

Description: You're sucked into the world of Cult of the Lamb and given nearly unlimited power, who knows what you might do?

Kinks: Hypnosis, Humaned, Mind Control, Bimbofication, Brainwashing, Personality Change, Breast Growth, Hyper Tits, Nipple Fucking, Mind Break, Bondage, Bimboi, Sissy, Futa Su Latex, Cock Growth, Double Dicks, Drones, Lots of Cum, Cumflation, Cum Fetish, Cock Worship, Human on Anthro,

Your Very Own Cult

You once more awake in your temple, your new home after being transported inside the Cult of the Lamb video game after you had completed one hundred percent completion run a few months ago. For your efforts you were rewarded with one last ritual. Which incidentally coincided with The Lamb trying to ascend to a higher plain of existence. The result was you, in all your glory being transported into their universe with near infinite power over the fuzzy little cultists and their former master, The Lamb. What would you do with your new realm and powers?

Obviously you'll turn the world's denizens into your own private harem!

Now months later your eyes slowly open after another restful sleep in your blackstone throne and immediately you're greeted by your incredible temple. A massive super-church to house your cult, which had its numbers swell in your presence, and you had an extra impressive one. Compared to all the peoples of this land you were typically double the size, with the tallest members barely reaching above your waist in height. As it turns out, being the giant new god came with a lot of benefits beyond recruiting more followers.

Your temple was a far cry from the small wooden shack The Lamb once preached inside. Ornate chandeliers line the dark room only providing the barest of light that barely cuts the dark of your seat of power. Dozens of your followers cumbloated and corrupted forms littered the floor, laid slump against the pews and pillars. They were all a pleasant consequence of last night's fertility ritual. Their curvy and extra thick furry bodies served as zealous little cock sleeves for you last night and soon they'd give birth to more followers of your cause. However their stamina was still a concern, none of them could last more than a couple rounds with you, save one, The Lamb.

The Lamb had changed a lot under your corruptive influence. After summoning you to this world of furry little cults, The Lamb and others started to change to your perverted desires. Becoming extra thick little cock sleeves that only think about serving their new god as best they can.

To this end the Lamb, your “vessel” in this realm has once again woken you up with a sloppy tongue bath. Her thick black lips and long pink sheep tongue moved up and down to clean your sweaty morning wood with sweet devotion. Her soft black lips coated your massive member with spit as her massive black sheep tits wrapped around the base of your cock. Both her puffy black nipples hardened and twitched as her hips swayed with excitement, big black booty clapping at her master’s attention.

“*Mmmm*, morning my god, did you sleep well?” asked The Lamb, her voice smoky as she drooled on your cock. Her continued twerking filled the mostly quiet temple with the sound of clapping ass cheeks. She was very clearly trying to coax you into another round, but you weren’t about to give in so easily.

“Not bad, but I see you couldn’t wait until I was up.” You say as you straighten your body on your throne.

“How could I resist such a tasty cock... *Mwaaaah*, plus you looked so pent up.” moaned The Lamb.

The tops of her little black eyes were barely covered by her white wool. The Lamb was now mostly shaved these days, besides tufts of white wool around her wrists, ankles, and tail, plus an afro-like ball of wool on her head. Her eyes poked out from her curly bangs as she looked up at you. A smile on her face as she rubbed you spit slicked meat on her cheek.

“I was feeling a little pent up without the rest of the cult to tend to me. You’re such a good vessel.” You say as you survey the dozens of cumbloated, mammal, reptile and mystic anthros of all genders that you left cumbloated and passed out on the floor.

“*Mmmmm*, well don’t worry my god, I’ll milk you dry.” cooed The Lamb

“But hedonism will have to wait ,” you sigh, “What is on the agenda for today?”

“Well, first we need to-”

“My god!” Cried Anhky as she ran through the front door and rushed into your room. The extra thick cat girl had a pair of huge saggy tits that covered her pudgy midsection, and were barely contained by her white bandage bra-wrap. Her hips and ass were stuffed extra full with cellulite, and thighs thick enough to prop up such an obscene body.

“My husband and daughter both wish to join your cult. They’ve seen the error of their ways and wish to bask in your brilliance!” She continued as she fell to her knees at your feet and clasped her hands together. Her little cat snout twitched as she gave you an uneasy smile, she looked so nervous and strands of her frazzled long yellow hair covered her face as she stared at you with feverish intent.

“Alright, I’ll accept your family into my embrace-”

“Oh thank you master!” Cried Anhky, she quickly crawled to your feet. Her massive kitty titties dragged on the ground before she pounced onto your leg, rubbing her slutty body against you in a feral embrace.

“I promise you will not regret-*ahhnnnggh!*” cried Anhky as a large black hand made of solid shadows picked her up.

“No touching our god without permission, blasphemer.” Said The Lamb, her eyes glowed a pale red as she stared down your shivering servant.

“Sorry ma’am it won’t happen a-*Mmmmmph!*” Moaned Anky as she felt the shadows enveloping her body, rubbing against her most sensitive spots.

“It better not, but just to make sure,” Said The Lamb with a sadistic glint in her voice, “I hope you enjoy your time as a drone.”

“*Mmmmmggh!*” groaned Anhky as he body was enveloped by black shadows from head to toe before the shadow solidified into a latex coat. She instinctively struggled as the latex coat covered her from head to toe, coating her yellow pelt. It clung to Anhky’s trembling curves, outlined her puffy nipples and exposed pussy lips perfectly before the transformation stopped and Anhky was dropped to the ground.

