, if she could have the mayor's ear, if she could pull his strings like a puppet from the shadows, she could

spread her message to a huge audience. And she knew the best way to get his complete attention was through his dick.

She reached down and pinched her hard nipples. She knew Adam was her ticket to greater things. Once she had him, the Church's connections could get him elected, no problem. That would allow Catherine to exert her influence over the town, then the state, then the country. Catherine would furiously ride him to the top. People would soon learn that her brand of religion was the best way to achieving pure happiness.

Why did Catherine target Adam? It was simple: he was hot, and he had talent. Catherine could recognize someone with a future, and Adam had a bright future ahead of him. Her sect of religion was small, but as Adam's power grew, so would Catherine's influence. All Catherine wanted was to spread her message, and she was more than willing to spread her legs to do so. All she had left to do to put her plan in motion was to seal the deal.

"You didn't answer my question? Did you like my pictures?" Catherine hissed now, her eyes flashing in arousal. She was having fun toying with the married man.

"Why did you send me the pictures? Why would a nun send me pictures of her naked body?" Adam demanded loudly.

"I sent the pictures because you wanted to see them. I saw you check me out the moment we met. You are a very naughty boy, checking out a nun's body in front of your wife. But I got the message. I knew you wanted to see the total package." Catherine explained plainly.

"But, you're a nun! Nuns don't do stuff like this!" Adam yelled out.

"Like I told you, I am not your typical nun. At this Church, sex is encouraged. We encourage people to explore all pleasures we were blessed with the ability to experience. The best way to fully explore that is through rough, nasty sex. I am very experienced at that. That is what led me to join the Church. I still remember my first religious experience. I was getting fucked in the ass at the time. I had

picked up some guy at the club. He was married, if I'm not mistaken. He was fucking my ass like he had been dreaming of doing it all his life. As he pounded me as hard as he could, I saw stars. I saw the universe. I saw God. I vowed at that moment to dedicate my life to that feeling. I joined the Church, but they were too outdated to listen to what I had to say. I realized then how irrelevant they truly were. I split off, and formed my own sect. I recruited women to join me. I encouraged them to seduce men, to fuck them, until they saw what I was telling them. As my numbers grew, the Church was forced to relent and let me back. They shipped me here to keep me occupied, but very soon, with your help, our influence will grow. My beliefs will be spoken to others, and I have no doubt that most will join my cause. It would be hard to resist. A Church that preaches sex. Not just regular sex. Sex so rough, so nasty, but so fucking good. That is the only way to see what I've seen. I encourage people to have the nastiest sex they can. I have told my girls that I have found that the best way to do that is to have sex with married men. Married men are stuck with, plain, boring old wives. Married men want straight fucking. My girls do that for them. My girls are very hard workers," Catherine related with a smile.

Adam was flabbergasted. This Church, that had affected so much change and good, was based on a platform of rough sex!

"I showed you those pictures because you needed to have your eyes opened. And plus, I knew your wife would find them eventually," Catherine said.

"What!?! You did this?" Adam said, trying to break free, but unable to do so.

"Yes. Your wife joined the church after she saw the pictures of me. She thinks she is joining this Church, but I won't let her. She will be joining the old, stodgy, outdated Church, where she belongs. An outdated woman for an outdated church. My Church is the future; her Church is the past. You get to stay here, and experience the future of the Church first hand. This is where you belong," Catherine replied.

"What are you saying?" Adam questioned, incredulous, his head spinning.

"Haven't you figured it out?" Catherine answered, leaning down to whisper in his ear, "In just a few minutes, you will be fucking a Servant of the Lord. Your cock will be balls deep in a Nun's tight pussy. Isn't that the nastiest thing you've ever heard? You will be having the roughest sex of your life with a slutty nun. I do everything. Blowjob. Tit-fucking. Ass-fucking. I'll take your cum in any hole you want. No condoms. No restrictions. Just the nastiest sex of your life," Catherine said. This was the nastiest thing he had ever heard. A nun was begging to fuck him. A Nun! How could a nun be so nasty? So obscene!

"I can't. I need to find Paula," Adam pleaded. This was so fucking wrong!

"No you don't. Adam, she is obsolete, irrelevant. Face it, you married an ugly bitch. You married an ugly bookworm with no tits. I am starting to question your decision making. You want to know why your campaign is struggling? It's Paula. People see her on your arm and they question your choices. People don't like to see a stud wasted on a Plain Jane. If they see a slut like me on your arm, the election is yours. When

people see a man with a gorgeous woman on his arm, a gorgeous woman with a huge rack and a perfect ass, they know this is a guy who knows what's up. They know this is a guy who knows how the world works. The only way you can win this election is if you dump your wife and fuck me!" Catherine hissed, her eyes wild with lust.

"No! I love my wife. I need to get her back! I don't want to fuck you. You are just some slut who slept her way to the top of the church. That's sick. You are taking advantage of people's faith to suit your own needs," Adam argued.

"You will be singing a different tune after tonight. You will see firsthand how right I am." Catherine replied. Thunder shook the walls of the room.

"You can't force me," Adam replied. Catherine nodded.

"I won't have to." she said vaguely. "You **STILL** haven't answered my question. Did you like the pictures?"

"No, I didn't," Adam answered weakly. Catherine looked unconvinced.

"I think you did. You kept them," Catherine replied.

"I didn't want anyone finding them, so I locked them up," Adam croaked unconvincingly.

