

Description: Frankie's life has taken a turn for the worse, she is destitute and forced into a life of scavenging but there is a ray of hope. A botched "scavenging opportunity" turns into her being invited to join the religion of Zoosue as an archivist. The Religion seems like a hoax and there are a lot of human members but Frankie has few options. Will she find a new purpose or will she return to a life of scampering?

Series: ARC

Kinks: Humaned, Furry, Mind Break, Huge Cocks, Shortstacks, Deepthroat, Cock and Ball worship, Addiction, Mind Manipulation, Brain Drain,

ARC: New Faith

Prologue: Community Service

There was rain today, a rare occurrence in the deeper parts of the Idler-1's megacity. Odds were the water recyclers on the upper levels were malfunctioning causing a hearty drizzle over the towers and tiny streets below the capitol. The rain poured down on the immense towers that filled the covered level, sliding off the overhangs of the various shops and sizzling as it pelted the neon signs on its way to the bottom streets. Sporadic flickers filled the alley way as a few minks hurried through the streets of block group 47-7.

Little rivers pooled in the spaces between the metal panels and trickled down to the levels below. Occasionally splashed down on the few minks that had to be out in such poor weather and one human priest that was making his way through the block. His black robes were getting soggy, the only thing preventing him from getting soaked was his red hood and thin shawl.

"Hey priest, are you allowed to take off those robes?"

The human tilted his head to look over at his hecklers. A pair of prostitutes calling out to him from one of the alleys, not uncommon for this district but surprising to see anyone out in the rain. One of them was a blue skinned Cobra Mink, she was a good foot taller than him thanks to her long neck. Her large snake hood curved into a very thick body. Two beach ball sized breasts with puffy innie nipples squeezed tightly by a fishnet top, a tight muscled midsection that curved into wide hips hugged by a mini skirt that clearly

showed off the strings of her thong, and the final touch of curved purple tribal tats that followed her contours and made a little heart around her belly button.

While the second prostitute was a Possum Mink, a bottom heavy femboy with thick white fur and black stripes. His short whitish grey fur was neatly trimmed but was dyed a bright pink just above his brow to just below his shoulders. Body thick like his partner but much less muscled. Puffy pecs with cherry pink nipples covered by pink heart shaped pasties and below his pudgy little tummy; navel pierced by a single gold ring. The ruffled black skirt he wore didn't hide a thing, showing off his super stuffed boy hips that reached past his shoulders and his little bulge contained tightly by a thong which matched his partner.

"I didn't know they let pink skins put on the red." continued the Cobra Mink, her voice smoky with just a hint of a lisp on the S. She stuck out her tongue, nearly a foot long and pieces by three little barbells along the tip.

"Got a name, priest?" she continued, a wicked little smile growing on her lips.

"My name is Hugo, Father Hugo if you prefer to be formal," he responded as he turned to the pair. Hugo was a tall man, wide shouldered and a gruff mug with defined features that were backlit by purple neon light.

"And I assume you two aren't interested in a blessing," he continued.

"Depends on your definition of blessing," teased the Possum.

"I'm mostly just looking for a meal..." The Cobra whipped her tail forward and rubbed it up against the priest's leg as she flashed her fangs, "And you're looking pretty tasty."

"Don't be so rude to the humie, Jessie. You'll scare him off," said the Possum, his voice boyish and cute, almost like a squeak.

"He looks like a tough guy. Do you think he'll be able to handle us, Cody?"

"I dunno," Cody shrugged and looked over to the human, "What do you say, Father Hugo? Wanna get out of the rain for a second, I'll give ya a good rate for all your community service."

"I can spare the time," responded Hugo as he walked into the alleyway.

The alley was lit by a bare few lights and was kept dry by the countless overhangs that poked out above them. Down the thin alley were a few other minks, their features mostly hidden by the shadows but they were clearly already getting started with their clients and Hugo's escorts were no exception.

"It'll be a hundred credits for a quickie, hundred and fifty for both of us and if you want a full course it'll be four hundred," continued Jessie, caressing Hugo's robes with her tail, until she stopped and gave his shawl a little flick.

"But for you I'd go as low as three fifty for the both of us."

"How kind of you," commented Hugo, "I think it would be wrong to leave one of you out of the fun. Plus it might be hard if only one of you was working."

Cody smiled and flashed a double peace sign, cheering "Yippie, I'll make sure to milk you dry, Father!"

"So enthusiastic," added Jessie, "I thought Zoosue priests were supposed to be celibate or somethin?"

"None of my tenets prevent me from pumping anyone full," responded Hugo, his voice had a hint of sarcasm, "though were you hoping to catch me sinning?"

Jessie shrugged and with a hint of smugness continued, "It would've been a little bit more fun. There is something sinful about breeding with an alien priest."

"If it still bothers you after we finish, then I'll listen to your confession~"

"Thank you Father but unlike Jessie, I'm fine being sinful," Cody licked his pouty little lips and started unbuckling Hugo's pants.

"Such enthusiasm from such a little Mink," said Hugo.

"You haven't seen anything yet," Continued Cody as he pulled Hugo's pants down, "I'm capable of taking insertions well beyond my—*eeeeeeep*, *s-su*-size!"

Cody clammed up, eyes went wide and his brain shut off. While Jessie moved her head back, her steel expression breaking as Hugo whipped his dick out. It hit the poor possum down the centre of his face, booping his nose as it covered his snout and forehead; practically covering his entire face in thick veiny white human dick. Hugo's

pale member was only half hard but was already pulsing with thick blue veins and a heavy pair of nuts nearly the size of Cody's head.

"Holy shit father, did god give this thing to you?" squeaked Cody, his cock stiffening and straining against his thong.

Jessie knelt down and held up one of his heavy nuts with both hands. Each one was covered in thick black hair which grew to a large curly bush of pubes. Jessie cleared her voice and asked, "Jesus, you're hung like a Mink double your height. You sure you're not one of those hybrids like a Dragon or Gryphon?"

Hugo shrugged as he responded, "Don't have wings or scales last I checked but if you see any down there let me know."

"Ahhnnnggh, hu-huuhn-he," drooled Cody as he licked the underside of Hugo's cock, *"suh-smells soooo strong~"*

"And he is surprisingly hairy too," Jessie caressed his nuts, "I thought humans didn't grow fur?"

Hugo let out a little chuckle, "I guess you're learning a lot today, Jessie."

"No kidding," she hissed.

"Ahhhhmmmm," drooled Cody.

"Think you'll be able to handle him?" asked Jessie, giving Cody a little look.

"Nooooope, but I'll certainly try!" Cody cheered before pressing his puffy boi lips against Hugo's fat cock head. His tongue rotated around the priest's tip, teasing his glands before his maw opened very wide. The muscles around his snout stiffening as he managed to take the first full foot of dick down his throat.

"Impressive," commented Hugo.