Where she laid, slumped and unmoving for a moment. Then her body shuddered, limbs twitching as she rose off the ground like a Zombie. Her eyes slowly opened revealing pink swirls and her slack maw was slick with the latex covering.

“Ahhnnnggggh, Duh-Drone twelve is ready for service my god.” Moaned Anhky, her tongue flopped out of her mouth as she drooled her words in a voice that quickly became more monotone with each word drooled.

“What are my orders, my god?” She asked, snapping to attention like a loyal soldier. Her lips curving into a big smile as her blank eyes stared forward at your glorious presence.

“Get to cleaning up the temple drone,” you order, “it’s gotten so filthy in here.”

“I obey...” responded Anhky, her voice trailing off as she got to work. Moving the unconscious bodies to the corner before grabbing some cleaning solution from a janitor's closet.

“Now let’s go, little Lamb, and welcome our new members.”

“As you wish my god,” cooed The Lamb as she hopped off your body.

There was no need to get any clothing or cover your divine form. It was your right to walk into the middle of your compound with your massive human meat swinging between your knees, but more than that, it was an inspiration for your worshippers. They loved every part of you, but your divine cock brought their simple little lives so much joy, it would be rude to deny them the ability to bask in your glory. So the Lamb parted the curtains, letting the daylight into your temple and you admired your cult.

A wondrous city had been erected since you’d arrived. You turned the former compound into a bustling hub of trade, culture and hyper sexualization the world had ever seen. From the high hill your temple sat you could see rows of cabins your followers slept in. Thousands of them, all dressed in a variety of slutty clothing, from fishnets and pencil skirts to latex suits and leather bondage. Nipples covered by clothes as large as one piece swimsuits or as small as nipple tassels; if they were even covered at all.

They all toiled on various tasks, tending to your farms and keeping your coffers full of goods and coins. Though a few of your cult members let their lust get the better of them, fucking in the open spaces or behind the cabins, but such a sight was common in your lands. You followers were expected to satiate their desires like horny little fuck bunnies and your propaganda machines really helped keep your servants loose and more importantly obedient.

Tall polls with attached speakers and T.V screen lined your compound filling the air with the erotic sounds of sloppy worship spliced with the subliminal phrases to maximize

obedience. On the screens were scenes of worshipers servicing your massive cock and heavy nuts attracted their eyes. Their natural perversions got them close and the pink spiral filter penetrated their minds, making your will their own.

From your temple you got a clear view of a trio of bunny slaves, dressed in tight micro bikinis. All extra thick shorties with asses that completely swallowed the bikini strings and massive tits that threatened to snap their tops at the slightest boob jiggle. They stared up at the screens, jaws slack and pupils dilated as they muttered,

"I am a slave.... I must obey... I am a slave... I must worship my god all day...."

Their monotone voices all spoke at once as they rubbed their crotches. Their long white ears twitching as they let out groans of pleasure between the words of their mantra. Their slack drooling maw's curved into small smiles whenever the pleasure became too much and they squirted over the grass. Eventually after a few minutes they stopped their mantra, snapped to attention and returned to their tasks with an eerie spring in their step.

"Mmmm, those new propaganda towers were a lovely addition my god." Cooed The Lamb, she bit her lower lip as she looked up at you, "Though, we could always make them bigger. Make sure your message is drilled deep into other fragile little minds."

"That will have to wait," you say as you walk over to the summoning pentagram, "first, we need to welcome our new members."

With a wave of your hand a large portal appeared, purple, swirling with a black outline. Then like a pair of cute little anthros fellow out of the portal like the universe themselves was vomiting them out of the great beyond. They both landed in the circle on the cold black stone, both naked and slightly afraid. The first being a small rather skinny cat girl, who had her mother's yellow fur, and long yellow locks but sadly none of the thickness. Her body was slender, curvy and compact, which you could easily change.

While the second anthro was a black furred buck, and rather well muscled too. His pointed stag horns had a regal appearance which complimented his pointed snout and well muscled physique. Puffy sculpted pecs, with a shredded eight pack, smooth muscle contours that lead down to a long horse cock, and digitigrade legs thick like tree trunks. Truly a well muscled specimen, he'd make a good worker but you didn't need any more workers

"Greetings," said the buck, "you must be-"

“No, I think I’ll make some changes.” You say as you reach down and grab the buck’s pointed snout and force him to look at you.

“Hey! What are you doing to dad-*uhhhnnnggh*...”

“Bastard what did you do to my dau....*uhhhnnngghh*.”

“That’s it, just look deep into my eyes.” You order, voice hypnotic as you exercise your will on the drooling pair. All it took was one look into your deep godly eyes and they were dumb drooling and ready to be molded like clay, starting with daddy.

You didn’t need another muscled himbo around, but who couldn’t use another sissy bimboi? With a thought the Stag’s body starts to change, his fur shifting to a hot pink. His horns fused together forming one large protrusion in the middle of his head and his eyes shifted to a bubbly pink.

“*Nyygghhee, cuummssh!*” drooled the quickly changing buck, his once large horse cock hardened and shrunk as he came. Each spurt of watery semen took an inch of his cock length until he had a small one inch long nub no thicker than a pinky. His muscles diminished, his masculine features smoothed out and all his masculinity got sucked into a pair of double-G cup tits that quickly grew on his chest. Two massive bimbo milkers to go along with his extra wide hips and massive ass cheeks that clapped as his body trembled. They’d increase in size until the buck matched his wife as a sissy bimboi unicorn slut.

