

SHE RISES



by
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"Another? In less than one of their full Earth cycles?"

"Yes."

"Amazing. That she can created so much fluid in so little time. These earth creatures are responding like nothing we've even seen."

"Yes! That's what I keep saying! We should--"

"No! Continue. I want to see what happens next."

CHAPTER SEVEN

The last sliver of late afternoon sun had retreated from the high, stained-glass windows, leaving the sanctuary bathed in the soft, dusty glow of the eternal flame and a few strategically placed sconces. Sister Laura carefully wiped down the wooden credence table with a soft cloth, the scent of lemon oil a clean, familiar comfort. Her mind, finally quieting after the day's small chores, drifted toward the mundane comforts of evening—the leftover chicken and dumplings in her refrigerator, the novel waiting on her nightstand, the gentle rhythm of her nightly prayers.

It was then that the silence broke.

A voice, female but unnaturally deep, a resonant alto that vibrated with a physical force, sliced through

the peaceful hush. "What? I can't hear you!"

Laura froze, the cloth still in her hand. That was not the voice of a penitent seeking solace. It was a voice accustomed to command, thick with a strange, husky tension. It seemed to come from the general direction of the nave. Setting the cloth down silently, she moved to the sacristy door, her heart a quiet, anxious flutter in her chest.

She peered out. The vast space was empty, the rows of pews stretching out like silent, waiting witnesses. The only movement was the dance of dust motes in the dim light. Perhaps it was her imagination, the tired fancies of an old woman. She was about to turn back, to dismiss the sound, when she heard it again.

Thwack.

A sharp, wet, percussive sound that was unmistakably organic. It was followed by the same low voice, now a guttural murmur. "That's it... don't fight it."

Every nerve in Sister Laura's body went taut. Her eyes, sharp despite her years, scanned the shadows and landed unerringly on the row of oak confessionals. And she remembered. Barbara. Sweet, troubled Barb, who had looked so pale and frightened, had entered the last booth on the right. How long had it been? Forty minutes? An hour? Confessions did not take this long.

Her feet, clad in soft-soled shoes, carried her forward without a sound. She moved down the center aisle, her usual slow and measured pace quickening with each step. The air itself felt different—thicker, charged with an energy that was alien to this hallowed space. It was the feeling of a storm gathering behind stained glass.

She was halfway there when another voice joined the first. "You... I worship you." It was a moan of utter submission, a sound of ecstatic surrender. Sister Laura stopped dead. She knew that cadence, that particular inflection. It was Barb's way of speaking. But the *voice*... it was Barb's soul filtered through a different instrument—deeper, richer, thrumming with a power that made the fine hairs on Laura's arms stand on end.

The commanding voice purred in response, a sound of dark, possessive pleasure. "Good girl. Time for your gift."

Gift? The word echoed in Laura's mind, cold and wrong. This was not the language of absolution. This was not the gentle guidance of Father O'Connell. A cold knot of dread tightened in her stomach. The sanctity of the confessional was absolute, a pillar of her faith. To interrupt was a profound transgression. But this... this was a desecration. The sounds emanating from the booth were not of prayer, but of some profane ritual.

She stood only a few feet from the ornately carved door now, her body trembling with the conflict between a lifetime of discipline and a rising, motherly terror for the woman inside. The debate was a silent scream in her mind.

It was ended by a cry from within the booth.

It was the voice that was Barb's and not Barb's, a raw, piercing shriek that tore through the church's silence, a sound of such frenzied, blasphemous devotion that it seemed to crack the very foundations of Sister Laura's world.

"I NEED TO FEEL GOD INSIDE ME! YOU'RE MY ONE AND ONLY!"

The words hit her like a physical blow, sucking the air from her lungs. Sacrilege. Madness. Profanity. In that instant, protocol was incinerated by a holy, protective fury. This was no longer a confession. This was a violation.

With a strength born of sheer desperation, Sister Laura lunged the final step. Her gnarled hand, usually so gentle, closed like a vise around the cold iron handle of the confessional door. She took one last, sharp breath, a silent prayer for the soul inside, and yanked it open.

The sight that met her eyes made her gasp, a strangled, helpless sound. Her hands flew to her mouth,

her eyes widening in sheer, uncomprehending horror.

The world narrowed to the space inside the confessional. The scent that hit Sister Laura first was not of the church, but of sin and corruption—a thick, musky perfume of sweat, sex, and something else, something electric and alien, like the air after a lightning strike.

Her mind, trained for decades to find order and sanctity, shattered at the sight.