"Possums have a lot of stretch," added Jessie as she pet Cody on the head, scratching between his ears, "And I am pretty sure he can go deeper if you want?"

"Mmmmhggggkk!" Cody nodded as he looked up and gave Hugo a wink.

“Well don’t let me stop you,” he continued, “Let’s see how deep you can go~”

“Get ready little guy.” Jessie grabbed Cody’s head and forced Hugo’s meat deep into his tight throat. Cody strained to take Hugo’s fat shaft as he started getting hard. His fat veins pulsed and swelled with every twist of Cody’s tongue. Cody could feel Hugo’s meat filling every inch of his throat with rock hard human dick as he got fully hard.

“Snoooooorrt, snoooooorrt, hhhgggghuuuuu~” Drool dribbed off Cody’s chin and trickled under his snout as his nostrils flared, desperate to suck back as much air as he could before Hugo’s cock choked him out completely.

“Here let me help your out~”

Jessie leaned forward, licking her fangs as she got close to Hugo’s nuts. She paused to look up and lick his heavy sack but gave Hugo a little pout, *“Hmmmmph, I was expecting you to get a little sweaty when you saw the fangs, unlessss you’re a maso~”*

“Ha, not quite. I just know they can retract.” commented Hugo.

“Oh really,” Jessie cocked an eyebrow, “willing to bet on that?”

“That and I know Cobra’s like to play with their food.”

“Mmmmn, know it alls are no fun~” Jessie planted a kiss on Hugo’s sack, ruining my fun. I’ll have to get a little revenge, *mmmmhhnnnn~”*

Jessie took one of Hugo’s nuts into her sloppy wet maw. Her forked tongue slowly wrapped around his nuts, wrapping around the top of his sack and between his balls. She let out little groans of pleasure, Jessie’s nose twitching as she nearly swallowed one of Hugo’s nuts. Her wide maw gently squeezed and sucked Hugo’s hairy nuts as her tongue scraped up his sweat.

The musk alone was overpowering, even compared to the normal clientele. It made Jessie’s brain fuzzier with every single inhale: taste and texture both oddly pleasing. Jessie was starting to get genuinely horny for this human and so was Cody. The bottom heavy Possum was going wild, bobbing his head up and down Hugo’s dick, leaving a thick layer of spit over his cock before he shoved eighteen inches of pulsating human meat back into his gullet. Jessie did not want to lose to her partner.

The pair took extra special care of their extra terrestrial partner, worshipping as much of his cock as they could. Cody's tight throat squeezed Hugo's shaft, sucking his glands and tickling his veins as he sucked like an industrial vacuum. While Jessie slobbered over every inch of Hugo's sack, her tongue coiling around all the nooks and crannies. She lapped him clean with an almost feral fervour, her brain shutting off as she devoted every bit of her focus to milking Hugo's cock dry.

"You both are relentless, I'm going to cum soon," Hugo made a satisfied exhale and tried to pull out of Cody's throat as he continued, "Here let me pull out—"

"Weh swah-low!" burbled Jessie as she sucked Hugo's nuts harder, forcing Cody's head back down on Hugo's shaft

"Ghhuuunnk, Ghhhnnkkk, Nnyyggghuu!" Cody's eyes fixated on Hugo as he felt a massive load shoot down his throat.

"I did try to warn you," sighed Hugo as Cody's belly was quickly filled with seed. Bloated to the point it started backing up his throat, spilling out the sides of his mouth and leaking from his nostrils.

Yet, despite leaking cum like a broken condom Cody was on cloud nine. His cock shot out fat ropes of Possum cum, staining his skirt and the floor with seed as he was filled to the brim with Hugo's nut jelly. It was like every inch of his body was being raped by Hugo's sperm cells. His brain boiling in hot human cum, Cody wasn't sure how many times he came before Hugo finished blasting one load, but by the stain on the front of his skirt it was more than once.

"Uhhhhnnnn, mmmm~" Jessie's long tongue lapped up whatever errant globs of cum Cody missed. Her extra long snake tongue expertly slurped every drop the struggling Femboy marsupial swallowed.

"Luuh—mmmmpph, leeh meeh heelpssh," drooled Jessie as she pulled Cody's head off of Hugo's dick. Strands of thick spit and cum dripped off the underside of Hugo's dick, and onto Cody's pillowy thighs, pooling between his legs.

"Ahhhhnnnn-mmmnnhhh," Cody rolled Hugo's load over his tongue as he looked up, eyes glassy and crossed. His brain was currently melting in a mire of thick human splooge, clitty twitching and leaking like a broken faucet.

Jessie retracted her tongue back into her mouth as she said, “*Mmmmhnn*, here let’s get you cleaned up while Cody takes a little break.”

“How kind of you.”

“Well you did order the full service.” She gave Hugo’s tip a kiss, letting out a soft groan as she sucked up the spunk left around his tip. Then with one clean motion, Jessie swallowed Hugo’s entire length. Her throat expanded, bulging with a clear outline of Hugo’s cock all the way to her neckline. To Hugo’s surprise, Jessie seemed to have little trouble cleaning his meat. Jessie’s tongue wrapped around Hugo’s shaft as it entered his throat, licking every inch clean as her throat muscles squeezed him for every single drop left in his fat pisshole.

There was still so much cum left in his urethra, enough to be mistaken for a full load but Jessie knew better and almost got excited thinking about draining a thick load for herself. She cradled his balls, holding one with each hand as she slurped and massaged. Hugo’s sack spilled out of her hands, each rough nut throbbing at her touch as she moved her mouth up and down his meat.

Jessie’s tongue could literally feel half a dozen more tasty loads brewing in his heavy human sack. His veins pulsated as her long throat naturally expanded and squeezed Hugo. It had been too long since a customer made Jessie go into heat, pussy throbbing and clit swelling with anticipation for the ball deep womb pumping about to occur. The only shame was Hugo being genetically incompatible but Jessie wasn’t ready for snakelets anyways.

“*Haaaaaahnnnggh!* Fuck Father, you’ve got a divine dick,” sputtered Jessie as she pulled her lips off Hugo’s dick. Little strands of spit connecting her lips to his shaft broke as she spoke, her voice smooth and hot.

“God is good,” Hugo cracked a smile, his gruff voice had hints of amusement as he spoke, “Though it explains why you swallowed it all so quickly, do you have experience with humans?”

“*Mmmmnn*, *nope~*” Jessie gave Hugo’s fat cock tip a little kiss before standing up, continuing, “But let’s change that.”

Jessie bent over, placing her hands on the alley wall as she lifted her tail out of the way of her massive booty. Her thick extra stuffed cyan cheeks jiggled slightly as she shifted her weight, thigh thighs flexing as she pushed her peach back. Jessie wiggled her hips

as she looked back over her shoulder, her big yellow eye poking from behind her hood as she taunted, "I heard humans weren't very impressive lays, care to prove me wrong?"

"You sure?" asked Hugo, his cock pulsating, "I'm pretty rough."