“Perfect, I will name you... Pinky! That’s a perfect name for you.” You exclaim.

“*Hehehe*, it’s a super duper name, my god.” giggled Pinky with bubbly empty eyes.

“Now for your daughter... I think Ditzzy the kitty just needs to follow in mommy’s footsteps.” You say as you snap your fingers.

“*Mmmhhggggnn*,” groaned Ditzzy as her body started to change. Within a few short seconds her tits had grown out to match her ultra thick mother. Reaching sizes that would’ve been large on a girl your size, but lucky for Ditzzy you gave her a dump truck butt to act as a counterbalance. Her hips thickened to brood mother proportions and her ass cheeks jiggled with thick cellulite, attached to fat thighs that could now support the hyper sexual kitty girl.

“Now for the finishing touches.” You mutter as Ditzzy and Pinky were quickly dressed in new slutty clothing.

The shadows around Pinky solidified into rainbow socks and arm sleeves. His new tight rainbow thong hugged his now pathetic micro-clitty tightly as little rainbow tassels were placed over his fat new nipples, but didn’t entirely cover his fat areolas. While Ditzzy was given a pair of thigh high fishnets and a slutty French maid outfit, complete with cute mobcap. Her ruffled extra short maid skirt didn’t cover a thing and clearly showed off her puffy dripping pussy and her breast clung tightly enough to her tits to create a clear outline of her nipples.

“Ditzzy, go help your mother clean up the temple and Pinky, go down to the farms and hook yourself up to the milkings. Once you are dry you may toil in the dirt until bedtime.” You order.

“Yes my god, we live to serve you!” Moaned the former father daughter pair. Now thoroughly brainwashed and transformed by your godly magic into a pair of giddy little goons, ready to obey.

“Good thinking master,” said The Lamb, “We did need some extra mewling sluts to produce food and clean up the messes around here.”

“Speaking of what needs to be done. What other tasks do we need to do today?”

“Oh yes master, we’ve got a lot to do,” responded The Lamb, “first we have to-”

“Oh great god,” cried one of your servants, Anna. A futa squirrel girl with fluffy brown fur, extra wide hips, a fat pair of nuts and a cock that was currently tightly wrapped in a black metal chastity cage. She walked up, her long squirrel tail swaying behind her as she walked up to you and squatted, spreading her legs as she held her hands up in a begging position.

“We love drinking, eating and snorting your cum for every meal, but.... Well, hardly any of us have gotten to drink a fresh load. We’ve only gotten sloppy seconds for the past month now.” Moaned Anna, looking up with teary brown eyes, “won’t you give your devoted worshipers a fresh cum meal?”

“Filthy servant, you should consider yourself lucky you get to taste our god’s seed at all.” Spat The Lamb, “I should really-”

"It's okay Lamb, they've all been working so hard, you deserve an extra thick reward. Besides I am a kind god and more than willing to provide."

"Oh thank you my god." squealed Anna, "I'll savor every last morsel of your divine seed and-"

"Hush, you mewling little servant." Interjected The Lamb, "and go get your fellow cultists ready."

"*Eeeeeep!* Yes mistress," mewled Anna as she jumped to her feet and scurried off.

"Such a good Lamb, how would I keep these mewling sluts in line without you?" You say, giving The Lamb a well deserved head pat. Your hand sunk into her thick wool as she cooed at your touch.

"*Oooohmmm, yu-you'd be fine my god... Mmnnn*, I am just happy to serve," moaned The Lamb, her knees rubbing together as her pussy pulsated. It was so easy for you to flip your Lamb's switch. Your sadistic little vessel became a total masochist the second she felt a little bit of affection and she would be rubbing up against your heavy nut sack all the way up to the kitchen.

The "kitchen" (if you could call the hot pot The Lamb used a kitchen) had changed a lot since you arrived. You now had an actual log house used for cooking. Fitted with three large brick ovens, high quality tools, ingredients and a dozen cooks. Each of your cult's chiefs was naked except for a single thin apron. And each one was ready and willing to feed your every craving, but today you didn't need the cooks.

You walked behind the kitchen and knelt in front of a massive metal trough. It was enough for twenty furry sluts to line up shoulder to shoulder and feed all at once like a bunch of piggies. The Lamb immediately went for your cock the second it was close enough to shoot in the trough.

"Come on you lazy servants, help milk your master's *mmmmm*, godly meat." Ordered The Lamb, addressing the dozens of nearby cultists that followed their lord into the kitchen. Then without another word she returned to planting a line of kisses up your cock, starting at the base and ending at the tip.

"Yes ma'am!" yelped Anna as she scuttled over to your feet. Burying her cute brown snout in between your nuts before she started taking long licks across your flesh.

"Mmmnnnggh, soooo guuud," groaned Anna, rubbing her crotch as she stuffed her cheeks full of your nuts.

"Please let me help, my god!" Mewled another cultist.

"I'll worship you the hardest!"

"No, I will, my god!"

"I'm way better than them!" Cooed another.

"Please let us thank you!"

"No me first!"

