

Joan of Arse

The Confession.

"Mother Superior, I've come to confess..." a woman sitting on a bench in a dark penitent's confessional chamber, whispering through the lattice screen, "My heart is filled with rage and I am about to sin."

The Mother Superior sat at her end of the confessional, behind the lattice screen that hid her identity from view. The confessional was separated into two parts: the penitent's chamber and the priest's chamber.

"It's not healthy to keep one's rage inside," the Mother Superior replied in a hushed but mature tone, "What makes you think you will do such a thing?"

Her voice was as soft as velvet, yet there was an underlying harshness to it, like a cat purring its way into someone's confidence before tearing their throat out. There was something so unsettling about her voice, though the woman on the other side of the confessional had heard it many times over. It always gave her goosebumps, and she shivered on her bench every time.

"it's my husband... he is unfaithful." the woman said, swallowing a lump in her throat as if to suppress a sob. "And he is not even hiding it anymore. I want to kill him and his slut!"

"Your anger is understandable," the Mother Superior said after a slight pause, "But I do not think it is wise to let it consume your soul. As for what you could do, revenge is something only God can provide."

As much as the woman did not like to admit it, the Mother Superior was right. It was all just rage that bubbled inside her whenever she thought of her husband or his slutty whore of a secretary. All this was too much for one woman to bear. But still, why was she being punished so harshly? Why was he doing it to her? He was leaving clear evidence behind him, hoping she would see and confront him about it. She had seen pictures of his lover. That bitch was everything she wasn't: young, beautiful, busty, slim, long-legged... A perfect Barbie doll with which every man fantasized. And now, after ten years of marriage and two kids, her husband had found an excuse to cheat on her. What hurt more was that he didn't even bother to hide it from her. He seemed to be very proud of what he was doing behind her back, and he enjoyed hurting her with his betrayal.

"What should I do?" the woman asked. "How can I stop feeling like this?"

Another pause. A silence stretched on between them.

"Go to work, take care of your children, and focus on yourself," the Mother Superior replied without missing a beat, "It is not your job to fix your husband's mistakes. Leave his actions up to the Lord."

The woman sighed and closed her eyes. Everything the Mother Superior said was right, but she wanted something more concrete than spiritual answers and metaphors. Was it truly in God's hands to deal with her husband's sinful behavior? There must be something she could do, something besides just sitting by and waiting for him to get tired of his young bitch.

"Is there any other way?" she said, leaning forward toward the screen separating the chambers. "Surely there's something I can do."

"Well..." the Mother Superior said, then paused as if thinking over how to respond to that question. "There is something I could do, if you wish."

The woman leaned closer to the screen, curious but not knowing what Mother Superior meant by that. Then, as if sensing her curiosity, the Mother Superior continued:

"Do you want your husband to return to you?" she asked. "Or do you want to punish him for betraying you?"

This surprised the woman. For a moment she hesitated in answering either option. On one hand, she desperately wanted her husband to come back to her and live happily ever after with their kids. On the other, she hated him so much for his infidelity and disrespect towards her feelings, that she almost wished for him to suffer and pay for it dearly. After careful consideration, she finally chose a reply,

"If possible, both," she said after some time passed by between them. "I want my husband to love me again. I miss him so much! But I want him to suffer before that happens."

"Hmmm..." the Mother Superior hummed thoughtfully from her side of the confessional. Then there came another long pause as if she was contemplating her words carefully. When she spoke again, she did so slowly as though making sure each syllable was correct and deliberate, "That can be arranged."

When she finished speaking, there was no sound coming through the lattice screen separating the priest's chamber and the penitent's chamber from each other. Only silence hung heavy above them like thick fog on a cold winter's morning.

"Mother Superior, please tell me what should I do?" the woman pleaded. "Please give me something concrete to hold onto."

Another moment passed and then the Mother Superior started talking, but this time her voice was different: softer, kinder, and less intimidating than it was before.

"Go home..." she said simply, "When your husband returns the next morning he will be faithful and loving again."

At first, the woman had trouble believing this statement. Surely it had to be a joke or something? How could her husband suddenly become faithful once more just because she

said so? Nevertheless, she accepted it with gratitude, and thanked the Mother Superior profusely, bowing and kissing the screen separating the chambers where she sat on the bench, head bowed low in front of God's representative on Earth.