"I'm a tough bitch and can handle a little alien prick." Jessie clapped her cheeks, showing off her dark blue anus and puffy pussy lips, "Pick your hole and try not to cum too quick!"

"Wait, me too!" shouted Cody, popping up to his feet, recovered from fatigue as if he got a second wind. Cody climbed up onto Jessie's ass and quickly balanced on her cheeks, bracing himself against her tail with one arm and using the other to pull up his skirt, showing up his puffy dark pink donut. His puffy rim was large enough to poke between his fuzzy cheeks.

Wrapping his tail around Jessie's Cody reached back with the other hands and spread his ass. His little paw practically disappeared into his soft cake as he spread himself wide open. Cody's anus was twitching, his little cock had slipped out of his thong and was leaking over the base of Jessie's tail as he pleaded, "Please fuck me too sir, I don't wanna miss out on the good word~"

"*Haha*, in that case I'll do my best to convert you." Hugo slapped his cock against both their cheeks, his sheer length was enough to poke Cody's donut while still pressing against Jessie's cheeks. At the same time both prostitutes did a little gulp, their eyes going wide as they felt the sheer weight of his shaft against them.

"Now who is first?"

"Pick me, Father," cooed Jessie, pushing her hips back. Her sweaty cheeks hot dogged Hugo's cock, smoothly giving him a little ass job as Cody hung on for dear life.

"*Aaaahhn*, Jessie!" yelped Cody, his mouth hung open wide as he felt Hugo's spit slicked coach head poke his butthole.

Jessie calmed down and looked back, her crack was covered in sticky spit and little globs of pre-cum. They formed little webs between Hugo and herself, forming and breaking with each clap of her ass cheeks. Jessie was getting sweatier by the second, her cunt's throbbing growing more demanding by the second. She had a need to breed but couldn't beg, her pride wouldn't allow it.

So, Jessie smiled, a big grin that took the edges of her snout and taunted, “I still haven’t taken your dick yet and I’m still sceptical of your skills.”

Cody gave a little pout as he muttered, “Fine... I guess she can go first.”

Hugo pressed his tip against Jessie’s tight asshole and shouted “How charitable, it warms my heart to see such generosity!”

“Mnnngghh, uuuhhh-uuuhhhn!” groaned Jessie, her tongue fell out of her mouth as Hugo’s meat stretched her snussy out to its physical limits. His tip dug into her soaking blue folds, veins pulsed against swelled against her walls as his shaft filled up every single centimetre of space she had to offer.

“Uhhnggh, whu-what the fuck,” drooled Jessie as she squirted hard, her sticky cunt honey coated her inner thighs as Hugo’s cock beat the back of her womb, breaking open her baby box like it was nothing. The feeling of his fat pink tip swelling and spewing out hot pre over her womb was incredible.

“Still unimpressed?” asked Hugo as he slowly churned up Jessie’s insides.

“Nnnyss, I’m still sssshh-standing!” blurted Jessie, her voice sloppy and tongue shivering “And *ssssuuh-suuuh—snakes! Ssssnakes* can easily cum a dozen times a minute, so you’ve got a *l-lug-loooootsss* of work to do!”

Cody narrowed his eyes as he watched Jessie lie straight through her fangs. This bitch was gonna take all the good dick if Cody didn’t think of something quick. So he pushed his ass back, his little pink dicklet shivering as he begged, “Don’t just play with Jessie, Father!”

Cody spread his ass, “Stuff me full of dick, humie. Split me in half!”

“Hnnnnyssshh, braat,” drooled Jessie as she came again, her legs growing weak as Hugo’s cock popped out of her pussy and slammed into Cody’s ass.

“Hhhnnnggh, hoooly shiiit!” Cody’s soft little voice broke into a loud squeak as he felt his prostate get crushed. His little dick sprayed a surprisingly voluminous load over Jessie as Hugo cock reached deep into his bowels, bulging his stomach to the point it hit Jessie’s tail.

“Cuh-cody are you okay?” panted Jessie.

"Uhhhhn-huuuuhn," Cody nodded, his eyes crossed as he felt his insides stretched well past their physical limit, but by some miracle of nature he hung on. His stomach deformed into a perfect outline of Hugo's dick, the walls of his anus clamping down as he sputtered, *"Fuh-fine, j-j-juh-just in love~"*

"Don't worry, though unity you can find comfort!"

"Fuuucking priestsss!" hissed Jessie, her eyes crossing as she felt Hugo's cock enter her asshole. He quickly popped out of Cody's boi-pussy and started to fuck her ass, his shaft reaching deep, pressing down on her womb from the other hole. Jessie felt like a young Mink in her first heat, unable to hold back her body's natural urges. She blurted out, *"Hnnggh, haaarder!"*

*"Nnnyyhh, juh-*Jessie is right, you can go harder sir," drooled Cody.

Hugo let out a little laugh, "Since you asked so nicely, I've got no choice."

"Mhhhnnggh!" Jesus bit her lip as she felt Hugo's grip tighten on her hips, his cock quickly moved out of her ass and deep into her cunt. She could feel her stomach deforming, muscles loosening at Hugo's heavy thrusts. It was like her body had "given up", no longer able to resist his heavy thrusts. Then Hugo started to alternate, moving between the pairs holes at incredible speeds.

"Haaaaahhn, buh-bwweeed meeeh!" shouted Cody, his voice high pitched and sloppy. Strands of spunk leaked from his little cocklette as his prostate swelled from the constant thrusts.

The sound of Hugo's hairy nuts beating their booties filled the alleyway, little drops of sweat and pre-cum flew with every knock of Hugo's nuts against the pair. Their soft scaled and fuzzy booties were Hugo's to clap as he drilled their holes. Hugo was fair to the both of them, granting their booties equal thrusts. Though it was getting hard to tell when Hugo wasn't in their holes.

Hugo's massive meat left them gaping, their holes throbbed and twitched from the sudden object removal like their holes hadn't quite caught up with the fact Hugo's cock was no longer inside. Then with a thunderous smack of his nuts against their ass, his cock was ball deep, deforming one of their holes like it was nothing. Any possible damage breeding with their alien monster didn't even cross Cody or Jessie's minds. They were too busy screaming;

“Hnnnggghhh, moooore!”

Their cries filled the alley and to Hugo’s surprise the pair held up pretty well. Their bodies adjusting to his quick thrusts, they were both squeezing him hard. Cody’s asshole and Jessie’s snussy kept a vice grip on him, their well developed muscles trying to wring him dry and it was working.

Hugo was leaking tons of pre-cum and in one final thrust he shoved his cock into Jessie and grunted, “Enjoy a little bit of communion.”

“Hhhnnnaaassss!” Jessie’s jaw hung low, eyes rolled up into her head and her tongue nearly touching the ground as she felt Hugo’s hot nut sludge flood her womb. Her body reacted like it was getting prepped to lay a clutch of eggs, obviously unaware of their incompatibility. However, that little fact didn’t seem to matter to her body’s reactions. Jessie’s sudden heat didn’t die down until she was filled to bursting by nearly a gallon of Hugo’s human spunk.