Horny and spiteful shouts came from the crowd as they surrounded your cock. Each little face present took an inch of cock and started slurping your massive meat. Then once there was no space they crawled on each other's shoulders and started kissing the top of your cock. Dragging their soft, rough and/or sloppy tongues up and down your throbbing human member with religious fervor.

There were all kinds of furry little sluts in the cock sucking pile. From stacked bunny girls to muscled futa horse girls with micro cocks and traps with fat caged cocks. All species in this land, practicing any number of fetishes, stood at your feet and milked your cock like it was the most important thing in the world; which it was. They wanted you cock so badly, you could see the desperation in their shining eyes as they looked up at you. Their jaws slack and expressions sloppy and drooling. Some had already fainted from the stimulation of huffing your musk and servicing your cock.

"Such good little cum sluts." You say, letting out a satisfied sigh, "you're working so hard to milk your god's cock."

"It's what we live for!" moaned Anna

"I love you, my god and master!" cooed another cultist.

"Please use your servants!"

"But drench us in your cum after!"

“We need your seed!”

“*Mmmmph*, silence and keep sucking like good slaves!” Spat The Lamb as she looked at you with wide eyes. Drool dribbled off her chin as she spared a couple seconds to reprimand your harem before returning to licking the base of your cock. She was moving her tongue faster now, your frenzied vessel could probably tell you were getting close to shooting. Your massive shaft throbbed and pulsed as your tip shot thick semi-solid ropes of pre-cum into the trough.

“*Duh*-don’t hold back my god,” moaned The Lamb, “give your miserable servants your thick nasty seed-”

Then without so much as a warning you burst. Your load shooting out like a thick geyser pushing back the three cultists servicing your cock head as your semi solid jelly like ropes flew into the trough. Then after a couple moments the cum’s consistency changed to more like a thick white yogurt. It flowed from your fat cock head with no sign of stopping as gallons of spunk filled the trough to the brim, and spilled onto the grass below.

“*Mmmnnngh*, good pets,” you grunt, “now quickly eat up and you return to your duties.”

“*Mnnnnnggh*,” moaned the group, their expressions lighting up as they shoved their snouts into the trough. Sucking back tonnes of your thick cum as they shamelessly gooned. They rubbed their cunts and jerked their cocks with fervor as your cum forced them into heat. Their own loads and cunt honey leaked over the grass as they satiated their feverish desires by kissing and licking your massive shaft.

“And don’t you want to join them, Lamb?” you ask, looking down at the Lamb. She had ignored the sloppy cum-meal you so generously provided and opted to worship your cock for as long as you’d allow. Her long tongue cleaned your tip and tickled your urethra before she started sucking the leftover cum out of your pisshole. Her soft black lips formed a vacuum seal around your cock tip as she sucked back all the cum left inside your shaft.

“*Mmmnnnggh*, I... *Buuuurp!* I much prefer serving your needs before my own, my god.” Moaned The Lamb as she opened her mouth and showed off the thick nut jelly left on her tongue.

“*Guuulppp.... Ahhhhn*, but I do hope we get to spend some quality time together soon.”

“Once we’re done with the day's chores,” you respond, “then I’ll give my vessel some very special attention.”

“*Mmmmmm*, thank you my god. I can’t wait for the ritual.” moaned The Lamb as she rubbed your shaft affectionately against her cheeks, “Now then, shall we-”

“My god!” cried Asterius, one of your laborers. A muscled bull man who you had working at the lumberyard. He rushed over to you in a sweat, his caged cock flopping around with each heavy hoof print he left on the dirt before he fell to his knees at your feet.

“*Uhhgggh*, what is it now?” Groaned The Lamb.

“My god a group of dissenters are calling you such awful things down by the lumberyard!”

“What are they saying?”

“They are saying you’ve made us into slaves and treat us like pets!” shouted Asterius as he looked up to you, ignoring the dozens of his fellow cultists gorging themselves on your cum load.

“Such blasphemy,” you say in a gasp, “I’ll go take care of them, but for your diligence you may join the others and feast on my seed until you are full.”

“Oh thank you my god!” cried Asterius, his voice filled with reverence, “I knew you’d never steer us astray, you are the one true god.”

“Good pet, now run along and drink up your master’s seed.” You say as you lean over and scratch Asterius’s head between his horns.

“*Hnnnggghh*, yes, *muh*-my god, thank you for your kindness!” he moaned, his words sloppy but his expression was of lustful satisfaction as he skipped over to the trough.

“Don’t worry my god, I will make sure to punish this dissenter for his blasphemy!” Shouted The Lamb as she started running down to the lumber yard and you followed along behind your fervent little vessel. Walking beside the logging camps where you should be hearing the sounds of sawing logs, but instead all you hear are the sounds of dissent.

"We cannot let ourselves be blinded by our lust!" Cried Fuzzy Butt, one of your lumberjacks. A muscled futa fox girl, wearing a pair of overalls that barely covered her massive orange furry tits and clearly showed off her nipples. Whenever she turned to address the crowd to her back her massive ass cheeks clapped, her long fluffy orange tail wagging behind her as she preached on her soapbox like a little whore of Babylon.

"The false god says it is for our own good, but you know better, don't you? Your wives, husbands, and friends are used and abused. Treated like they aren't living things but literal toys!"

"Yeah, I have noticed the god is pretty extreme."

"It has been a while since I have seen my husband outside of sex..."