She got up off the bench and opened the door to leave when Mother Superior called after her:

"Before you go," she said. "Do not speak a word about this conversation to anyone else. This is only for your ears alone, understood?"

"Yes, Mother!" the woman replied eagerly as she exited the church building and headed straight home to wait for her husband. As soon as she was gone, Mother Superior stepped out from her side of the confessional and began walking down a dark hallway toward her private rooms in the nunnery attached to the cathedral. She went down a flight of stairs and walked through several doors until she reached one last door which had been locked with a padlock secured around its handle. She unlocked the padlock with a key hidden in between her breasts, entered the room, and then relocked it behind her.

Once inside she turned on the lights, revealing what was actually not just an ordinary bedroom, but rather an extreme BDSM dungeon, filled with all manner of chains, ropes, cuffs, shackles, whips, gags, spreaders, paddles, spanking benches, stockades, suspension equipment, hooks, manacles, and even more unidentifiable things hanging everywhere around her. The walls were painted black with red trimming while the floors were polished marble tiles covered with throw rugs and cushions made of velvet cloth. There was even an electric fireplace against one wall with fake flames dancing merrily on its hearth.

Mother Superior approached the far corner of the room where she slowly removed her habit, wimple, and veil before entering another door in the back leading to her personal bathroom and disappearing behind it.

The Sinner.

A well-dressed man wearing an expensive-looking suit, tie, and leather shoes stepped out of his chauffeured, luxury sedan outside a big city office building in downtown Kitsune City. The chauffeur tipped his hat and bid him good day before driving away as the man proceeded to walk toward the revolving glass doors into the building lobby. But his footsteps faltered when he saw a blonde woman in a tight red dress that left nearly zero to the imagination, with her face painted to perfection, her hair curled and falling down to her shoulders, and a pair of matching high heels on her feet. He was mesmerized by her beauty, and even more so when her heel broke just as she passed him by, causing her to fall right on him. They both landed on the pavement with a thud while people passing by just watched without paying any mind to what had happened.

Her soft breast pillows were straight in his face as she fell on top of him, making his nose tickle and his throat dry up. All he could smell was her sweet perfume, all he could see was her beautiful blue eyes, and all he could feel was her smooth skin under his fingertips. Even after she had gotten off of him and fixed herself up after the incident, he could still smell her perfume lingering on his clothes and in his nostrils.

"S-s-sorry...!" she stuttered as she helped him to his feet, "I didn't mean to ruin your suit like that."

Her face was just like an angel's: perfectly proportioned with a delicate mouth and aquiline nose, and large almond-shaped eyes framed with long lashes that fluttered as she blinked nervously at him.

"It's alright, no worries," he said, giving her a charming smile. "Are you hurt?"

"Oh no!" she exclaimed as if only now noticing what had occurred. "I'm fine. Thank goodness!"

"Miss, my name is Darius Cage," he introduced himself with a little bow of his head as he offered to shake hands with her.

"No way! Darius Cage... The Darius Cage, CEO of the Cage Corporation?" she replied, staring at him wide-eyed. "Wow, it's such an honor to meet you."

"Exactly." he chuckled as she took his hand and shook it lightly. "May I ask for your name too?"

"Joan," she said bashfully as they let go of each other's hands, her cheeks turning pink and her heart rate picking up speed as she gazed into his brown eyes.

"Nice to meet you, Joan. Sorry about your broken shoe, how about we go to some boutique and I buy you new ones?" Darius offered kindly, smiling brightly and charmingly. "After that maybe I can invite you to dinner somewhere?"

Joan just blushed even more furiously at his sudden offer to replace her broken shoes and take her out to eat after barely knowing each other for two minutes. Yet somehow she found it very sweet of him to offer those things so easily. Most guys would have just walked right past her and ignored what happened altogether, but not this man, this very handsome, wealthy, successful man who was offering to do these things for her. It was like something out of a fairy tale, and she was the princess being rescued from her dire situation.

"Mr. Cage, I couldn't possibly let you do that... I'd be very much indebted to you!" she said softly as her eyes darted back to the floor before returning to his again.

"Don't worry about it," he said, placing a comforting hand on her shoulder, "Come on, let me call my secretary to cancel the meetings for today, and then my driver will pick us up."

Then he pulled out his phone and called his secretary.

"Mary, I need you to cancel my appointments for today," he ordered through the speakerphone as his secretary answered. "And call my chauffeur to the office entrance."