Then Hugo took his cock out of her cunt and shoved it deep into Cody’s asshole causing Cody to let out a sloppy yelp as his prostate was crushed. An incredible feeling flooded his nervous system, he wondered if this is what it was like to be a girl. Though the gut flooding ended too soon for Cody as Hugo started to pull out of his asshole.

“Huuunngh, nuh-not bad Father, no wonder you have a congregation.” drooled Cody as Hugo’s cock popped out of his well fucked boy butt.

“You have no idea,” chuckled Hugo, his voice becoming a roar as he let go of Cody’s hips.

“Hnnngh, I bet,” gasped Coy, his fat pink donut was freshly glazed, pink insides trembling as he leaked cum over Jessie’s fat blue booty. The cum flowed down her taint as her own freshly stuffed hole leaked down her inner thighs. She couldn’t handle the stimulation, and quickly collapsed onto the ground, her cunt throbbing and body trembling.

“Uhhhhnngh, yu-you good, Cody? I hope you didn’t fall...” drooled Jessie as she rested her head on the ground.

“Mnnnggh, yeeaaaah,” Cody spat between quick pants, “But I *wu*-won’t be able to move for a hot minute~”

“I think you both have earned your wages.”

*“Uhhhhnn, buh-*but the fullcourse is another round, which we’ll start when I can feel my legs.

“It’s alright, I must be on my way anyways.” Hugo nodded and started to re-sheath his cock. It was always a little more difficult to do in his public attire, but before he could re-tighten his belt he was interrupted by a black claw pressing up against his throat.

“Alright pinky, hands up and act real smooth~”

To his left was a half naked white tiger woman who looked to be made of muscle. Thick arms and legs, tight midsection, hips with a pair of abs which were defined even through her thick white and black coat. Fluffy breasts bigger than Hugo's head pressed against his side. Her puffy pink nipples both hard and poked against his chest

Hugo gave her the side eye as he said, “Normally you’d say a price before asking to join.”

“Cute but I’m just here to make sure you pay like a good pink skin,” She shoved her claw harder against his neck as she ordered, “Now be a good boy and slowly move your hand to your pocket and take out your wallet.”

“Are you normally so rough with your satisfied customers?”

The tiger smiled, “Only the big ones.”

“I’m smaller than you.”

“Ha, true but I’m not taking any chances with some alien weirdo—”

“Crissy,” Cody popped his head up and shouted, “please stop it!”

“Fine...”Crissy’s nostrils flared, her little pink nose twitching as she pulled her claw back, “But if he dashes, I don’t wanna hear you squealing about it.”

*“Nnnnypph, w-wu-*we’ll be fine, Crissy,” groaned Jessie as he cunt throbbed and leaked a jet of cum onto the alley floor.

“Yeah, looks like you’ll be fine.” Crissy shrugged as she walked off, her muscled hips shaking in her jean shorts as she spat, “I’m gonna find some fresh meat, don’t get mugged again.”

Cody hobbled onto his legs, his mildly inflated cum belly jiggled slightly as he stood on his feet, “Sorry about that, Father Hugo!”

Hugo smiled as he took out his wallet, “It’s not an issue, I’ve gotten used to Mink customs this past decade.”

“How *depresssssing~*”

Cody put his little hand on Hugo's as he said, “Oh it’s fine, you don’t gotta pay this time.”

“How kind but won’t your friend get a little mad,” asked Hugo.

“It’s been a while since Jessie and I got a real good rutting,” Cody rubbed his cheeks as he blushed, “Besides we’d like you to come back~”

“*Mmmmmnngh, yeeessssh,*” hissed Jessie, her brain still mostly melted from the womb beating sex. She didn’t even fully mind losing out on a session pay if it meant more later.

“In that case, take this and get yourselves cleaned up for church tomorrow.”

“Wait actually?” said Cody as Hugo handed him double what they asked in printed credits.

“Consider it, some of that community service you mentioned. Feel free to bring your fierce friend,” Father Hugo buckled his pants as he continued, “And I promise the mid week mass is much less stuffy than you might’ve heard.”

“*Mmmmhhhh,* I need to give you an earful for what you did to my legs.” Jessie, shivered as the walls of her gaping cunt throbbed, “Fuck I can’t feel a thing bellow my waist you big human bastard.”

“*Oh—ummmm,* I will,” muttered Cody, trying not to blush too much.

“Ha, you can find my congregation in the corner of block forty five, tucked up against the border,” Hugo gave Cody a pat on the head before leaving the alley, “I’ll look forward to seeing your faces.”

“Yes sir squeaked cody,” his cock trembled as he watched Father Hugo's form get swallowed up by the rain. Cody wasn’t one hundred percent sure about Jessie but Cody had a feeling he was a church Mink now.

Chapter 1: Preacher

Frankie was at the lowest point of her life both figuratively and literally. After being fired from the Sewer Treatment Division, Frankie was left without purpose or hope for her future. Even material items like her home were taken from her and she’s been salvaging to survive. Frankie recently had to scurry down to layer seven to avoid prosecution; the Sewer Worker Rights Charter wouldn’t protect her from predators anymore and eventually a debt collector would come to hunt her down.

She was doomed to a life of squalor, after three months of climbing up the layers, she was left safe but unable to do much but scavenge and pawn whatever she could. On occasion she could afford a night stay in a hotel but the last one of those was two weeks ago and now, all Frankie could manage was a comfortable overhang a few feet off the ground. At least it kept her from getting wet, the rain was coming down hard today.

Fucking city works, get the level under control already, thought Frankie as she watched the rain trickle down the upper balconies. Sometimes it was hard to believe how many levels were above, I’d been years since she saw the surface of Idler-One. Outside the megacity was just harsh jungle but those weird aliens had apparently cultivated some weird communion but Frankie didn’t remember much about the news story, it was just another weird thing in her feed.

“Haaaaahn, maybe I’ll climb higher tomorrow,” sighed Frankie, she was talking to herself again. Not good, she was probably going crazy living like this, day to day with nothing to do and barely anything to eat.

Maybe a weird alien commune in the deadly jungle wouldn’t be so bad? No, no, get a hold of yourself Frankie. If even other Rats won’t accept you, why would some weird aliens? Frankie thought to herself as she laid on her back, listening to the continuous

pitter patter. At least it was peaceful but the silence was broken by a rather high pitched ring-tone.

Frankie rolled her eyes as she thought, *not another whore. Damn it, I wanna sleep.* She looked over the edge of the balcony, expecting another prostitute to start fucking some Horny Horse or Lion boy but instead it was a black wolf girl on her phone.