Barbara was there, facing the door, facing her, but she was a grotesque parody of the timid, devout woman who had entered. She was crammed into the small space, her large hands pushed at the sides of its walls, anchoring her to the stall. Her simple floral blouse was a torn web of fabric, stretched to its absolute limit and beyond over a torso that was now a masterwork of hard, defined muscle. Her shoulders were broad and powerful, her arms thick and veined, and beneath the tattered cloth, the severe, sculpted ridges of a bodybuilder's abdomen were clearly visible.

But this raw power was fused with a hyper-exaggerated, almost cartoonish femininity. Her breasts, impossibly large, round, and pert, strained against the ruined fabric, their perfect, heavy swell defying gravity. Below a cinched waist, her hips flared, and her ass—toned, wide, and impossibly plump—filled the space, two globes pressing against the figure behind her.

And Barbara's face... it was contorted, but not in the pain or shame. It was a mask of crazed, transcendent ecstasy. Her head bobbed forward and back with a brutal, rhythmic force, driven by the powerful thrusts coming from behind her. Her lips were swollen, her eyes rolled back in her head, showing mostly the whites, and a line of glistening saliva dripped from her chin. With each inward thrust, a guttural, choking moan was punched out of her, a sound of utter, willing surrender.

Sister Laura's horrified gaze traveled past Barbara, into the deeper shadows of the booth. There, she saw *her*.

It was a woman, but more, a magnified and perfected version of the new Barbara. She was larger, even more densely muscled, her own body a landscape of terrifying power and voluptuous curves. She couldn't quite make out what she was wearing, but her skin slick and gleaming with a layer of perspiration. Her face was also obscured by shadow, but Laura could see the powerful set of her jaw,

the corded muscles in her neck straining as she moved.

And she was moving. Her hips, powerful and piston-like, drove forward with relentless force, smacking against Barbara's ample backside with a wet, fleshy *thwack* that Sister Laura now recognized. She was fucking Barbara, hard. She was the source of this sin, the engine of this profanity. One powerful, muscular arm was wrapped around Barbara's waist, holding her in place, while the other hand was tangled in Barbara's hair, guiding the frantic, involuntary motion of her head.

Sister Laura could make out the edges of something big and meaty entering Barbara's pussy. She could see it slide in and out of her, like a mutated worm entering some fertile soil. The Sister could also see a pair of large pendulous testicles hanging from the woman behind Barbara, swinging subtly with the motion, tapping repeatedly against her thick and spread thighs.

They were a single, sweating, convulsing organism of flesh and muscles, a living blasphemy enacted in the very heart of God's house.

The world seemed to hold its breath.

Then, Barbara's rolling eyes somehow focused. They locked directly onto Sister Laura's horrified stare. The ecstasy on her face did not diminish; it intensified, curving her lips into a wide, blissful, and utterly insane smile. Her body continued to be jolted and used, but her voice, that deep, powerful, unfamiliar voice, cut through the obscene noise, clear and mocking.

"Hello, Sister Laura."

All pretenses of quiet sanctity, of secrecy, shattered as the confessional door was ripped off and flung aside by Barbara. For a horrifying, suspended moment, Sister Laura's mind refused to process the tableau before her. It was a blasphemy rendered in living flesh.

Then, the woman behind Barbara moved.

With a powerful, possessive grip on Barbara's newly sculpted, meaty thighs, the woman pushed forward, forcing them both out of the cramped darkness of the booth and into the open vastness of the church nave. The frame of the opening cracked and broke in places, too small to contain the size of each of them as they passed through. The connection between them, her cock in Barbara's pussy, was maintained, a grotesque and intimate tether that made Laura's stomach lurch. They stumbled into the warm light, a tangled, sweating monument of raw power and lust.

The woman fucking Barbara was completely naked, and her true form was a terrifying revelation. She was well over six feet tall, a giantess of sinew and muscle, every contour of her body a testament to impossible strength. Her skin, slick with perspiration, gleamed like oiled marble in the soft light. As she straightened to her full, formidable height, her back arched in a powerful curve, the muscles in her shoulders and back rippling with each movement. This was normal, thought Sister Laura, this was some a dark creature of wicked desire.

And it was relentless. Her hips pistoned, driving her thick, veined cock deeper into Barbara's needy cunt with a force that was both brutal and practiced. The sound of their bodies meeting was no longer a muffled *thwack* from within the booth. Now, in the echoing chamber of the church, each impact reverberated like a thunderclap, a booming, wet slap that seemed to shake the very pews. *Boom. Boom. Boom.* The sound was a profane drumbeat echoing under the vaulted ceiling, drowning out the memory of whispered prayers.