"Y-yes, Mr. Cage." Mary replied in a timid tone, "W-what should I do about your paperwork? Or the reports you needed to look over?"

"Just email them to me," he said, then added. "And call my wife and tell her not to make dinner for me tonight. I won't be home until tomorrow morning."

With that, he hung up the phone and smiled at Joan again, giving her a friendly wink while he did so. Joan bit her lower lip and returned the smile shyly.

"So, you're married, Mr..." she said with her eyes downcast as if she was ashamed to have asked such an obvious question, but he interrupted her.

"Please, call me Darius," he said as his lips curled into a crooked grin that made her blush even more so than before. "And yes, I'm married, is that a problem?"

"Of course not!" she exclaimed suddenly before lowering her voice to avoid drawing attention from others around them. "Why would it be?"

He chuckled and patted her on the back playfully. The driver pulled up just then, and he held open the car door for her. After helping her in, he slid into the seat next to her, and they rode in silence toward their destination, watching each other curiously the entire time. When they arrived at the luxury boutique to buy her a new pair of shoes, Darius opened the door to let her out first before following after her into the store. A saleswoman greeted them at the entrance and showed them to the shoes section where many pairs of different styles and colors were lined up neatly on shelves and racks, waiting to be purchased by eager shoppers.

"Choose anything you want, my treat." he told her as she began browsing through the display cases containing expensive-looking footwear, "Anything to keep your feet happy."

She was stunned by his generosity and kindness toward her, yet she clearly understood his real intentions: to get inside her panties and fuck her brains out later that night. No matter, she wasn't going to resist, she would let him do whatever he pleased with her body, and she would gladly return the favor with her version of sexual satisfaction. She chose the most expensive pair of pumps from the shelf and tried them on in the most seductive manner she could muster.

"How do I look, Darius?" she asked with her best cutesy face, batting eyelashes, and pouty lips.

"Fantastic," he replied, taking a few steps closer to her, "Those shoes are perfect, but even more so on you."

"Thank you," she giggled as she leaned in close enough to whisper in his ear, "Maybe I should wear only them from now on."

That seemed to catch him off guard, but he quickly recovered and continued to stare intensely at her now fully exposed legs as if admiring every inch of her creamy flesh from thigh to toe.

"Perhaps..." he said huskily as he grabbed her by the waist and pulled her body flush against his chest, "We should leave right now and continue this at the hotel room."

"Sure!" she squeaked excitedly, letting her hands roam freely up and down his torso while pressing her hips against him firmly to make sure she had his full attention on her. "I've got the whole evening free anyway, so why not?"

With that, the two lovers exited the boutique and headed to the nearest five-star hotel with the most lavish interior decorating, spacious suites, and grandiose furnishings. Darius paid for a penthouse suite with a Jacuzzi in the bathroom and a king-size bed in the bedroom.

They stepped inside the elevator and waited patiently until it reached the top floor where their suite was located. Once there, Darius unlocked the door with the keycard and motioned for Joan to enter first before him. As soon as she was inside, he shut the door behind them, locked it securely, and then pinned her against the wall as he began kissing her hungrily on the neck. With a swift motion, she escaped his grip and dashed over to the bar to pour herself a drink.

"Sorry, I'm just too fucking thirsty. Let's have a drink first," she said with a smirk as she grabbed the empty glass on the countertop and poured some water from the tap.

"Are you teasing me on purpose?" Darius growled impatiently, his erection already painfully hard, as he approached her from behind and wrapped his arms around her waist, "If so, it's working."

"So, you want something to drink?" she asked innocently as she turned around to face him, putting on her cutest and coyest expressions and voice as she did so. "I didn't realize you were so desperate for a quick fuck."

"Pour me one shot of vodka," he said, trying to calm down and think rationally instead of acting purely on instinct, but failing miserably due to her intoxicating perfume filling his nostrils and clouding his judgment. "Then I'll show you just how much I want it."

Joan grinned widely and immediately complied with his request, pouring him a shot of pure alcohol from the bottle stored on the table next to the sink and secretly adding a small pill that melted within seconds after coming into contact with liquid inside the glass.

"Here ya go!" she chirped cheerfully as she handed him the beverage, "Drink up, big boy!"