“Sorry sir, give me a moment, it’s pouring today.” said the Wolfesse as she placed her bag on one of the nearby dumpsters. It looked pretty nice, very expensive and so did her heavy black coat, expensive faux-leather with some golden buttons and broad shoulders. The kind of thing an executive would wear but Frankie assumed she was probably middle management since she was on this level.

However, middle management would probably have enough credits in her purse to afford a couple nights and a shower. Which Frankie saw as more than worth the risk of being mauled by a wolf, she was tired of being smelly. She waited for the Wolf woman to turn and quickly scampered down a nearby pipe. Her padded feet and hands made her movements practically silent, and with the rain covering here there was zero chance of her being heard.

However, Frankie was not lucky today. The second she grabbed her purse and started searching through her purse for any cash or pawnables. There were easily a couple hundred credits, maybe more if Frankie really rifled through but before Frankie could make a run for it a voice startled her.

“So baby do you want the full course or just a quickie?” The voice echoed up from deeper in the alley, some slutted up horse girl prostitute started to rub up against some Dog Mink. She didn’t really care, Frankie was too focused on the Wolf literally looking down at her with big feral blue eyes and a row of sharp teeth that poked up from her lips.

Fuck, fuck, FUUUUUUCCCK! Frankie’s thoughts raced, she tried to climb up the concrete wall beside her but it was too slick, her fingers just made grooves in the stone. Frankie tried to grapple the stone so hard, she thought her fingers would start bleeding but she had to get away but deep down Frankie knew she was dead.

“Aw you poor thing, here.”

Frankie went limp like a kitten caught by their mother as the wolf girl grabbed the scruff of her shirt and pulled her up onto a trash can. There was a second Frankie thought she

was dying and that she was just hallucinating everything that happened. Her thoughts stopped as her brain bricked from the sudden shift from near evisceration to inauguration.

“You must be starving,” continued the Wolf women. Her expression looked surprisingly soft, big blue eyes and a long wolf snout with puffy lips coated in a shade of pink. Her long black hair pooled around her shoulders, almost MILFish but Frankie was still terrified beyond belief.

“Uhhhn-huuuhn,” slowly nodded Frankie, unable to spout a better response.

“I know this might be a little shocking, but we care about our fellow Minks.” The Wolf woman, handed Frankie a generous pile of credits that Frankie started at, wide eyes and brain short circuiting.

Did this bitch just hand me a two nights worth of Hotel stays? Frankie just nodded, mumbling, “Thank you...” Her voice trailing off as the Wolf woman handed her a pamphlet with the emboldened symbol of a flame on the front and the words Zoosue, Your Path to a Satisfying Existence for all Minks.

“I’m sure you’ve heard of us but I hope you won’t dismiss our beliefs as silly. The dream of real Mink unity is here sister.” continued the Wolf woman as Frankie stood there, just staring at the bills and pamphlet.

“Give it a read, consider it an exchange for the credits.” The Wolfesse gave her a little wink.

Frankie just nodded, her expression blank as the wolf woman picked up her purse and continued, “I’m Initiate Janice and I won’t force you but I hope to see you at our church, we’re over...”

“Yeah sure, sounds great.” Frankie slowly nodded, her expression still displaying complete disbelief.

“Yippie, have a good day Mrs—”

“Frankie.”

“Have a good day Frankie, I can’t wait to see you being loved by our adoring community, God bless your soul.” Janice walked off into the rainy street. The sound of

her heels clicking against the ground faded fast, leaving only the sounds of rain and Dog Mink dick being sucked at the end of the alley.

However, Frankie couldn't hear a thing, all background noises faded for the moment. She just sat there looking off into the neon streets as Janice's silhouette disappeared into the crowd. Frankie checked her pulse, still in stark disbelief of what she just experienced. The sheer surprise of not getting even a little beating was so jarring that Frankie thought she had died. There was no other reasonable explanation for what had just transpired but the sudden drop of water on her head reminded her that she was alive.

"Fuck rain." Frankie mumbled under her break as she scuttled into a mostly trash free alcove of an alleyway. This was as comfy as life was gonna get and for a moment she considered just tossing the brochure, but—

What do I have to lose, she thought. Frankie let out a long sigh and hopped on top of a garbage can. The dull glow which emanated from the balconies above was the best reading light she was going to get. However the bold print and bright colours of the pamphlet almost seemed to glow in the dark.

How cheesy, thought Frankie as she started reading the

The core tenets of Zoosue were passed down to us over two hundred years ago by the Profit, Yvette Sheeren. A former commander in the Selection Wars who had the divine gift of prophecy. Their life was filled with endless violence and soon they became wary seeing no end in sight. So they put down their arms and became the first pacifist in Mink history.

The Profit Yvette saw a future for all of us and preached a message of non-violence and unity for all Minks regardless of subtype. However they paid for their beliefs with their life after nearly half a dozen churches were burned in the scouring of Idler-8. Their church was burned to the foundation, killing Yvette but their sacrifice saved their remaining disciples, leading to the group spreading their teachings—

"Fuck me, this shit is boring," exhaled Frankie as she leaned back against the alley wall. There was a lot of what Frankie described as bullshit like: Unity, Forgiveness, Free Love, Non-Violence, Understanding, etc. All Zoosue tenants basically focused on Minks "Getting along" which was impossible to believe.

I cannot believe Minks buy this shit, don't they have eyes, thought Frankie. The religion apparently had converted twelve percent of Minks but it was a much larger force on Idler-8 and Idler-9. On Idler-1 the majority of Minks saw them as a weird cult, not super dangerous but kinda weird. The note on free love emphasised monogamy being okay, which seemed utterly unobtainable to Frankie. In her mind; some horny Snake or Lion will always demand a harem but that was the smallest concern.

Zoosue seemed to be impossible but maybe there was a trick to it? To play devil's advocate, Frankie hadn't even met a Zoosue worshipper before Janice. They'd never been on her level, but their utterly unbelievably stance on violence would explain Janice's behaviour. Plus it gave some credibility to the bullshit.

"Fuck no, you're thinking nonsense," she muttered, *remember what happened to you. Don't be stupid, just survive.*

A freaky cult of super kind weirdos was one thing but Frankie knew they wouldn't expect a layabout, no Mink would. She'd probably be used and abused the first chance they got, and if fresh meat wasn't their goal, then they are probably a huge front for laundering credits for a crime family. There was no way Frankie would get entangled with those freaks.

The more she ran the idea through her head, the more she was convinced by a myriad of imagined reasons for their illegitimacy. Frankie was about ready to throw out the brochure and book a hotel stay, but noticed the free meals and board promised if she had any experience with: archival, maintenance, sound engineering and public relations.

What the hell, thought Frankie as she sighed, *you've got three out of the four and it can't smell worse than working in Sewage....*

After waiting out a short drizzle.

Frankie made the somewhat short and dangerous trip to another section. Short because it only took about thirty minutes but dangerous in the way she had to scale down balconies and overhangs to get down to the appropriate level. Not having a Workers Travel Card sucked but this was one of the few moments in Frankie's life she thanked whatever gods existed that she was born a climber. It made getting to the church so much easier and what a church it was.