Barbara, her own powerful body now a canvas of glistening sweat, was lost to the rhythm. Her head was thrown back, her new, lush hair whipping with the force of the thrusts. Her muscular arms flailed, then found purchase on the floor, her fingers scraping against the cold stone as she braced herself, hinged forward, bent over. Her moans were not of pain, but of frantic, mindless encouragement, raw and guttural. The two of them were a single, writhing entity, a cyclone of spasming muscle and jerking limbs, moving with a violent, earnest hunger.

The thrusts intensified, the tempo accelerating from a powerful rhythm to a frenzied, machine-like pace. Sweat flew from their bodies with every collision, sprinkling through the air like a foul, sparkling mist. A bead of it landed on Sister Laura's cheek, cold and shocking.

The nun fell back onto her backside with a thud. She couldn't move. She could only stare, paralyzed. Her world, which had been built upon a foundation of scripture, ritual, and quiet faith, was collapsing into a nightmare of primal, grinding flesh. The scent of sex and sweat, thick and musky, filled the air, replacing

the faint comforting aroma of incense.

Her lips, numb and trembling, parted. The words that emerged were a breathless, broken whisper, a final, desperate plea to a God who suddenly felt very, very far away.

"Dear God," she muttered, her voice lost in the cacophony, "no."

And through it all, Barbara's eyes were locked on Sister Laura.

There was no shame in that gaze. No apology. Only a blazing, zealous ecstasy that was more terrifying than any demonic visage Laura could have imagined. Her face was a mask of transcendent pleasure, her lips parted, her breath coming in ragged, powerful gasps that syncopated with the rhythm of her violation—or her consecration.

"Witness me, Sister," Barbara's voice was a low, throbbing hum, each word fractured by the jarring impact of Susan's hips against her own. "Witness." Her voice was slow and deliberate. "Witness as my goddess gives me her gift."

Laura's mouth opened and closed, a fish gasping on a holy shore. Her hand fluttered to her chest, searching for the cross that felt suddenly impotent, a trinket against this raw, tainted power.

"I have found a new thing to worship, Sister," Barbara continued, a beatific smile breaking through her strained expression. "And it is so glorious and good... and it's so *giving*." The last word stretched into a long, shuddering moan.

Tears welled in Laura's eyes, blurring the monstrous tableau further. She tried to look away, to find the crucifix above the altar, but Barbara's gaze was a magnet, pulling her back into this waking nightmare.

Barbara's eyes, gleaming with unshed tears of pleasure, never wavered. Her voice took on a tone of ritualistic deference. "May I tell her, my Alpha? May I tell her what you are doing to me, Susan?"

The name confused Sister Laura. Susan? Barbara's friend? Surely this can't be the same woman she often spoke about.

From behind her, Susan's voice, a silken whip-crack of authority, cut through the heavy air. "Yes."

The permission was a catalyst. As Susan's movements intensified, the pace becoming a frantic, pounding storm, Barbara's voice rose to meet it. She began to shout, her words a desperate, fervent prayer to a new and hungry god, trying to be heard over the hurricane of sex.

"I AM BEING BAPTIZED!" she screamed, the sound tearing through the sacred silence. "YOU WILL GET TO WITNESS! MY NEW BIRTH! I WILL BE BORN AGAIN IN THE IMAGE OF MY MISTRESS! IN THE IMAGE OF MY ALPHA!"

Laura squeezed her eyes shut, but the sound was inescapable.

"SHE WILL GIVE ME THE GLORIOUS GIFT! SEE ME! SEE ME NOW! WITNESS IT! WITNESS ME!"

The force of the act became seismic. Barbara's powerful arms, veins cording along the defined muscle, flung out to her sides, her palms slapping against the air in a cruciform pose of ecstatic surrender. Her head snapped back, her throat a taut, offering arc, a silent, rapturous scream etched upon her features.

"OH, PRAISE BE! PRAISE BE SHE! ALL WILL PRAISE IT!"

Then, in one final, cataclysmic motion, it culminated. Susan drove forward with a force that seemed to lift Barbara's entire, powerful body from the floor. The two figures locked together, frozen in a single, impossible moment of supreme tension. Barbara, arms outstretched, head thrown back, was suspended—a twisted, living icon of a profane crucifixion, a statue of flesh captured at the precipice of what was about to happen.

A brief moment of silence. Then.