Darius took the glass from her and raised it to his lips, gulping down the contents in one single go. As the warmth of the alcohol flowed through his system, he felt himself grow lightheaded and dizzy, making him sway slightly on his feet. However, this did nothing to deter him from his original objective. Claiming this sexy blonde's pussy for himself.

He moved closer to her again and pressed his crotch against her firm ass cheek as he started rubbing his bulge against her round buttocks. She gasped softly and arched her back to accommodate him as she placed both hands on the edge of the sink in front of her to support herself better. Darius was just about to tear Joan's red dress off her curvy frame when suddenly he felt the world spin and blackness overtook his vision, causing him to collapse unconscious to the floor with a loud thump, his heavyweight shaking the entire room as he crashed into the cold marble tiles below him...

The Judgement.

Darius slowly opened his eyes, his vision blurred and distorted, but he felt that he was completely naked and his arms and legs were tied to a chair. As he became more conscious of his surroundings, he realized that he was sitting on a wooden stool, in a small room. In front of him was a lattice screen that separated the room on one side to another. Through the holes in the mesh, he could see that on the other side was a woman, dressed in a nun's habit and wimple, wearing a veil, and sitting on a bench with her head bowed down on her chest, looking extremely demure and penitent, and also strangely familiar.

"Wha... whe... who ar..." he began to stutter when the nun spoke to him.

"Awake, at last?" she said in a soft and gentle voice with a hint of amusement. "You were asleep for quite a while."

"W-who are you?" he managed to ask coherently.

"You can call me Mother Superior," she replied calmly, keeping her head bowed, but then she raised her face to reveal herself to him, which made his heart skip a beat, and his stomach churn with fear. "Or, perhaps, you can call me the one who will judge you."

It was Joan. The same beautiful blonde who had seduced him just a while ago in front of his office building. And now here she was, judging him for his sins and about to pass the sentence on him.

"Mother Superior?" Darius repeated incredulously as his mind struggled to comprehend what was happening.

"Yes," she said with a sweet smile. "Well, some also call me Joan of Arse."

"J-Joan of... but, but you're..." he stuttered in shock as he recalled an old street legend about a mysterious woman who punishes unfaithful husbands for cheating on their wives. "Hell no, is this a joke? If so, you can stop it right now, it's not funny!"

"Confess, Darius Cage," she said sternly, staring directly at him with her piercing blue eyes. "Confess all your sins and be judged."

"Look, bitch!" he shouted angrily as he tried to struggle out of his restraints unsuccessfully. "I don't know what you're playing at right now but you'd better untie me this instant!"

Mother Superior stood up from the bench and walked out from her part of the chamber through the door on her left and into his side. After a few seconds, the door to his chamber opened and Joan's silhouette was standing still with a white blinding light surrounding her.

"Swearing is a sin," she said sternly as she entered the room.

Slowly, she began to approach him until she was standing only inches away from him, making him flinch instinctively as he tried to avoid eye contact with her, but her gaze was so intense and penetrating that he could do nothing else but look directly into her eyes. At that very moment, she started to remove her habit, revealing something similar to a BDSM harness made of black latex with some parts resembling a dominatrix uniform, mixed with fishnet stockings and latex boots on high platform heels. Her breasts were large and round, looking like they were about to burst out of her latex bra, and her nipples protruded clearly against the shiny surface. The outfit showed so much of her perfect skin and perfectly fit body that he couldn't help but stare at her hungrily as he tried to resist her allure. But there was something else. Something that terrified him to no end. The sight of a massive, thick, veiny, cock dangling between her thighs. The biggest cock he had ever seen in his life.

"What the fuck is this?" he asked in an attempt to sound confident and powerful, but his voice was trembling with fear and disbelief.

"This is my rod of judgment," she replied as her hand grabbed her monstrous shaft and swung it like a bat, hitting his face hard and leaving a huge purple mark on his cheek. "And this is to remind you that, as a married man, you shall not engage in extramarital affairs. That's what you did, wasn't it?"

"Y-yes..." he stammered, still stunned by the impact of her mighty phallus, and then added after a brief pause. "But it was a one-time thing."

"Really?" she said mockingly as she lifted her huge pole and struck him again. "Lying is a sin!"

Darius yelled loudly as the pain from the blow subsided, and then he mumbled incoherently to himself while looking down at the floor before raising his head and screaming at her furiously.