"You locked them up so you could have access to pictures of my hot body whenever you wanted to," Catherine replied.

"N-No, it was just..." Adam stammered.

"No one would blame you. After years of being married to that ugly thing, no one could hold it against you for wanting to see a slut's perfect body. You got to see everything. Well, not quite everything. You got to see my cute little pussy. You got to see my gorgeous asshole. But... you didn't get to see my tits. My massive, round perfect titties. My nipples are so pretty. You really should see them. If you just stay here, you will get to see them. Big, bare titties. Tell me

Adam, have you ever seen a pair of 44EE's? Have you ever seen a pair this big?" Catherine asked.

Adam looked at her hanging udders, barely covered by her bra. The bra looked to be an expensive number, probably from a specialty boutique. They looked so soft, so perky, so squeezable.

"No." he whispered without thinking.

"I tell you what. If you agree to behave, I'll slip this bra off my shoulders and show you the goods. I mean, you have already seen everything else. You deserve to at least see the total package," Catherine suggested.

Adam did not know what to say. Part of him wanted to escape, but another part wanted to see those massive tits in the buff. Those tits had haunted his dreams. His wife had left him. He was all alone. The campaign was going poorly. Did he not at least deserve to see some massive breasts?

It seemed as if his body already made the decision. Catherine was using both hands to remove her headpiece, while he held his hands obediently against the bed. She removed the headpiece and tossed it aside. She shook her long, sexy brunette hair, letting it cascade down her shoulders. She reached to her neck and pulled the material of her habit down her arms, revealing the bare flesh of her arms and upper torso. Adam watched her breasts jiggle under her bra as she did this. Something about seeing the body of the woman who was normally so covered was surprisingly sexy. She reached behind her and started to unclip her bra. She smiled smugly as she peeled the bra off her chest, tossing the bra onto the floor on top of the headpiece, revealing her massive rack to the married man below her. The only thing on her chest was her fancy rosary.

Adam's eyes widened, feasting on the incredible sight in front of him. They were, in a word, perfect. Adam had never seen boobs this big. And they were so round. So perky. And her nipples looked amazing. Hard, suckable nipples, perfect for chewing on. Perfectly round areolas. Just by seeing these, Adam was now officially a breast-man.

No more small boobies for him. He would be satisfied with nothing less than giant breasts.

"You wanna feel?" Catherine asked coyly, nibbling on her fingernail teasingly. Adam could not put up a fight as Catherine grabbed his hands and brought them upwards, towards her chest. When his hands got within a few inches of her huge tits, Adam's hands leapt forward to close the gap. His fingers pressed into the flesh of her large breasts, their soft skin rebounding against his fingers in just the right way. Once his hands were full, he finally gave them a good squeeze.

"Holy Shit!" Adam yelled out, squeezing over and over again. They felt so good! They were so firm. So soft! He had been missing out on the pleasures huge breasts could provide. He couldn't get enough as he kept squeezing, followed by rough pinches of her nipples.

"That's it. You are so good at this." Catherine moaned out, her hands on his chest. She let him squeeze until he lost himself in her chest. Using his hands to hold herself up, she leaned forward and reached down to pull the habit, that was

now bunched at her waist, past her hips and ass. She was able to lift her legs, one at a time, out of the habit, until she was free from it. She then tossed it onto the ground with the rest of her clothes, leaving her clad only in her skimpy thong. She knew it was time to take this to the next level, so, with a little bit of effort, she was able to pull her tits away from Adam's squeezing hands. She moved down the bed and pulled the sheets down, finally revealing the married man's dick to her eyes. Nine fat, dripping inches of married cock greeted her leering eyes.

"Oh my God! You're huge!" Catherine said. Catherine had a keen sense of when men are packing some serious heat and Adam exceeded her already lofty expectations. She leaned down to get an up close view. She marveled at the fat dick in front of her, admiring it with a bright smile on her face. She got between his legs and pointed the dick at her mouth.

"It looks so good I can almost taste it," She said, opening her mouth, bringing it closer to his cock.

"No, please. I can't," Adam said, putting up one last line of defense. Catherine got a little upset.

"Face it Adam, your wife isn't coming back. She isn't a nun like me that puts out regularly. She is very old-fashioned in that sense. Your wife's pussy is closed for business, and it's never going to be open again. She'll never take you back. It's time for you to trade up for something so much better. Aren't I better, Adam?" Catherine asked, taking his cock in her soft hand and slowly stroking it.

"I, it's just, I can't say..." Adam stammered, unable to admit it.

"Aren't I prettier than her? I think so. I think you could admit that. Not only prettier, but sexier as well. Your wife has no restrictions about what she could do and wear, but she can't compete with a Nun! Sure, I wear a habit that molds to my entire hot body, and I still am a sexier sight than your wife. She could be parading around in her birthday suit, showing off those itty-bitty-titties and that saggy little butt, and it wouldn't compare to the nun whose body has been driving you wild. Isn't my body amazing? I have gigantic breasts. A perfect round ass that can take whatever a man can do to it. I have perfect dick sucking lips.

It would be hard not to be a slut with this body. But at least I'm using it for a good cause. Don't you want to experience the pleasures this body can give you?" Catherine argued.

"I just can't," Adam said weakly. Catherine looked at the floor and got an idea.

"I got it. It's not nasty enough for you. If you are fucking a nun, you want to know you're fucking a nun," Catherine said. She reached down and grabbed something off the floor. When she reappeared, Adam watched as she put her headpiece back on. Adam's eyes bugged out.

