

Hell Forged

Chapter 2 : A Game of Cat and Mouse

Kaleth was left reeling from the experience of consuming his first soul. He wasn't ever sure if the concept of souls was real, let alone that he could consume one. He sucked it right out of the man and feasted on its sinful decadence. He never knew you could be simultaneously euphoric and violently nauseous all at the same time. The only things keeping him from completely losing what was left in his stomach was the fact that his victim's memories were flooding him with knowledge, and kept him distracted from the reality of what he had done.

Father James Tobias, a bulldog of fifty eight years joined the clergy after a long life as a soldier. Life had treated him poorly, chewing him up and spitting him out. He blew through his savings once he came home and needed a place to settle down. Where better than in a place of authority and power? A position he was made for with his drill Sargent background and attunement to holy magic. He started small, local food shelves, ran a few churches, but eventually met a man who knew how to get him up through the ranks much faster. A rat by the name of...

"Father Mathias," Kaleth practically hissed the name. "None of this would have happened if he hadn't convinced Tobias of an easy way to get up the ranks."

"If you're paying attention," Bereft spoke with Kaleth's mouth. "Tobias was enthralled with the idea of becoming a higher member of the clergy. He didn't care that you'd die in the process. He was hardly innocent."

“But he was tricked...” Kaleth knew the words he spoke in Tobias’ defense weren’t true. Tobias was a man of the cloth, but he wasn’t a saint. He craved power, an easier life, mainly more than cheap communion wine and pathetic street trash. Bereft simply smiled and let Tobias’ darkest desires speak for themselves.

“So it’s an easy, sure fire way to get into the upper ranks of the clergy?” Tobias asked the rat across the table. The two had met in a coffee shop, but both of them were drinking the free coffee that was provided to customers and passersby’s. They didn’t have the spare change to afford a special drink.

“Of course,” Mathias answered with a hint of sarcasm. “If you can find the damned things. Demons are very good at hiding, and are becoming rarer by the day.”

“Then why did you reach out to me?” Tobias grunted as he stirred more sugary creamer into the burnt blend.

“Because you’re one of the few we could find that have compatibility with summoning.” Mathias answered by taking a sip of his coffee, his one good eye scanning the crowd for eavesdroppers before continuing. “Do we have your word that this conversation stays between us?”

“Hand to God,” Tobias lifted his left hand, then quickly set down his coffee and switched to his right. At least one thing was true about Tobias. He never betrayed those who had his back.

“You do have a reputation as a very straight laced guy,” Mathias rubbed his eyes and flicked a sleepy from one of his fingers. “So we believe you when you say that. We also know you’re not so straight laced that you’re above getting your hands dirty. Four confirmed kills?”

“Five,” Tobias corrected. “So you want to slay a demon so we can both go up.” Tobias changed the subject.

“It’s the only way if you’re not born into the higher ranks,” Mathias sighed. “I joined the exorcism core in order to find a demon, but most of it is just stupid ass parents mistaking autism and aspergers for possession. Fucking idiots.” Mathias spat on the ground. “No, we need a confirmed demon death to get out of this dead end gig.”

“You’re already pretty high up, why would you risk everything when you’ve got a nice position?”

“Really?” Mathias huffed in amusement, his tired eyes taking a humorous upward curve. “The jump we’re talking about would be the difference between a public defender and a federal judge. Please, the people we report to piss down on us from their golden table and tell us it’s rain. We ain’t got shit, and I got mouths to feed.”

“Yes, yes, I know where shit flows in a stream,” Tobias interrupted the rat. “I need to know why you need me.”

“Need? We have a whole network of people looking for demons...”

“And yet you still reached out to me all cloak and dagger. I may be new to the clergy, but I wasn’t born yesterday.”

“So, that’s a ‘no’ then?” Mathias countered.

Tobias knew what the rat was doing. He was trying to make him desperate. Any answer to that statement would have given Mathias more leverage, so he simply stayed silent and smiled at the rat. Mathias sat there, arms crossed and strumming his fingers.

“Fine,” Mathias grunted. “We need you. Anyone else in the exorcism squad would sell me out or take the credit.”

“Not a very tight group, are they?” Tobias stirred his coffee with confidence before taking a luxurious sip.

“You don’t know the half of it. We need someone who can summon a demon and bind it, and you would need to have someone from the exorcism core there to witness it.”

“So you want me to bind it to a totem or something?”

“No,” Mathias took a sip from his coffee. “We would need to bind it to a proper vessel. One that can be killed.”

“Like a rodent or other beast?”

“A demon wouldn’t go for something so insignificant. It needs to be proper bait or they won’t fall for the binding. We would need a kinling or hell mage.”

“Are you crazy,” Tobias almost barked before holding himself back. “If demons are rare, their handlers must be even more so! Only a couple government sanctioned hell mages exist.”

“That’s where your public outreach programs come in.” Mathias smiled.

“You want me to scan all the people that come through my doors?” Tobias was skeptical.

“Think about it. Once a kinling is found, they aren’t told that they are kinlings. They are simply denied access to magic and have their powers sealed away. The system is made so that they never know, so they don’t have free hell mages running around. Kinlings can’t work their way up or really survive on their own. One in every five kinlings are homeless or detained. If you can find one...”

"I could bind a demon to it..." Tobias was starting to follow Mathias' plan.