"Stupid whore! Do you fucking know who I am?! I'm Darius Cage, CEO of the Cage Corporation!" he bellowed, spitting and panting heavily, "I'll make you pay for this, I swear to god! Get that fucking fake dick away from my face and untie me this instant!"

"Silence!" she hissed as she smacked his cheek with her member again. "Confess!"

"There's nothing to confess to!" he shouted angrily as he tried to move away from her. "Stop hitting me with that disgusting thing!"

"Then by the right granted to me, as Joan of Arse, I declare you as guilty for having cheated on your wife and as a sinner to be punished accordingly," she announced, grabbing her colossal phallus again, "Your punishment is Anal Judgement."

"What?!" Darius exclaimed in astonishment, "What the hell does that even mean?"

Instead of a reply, he received another smack on his face. This time it was harder and stronger than the previous ones. It was so strong that his vision turned dark and his consciousness faded out.

The Punishment.

He woke up again in a few hours, this time in a spacious dark room, limbs tied to an X-shaped cross, his nude body was on full display for Joan and her dominant expression. Next to her was a tray holding various objects such as a riding crop, a whip, a dildo, and a paddle. Suddenly, he felt something at his lower bottom and saw that a metal chastity cage confined his manhood. But there was something worse. As if something was stuck in his butt and whenever he moved even an inch in either direction he could feel his walls being stretched by the unknown object.

"What the fuck!? What did you put in my asshole!?" Darius screamed, trying to break free from his bonds to no avail. "Let me go!"

"I prepared you for the punishment, Darius Cage," she said with a wicked grin, then walked closer to him, stopping right in front of his groin, "You just got a butt plug in your rectum, a gift from yours truly."

"Ughh... that hurts, please take it out!" he pleaded desperately as his bowels were feeling uncomfortable by the foreign intrusion in his orifice.

"Of course I will... but first, you have to worship the divine tool given to me by the heavens, to punish all the sinful and unfaithful," she said, lifting her meaty, monstrous, throbbing, fat cock, which was now fully erect and looked even more intimidating than before.

"Gross! Are you kidding me? Do you want me to suck it? It's just a fucking lifelike toy!" he yelled in disgust as his eyes widened in shock and terror at the size and girth of her gigantic boner, "It doesn't even look real."

"Oh, but it is real," she replied as she stroked the shaft of her impressive shaft and smeared the leaking precum all over its length, making it even more glistening, slippery, and irresistible to look at, "Come on now and show me how you are willing to repent from your sins."

The next thing she did was pressing a button on a remote control she held in her left hand. When she did, the machine he was tied to started to move until he was kneeling in front of Joan with his arms behind him and his head facing her crotch.

"Open your mouth and accept the sacred rod into it," she commanded firmly. "Now!"

"Are you serious?! I won't be sucking any fucking cock, even if it's a fake! Now, let me go!" he cried, struggling and fighting against the ropes that bound him to the crucifix, but they were too tight to slip away.

"You'll believe it's real when your sinful lips are wrapped around it, draining the holy seed from its holy sac," she continued as she approached him with the tip of her huge dick only

inches away from his mouth and the musky smell of her masculine balls reached his nostrils. "So open wide and take it in, Darius."

"This thing will choke me to death!" he shouted as he tried to turn his face away, but Joan grabbed his chin and forced him to stare straight into her blue eyes which sparkled with lust and determination.

"If that is to happen..." she began but paused briefly to look directly into his eyes and lowered her tone, "... it would mean that God did not want to give you a chance to redeem yourself."

With that, she slowly pushed her colossal rod inside his mouth, filling his oral cavity completely with her hot flesh, making him gag and cough as the huge, bulbous head of her monster penetrated deep inside his throat, reaching his uvula and poking against it as his windpipe was stretched to accommodate the thickness and length of her tremendous rod.

"Oohhhh.... Oooooohhhh... Nghhh..." he moaned as the bulging veins on her cock rubbed against his inner cheeks while his tongue traced every detail of her magnificent cock.

It was real, now he was sure of it. There was just no way a plastic dildo could be this warm, soft, and wet. A girl with a cock was about to use him as her fucktoy. Just the thought of it made him hard in his confinement. Maybe she actually was a tool sent from heaven to punish sinners like him, he thought as he closed his eyes, accepting the truth of the situation as she shoved more and more of her shaft into his esophagus until her massive scrotum reached his chin, the heavy orbs hanging down just beneath it.