This was so wrong. He was being tempted by a Nun. A Nun! He thought he could trust a nun, but she took advantage of her position to lure him here. Into her bed. Naked. It was so wrong. So fucked up. So nasty! He looked down, and the contrast of her headpiece and her porn star body drove him nuts. It didn't stop there. Her cute, elegant rosary, surrounded by her giant breasts. Something so pure, mixed with something so raw. A spurt of pre-cum shot from his dick.

"I think your fat cock wants this. You should listen to it. It knows what you really want. If your wife took proper care of you, you wouldn't be here in my bed, with that dick pointed at my mouth, desperate to be sucked on. Just let me have a little taste." Catherine said. With that, her open mouth slipped over the head of his cock. No part of her mouth touched him, but the warm breath on the head of his dick sent another spurt of pre-cum from his dick onto her tongue. He could hear her moan at the taste.

Catherine was right. If Paula had done her job like a good wife should, as opposed to leaving her husband with blueballs night after night, he wouldn't be here, being tempted by a slutty nun, his dick poised to be sucked on. Catherine was so hot. So sexy. And the fact that she was a nun made this so much hotter. If his wife could leave him like this without even talking to him, there was no hope that she would listen to whatever he had to say. Like Catherine said, her pussy was closed for business. It was time for Adam to move on. It was time to find a pussy more willing and able to care for his fat cock.

"Suck it, please! I need to cum," Adam pleaded.

"You got it, baby," Catherine said. She brought her mouth back over the head and gave it a quick lick. She teased the head, teasing as if she were going to suck it. She lightly ran her lips across the head, driving him wild.

"Please!" Adam begged. Catherine looked him straight into his eyes. Once she knew she had him, she opened wide and attacked his dick with her sucking mouth.

"Holy fuck!" Adam yelled out, his head falling back to the bed. Her mouth felt so good. Up and down, up and down. Catherine must be an experienced cocksucker, since she was able to get all nine inches of his thick cock buried down her tight throat. His cock was soon covered in this sexy Nun's drool. Her tongue was teasing him, running up the underside of his cock, flicking under the head, trying to tease the cum from his balls. Occasionally, she would use the inside of her cheek to surround Adam's cock-head, stretching it out around the tip, before letting it pop out of her mouth. Adam's dick was throbbing as she sucked, taking him to the edge, but she would pull away before he got to spray his load down her tight throat.

He felt her mouth spin around his cock, and before he knew it, she was on top of him, with her thong-clad pussy over her face.

"Suck me, and I might let you cum," Catherine teased. Adam reached up, peeled the cloth away from her wet pussy, revealing the sexy cunt underneath. He could smell her juices, and they drew him towards her. His mouth attacked her wet pussy with gusto. His tongue dove into her folds vigorously, collecting her juices, gathering her taste. He didn't know if it was her or his horniness, but she tasted absolutely amazing. She humped against his face, eventually driving him down against the bed.

They were vigorously sucking each other off in an intimate 69. Adam, an aspiring politician, an aspiring married politician, and a slutty, hot-bodied nun were feasting on each other in a perverted, nasty act. Catherine was choking on Adam's dick, and he was drowning in her copious juices. She pulled her mouth off of him and stroked his wet dick slowly, reveling in the married man nibbling on her clit. She knew she wasn't going to let him cum yet, so she leaned

upward and fiercely ground her cunt against his face. He tried to yell out, but he was too smothered to be audible. All she heard were groans.

"Oh, yeah, eat that cunt, you big, strong married man! It tastes good, doesn't it? Better than any meal!" Catherine said. She looked down her back, and looking between the cheeks of her ass, she could see his watery eyes, and his nose pressed against her asshole. He could barely breathe.

"Oh, I'm so close. Do it! Make a Nun cum! Make me cum and I'll let you breath. Do it! Eat my cunt! Oh, fucking shit!" Catherine screamed, spilling her juices into Adam's struggling mouth. He had gone into overdrive in order to bring her over the edge. She humped against his face, painfully pinning his head to the bed as he rode out her orgasm. With an audible pop, Catherine lifted herself off of the married man's face. He breathed deeply, getting air back into his lungs. He was too dazed to fight her off as she crawled down to straddle Adam's cock, facing him. She reached down to grab it once more, and she slapped the tip against the outside of her cunt.

"You ready to have a religious experience?" Catherine asked with a giggle.

Adam was through fighting. His balls were swollen with cum. His wife had left him high and dry. He wanted to fuck this nun. He wanted to have the nastiest sex of his life with this hot-bodied slut of a nun.

He did not care about reuniting with his wife. He had forgotten about Melody and her manipulations. He did not care about his marriage. All he cared about was this sexy slut on top of him.

"Yes, please. Fuck me!" Adam growled. With that, Catherine, the Mother Superior of this Church, lowered herself onto his cock.

"Holy shit!" Adam said, in shock, as the tip of his cock was smothered in the tight, warm softness of Catherine's cunt. She was so tight! He had been the only man to ever fuck Paula, but Paula's pussy was never as tight as this was. More and more of his dick was buried inside of her, and he had

to control the urge not to cum. Finally, her cunt swallowed him up to the balls and her ass nestled above his balls.

For a few minutes, she just tightened her cunt around him, massaging his dick without bringing him over the edge. He writhed under her, unable to heighten the pleasure. As if a cue from the heavens, a flash from the lightning illuminated them for just a second, and a boom of thunder rattled the room. It was as if it was a message from above, saying that something bad was going to happen. This was a cue for their fuck to start.