It was built into one of the main residential pillars that held up the level. A large rectangular building which stretched up to the roof of the level and no doubt reached the deeper parts of the level, maybe even reaching the next. Zoosue would need a lot of sway (and credits) to manage a building this large. Though the large stained glass windows depicting flames and the wooden mantels were quite the display of wealth.

About half a dozen minks littered the steps leading up to the large wooden double doors. They were all mostly dressed in normal clothing, blouses, jeans, hoodies, etc but the strange thing was the demographics. Normally you wouldn't have so many different Minks mixing but in front of her was a literal Dragon mink handing out pamphlets beside a Lion, Wolfesse and a group of mice.

There was a moment of confusion for Frankie, she assumed there must be some charter laws like the charter of Civil Worker Right laws the Dominion of Species enforces. It was probably just a front, yet Frankie saw the Dragon fight off a particularly handsome horse boy without a second thought when he tried to grope one of the Mice. The Lion even brought the mice lunch at one point and they seemed friendly enough, though Frankie was used to bad actors and approached with caution.

And was almost immediately approached.

"Whoa!" Frankie shrunk back as one of the mice scampered to her and shoved a pamphlet into her face. A very preppy little mouse girl about her height with long beige hair and big round ears that gave her an innocent look.

"Hello friend, have you heard about Zoosue." The mouse's voice was dripping with excitement, practically giddy without a hint of notice of Frankie's surprise.

"Yup," said Frankie in a stern voice as she pushed the pamphlet out of her face. "One of your Initiates told me about this place and the job opening in archival—"

"Oh which one? We've got quite a lot of initiates," she continued, looking up at Frankie with those big black mouse eyes. Her long tail wagging behind her, nearly kicking up her skirt.

"Ju-Jan... something with a— Janice! The big, tooth Wolf girl," muttered Frankie, her voice getting a little sheepish as she remembered Janice looming over her little body.

“Great! Follow me,” the mouse girl grabbed Frankie’s wrist and brought her up the steps of the cathedral.

The red Dragonesse turned, a smile growing on her pointed snout as she asked, “Ashley, do we have a new Trainee?”

“We do, Lylath! I’m going to see Simon, look out for the others!”

“Oh good, we could use some more Rats in the congregation,” commented Lylath as she gave Frankie a little wave before returning to the couple she was recruiting.

Frankie was dragged past the open doors and greeted by a very flaming interior. A long red carpet ran down the centre of the nave all the way up to the base of a wooden altar and podium. Behind a large golden brazier with a roaring flame, with matching little Brazier’s hung by chains lining the stone pillars which held up a large balcony.

“Don’t worry about the smoke smell, this place has great ventilation.” said Ashley as they entered, “This is just the main room, on occasion they bring in the pews whenever there is a sermon but those don’t happen too often.”

“*Uh-hun*,” nodded Frankie half listening. The rather strange looking building kept most of her attention, her eyes darting around the Cathedral. Frankie had never seen a place so gaudy or clean on any of the levels. The wood right beside a fire was one of the stranger flexes she’d seen from Minks and the flame iconography was everywhere. On tapestries and carved into the stone in places, some carvings were very detailed but none caught her attention like a certain group.

“As you can see the flame is the primary symbol for—”

“Hey, hold on,” Frankie interjected, pointing to the group up on the balcony, “what’s with the gaggle and why are they talking with a human?”

The three she was talking about had the vague bodies of Minks, she thought? They had these strange habits that obscured their ears and a thick black veil which covered their faces. Which was odd enough but combined with the heavy stoles and rather tight black bodysuits. They clung to all the curves of those minks showing off their curves, muscles and very large breasts, almost twice the size of Frankie’s head; the stoles didn’t hide much. Frankie was fifty-fifty on a theory that these three were prostitutes or a rich bitches way into high fashion, but at the very least proved the pair were women.

While the man was a human, greying black hair with silver streaks, and a squarish gruff face with a five a.m shadow. His body was large, almost larger than the trio he was conversing with, but maybe it was his heavy robes which gave him size. They looked heavy and had multiple layers, each embroidered with oranges and darker reds around the cuffs and hems giving an almost fiery appearance. He had this imposing aura even when standing beside the trio of larger minks but seemed very relaxed.

“Those are the Adepts, and the man in red is Father Hugo. He’s our Archpriest,” responded Ashley, with pride in her voice as if being his underling was a source of pride.

“Okay, are there a lot of humans around here and do they all dress so... interestingly?”

“Hugo prefers the heavier robes, Mrs—”

“Frankie,” she interjected, “And the robes make sense, I was mostly referring to the latex.”

“Oh silly me,” giggled Ashley, giving Frankie a goofy little smile, “The adepts cast away their noticeable features in an effort to appear as any Mink. A sign of their commitment to unity, however the Habit isn’t required for the trainees.”

“Lucky me,” responded Frankie as she followed behind Ashely.

“Don’t knock the suits, I’ve been told it is quite freeing.”

Frankie just nodded in an attempt not to offend her possible employers. Though, she couldn’t see what could be freeing about those outfits and was glad she didn’t have to wear them. Hopefully she’d have the money saved to scam if it ever came to needing to wear one of those outfits.

For now though Frankie was taken deeper into the Cathedral, down some nearby stairs. A long concrete hall stretched out, dimly lit by candles and decorated with the same red carpet. There must’ve been two dozen doors in the hallways, all wooden and all high quality.

“How much money do you guys got?”

“Oh, many of our members are connected and donate to the cause,” responded Ashley, stopping at the first door, “But if you’re referring to wood it’s all provided by the humans.”

“And the Minks are okay with them?” Frankie cocked, a little sceptical. Real wood was basically reserved for the rich and wasteful, it had to be cut from the awful jungles of Idler one or imported from one of the other in system planets. It was valuable but probably not enough to make regular Minks get along with anything.

“I don’t see why not, they are as important to our dream of unity as you are, Frankie.”

They must be pretty fucking vicious then, thought Frankie as she watched Ashely open the door to the locker room with some kind of hand scanner.

“Lockers five through forty two should have clothes for girls our sizes, get yourself dressed and cleaned before you meet with the Priest.”

“And how much is—”

“It’s charity dear, you may keep the clothes. We try to provide for all Minks in need—”

Before Ashley could finish, Frankie had zipped past her, throwing her tattered pants and shirt onto the ground as she raided the lockers like a savage. She was a Mink on a mission, feral, unwashed and determined to find something close to the clothes she had lost. Ashley could only watch a mixture of pity and concern for the horrid site of this feral rat dragging a small pile with her towards the showers.

A quick shower later, Frankie emerged refreshed and renewed. It was almost enough to make her forget she was about to join a freaky cult, almost.

“You know, you are free to grab any of the clothes.”