"So good, so tight... you really do feel great," she said in a low, husky, and seductive voice while placing one hand on his head to keep him steady. "Does it feel good to serve my cock, Darius?"

"Mmffff!!!" he gagged and choked in response as tears started falling down his cheeks due to the overwhelming sensation of his mouth and throat being invaded by her enormous rod.

It was painful, but also strangely satisfying to have her using him like this and to hear her complimenting him for pleasuring her cock. His jaw ached from the strain, and his throat burned with every breath, yet he continued to suck her off without complaint or resistance as if he was meant to do just this.

"That's a good boy, now start moving up and down while swirling your tongue all around it," she ordered and started pumping her hips back and forth, fucking his mouth gently, guiding him to move in sync with her.

He obeyed willingly, bobbing up and down on her enormous length as he swirled his tongue around her cock, licking it from base to tip and back again, while he felt her shaft swell even larger within as it throbbed against his palate.

"Good... work to... to cleanse my rod... of Judgement... with your sinful tongue," she said as she gradually increased the speed of her thrusts while he did his best to keep up with her movements as well. "Work for the... divine seed... to wash away your... dirty mind and fill up with... new holiness!"

Joan breathed heavily, her voice strained with pleasure as she rammed her mighty meat into his mouth relentlessly while he sucked hard on her giant glans, making slurping noises while trying to swallow as much of her cock as possible.

"You're doing so well, Darius..." she groaned, gripping tighter onto his head and burying herself deep into his throat, forcing him to take every single inch of her length and girth into his mouth, "Such a... dirty boy... You need to... drink up the... holy... juice."

Then suddenly, he felt a jolt of electricity running through his body as her cock began to throb faster and harder than ever before in preparation for her climax. He even felt the base of her sack vibrate as it pressed against his chin. A moment later, after a deafening roar, streams upon streams of thick, sticky, and milky liquid flowed from her rock-hard dick, shooting deep inside his gullet and coating his tongue with the savory, sweet taste of her potent essence which filled his belly with warmth and comfort as he swallowed all of it without hesitation.

"Oh yes!" she grunted loudly in ecstasy while pumping her huge load into his stomach, her hands grasping onto his head tightly, keeping him in place, not allowing him to move even an inch from her body as she filled him up, "Take it all, Darius, all of my... Holy... Seed!"

"Nghhh... Gggghhhh!" he groaned as he drank and drank and drank all of her divine fluids as his own penis was squashed painfully in the cage and was getting red and bruised because of the pressure against the steel bars.

After what seemed like an eternity of endless torrents pouring out of her monstrous tool, Darius felt dizzy, his consciousness was leaving him again. He thought it was it. The end. God didn't want to give him a chance for redemption so she was going to finish him off by choking him with her cock releasing endless amounts of cum down his throat and drowning him to death with her cream.

Everything turned dark...

Glimpse of Redemption.

Darius, wearing a white robe stood in an endless white space before an angelic figure with flowing white hair and pearly wings, the entity's appearance was otherworldly, but somehow, it was familiar to him. Its features were blurred and distorted as he tried to focus on it and understand what was happening to him.

"Am I dead? Where am I?" he asked as he looked around frantically to see nothing but the vast white expanse surrounding him, then returned his gaze to the mysterious being in front of him.

"You are at the gateway, Darius," a feminine, soothing, melodious voice echoed throughout the infinite emptiness, reverberating in his ears. "Your fate is now in the hands of the heavenly judge."

"What?" he gasped and his eyes widened as he stared at the enigmatic presence before him and he began to feel uneasy and confused about the whole situation.

"You have sinned and you couldn't resist the temptations of the devil." the voice answered calmly, making his blood run cold in his veins, but the calmness of it gave him a sense of safety as he was in the presence of a superior being.

"Wait, you can't do that to me!" he argued, raising his voice and feeling a twinge of panic building up in his chest, "I have money! Power! Fame!"

"But not the faith." the voice replied in a gentle manner which eased his fear a little bit and reassured him that everything was alright. "Not the love."

Then he remembered how he treated his wife, his family and the countless girls he fucked and dumped like trash. At this moment, he regretted being such a playboy who never cared about anything except his selfish desires and material possessions. Tears welled up in his eyes, threatening to fall down his cheeks at any time.