A guttural, wrenching cry was torn from Susan's throat, a sound of pure, unadulterated release that was less human and more elemental, like the cracking of a mountain. Her body, pressed flush against Barbara's ripe ass, began to shake with a violence that was both brutal and sensual. It was a quaking, a quivering that spoke of a pleasure so immense its expenditure was a earthshattering event.

Barbara's reaction was instantaneous and visceral. Her eyes, once locked on Sister Laura, rolled back into her skull, a canvas of pure, mindless sensation. Her tongue, pink and distended, lolled from her mouth, dripping streams of saliva onto the swell of her chest. She was being filled, claimed in the most fundamental way possible.

And it showed.

Beneath the taut, sweat-sheened skin of Barbara's lower abdomen, a subtle but undeniable rounding began to occur. It was as if a small, firm balloon was being inflated deep within her, pushing outward against her muscle wall, a visible testament to the torrent being unleashed inside her. Yet, miraculously, her pose held. Her arms remained outstretched in their profane T-formation, her head was still thrown back in offering, her body a vessel enduring a holy storm.

Then the convulsions took her. Her entire form began to spasm, violent, jerking motions that should have thrown her to the ground completely. But some unseen force kept her locked in position. From her gaping mouth, a sound emerged that would haunt Sister Laura for the rest of her God fearing days. It was a drone, a low, steady, unrelenting moan of absolute ecstasy that seemed to have no need for breath. It was the sound of a soul being rewritten, a steady tone of pleasure so intense it bypassed the need for modulation.

And still, Susan came.

It was too much. The volume of seed was more than Barbara's transformed body could contain. A trickle began from their joined forms, then a stream, and then vast, copious rivers of the thick, opalescent fluid poured out, splattering onto the stone floor between Barbara's powerful thighs. It fell in great, viscous sheets, splashing, pooling, a growing puddle of biological sacrament that gleamed in the church light. The convulsions continued, each spasm forcing out another wave.

It was in the midst of this liquid chaos that Sister Laura's horrified gaze, drifting over the obscene spectacle, caught a new aberration. Below Barbara's belly, at her crotch, the topmost of her stretched pussy, there was a small, fleshy nub. Her clit... but swollen and odd.

As Susan's cum continued to flood Barbara, the glistening nub began to change more.

It swelled, thickening and lengthening in a series of short, pulsating spurts. Each violent jerk of Barbara's body seemed to fuel its growth, edging it onward. A centimeter, then two, then more. Laura watched, her mind refusing to process the reality, as the clit elongated into a meaty, pink cylinder. A distinct, helmet-like head began to form at its tip, and still it grew, pushing outward from her cunt, like some monstrous, parasitic pink plant seeking the sun.

The sound was not just the splashing of fluid now, but a wet, tearing, stretching noise—the sound of skin and tissue being stress tested. The cylinder thickened, gaining girth, its surface becoming textured with a web of pulsing blue veins. It was a thing of both flesh and purpose, growing with a terrifying, inevitable certainty.

Barabara, amidst the chaos, felt a strange new urge inside her loins. The feeling that something wanted out, something wonderful. So she let it happen, she pushed it out with some internal muscle she'd never had... until now. Suddenly, she was cumming. Her newly formed cock squirting streaks of virgin semen. It felt amazing, feeling the stuff race up and out of her dick; and it felt even better knowing that as she spewed cum for the first time, her Alpha, her God, was doing the same thing inside of her.

The spasms became a final, violent crescendo, a last, jerking dance of creation, and with them, the fleshy appendage gave a final, surging push. It reached its full, horrifying maturity: a thick, veined, and throbbing shaft, a full eight inches of new, potent flesh, twitching with a life of its own. It stood erect from her crotch, a glistening, proud, and utterly unnatural testament to what she had become. And just before the transformation was complete, a last squirt of cum shot out of Barbara's dick and landed on Sister Laura's face, too shocked to noticed.

As if a circuit had been completed, the torrent of cream from Susan ceased too. The convulsions subsided. A great, simultaneous breath was released by both women, a long, shuddering exhalation that

whispered throughout the church.

They relaxed, but only slightly. Susan remained pressed against Barbara, their bodies gleaming, panting in the aftermath. Barbara's arms lowered slowly, her head lolled forward, her eyes remained closed, her chest heaving in satisfied breaths. They stood there, wreathed in the scent of sex and transformation, basking in the silent, awful glory of what had just been birthed.

Barbara opened her eyes and smiled.

Sister Laura mumble something and then fainted.