Catherine started to bounce. Adam's hands returned to their rightful spot, cupping Catherine's massive titties. He squeezed them when he could as they bounced through his hands. The cross from her rosary was smothered by the excessive flesh of her boobs as she bounced, her large tits mashing around the cross, encasing it in her warm, firm flesh. Catherine was bouncing faster than Adam thought possible. When she told him she liked it rough, she wasn't lying. He looked at her beautiful face, scrunched up in concentration. The headpiece on her head just added to the nastiness of this fuck.

"You like this shit? You like that pussy?" Catherine gasped out. The naughty words coming from a nun's mouth were driving him nuts.

"It feels amazing! Holy fuck!" Adam said.

"This ain't nothing! This is just the appetizer!" Catherine said.

The room was soon broiling with heat. Both of their bodies were soaked with sweat. Outside, the rain was still pouring, the thunder still booming, and the lightning was still striking. But the fucking couple barely noticed. Nature was roaring outside, but they were too focused on fucking each other to care. The only things they noticed were the flashes from the lightning that illuminated their hot bodies as they fucked. Every time the room was lit by the strobe-like lightning, Adam's eyes would be drawn to the cross between her bouncing breasts as she vigorously rode his cock.

"Your wife dragged you to the regular church, didn't she? She is a girl that doesn't understand how incredible sex can be, so she fits right in. But you want to be here. You want to be at the church with the slutty nuns. I bet you've fantasized about fucking a nun. Haven't you? Tell me!" Catherine demanded.

"Yes! I've always wanted to fuck a nun, but they were never hot enough! That's why I drifted from the church. There were not enough hot nuns!" Adam moaned.

"That definitely won't be a problem here. You've been perving on all us hot, sexy nuns, haven't you?" Catherine said, squeezing her own titty.

"Yes. I had to stop myself from asking you guys to strip." Adam said.

"Feel free to ask anytime. We have a pole in back." Catherine said with a laugh.

"Holy Fuck! That's so hot!" Adam said, imagining a bunch of sexy, hot-bodied nuns stripping off and showcasing their nudity. The contrast between sexiness and the religious image they presented was amazing.

"Feel free to let the girls give you whatever personal attention you need." Catherine said. His mind flashed to Melody. He had been too good of a guy to seal a deal with that slut. But now, she was looking more and more attractive.

Adam drove into her fiercely as her ass slammed into his thighs. Adam's balls were boiling. Finally, Catherine reached up to toss her headpiece off again. This fuck was beyond the point where it mattered that she was a nun and he was a politician. This was something more bestial. More primal. These were two people fucking each other as hard as they could.

As soon as the headpiece hit the ground, Catherine collapsed onto his chest, her sweaty tits scrubbing against his chest. And for the first time, Catherine brought her lips to his. Their tongues immediately mashed against each

other as Adam furiously made out with the whore on top of him. Adam's hands went from her hips to rubbing against her sweaty back as they made out. Her hips were still bouncing up and down the full length of his dick, a dick that was now soaked with their combined juices. His hands traveled to her ass, now palming her ass cheeks and aiding her in making their fucking even harder.

Their lips parted and Catherine brought her lips to her ear.

"Make me cum, asshole! Make this slutty Nun cum! Cum in my tight little hole! Empty your balls! Keep fucking me, you fucking stud! Make me your whore! Come on, do it!" Catherine moaned out.

Adam was turning the corner. After almost a week without an orgasm, his balls were filled to the max. He could feel the wave of pleasure on the horizon. He looked into her eyes, and he could tell she was sharing in the same pleasures he was. He could feel the orgasm getting closer and closer. Adam's eyes rolled into the back of his head. The orgasm hit him like a freight train. Then, he saw stars.

Adam saw nothing but light. Pure light! It was the most beautiful thing he had ever seen. He was in a place he had never been before. He felt like he was in a new plane of existence. He saw light. He saw stars. He saw God.

He did not know how much time had passed before he came back to Earth. He saw this gorgeous woman on top of him roll off him to his side. He saw her pussy leaking his cum. He must have cum a gallon's worth inside her. But his balls did not feel empty. He felt like he could go again. He got on his elbows and watched the gorgeous nun next to him return to this plane of existence. He looked at her in awe.

"Catherine, you were so right. About everything. I saw what you said I would. I saw God," Adam babbled, happier than he had ever been.

"Pretty good, right?" Catherine said with a laugh. Adam rolled on top of her and began to make out with his new love. The fact that this nun had given him the best sex of his life struck a deep chord within him. It felt so right. It felt like his destiny was to fuck this nun. She had shown him the

path. He was her follower now. He would do anything for her.

That was why he didn't fight back when she got all fours and pulled her ass-cheeks apart. He knew what was coming.

"I want you to show me how devoted you are. To me. To my cause," Catherine demanded.

With a confident smirk, he brought his face down close to her ass, replaced Catherine's hands with his own, and gave each cheek a loving smooch. But he knew what she wanted. He brought his lips forward, and planted a loving, juicy kiss on her asshole. With this act, Adam was no longer an idealistic politician. He was a corrupt one, a man who was the servant of someone else. That person was Catherine. He would do whatever she wanted.

Adam lovingly kissed and licked Catherine's asshole for a few minutes, until it was nice and juicy. He positioned his cock against her asshole, placed his hands on her hips, and began to push.