"Am I?" he asked weakly, his voice trembling with emotion as he continued to stare at the strange figure, still trying to make sense of what was happening to him, "Going to hell? Is that what's going to happen?"

"You are." the being said with a soft chuckle which sent shivers down his spine and caused goosebumps to appear on his skin. "Your soul is marked by darkness and sinfulness. Nothing but the eternal flames of damnation awaits you."

Darius, still in tears, fell to his knees, his body shaking uncontrollably as he cried out loudly, sobbing and bawling like a small child. Just as he did so, he felt strange... A sharp pain spread throughout his body as he felt something stirring within his bowels. As if something was pulled out of his anus with brute force, making his insides feel empty... until he felt it again,

this time something was penetrating him, invading his rear canal. Painfully stretching it far beyond its limits...

"AAAAHHH! STOP THIS! WHAT'S HAPPENING!" he screamed and writhed on the ground while clutching his head with both hands, covering his ears, and closing his eyes in an attempt to block out whatever was happening to him. "FUUUUCK!"

The Redemption.

When he opened his eyes again, he was still in the same dark room, tied to the machine, but now on all fours and Joan was behind him with her monstrous cock buried halfway into his asshole. It was so long and thick that it was reaching his guts, literally, and he felt as though he was split apart by it. It was torture to be penetrated by such a massive size, and his insides were on fire as she moved inside him, rubbing against his sensitive walls as she fucked him roughly.

"Aaahhhh! Aaaaaarrrrrgghhhhhh!!!" he shouted at the top of his lungs while his nails dug into his palms, drawing blood from them, and his face contorted in agony, but despite the excruciating pain, a strange pleasure was building up inside him, like a spark igniting in a fire, and soon it became overwhelming until he cried out again, "Mmmmmpppppphh!"

"Wakey wakey," she said with a wicked laugh as she slapped his buttocks hard with her palm causing him to flinch in surprise and yelp in pain. Then she started slamming her dick into his ass, hitting his prostate over and over again with each powerful thrust making him moan in delight, unable to control himself as the stimulation was becoming too much for him to handle and his erection was aching to burst free from the metal prison. "For a moment I thought just couldn't handle the divine punishment."

"Ahhnnn!" he groaned, gritting his teeth in pleasure, his whole body quivering as Joan kept pounding her cock into him mercilessly, not showing any sign of stopping anytime soon, "Fuck... stop this... please."

"But then I checked your pulse and realized you're still alive and breathing, just asleep..." she said as she slowed down her movements, now gently sliding her enormous rod in and out of his abused hole, enjoying the feeling of his tight passage clamping around her as he whimpered in lust, "... and what's a better way to wake up than having your sinful asshole getting reamed out by this holy tool?"

Darius couldn't think straight anymore with her hot cock inside him and it felt like every nerve in his body was on fire with a mixture of pain and euphoria, he was losing control of himself. Sweat trickled down his forehead as his heart was racing so fast he could hardly breathe properly, his muscles tensed as his fingers and toes curled, and his legs trembled with excitement as she continued to fuck him senselessly.

"Are you going to be a good boy from now on?" Joan asked while gripping onto his hips and pounding his butt harder than before, her dick ramming deep inside him, battering his prostate, sending waves of intense pleasure coursing through his veins, making him scream even louder, "Beg for forgiveness and repent from your sins?"

"Yes!" he answered between gasps and groans, panting heavily as he struggled to speak with her massive shaft stuffing him full, "Yes... aaaahh... Please... forgive me!"

"Oh, good," she laughed as she pulled out her cock, leaving just the tip inside.

As she did so, he felt empty without it filling his insides completely and he yearned for it to return inside him to fill him up with its warmth and girth, to hit his special spot again and again, making him go crazy with ecstasy. He desperately wanted to experience that pleasure again even if it hurt terribly. However, instead, she yanked her huge rod out of him entirely, leaving his anus gaping wide open for a brief moment before closing shut again.

"Oohhhhh! Fuck! Ahhhh!" he whined in disappointment and frustration as he felt a void within his intestines as he was denied of the incredible pleasure he just experienced seconds ago.

Joan moved away from Darius and lay on the king-size bed, stroking her massive shaft, pumping her fist up and down, while he remained tied up on the machine, facing her and watching as she pleased herself. His dick caged up and left hanging without a way to release itself, his balls turning blue from the pressure. Suddenly Joan reached out for the remote and pressed a button.