"But it feels good, and our god loves us!" Shouted Sucky Sue, your mousy little tax collector, "our god would never-"

"Would someone who loves you change you so much? He made us sensitive to his corruption before he enslaved us all using lust and now threatens to destroy what is left of our minds with propaganda!" Preached Fuzzy Butt, raising her fists to the sky as she addressed the captivated crowd, "It's all bullshit and I-*ahhkkk!*"

"That's enough out of you, little blasphemer!" Shouted The Lamb, her shadowy hand appeared over Fuzzy Butt and picked her fox body up like it was nothing. Dangling Fuzzy Butt off the ground as she cried out in horror. Her words of rebellion silenced for the time being.

"You were so loyal Fuzzy Butt," continued The Lamb, rage building in her voice, "but now you've betrayed the cult by spitting your venom. I should have you killed right no-"

"There is no need for that." You say, "she's just a little lost fox that needs..."

SNAP!

"A little bit of re-education."

At the snap of your fingers the soap box that Fuzzy Butt stood on vanished and out of black smoke appeared a stockade. Made of pitch black wood and firmly affixed to the ground by two sturdy black beams. It magically snapped open, ready to lock Fuzzy Butt in to serve her rightful penance.

“My god,” moaned The Lamb, “you are too merciful to these blasphemous creatures, but I agree a few days in the rack will set her straight.”

“Noooooooo!” cried Fuzzy Butt as she was shoved into the stockade. The wooden block locking around her wrists and neck. She tugged at her rough wooden restraints to no avail. Her body squirming as black tendrils sprouted from the ground and tore off her overalls. Showing off her massive melon sized cheeks and caged leaking futa cock for the crowd to see.

“As for you all, I think this decenter deserves a more personal punishment for trying to lead you all down a dark path.” You announce as you clap your hands together.

The crowd started to shudder as many of the males and futa’s in the crowd’s cages burst open. Their cocks grew large and hard, every cock type and shape, from horse to mouse reached its sexual peak thanks to your godly powers. A few of the futa’s accidentally tit fucked themselves as their new cocks poked through the tops. Most of the males’ nuts swelled and their new dicks leaked as they went into a feral heat.

“But there are so many of you to satisfy and only one one blasphemer, *Hmmmm....* Oh, I know,” you say with a smile.

“*Hnnnnuuunnggghh,*” cried Fuzzy Tits through gritted teeth as her tits grew to the size of beach balls, hitting the ground below her body. While her areolas grew wide, tits growing longer until she had a fully fuckalbe set of twitching tits.

“*Hu-holy fuck, dis-dis feels so-nyygghhh!*” she sputtered her caged cock shooting ropes of cum over the grass as a slight breeze brought her hyper sluttified body to orgasm.

“Try her out everyone, and don’t be nice. Your former sister needs to make up for all the filth she was spouting.

“Yes my god!” Shouted a brown furred horse trap. He quickly skipped up to Fluffy Tits and grabbed hold of one of her massive nipples before shoving all twelve inches of his massive flared horse meat inside her breast.

“*Ahnnnggggghh! Puh-please stu-op, I can feel muh-my mind break-*”

“Hope you can handle a hard rutting, blasphemer!” Shouted a dog boy as he shoved his thick red rocket between Fuzzy Butt’s cheeks. Pressing his thick shaft into her asshole and making her tight tummy bulge.

“Hey move over and let me join!” Said another cat boy.

“*Mnnngghh*, I’m gonna-”

“Blasphemer pussy is so tight!” Sighed the cat boy as he penetrated the

“*Cummmsssh!*” moaned Fuzzy Butt her mind melting as her pussy squirted at the sudden injection of more magically enhanced knotted cock.

“*Muh-muh-my bu-bu-braaaaaiin is guh-gunna-*”

POP!

“*Duuuhhhnnggg-ghhuuaak!*”

“Suck my cock your filthy traitor!” shouted a pink pig futa as she shoved her corkscrew cock down Fuzzy Butt’s throat. Within half a minute a dozen cultists were using their fat cocks to ruin Fuzzy Butt’s holes while the ones that waited sucked or fucked each other relentlessly. Filling the lumberyard with the sweet sloppy sounds of sex. A massive improvement to how it sounded prior.

“And Sucky Sue,” you say as you turn and look down at your gooning tax collector. Her eyes were crossed as she rubbed her exposed pussy. The gray fur of her thick inner thighs was drenched with her cunt honey. She looked up at you as you gave her a gift, eyes lighting up as her big round ears twitched and long pink tail wagged, stirring the grass.

“Oh thank you my god.” She squeaked, tearing open your gift to reveal a massive pink dildo with a matching harness. Attached to the crotch was an equally large dildo and double fist sized plug, so the user of the toy could have some fun too.

“It feels perfect, *mmmmwaaaah!*” Sucky Sue leaned forward and kissed your thick cock tip as she rubbed her fake cock, “I’ll make sure to ruin this dissenter, my god. Her holes will be used and abused in your name.”

“Good mouse, now go and enact my will.” you order.

“Yes my god,” shouted Sucky, bowing before running off to penetrate whatever free hole she could find on Fuzzy Butt’s slutty new body.

“Such an... Appropriate punishment, oh lewd one.” Moaned The Lamb as she cradled your heavy nuts in both hands, “but how will you be satisfied with all of Fuzzy Butt’s holes stuffed?”

“I’m sure my vessel will wind a way.” you respond.