"Fuck me, Catherine. Your ass is tight!" Adam complimented as his cock started to get buried in her deep ass.

"That makes it so much better." Catherine said. It took a few minutes, but Adam was finally able to bury his entire dick in her ass. Catherine must be an experienced anal whore, he thought, because she took his dick like a champ. She must be a connoisseur of sex, since she has no doubt had a lot of it. She must expect the best, and he planned on giving it to her. Adam began to drive his dick in and out of her.

"Fuck me, Adam. Fuck your married cock in and out of my hot ass!" Catherine gasped.

"Your ass feels amazing! Holy fuck!" Adam moaned.

"I bet you didn't get this from wifey?" Catherine said with a laugh.

"Fuck no!" Adam said, slapping his whore's hot ass. The storm was still raging outside, and the fucking still raged on the inside. His hips were a blur as he fucked her as hard as he had ever fucked anyone. Her ass was built to handle this kind of rough fucking. She was a built for this.

Adam bent over to her to rub his chest against her sweaty back. He reached under her to scoop her breasts into his hands again. He squeezed over and over again. He brought his lips to hers, and they met in a fierce kiss. They went over the edge again, Adam shooting a heavy load deep into her ass, which set her off as well. They came together, this time in this loving embrace. The first time was no fluke. Adam saw the same things he saw when he came in her the first time. He saw the universe in those moments.

They collapsed to the bed, but the two lovebirds were not done. They basked in the warm glow of their new-found love. They giggled and kissed and fooled around. Both still had some juice in the tank. Adam ended up on top of her, and he humped at her till his cock forced its way into her pussy once more. His hands were palming her titties once again, and for the first time, he was able to bring his mouth to her nipples. One after the other, he sucked and chewed

on her rubbery nipples, and she cradled his head like a baby as he did so. He used his hands to force more tit-flesh into his mouth. Her chest was soon covered in his spit. He soon settled on her left nipple, sucking it lazily as he fucked her hole slowly and deliberately.

Catherine once again brought her lips to his ear.

"I have the power to help you win this election. But you need to be fully committed to this Church. I want you to publicize your support of us. I want you to attend this church every chance you get. I want you to be the biggest proponent of this Church. The closer you get to the Church, the closer you get to me. Okay?" she whispered to her new lover.

He simply groaned, his mouth too full of tasty nipple to speak clearly. Her words wormed their way into his brain. If this church could bring him so much pleasure and happiness, he vowed to spread the word.

"At this Church," Catherine started, "We see God by having sex. By having incredible orgasms. You know that now.

Paula had her chance to see the lord this way, but you lacked the desire to fuck her in the way necessary to do so. That is her fault. No one could muster the desire to fuck her in that way. So, she will never have sex again. What would be the point? She will have to find her way to the lord in some other manner. While she does that, we'll just keep fucking."

Catherine brought her hand to Adam's sweaty, pumping ass as they entered the home stretch. This was closest they had had to lovemaking. These were two kindred spirits doing the deed. And once again, as they reached simultaneous orgasms, his seed filling her fertile womb, they traveled to a different plane of existence, together.

After the previous night, Paula immediately regretted her decision. She could not just dump her husband with just a light bit of evidence. She could not just become a Nun because of that. Why did not she talk to her husband? It had to be a misunderstanding. It just had to be. The more she thought about, the more she realized he would never cheat

on her. There had to be some sort of explanation. Maybe she had been tricked in some way. She had to go find Adam. She had to get to the bottom of this. She felt terrible.

Paula snuck out of the church early in the morning. She returned home to find fallen branches in the driveway. There was no car in the driveway, but if there was, it would not be able to pass the fallen pieces of wood. Adam was clearly not here, so she went to the campaign headquarters next. No sign of Adam there either. She could not help but look through the drawers again, and she was shocked to find no sign of the pictures she had seen the day before. Had she gone crazy?

Her last hope was to go talk to Catherine. Maybe she knew where Adam was.

After the previous night, Adam immediately regretted his decision. He had cheated on his wife! With a Nun! What was he thinking? He had fucked up bad. He had to go find Paula. He had to find his wife. There had to be some explanation

to this. It had to be some sort of misunderstanding. He had to get to the bottom of this. He felt terrible.

He awoke to find a robe. He was alone in the bed, so he slipped on the robe and wandered around. He found his dried clothes and put them back on. He opened the door into Catherine's office, looking for any sign of Catherine. Adam could not afford to run into her again. He couldn't look into the face of the woman he had fucked the previous night.

He slipped out of her office, and just as he stepped out into the hallway, Catherine turned the corner as she walked towards her office. Adam froze as she approached, but she didn't notice him immediately, as she was texting on her phone. Still looking as voluptuous as ever, her habit zipped down, exposing a mile of juicy cleavage. She looked up and saw Adam staring at her.

"Hey, baby!" Catherine said, dropping her phone into her cleavage. She leaned forward for a kiss. "Thanks for the wonderful night."

The feeling of her plush lips against his sent a jolt through him, and he jumped back.

"No. I can't do this!" Adam stated firmly, trying to leave, "I need to find Paula. I need to talk to her. Last night was a mistake."

Adam loved his wife. The night before had been a moment of weakness; he was vulnerable, distraught, and Catherine had taken advantage of him, manipulated him. There had to be some sort of horrible misunderstanding. If he could just talk Paula, they could work it out, and things could get back to normal.