Darius let out a cry of relief as first, the cock cage sprang open, setting his penis free from the torturous imprisonment and allowing his arousal to flow freely once more, then the straps holding him tied to the machine loosened up allowing him to move again as well.

"Now, show me your dedication to becoming a better man," Joan said as she removed her hand from her cock and gave him a wicked smirk. "Come here and take a ride on this holy rod."

Darius did not waste any time as he climbed onto the bed and straddled her huge, rigid pole, guiding it to his hole as he lowered his hips, impaling himself on her mammoth length, taking every inch of it deep into his anus and burying his face against her soft breasts as he began riding her giant member vigorously.

"Ooh... yes!" he moaned loudly while bouncing up and down on her thick rod, relishing in the sensation of being filled to the brim by her massive cock, stretching him wider than he thought was possible, "Fuck... This is so fucking good... So big..."

Joan wrapped her arms around his back and began thrusting upwards meeting his rhythm, ramming into his ass repeatedly, sending electrifying jolts of bliss through his whole body which was now burning with passion and desire. Darius couldn't remember when he felt so excited and exhilarated like this, as if all his fears and worries just disappeared and nothing else mattered except satisfying his cravings for her massive, fat, juicy cock, pushing deep into him, driving him crazy with ecstasy, filling him up completely and pounding his ass so hard it felt as if his insides were going to rip apart any moment.

"AAAHHH... FUUUCKKK!" he cried as finally, he reached climax and coated her sex pack with his creamy white cum which spurted out continuously for several seconds before ending in a few weak dribbles, leaving him exhausted and satisfied at last.

Joan then released her hold on him, allowing him to collapse forward against her body and rest atop her muscular chest as she continued to fuck him hard and fast, thrusting in and out of him mercilessly, driving her giant cock deep within his bowels, filling his hole completely, She did so until her own climax came close and her balls tightened up against her shaft as she prepared to erupt her warm seed into him.

"Oh yeah... Gonna fill you up... Make you feel... sooo good," she grunted as she slammed her cock into his ass one final time, burying herself all the way into his rectum before unleashing her load of white, hot cream, pumping it into him, filling him up with her seed, flooding his intestinal tract completely as he moaned loudly at the incredible feeling of being filled up inside by her divine essence.

After several minutes of her unloading inside him to the point where he thought he was going to explode from being stretched beyond capacity, Joan pulled out of him, leaving his asshole gaping wide open and leaking her cum profusely.

"I hope you learned your lesson," she said with a smug grin, placing a finger underneath his chin and tilting it upwards to meet her gaze. "You will be a changed person from now on. Am I right?"

"Y-yes." he replied obediently as he stared up at her face, nodding his head, swallowing hard as he felt her thick cum oozing out of his ass, dripping down onto the mattress below them, pooling under his butt. "Thank you... Mother Superior."

"Good," she said as she stroked his hair and kissed the top of his head lovingly. "Then I'll hope we never see each other again."

"Thank you... For showing me... The path..." and with that, he passed out with a smile on his face...

The Revelation.

"Hey! Hey!" A distant voice called out to Darius as he stirred awake from his sleep, "Wake up already!"

He opened his eyes to find himself in the back of some car, probably a taxi, and the driver was yelling at him from the front seat, telling him to get off because they arrived at his destination. Darius mumbled an apology before opening the door and stepping outside the vehicle, closing the door behind him. It was early in the morning and he was standing near the entrance to his private residence.

Once he entered his house, he immediately headed straight to his bedroom to check on his wife, who was still sleeping peacefully in their bed, snoring loudly. Darius lay beside her and pulled her naked body towards him, hugging her tightly.

"You've been out all night." his wife complained as she woke up from his embrace and stared at him with a sleepy expression on her beautiful face. "What were you doing?"

"Doesn't matter, sweetie." he replied with a reassuring smile, planting a soft kiss on her forehead before snuggling up against her, nuzzling against her neck and inhaling her sweet scent, making her giggle at the ticklish sensation of his lips and nose touching her skin, "Sorry for everything, honey. Let's go back to normal."

"Normal?" she inquired curiously as she gazed at him inquisitively and cocked her head slightly to one side, "What do you mean?"

"You know." he explained calmly, caressing her cheek and giving her another quick peck on the forehead, "Me being faithful and loyal to you. And only you."