“*Mmmmm*, I am sure I will-”

“My god!” cried a voice behind you.

“God dammit,” spat The Lamb.

“I have a request for your greatness!” Mewled Slutty Buns, a bunny girl bimbo you picked up in Darkwood (and gave a super creative name). She approached you, fat white rabbit tits jiggling and spilling out of her thin breast wrap as she fell to her knees in prayer.

“What is your request, my silly little bunny?” You ask as you whip your filthy sperm coated cock off in her hair, using her long white ears and long silky hair as a cheap cum towel.

“Oh thank you my god! I love being of use to you, but...” Slutty Buns bit her lower lip, looking nervous.

“Tell me what troubles you so?”

“*Mmmmggh*, why does she get to be a cum tissue, it’s not fair.” Muttered The Lamb obviously jealous as she muttered profanity under her breath.

“I... I have been sickened by the state of the cult!”

“Oh, do you think I have failed you?”

“No never, I am not worthy to kiss the ground you walk on my god! None of the mewling worshipers that exist here truly deserve to wallow and goon in your light and... and that’s the problem!” Shouted Slutty Buns, her voice heavy,” *wuh*-we all have forgotten

we exist for you *an*-and your needs. So I ask... No, I beg you oh great god, please force your will on your pathetic worshipers so we might feel your light take us to higher consciousness."

"*Huh*, finally one of the cultists has a good request." Said The Lamb.

"And I accept your request, Slutty Buns. Now follow me to the temple." You respond as you walk towards your temple. The hundreds of your sexed up followers all started gathering around you, save the dozen or so servants that were re-educating Fuzzy Butt or out on raids.

You enter your temple, noting that your drone was standing at the door awaiting orders after cleaning the remaining spunk from the floor and walls. The last remaining hints of her "cleaning work" dripped from her slack maw as she stared forward, expression blank and empty as her eyes swirled with your power.

Your followers paid the drone no mind as they entered the temple right behind you, and immediately began to strip. Hundreds of them all tore off their clothes, showing off their nips, dicks and clits as you entered the pentagram. The dull red lines glowed at your presence and they began to emanate a cloudy red pink mist as you stepped inside the circle. With The Lamb standing at your side you begin the ritual as your followers surround you.

"Now then, relax and let me take you to a higher plain of consciousness." You continue, your eyes glowing an eerie red as your followers stare into your baleful eyes. Their giddy expressions quickly softened, their eyes began to get heavy. Pupils alight with devotion shifted into deep pink swirls as the cultist's jaws started to go slack.

Then within a minute the entire room of several hundred cultists was zombie-like in demeanor. Hunched over, jaws agape with drool dripping down their chins and various fluids from their genitals. Your will had penetrated deep into their feeble furry minds. Reducing them into obedient little slaves ready to receive whatever new orders you had.

"Tell me what you are." You order, your voice enveloping each one of your cultists, spurring them to respond.

"We are mewling pathetic creatures that exist to serve you my god!"

"And what are you tenants?" You continued, eyes burning with godly might.

“My pitiful soul is spent worshiping my god!”

“My short life is for serving my god’s desires!”

“My slutty body is for satisfying my god’s every need!”

“Very good!” You laugh as The Lamb takes your cock into her throat. First she swallowed your cock head as you started to speak, but quickly she took over half your shaft into her greedy little snout. Her nostrils flaring as your fat shaft bulges her tight lamb throat. You reach down and grab her head, guiding her thick black lips up and down your shaft as you continue the ritual.

“Now what are my orders?”

“Divine and absolute, my god!”

“And how does it feel to obey me?”

“Obedience is pleasure and pleasure is to worship my God!”

“And what is disobedience?”

“Impossible my god!” Shouted the congregation, showing a mild hint of anger as the unspeakable was brought up.

“Mmmmm, obedience is pleasure...” Moaned The Lamb, peeling her lips off your cock for just a moment to whisper sweet words.

“Now cum! Cum every ounce of your will out,” you order, voice crackling like thunder but perfectly clear, “cum until my voice is the only one left in your head!”

“Nygghghaaa!”

“Ghhnnngghnn!”

Mnnnngghhh!”

Your congregation cried out as backs arches and streams of sexual fluids flowed. Your servants stood on their tippy toes (the servants that had toes anyways) as they shot jets of ball cream, cunt honey or both all over the floor in front of them. Their expressions

displayed blissful oblivion as their free will made manifest stained the sleek black wood floor leaving your servants as obedient empty husks for at least three or four days.

“Never have I heard a sweeter sound,” you sigh. The glow in your eyes slowly died down as your temple is filled with the sloppy moans of your slaves.

“Now that the cult has finally been put in line.” You say as you look down at The Lamb, “what do we have left to do today.”

“*Ahhhhnnngghh, weeeeell,*” cooed The Lamb as she popped your cock out of her mouth, “the planting should easily be done by these brainwashed slaves, Narinder should be back from his trip and the dissenters have been silenced.”

“Does that mean we’re done?”

“Not quite my god, we still have one more important thing to do.”

“Oh and what would that be?” You ask, a hint of sarcasm in your voice.

“Our marriage my god,” moaned The Lamb, saliva dripping from her lips, “don’t you remember? Today you were supposed to shackle our fates together for all eternity.”

“Of course I remember,” you respond, “I just enjoy seeing you get sloppy for me.”

“*Hehe*, it’s hard not too.” moaned The Lamb, “Should we start now my lord or have some fun first?”