"Baby, I showed you so much last night. You can't just go back. Last night I showed you God!" Catherine started, stepping towards him. "Last night, I showed you these big titties. Do you really think you can go back to Paula? Wouldn't it be so much easier to just stay with me? Wouldn't it be so much better?"

Adam's eyes fell to her cleavage. Her incredible cleavage. God, her tits looked so good. He had to admit, this nun was

amazing at sex. She had shown him things he had never experienced before. Things Paula didn't know were possible. And her body was out of this world. A work of art. He had never experienced such a voluptuous woman before. He had only had Paula.

"Are you seriously going to turn this down?" Catherine said, stepping towards him

Catherine backed him into the wall and stared him in the eyes, daring him to leave. Would Adam have the guts to push this voluptuous nun and escape? Would he return to his wife? Was he corrupted for good?

Paula rushed into the church, hoping to find Catherine, hoping to find some guidance. She was his last hope of finding Adam. It was a long shot, but maybe she knew where he was. She walked quickly towards Catherine's office. She knocked as she opened the door, but there was no one inside. She stepped inside, planning to wait for Catherine, when, from the door at the back of the office.

"Oh God!" the voice said. Paula was confused then she heard, "OH FUCK YES!"

Paula was extremely confused. Had somebody snuck into Catherine's office for sex? The nerve of those people; how dare they defile the House of God with their illicit, disgusting, lewdness. Well, Paula wouldn't let this stand. She walked towards the door and opened it. What she saw there shook her to the core.

Catherine was bent over her bed, the back of her habit lifted over her butt. Her large breasts looked like they had been roughly scooped out of her habit, and they were dangling below her. And behind her, driving his large, throbbing dick into her, was Adam, Paula's husband. Her soul mate. Paula fell to her knees.

"Keep fucking me Adam! Fuck me! Fuck the shit out of me!" Catherine screamed.

"Fuck, it feels so good!" Adam moaned, now fully corrupted by Catherine's hot body.

Catherine's head lolled lazily to the side, and she saw Paula on the ground near her.

"Paula! So good to see you!" Catherine said. "Look baby, your wife is here." Adam quickly glanced at his kneeling wife before refocusing his attention on his slut.

"Kneel, Paula. That is where you belong, before your superior. Your Mother Superior, ha ha!" Catherine laughed cruelly, mocking Paula's weakness from her position of dominance.

"How could you?" Paula asked, in near tears.

"You left your man, Paula!" Catherine said, "You left him in his time of need. Oh fuck yes!" Catherine moaned as Adam kept driving into her, "You left his balls full of that delicious cum. Of course he sought someone else. Of course he came right to me."

"I trusted you. I was gonna join the church." Paula said.

"Paula, you do not belong here. Our church caters those who are capable of seeing God. I have a surefire way of achieving that. I showed Adam, and he is now converted. But I am afraid it is something you are not capable of seeing. You are simply too ugly. You do not belong at this Church. You do not fit in with my girls; you never have and never will! You need to move on. It's already over. You don't belong here, with the beautiful people. We are God's Chosen few, the ones he blessed. We have seen the light. Now, please, be quiet and let us fuck in peace," Catherine said. As she finished, Adam reached under Catherine and viciously squeezed her large breasts.

Adam kept driving into her as his pace got rougher. Paula looked through tears at the copulating couple. Her husband had left her... for a nun! He fucked a nun, just because she had big tits! Because she was beautiful. God, she hated big-breasted girls! She could never fit in with them.

"Your man loves me now, Paula. I get that fat dick whenever I want. You blew it. You could have held onto to this dick, but he's mine now. Isn't that right baby?" Catherine said.

"Yes, love. I love you. I love your hot fucking body," Adam grunted out, running on animal instincts now.

"Do you love her anymore?" Catherine cried.

"No. Only you. You have shown me the light. You have shown me what real pleasure is!" Adam said. Catherine pulled herself off of him and kneeled in front of him.

"Cum on my face, Adam. Prove how much you love me by spewing hot cum all over me." Catherine begged. Adam started to stroke his cock, trying to bring himself over the edge.

"Adam, don't!" Paula begged, hoping there was some shred of decency left in her man.

"Oh, fuck, here it comes!" Adam said. Both Paula and Catherine watched as steaming streams of cum shot from the tip of his large cock and landed on Catherine's gorgeous face and enormous breasts. His dick kept firing, baptizing Catherine with cum. Paula was amazed at how much cum he was shooting. He had never shot that much with her. Catherine must bring out the best in him.

Once Adam's cock stopped firing, he fell back to the bed, exhausted. Catherine's face and breasts were covered with Adam's sperm, and drops were falling from her face into her cleavage. A stream of cum connected her two large breasts. Her habit was stained from the large amount of cum Adam had spewed. Paula watch as her husband's cum dripped down the large valley between Catherine's breasts, heading toward her rosary. Paula couldn't watch any more.

"You are not capable of making a man erupt like that. That is what separates you from my girls. That is why you don't belong here. Now leave. Your husband is with us now. Let him go, with your blessing," Catherine said, smiling evilly, as she scooped cum into her mouth.

Paula burst into tears and ran from the church.

(7 Months Later)

Paula was at the homeless shelter, caring for some of its regular residents. She had moved a few hours away from home and joined the church. A real church. She needed the lord more than ever. She had purposefully joined as strict of a church as possible, trying to get as far away from Catherine's sham of a Church. Most of her fellow nuns were double her age, and far more strict than the ones back home at Catherine's Church. Paula's bulky habit was the clearest evidence of that.

