

A Moment of Salvation

You wander the empty hallways of the church long after the sermon has ended. It's not that you wanted to stay... it's that you didn't really have anywhere to go. So you busied yourself with the artwork that decorated the off beaten paths. They were entertaining enough to look at - there were always small details hidden in these sort of paintings that were just funny.

"Ah yes, "*The Circus of Satyrs*" by Vorici", the soft spoken voice of an unfamiliar woman startles you. "I quite enjoy all the antics of the painting".

Turning around you see the most beautiful work of art. A woman looking to be about 24 or 25 stands behind you, dressed in the traditional habit of a nun. Her headpiece hung wispily behind her like rabbit ears. Strands of red hair peek from beneath and rest upon her face. You have never seen this nun before - and you could instantly see why. Massive hyper-sized breasts hung from her torso like the forbidden fruit they were, the thin dress she wore did nothing but lewdly accentuate them and their melon sized nipples.

Her wide hips sway to and fro as she approaches you. Her breasts swinging heavily in kind, threatening to knock your very head off of your shoulders.

"I see you, my child. You often stay late to look at the art, but I know why you are really here." She speaks with a kind knowing. "Your family life is not good to you, and so you seek the peace of God within these halls."

You stare at her like a deer caught in headlights.

She continues, "I was about to read verses from the Bible, you're welcome to join me if you'd like."

You nod your head yes. Before you know it you're hugging her. She warmly embraces you back, bringing you close to her body. You're not sure if the moment is blissful because you're enveloped in her generous bosom, or if it is because someone actually seems concerned about you for once. Feeling as though the embrace has overstayed its welcome, you step back and see her beautiful blushing face - glowing like an angel.