“Well, we already have a captivated audience.” You say gesturing to the crowd of hundred of brainwashed cultists. All slouched, jaws slacked and drooling as they looked at both of you with swirling pink eyes.

“Now all we need is rings.” you continue.

“I already prepared for this, my god.” Responded The Lamb, “Narinder bring me the rings!” The Lamb’s eyes glowed a deep red and a couple seconds later the doors to the temple opened.

“Yes mistress!” Narinder shouted, stumbling into the wide door frame, “I have your rings right here, my god!”

Narinder stumbled into the temple in his maid suite. The former god of death was now the god of bimbois. His new fat cat boi tits nearly spilled out the chest of his maid outfit. His ruffly skirt flew up as he walked, showing off his thick black furred thighs and caged cock. Tightly hugged by a frilly black and white thong that matched his maid outfit. Above his head he held a trio of rings on a plush red velvet rug and the crowd of brainwashed cultists parted as he ran up to you and The Lamb and took a knee.

"I hope they are to your liking, my god." He moaned as he looked up at you with wide eyes. His third eyes fully open with a pulsating pin heart in the pupil. He and the Lamb looked just about ready to jump on your pulsating godly meat, but first the ceremony.

"They're perfect Narinder," you continue, reaching down and picking up your ring from the pillow. As soon as you touch the golden band it grows in size and fits perfectly around your cock, making quite the stunning cock ring.

"Oh my lord that's so lewd," said Narrider, flustered, "are we too?"

"Don't be silly Narinder, we're just mewling pets for our master." Spat The Lamb as she picked up the last two rings, "And mewling sluts need collars!"

"*Nygggh!*" groaned Narinder as The Lamb teleported the gold band around Narinder's neck. The gold band immediately tightened and made Narinder let out a groan.

"It suits you well, pet," continued The Lamb as she put her own collar around her neck. It squeezed her tightly as she looked up at you with those big needy black eyes. You reach down and put a hand on both your short stack slut's heads. Rubbing their soft fur as they let out soft moans.

"You both look ready for our wedding night." you say.

"*Nyhhha, pu-pick me,*" moaned Narinder, the hearts in his pupils throbbing, "I-I missed you all day master, my sissy boy booty desperately needs your big human dick!"

"Fuck that silly kitty! I'm much tighter than that bimbo and I've been waiting for you all day!" Shouted the Lamb as she clung to your leg. Rubbing her sweaty body against you, her resistance crumbling as she reached up and jerked your godly meat. Nearly feral as her pupil's turned into black beating hearts.

"I'm so backed up from all those stupid mewling slaves denying me all day long!" Cried The Lamb, "And now I'm desperate for your divine meat-*Ahhhnnngg!*"

“Don’t worry, pets, you’ll both get my blessing.” You chuckled as shadowy hands appeared over both your wives. Picking them up off the ground by the scruff of their neck, you slowly walk up to your throne. Sitting down on the soft cushions you drop both your new wives at your feet and they immediately prostrate themselves.

“*Nyggghhh, suh*-sorry my god!” mewled the pair, their bodies trembling at your feet.

“*Puh*-please *e-e*-excuse my insolence, but I live to serve you!” sputtered Narinder, his voice sloppy as he spoke to you with his forehead pressed against the wood.

“I just need you so bad my god! Your dumb vessel is such a horny bitch and-”

“Don’t worry pets,” you exhale, “there is enough for the both of you!”

SNAP!

“And pet’s really need to be kept on leashes.”

With a snap of your fingers your cock splits into two! Losing none of its length or girth, only providing your new brides with a cock to call their own. The display captivated The Lamb and Narinder and they both stared at your new double dicks. Then from the base of your “wedding ring” two long velvet red ropes snaked down and attached to the pair’s golden collars.

“My god you’re incredible, the greatest being this land has ever known.” Moaned Narinder.

“Now get up here and worship your god.” You order

At your command your pet’s scrambled onto your throne. Climbing up your legs and onto your lap. They each took an armrest to lean against as they started worshipping your cocks with their massive tits. Giving you a double titjob, squeezing both your twin meats with sweaty soft tit flesh that covered at least a third of your massive meat.

The Lamb was so sloppy and desperate with her worship. Squeezing your meat between her thick thighs, cellulite squeezing every vein on the base of your cock. While tits took the top of your cock, squeezing the majority of your remaining shaft. Only your fat cock tip was poking out the top of her body, but that didn’t last long.

"Mmmnnnn, cooowwk!" Drooled The Lamb as she wrapped her lips around the top of your dick. Her thick black lips coating your tip in drool as her soft pink tongue teased your urethra. Devouring all the pre-cum she could as she desperately tried to wring out your load.

"Ghuuukkkkkhhhh!" Groaned Narinder as he started swallowing your cock. His thick black bimboi lips slowly swallowed inch after inch of your massive cock. He could've been the god of throating cock because his tight throat felt made for the act. A sloppy tight wet hole that squeezed every thick swelling inch of cock you had. His tight throat and little stomach bulged with a massive outline of your cock as he took your entire meat down to the base.

"Ghuuunnngggh!" Narinder snorter, his little cat snout flaring as he deeply inhaled your ball musk. His three big lustful eyes fixated on your face as he slurped your cock. Bobbing his head up and down your mighty shaft. He took your shaft so deep you feared spit roasting your little blowjob kitty.