Normally, she did not watch TV, but the shelter had one on. On the TV, she saw her ex-husband celebrating an election victory. He was the new mayor of Parkersboro. She was conflicted by this. Part of her still loved him. He wasn't to blame for their marriage falling apart. She was. Paula was responsible, as was Catherine, the slut who had invaded her happy marriage. Catherine had corrupted Adam. There was

still good in him, but Catherine had used her hot body to get to him. Paula hoped that someday, Adam would realize how evil Catherine was. Maybe that day, Paula and Adam could go together to church. But part of her knew that would never happen.

Paula had committed herself to the Church. She had not quite had a religious experience, like Catherine had claimed, but spiritually, she was fulfilled. But, she still thought back to the good times with Adam. She missed him. She missed the way he made her feel. And quite frankly, she missed the sex they used to have. But she had made a commitment, and she was too in deep to change things now, not that she wanted to. She was happy, and judging by the smile on his face, Adam appeared to be happier than ever.

She had been looking for an excuse to visit him. Reconnect with him in some way, and maybe show him the error of his ways. Maybe get in touch with the good man that was still inside him somewhere. She thought that it would be the good, Christian thing to do to congratulate him on his successful election victory.

The day after Adam's election victory, Paula found her way back into Parkersboro for the first time since Adam left her. She was feeling hopeful and positive as she entered her old neighborhood, and quickly, she reached the house she shared with Adam. She still had her old house keys, and luckily, Adam hadn't changed the locks.

It was with a smile on her face that she entered her old house. It still smelled the same. She looked around, but sensed no presence in the house. Then, she heard a creak from upstairs. She listened intently until she heard another. Adam must be upstairs.

She quietly climbed the stairs, not wanting to startle Adam. As she reached the second floor and looked down the hall, she noticed the bedroom door was open. Paula walked towards the door, happy to know she would be seeing her husband soon. Then the smell hit her.

It was the smell of sweat. The smell of exertion. The smell of vagina. The smell of sex. Paula's heart dropped, but she

couldn't stop herself. She walked to her bedroom door and peeked inside.

Paula let her eyes crawl across the floor, scanning her old bedroom. As she did, she saw piles of clothes on the ground. At first, she saw Adam's clothes, but as she looked closer to the bed, she saw a new batch of clothes. She saw a stretchy habit, in a silky pile on the floor. A nun's headpiece was on top of it. And on top of that was a skimpy yellow thong, tossed casually on top of it. Paula couldn't stop herself from looking at the bed.

On the bed lied Adam, her ex-husband, and he was completely naked on his back. And his rock hard cock was pointing straight up. But, unfortunately for Paula, Adam was not alone. Her first thought was that it was Catherine on the bed. The last time Paula saw Adam in person was while he was fucking Catherine. But it only took a few seconds to realize that it wasn't Catherine on the bed. It was Melody.

Melody, the bitch who had been after Paula's man since high school, had finally got her claws in him. She was bare-

ass naked, and she was on all fours with her hand slowly stroking Adam's cock. Paula couldn't help but admit that Melody's body was spectacular. Her large breasts were swaying under her, her hard nipples lightly scraping against Adam's leg. Her perfect ass was pointed directly at Paula, and Paula could see the cum leaking from her tight asshole. Melody moved so her mouth was poised over the head of Adam's cock.

"God, I can't believe I waited so long to fuck you." Adam groaned out, trying to resist letting Melody take him over the edge.

"Just think about all that wasted time you spent with dreary bitch Paula, when you could have spent some quality time with me." Melody giggled, slowly stroking his cock.

"God, I know! What a fucking waste!" Adam said with a laugh.

"Just think, all those hours you spent studying with her, you could have been getting better acquainted with my body." Melody said.

"Uhh." Adam groaned.

"Instead of all that time you wasted in debate club, you could have snuck off with me, and let me nibble on this fat cock." Melody purred, letting her tongue run across the tip of his dick. "This fat head." she said, letting her soft lips run across the tip.

"Fuck!" Adam moaned.

"Instead of slumming it with that ugly bitch and giving her little kisses between classes, you could have snuck off with me, and pounded my hot little ass." Melody teased.

"Damn, you're so hot!" Adam said between gritted teeth, as she positioned her pussy over his cock.

"Instead of taking her to the prom, you could have a slut like me on your arm. You remember that dress I wore?" Melody asked, sitting on Adam's cock, burying it inside her, again.

"Yes! You looked so fucking hot!" Adam exclaimed, remembering that tight little dress she wore that showed off so much skin.

"Do you remember all the notes I gave you?" Melody asked, bouncing on his fat cock.

"Yes, they were so nasty!" Adam said.

"What was your favorite?" Melody asked with a cute, girly smile as Adam massaged her giant boobs.

"The one where you promised to 'rock my cock' in every hole if I took you to prom. That was a nice little poem you wrote. I wish I took you, now." Adam said, squeezing her soft titties, holding on for dear life. Adam reminisced about all the nasty things she did to tease him in high school as they fucked. How she flashed her bare pussy at him in class whenever she wore a tiny little skirt. When she flashed him her bare ass to him during prom. When she flashed her tits to him from the back of the auditorium during the biggest

debate of the year. And now, she was a nun. A slutty, sexy nun.