“*Uh-huhn*,” Frankie nodded, she’d just grabbed some torn jeans and a t-shirt with the

“You are about to meet the Priest dear, are you sure you don’t want to dress in something more proper?”

“I wore the same thing when I was promoted to management at my last job,” Frankie pulled down the design of her shirt showing off the giant printed tiger skull, “Well not quite, the last skull I had on was a horse but this should be fine.”

“Well alrighty, I am sure Simon will react well,” Ashly voice had a nervous hint that was not picked up at all by Frankie who was still enjoying the “new” clothes smell.

“Is that Hugo’s first name?”

“Oh no, Simon is the Priest in charge of our information and analytics. Basically the guy in charge of the archives, very friendly,” Ashley tone got a little more serious, “but he is very serious about his work.”

“I’m sure we’ll get along,” responded Frankie, her voice very aloof.

“Naturally,” sighed Ashly, she envied the confidence, resolving that Simon should appreciate the new blood, even if she was a little rough around the edges. Hopefully she would help clean up the archives.

The room Frankie was guided to was far from what Frankie ever expected the archives to be. Lots of physical Mink media from over the ages, from early tape technology, disks and all the way up to later digital storage tech. They piled up the sides of the room, leaning up against the filing cabinets and the storage towers that littered the spacious room.

“Damn you weirdos even have laserdisc,” commented Frankie as she picked up a nearby laserdisc.

A human poked out from behind one of the towers, “The fact that you even know that makes you more qualified than most.”

He was a young man, late teens with a rather scrawny body and a rounded face with scruffy unkempt white hair on his head. He wasn’t as imposing as the Archpriest but he was still nearly double Frankie’s height but had a very laid back expression on his face. His robes were similar to Hugo’s but simpler, draping over his thinner body and giving hints of his less muscular frame. Frankie wondered if he’d be able to take a hit from a Mink his height but that was un-important.

“Yes! She’s our new recruit,” Ashly said.

Simon nodded as he looked at Frankie, his piercing blue eyes fixated on her as his laid back tone became more poignant, “Employment history?”

“I used to manage civil archives and administration data for the Sewage Treatment system on levels seven through nine and with regards to your archives I know how to

cut and fix old tape.” Responded Frankie, a bit of pride in her voice, “Plus I know the difference between the different disk types and how to burn them without breaking them.

“Historian?”

“Nah, collector of odds and ends. I just like old tech really,” she continued, softening her tone. She knew how to make a connection, blush, show interest that seemed deep in the work and don’t skimp on the details. She could see the glint in this human’s eye and knew this alien nerd would fall for it.

“Good enough for me,” continued Simon, “You’ll start by helping me catalogue the media tomorrow.”

Haha, yes! Fucking easy shit, I probably know half the stuff here already, Frankie thought as she responded, “Thank you Priest.”

“Oh wow he really did like you—” Continued Ashly, a little surprised it went smoothly but she quickly corrected, “But that’s great! Here let me show you our quarters.”

“I get a room?!”

God is good, thought Frankie as she followed closely behind.

About half a day and one tour later.

Frankie was allowed to take one of the bunks in the Archival quarters: she took the top bunk, the extra elevation made sleeping easier. Then after storing an extra set of clothes in her locker she was given room permissions. They used a pretty advanced hand scanner system for all the rooms she was allowed inside, which was mostly the rec-rooms: a literal theatre and one of those fancy VR rooms with a bunch of those high end headsets. Though all Frankie needed was a computer and some disks to spend her time. Which apparently was most of her job.

This was a thrilling revelation in her life, now instead of dying in a dirty alley she could die in a clean church surrounded by old media; truly Frankie was living the high life. She didn’t even need a watcher, they just let her walk around the facility which proved to be a little surprising.

Her first night after finishing registration, Frankie saw something on her way back from the bathroom. One of the restricted rooms was open and a light was pouring out from

inside. She knew it was none of her business but she found herself approaching the door anyway.

A natural, almost visceral reaction occurred as Frankie approached. The Hairs on the back of her neck stood on end, and her heart rate increased. However, Frankie didn't scamper off. Maybe it was the way the pink light streaked out from the door or maybe it was low groans that seemed to echo? Or maybe Frankie had lost all of her good senses after joining a weird cult?

For reasons she couldn't quite understand she felt a need to peep, a primal curiosity to match her natural reaction. Frankie slowly tip-toed to the crack, her foot falls soft, barely making a sound as she crept across the cold steel and peered through the crack. The room was so bright, too bright to see for a second but when her eyes finally finished adjusting Frankie saw a surprising sight.

The room was very basic. A long bunk, big enough for two Tiger Minks to sit side by side and a very interesting light source. The latex clad form of a mouse Mink (at least Frankie thought it was a Mouse or maybe a rat Mink judging by the build). She appeared to have big ears, a small snout and a tail but like most of the adepts her latex garbs obscured much of her facial features. Her height was difficult to gauge as well: legs and arms were both sealed into the wall, forcing her torso forward and foreign her titanic mouse tits to the forefront.

Her tits were huge! Both at least K-cups, the latex was cut in a way to show off both her massive, puffy innie nipples. They trembled and twitched as lines of hot white wax streaked from the candles that were slowly melting over each of her breasts. They dribbled into a mostly cooled puddle on the floor. However, despite the general heat of the room the only thing that escaped from the mouse's latex hood were muffled groans of pleasure.

Fuck I really did join a weird sex cult, thought Frankie as she watched the mouse groan and twitch, *I better get out here before....*

"Mmmmm!" Frankie jumped as she heard the sudden opening of a door. However, this time she wasn't busted.

Instead Father Hugo walked out of a back room, completely naked. His gruff muscled body thick black hair covering most of him, including his beer belly. Though the surprisingly hairy human was secondary to the absolute monster cock swinging between his legs. A knee length meat hammer of a member that made Frankie's leg

look small in comparison, she couldn't believe he was packing so much meat or that it was so well tucked during their first meeting, but it wasn't the focus for long.

Within a second Father Hugo sat on the edge of the bed, and from the other door frame crawled, Janice. The black wolf girl was completely naked, except for a collar tightly affixed around her neck, leather and bright pink. It had a little heart shaped tag with Hugo's name written on the front. Her massive breasts dragged against the ground as she crawled to Hugo's feet and planted her snout against his toes, giving him a sloppy dog kiss.

"Thu-thank you for rewarding me, master." She whined between kiss marks, *"It's been t-tu-to long since I've been—"*

"Long enough for you to forget your mantra?" asked Hugo as he folded his arms over his chest.

"Hnnnggh, nu-no! No master," Janice stood on the balls of her paws and spread her legs, showing off her drooling black slit. The fur around her pussy lips were positively soaked as she continued.

"I am a dumb mink slave."

"It is my place to serve and obey."

"My master is my god and my god is my world."

"Please give orders to this stupid Mink girl!"