"That's enough for now, pets," you order, "it's time to move onto the main attraction." Your shadowy hands grab the pair and pull the pair off of your cocks. Narinder left a trail of throat slime coating your massive dick. While The Lamb left rivets of sweat and drool all over your meat.

"Now watch you slack drooling slaves as I use the old false gods as cock sleeves!"

"Uhhnngggh!" Cried the crowd of brainwashed cultists. They looked up with empty expressions, drool dribbling down their chins as your godly control was once more flexed over their feeble forms.

"Aaahhnnngg, yeeessh," drooled The Lamb, *"Cu-consummate our love my g-god! Show everyone that I exist to be a vessel for your cum!"*

"We are undeserving of your love my god!" Cried Narinder as he felt your fat cockhead press against his puffy black anal donut. His hole quickly spread open to accommodate your fat cock tip pressed against his buttock.

"I am eternally grateful to be your cock holster," moaned Narinder, "please continue to use me for-*Ahhhngggh!"*

"Less talking kitty and more movement." You order as you thrust up and shove about half your shaft's length in both your pet's holes. You Distended there bellies to the point

the bulge poked their under boob. Your less powerful followers would normally faint from such a sudden thrust, but these two took it like pros.

Nyyyygggghhnn, suh-suh-soooooowwwy!” Moaned The Lamb, “I-I’m just a stupid cock slave and should just move my-*HIPS!*”

“Muh-meee tooooo!” Drooled Narinder, his eyes growing cross and tits bouncing as he began to move right beside The Lamb.

Their fat cheeks clapped together as they moved their hips up and down your godly cocks. They were both demi-gods and had the constitution to show for it. Both keeping pace with each other while providing their own appeals. The Lamb’s tight cunt was tenacious, soft wet folds that molded to fit your shaft as your cock head buried itself in the back of her womb. You’d repopulate the Lamb population if you kept breeding The Lamb at this rate, but Narinder...

“Nhhuuuggh, fuh-fuck meeeeh!” screamed Narinder, “I’m a dumb sissy anal slut!”

Narinder had the advantage of being a sloppy broken sissy cock slut. Even before you came to this world he was taken into The Lamb’s thrall. A broken former god happy to do menial tasks, but after you arrived he was remade. Your perfect bimbo cat maid with a divine donut asshole made to make dicks of your extra powerful caliber. It felt great using them both, but they could always move faster.

“Come on pets, I thought you were wife material?” You tease giving them a playful slap on their fat jiggly booties, “cause I expected much better from my best servants-”

“Yeeeeessshh muuuh goooddsssh!”

The pair’s eyes glowed a sickly red and their bodies started to move faster. They were literally burning their divine strength to milk your dick a bit faster. Their sloppy holes tightening to the point they felt like virgins again, but their stretched little bodies still took your cock into their depths with relative ease.

“It astounds me that you cock socks ever thought you were gods.” You exhale in a mocking tone, “but don’t worry I’ll make sure no one makes that mistake again, pets. You’ll be my collared bitches forever and everyone will know how pathetic you really are.”

“Thaaankkss youuussh!” moaned the pair, drool dripping from their lips. You saw them both cum hard. Narinder’s chastity cage leaked clear useless pre-cum like rain staining the floor. While The Lamb squirted hard, her nipples hardened as a jet of cunt honey shot over the armrest of your throne. It was pathetic, no pet should cum faster than their master, but to their credit they did keep moving. Milking your cock with glee in spite of the orgasm frying their brains.

“You’re so pathetic, I really should punish you for being impudent enough to think that you were ever gods, but you’ve been such devoted and-*mmph*, tight fleshlights. Which has earned you a reward!” You grunt as your double dicks explode inside your slaves.

“Ahhnnngggghh!” cried the pair, their eyes glowing a bright pink as your thick nut jelly filled their insides. The Lamb and Narinder could both take a pounding, but after being filled with serval gallons of your godly cream they were fucked out of their minds. Their expressions were both blissful and exhausted. Both slave’s eyes twitched as their fat tits leaked streams of breast milk which ran like rivers under their tits and over their massive cum bellies.

“No one said being god was easy.” You chuckle as you toss their limp cumbloated bodies off your cock. Your twin meats still continued to spurt cream as your pets landed on the floor. Thick ropes of your godly cum load spilled out forming massive puddles before they started trickling down to the brainwashed audience below.

“Come on your brainwashed cock sleeves.” You shout, addressing the dumb, drooling crowd, “don’t let your god’s divine seed go to waste.”

The dumb drooling crowd stumbled over to the base of your throne. Your twin cumshot flowed down the stairs and pooled in front of them. Their slack jaws fell to the floor and their fat bimbo lips sucked your godly seed off the floor. While The Lamb and Narinder were serviced like the godly cock sleeves they were. Another two groups started eating your thick seed out of their gaping holes. Sucking your cum out of them with a frenzy while their faces remained slack, drooling and empty of all independent thought.

While a dozen of your brainwashed cultists climbed over each other to reach your fat sperm drooling anthro breakers. They stood on each other's shoulders and backs just for the chance to kiss your cock. Their soft spit slicked lips all start kissing your glorious cocks, while other slaves start kissing your feet and chest. Soon every part of your body was being worshiped by your cult of furry little sluts. You could feel their devotion flowing to you, given freely and with love. There was no longer any doubt in your mind. You were their god, now and forever.