"I'm an expert at rocking your cock, aren't I?" Melody asked, rocking his world with her tight pussy.

"Yes! You're amazing!" Adam groaned, obviously near his breaking point.

"Better than Paula, aren't I?" Melody said.

"Yes! I should have been with you. She was never as good a fuck as you are! I love you so much more than I ever loved her. OH FUCK YES!" Adam screamed, his cum blasting out of his cock and into her snug pussy.

Paula's habit was soaked with her tears as she ran from the house. She would never get those nasty images out of her head. Even though she made a lot of noise leaving, neither of the lovers in the bedroom noticed.

It was a few days after his election victory that Adam attended the church. He was there every Sunday, but this time, he was center stage, thanking his supporters. He looked at the overfilled church with pride. He looked across the front, where the church workers were. The Priest, the Nuns, and Catherine.

She smiled brightly at him.

"I just want to say thanks to all of you for your support. This church has changed my life. I am now truly found, and I have never been happier. I vow that the church will remain a huge part of my life going forward, and I will spread the word about how wonderful this church is and all of its followers are. So... I just want to thank you all again, and I want to thank the workers here as well. The Priest, all of the Nuns, and especially, the Mother Superior. Mother Catherine has been absolutely wonderful to me, and she is a big reason why I am here today. So to her, I say thanks."

The crowd applauded loudly, and cheered in joy at their son winning the election. Catherine walked from behind the podium she stood behind to stand by his side. This allowed everyone to see her tighter than tight habit stretched around her bulging, seven-month pregnant belly. Stretching around her milk-engorged tits. Her habit had evolved even more. Catherine encouraged her girls to wear habits that exposed lots of cleavage. She wanted them to wear habits with slits on the sides, allowing them to show off their spectacular, smooth legs to the appreciative male audience. And Catherine followed suit, wearing this near indecent habit. She had no shame wearing this during the service. The audience was inspired by her divine form to be more appreciative of the Lord's gifts.

Catherine couldn't be happier. Not only was she positively glowing as she got closer and closer to her due date, every aspect of her work was going well. Now that she had the new mayor's ear, the shipments of drugs and illegal contraband entering town would be unimpeded. Adam was still a good guy, and Catherine knew she couldn't blatantly tell him the illegal actions she was taking apart in. But thanks to her hot body, Adam was blind to the depths of her depravity. Adam would do whatever she told him to, as long as she kept him

satisfied. Adam would turn a blind eye to her actions, letting her do whatever the hell she wanted to do, letting her run her various criminal enterprises unimpeded. Deep down, he had to know the truth, but the way Catherine rocked his cock eliminated any guilt he felt. Parkersboro's young wonder had been corrupted, and if he couldn't stop the corruption, no one could. Parkersboro was truly lost.

Not only was Catherine's criminal empire truly taking shape, her church was now more popular than ever.

Catherine looked out at the audience as they applauded. She saw many women like her. Her Church definitely attracted a certain type. Many women that would normally not be caught dead in a church were firm believers in Catherine. Word was out that Catherine's path to bliss was sex, and that definitely opened some eyes. And when the sluts of the town found out that path to pleasure was quickest found by fucking married men, well, let's just say Catherine was kept very busy handling an incredible amount of annulments, including Adam's. The Church's slogan was 'You'll see the light,' and all the sluts in the crowd had done so, as did the formerly married men next to them.

Catherine looked back at her partner in crime, Melody. It took a few seconds for Melody to meet her gaze as she was hungrily eyeing Adam. Catherine couldn't blame her. Catherine figured that no one had benefitted from the new and improved Adam as much as Melody had, despite herself of course. Catherine was happy for her. She had finally been with the man she had lusted over for years. But Melody knew her place. Melody knew that she was second in line, behind her. Catherine made sure that she received Adam's best, and Melody got whatever he had left. Luckily for her, a stud like Adam had plenty in the tank, leaving her more than happy with the arrangement. Catherine looked back to the audience. And all the eyes in the audience were on her.

Seeing her pregnant belly allowed the audience to see what she had been doing with her free time. But they already knew this. Knew this and supported this. They clapped loudly in pride as she stood next to their chosen son. She ran her hands across her belly, feeling her child kicking. She looked at Adam, and they shared a look of pure desire. Some didn't recognize it, but the people that did could see the fierce attraction, the incredible desire, the pure love, the

pure lust between their political leader and their religious leader. And looking at her belly, she had proved to Adam that not only was she the Mother Superior, but she was also the superior mother. When Adam announced that he had to leave to talk privately with Catherine, most people knew what they were really doing. Most knew they were forging a deep bond between church and state.

And as Adam drove his thick cock into Catherine's needy pussy, she smiled, as she realized that Parkersboro was hers now and forever. And as she looked back at Adam, the beacon of hope for this city and its citizens, driving his cock into her, she realized Adam belonged to her, too. Adam, and that fat cock of his, belonged to Catherine, forever and ever.

THE END

Author's Note:

Thanks for the great feedback as always. A few things I wanted to mention. As always, I am happy to receive story ideas in this vein, so by all means, if you got them, send them my way. Secondly, I am planning on writing some stories in the future that aren't quite in the genre I have been writing in. Don't worry, I plan to keep writing these stories. I just have a few side-stories in mind, so they won't be replacing the stories from this genre. Lastly, I again wanted to put the call out for anyone who would be interested in creating some illustrations for my stories. Just send me a comment if you're interested. Thanks again for reading my stories. Keep the feedback coming.