Janice, what the fuck! thought Frankie. She couldn't believe such a powerful Mink was mewling such pathetic words of submission. Which only got more insane as she watched Father Hugo reach down and pet her on the head, scratching between her ears. Frankie had seen Wolf Mink's kill for less but instead Janice squirted her brains out.

"Hnnngghh, muuhssstter!" She panted, her long tail furiously wagging as she squirted a jet of girl cum onto the steel floor. Her expression was absolutely sloppy, tongue had fallen out of her mouth, little pink nose twitching as her eyes went white. Frankie had never seen a Mink look so happy.

“Good girl, you’ve been working so hard recently. Soon you’ll be a proper adept like this one,” Hugo pulled his hand back as he gestured to the Mink on the wall.”

“Huuunnnggh, thu-thank you...” Her voice trailed off as she looked into Father Hugo’s eyes and Frankie swore she saw her eyes shift into deep rippling pink pools but it could’ve been a trick of the light.

“Now are you ready to start your worship, pet?” he continued, spreading his legs. Hugo’s nuts hung off the side of the bed, resting on Janus’ tits. Each one of his hairy nuts was the size of Frankie’ head and they drove Janice crazy.

She buried her snout into them as she mewled, *“Hnnggh, snooort, snooort! Pweeease, master, snoooooort~”*

“Use your words pet,” teased Hugo as he grasped the base of his pale member and rubbed it down the centre of Janice’s face, messing her hair and eliciting soft whines.

“Huuuff, huuunnnnhhnn, suh-sooowwwy!” Jacice’s tail wagged faster and faster, her body trembling as her eyes fluttered, “Please let your dumb pet service your cock master. I *neeeeed* to milk your dick and gargle your cum like a good girl.”

“Good girl, you may start.”

“Hyyyhnnn, t-th-thank you, master!”

Frankie watched with wide eyes as Jaince started to take Hugo’s tip into her throat. Her maw opened a near sixty degree angle as she took him deep into her throat. The throat bulge created by Hugo’s massive meat looked nearly impossible, stretching Janice past what Frankie thought were her physical limits but cock worship finds a way. Her wolf jaw didn’t dislocate and her pace wasn’t faltered by the absolutely massive meat choking her windpipe, Janice started to move with vigour.

“Ghhuurkkk!”

“Ghuuuunnnkk!”

“Hnnnggghmmmm!”

Frankie, winced, her heart fluttered as she watched Janice squirt mid head movement. A small puddle of pussy juices slowly built between her pawed feet as her sticky cunt

honey coated the floor. Though she didn't stop, she kept moving her head back and forth on Father Hugo's meat, trying desperately to drain his massive man meat.

Father Hugo, scratched his chin, muttering, "Not bad, you'll be an adept soon if you keep this level of devotion up."

That compliment awakened a fervour in Janice that made her go wild. Her little nose twitched as she inhaled and took every inch of Hugo's massive Mink beater into her gullet. Then with heavy movements she moved her head back and forth on his cock, burying her snout against the base of his meat before pulling back. An action that Frankie was convinced should've killed a Mink (even a reasonably big one) but Janice excelled, movements quickening with each bob of her head.

"That's it, show your devotion to god. It feels natural to submit and suck, doesn't it?" Hugo's words were so degrading but Frankie watched Janice's determined expression melt with each word spoken.

Hugo grabbed her ears and kept his cock buried deep inside her throat as he said, "Get ready for your first blessing, pet."

"Ghhuuunnngghhhnn!" Janice's eyes rolled up into her head as Hugo pumped a hot load of nut jelly into her stomach. His heavy sack tensed and Janice's stretched throat pulsed as he filled her stomach to the brim with cum.

Holy, he cums like a fucking stable, thought Frankie, gasping as she watched Janice blow cum bubbles out of her nose. Long thick strands of thick nut grease spilled off Hugo's still rock hard shaft and onto her tits as he rested his cock on her face, still ready for more.

"I'll give you a moment to rest before we continue, reflect on your faith as you wallow at your master's feet," teased Hugo.

"Hnnnggh, thunnkk-yoooush," drooled Janice, her voice weak and sloppy as she drooled cum all over her chest. The stink of Hugo's hot cum filled the room and immediately Frankie started to react.

Uhhnnnggh, though his cum stinks like... stinks like.... "Mmmnnnggh, whu-what the fuck." Frankie could feel her brain go blank, neurons failing to fire as her body got hotter by the second.

Uhhnnnggh, w-wh-what is wrong with you?" muttered Frankie, rubbing her temple, *"It can't be his rank load, can it?"* She shrunk back from the door as she tried organising her thoughts but everything was going white. Her pupils dilated and body shivered as a rush of conflicting emotions all exploded in her brain all at once as her body got hotter but they were all surprised by a sudden visceral desire to run.

*I have to run, I have to run, I have to run, I have to run, I have to **RUN!***" Frankie thoughts back single minded, her vision blurred as she fell down on all fours like a feral Mink and scampered down the halls. The sound of cock sucking seemed to echo in her eardrums as she started to feel hazy, her thoughts weren't forming properly, everything was becoming a mess as whispers from the world around her tempted her to join.

But Frankie felt primal fear.

Nothing could've stopped her from rushing back to her quarters. Her focus single minded in her desire to escape to safety. No adepts or security were around to question her frantic rush and Frankie got to her room without issue. The dull candles cast large shadows all around her as she scrambled at a frantic pace. Her clawed feet scraped the stone as she sweated and panted all the way up to her new room, and luckily Ashly was asleep.

The little mouse girl snored, her little nose twitching with each deep inhale and she had a rather blissful smile on her face while she was getting spooned by Simon. A fact Frankie didn't think twice about, her heart rate was far too high to do anything too complex like thinking. Frankie's immediate reaction was to hide under her covers, wide eyes and terrified after what she just saw but she couldn't explain why.

God dammit Frankie, it was just some weird sex. It's nothing to worry about, nothing to worry about... Her thoughts repeated as her mind repeated the sight of Janice servicing Archpriest Hugo's cock. There was no explanation of why she felt sudden fear or why her heart wouldn't calm down. Yet, despite all the fear and panic she experienced, nearly hyperventilating...

She was turned on.

What the fuck is wrong with you Frankie, you're supposed to be frigid? Thought Frankie as she slid her fingers into her underwear. She immediately felt a wet spot, her pink lips and clit swollen. Frankie couldn't remember the last time she'd gone into heat this bad or even felt close to cumming, a rarity for her subspecies but now she was getting a taste of the pleasure and after being terrified for her life.

"Mmmmmhhhhnnn, daaamn," groaned Frankie as she rubbed her sensitive slit, she couldn't resist trying to rub one off. The temptation of what she thought was long lost pleasure was far too tempting. Even if the circumstances were confusing, the physical results were not and Frankie felt her fingers moving faster, darting into her folds.

Pleeeeee Frankie, she thought, letting out another groan, *pleeeeee don't awaken something new inside me...*