"And we would simply report that we were together when the demon attacked your convent..."

"We would be heroes and official demon slayers."

"So you see why this is so delicate a matter." Mathias pressed.

"It is a well thought out plan. One less potential hell mage and one less demon to boot. Split the glory, fifty-fifty?"

"Are you in, partner?" Mathias smirked, holding out his hand.

"It's a deal." Tobias shook hands with Mathias. After that Mathias informed him to only contact him once he found a kinling. He touched base a few times at conventions and what not, but this plan had been going on for several years now. Then finally it happened. A dragon down on his luck came through Tobias' doors. A kinling who had his powers sealed by using the blood he gave to a lab for testing.

He felt bad for the drake, but he wasn't going to let him stand in his way of a better life. So Tobias did the only logical thing. He called up his partner and got ready to move up in the world.

And all it would cost was the life of one stupid dragon, or more accurately...

...a kinling.

"Did you catch all that?" Bereft asked his vessel.

"How Tobias and Mathias had planned this long in advance?" Kaleth snarled.

“Yes, but also that your powers were sealed away.” Bereft rolled their accumulative eyes. “You willingly gave your blood to your oppressors?”

“How was I supposed to know I was a kinling?”

“Weren’t you born from someone with hells’ blood in them? You should have known.”

“You can read my mind, right. Tell me when I should have known.”

Silence.

“Well?” Kaleth pressed.

“I’m looking damn it!” Bereft spat back. “They did do a number on your kind, didn’t they.”

“I didn’t even really know what a kinling was until...” Kaleth felt nauseous again at realizing where this new found knowledge came from.

“This kid,” Bereft sighed. “You really are a fool. The man literally plotted to *kill* you.”

“Not me personally. I was just the unlucky kinling that walked into his...”

Kaleth slapped himself. The sound rang through the room and yet he didn’t feel any pain. He was just surprised.

“The man was going to kill us both! Condemn you to hell and tear my essence to nothingness. I haven’t so much as defiled the air in this realm with my breath, and they were going to use me, use *us*, as a stepping stone. I don’t take kindly to those who would kill me. Even if it wasn’t personal, it’s fucking personal to me!” Bereft snarled, his new muscles flexing and claws itching to rip flesh. “Are you really going to defend a man who was going to throw you into eternal torment? I simply gave him what he deserved, and you finished him off.”

Bereft shuddered, Kaleth shuddering for a very different reason. To feel a sudden rush of pleasure and a chilling fear at once wasn't as terrible as one might think.

"You have so much hate inside you, Kaleth," Bereft spoke with Kaleth's voice. "You have so much pain and anguish that you've bottled up trying to hide away from a world that wanted you dead. You hoped if you were out of the way, and as little an inconvenience as possible, that somehow the world would leave you be. But worlds like this one don't leave people like us be."

"Stop..." Kaleth muttered.

"No," Bereft force Kaleth to look up. "They beat you down and treated you like trash until you believed it. You were denied your birthright, the very knowledge of what you are. All because they feared you."

"F-Feared me?"

"Yes," Bereft murred. "They feared what you could be. You only know what that pitiful excuse of a man knew about kinlings. I can show you so much more."

Bereft was very comforting for a demon, but Kaleth knew better than to simply give in. There was always a catch, especially when it came to demons. He had always been very particular about deals and promises, mainly because he felt obligated to fulfill them, so he avoided them as much as possible.

"What is it that you want," Kaleth murmured.

"Down to brass tax, huh?" Bereft smiled. "I can appreciate that. I want revenge. I want to snuff out that little chicken shit sewer rat. I want him to feel the fear of oblivion as I take what is most precious to him."

Something in Kaleth's mind shot from Tobias' memories. It was something Mathias said.

"...I got mouths to feed..."

"I won't let you hurt his family." Kaleth needed something to feel like he was in control. Bereft was going to argue, but instead he just shrugged.

"Fine, so long as I get my revenge on Mathias, no one else needs to get hurt."

"No one *needs* to get hurt?" Kaleth pressed.

"Damn you and your kinling instincts," Bereft huffed. "No one else *will* get hurt. Happy? Fucking killjoy."

"And you'll...teach me how to be a proper kinling?"

Bereft smiled internally. He would show Kaleth exactly what it means to be a kinling. His blood being bound in a government facility might be an issue, but for now, they have everything they need to make him into a fine child of hell. Kaleth had no idea who he was dealing with, literally 'dealing' with.

"Kaleth, I'll do you one better," Bereft chuckled darkly. "I'll make you into a proper hell mage."

It was almost eerie how well the cloth fit Kaleth's body. Not quite as eerie as how everyone around the convent suddenly thought he was Father Tobias. Well...not exactly. It was more like Father Tobias never existed. People remembered who he was, but he wasn't necessarily a real person. More like a dream.

Who is Father Tobias? The convent owed all the good it did to Father Kaleth Orebiter, or as people typically called him, Father Ore. So, when Sister Margaret, the gray cat, found the body of an unknown priest in the gym, they were sure it was a thief who was trying to pass themselves as one of

the clergy. How else would you explain Father Ore being so beat up and naked in the bathroom? The bastard must have bashed Kaleth's head against the mirror and Kaleth bruised up his fist defending himself. Must have taken all his clothes and effects too.

"We need to call the diocese right away," Sister Margret said as she found Kaleth.

Stop her...

"Wait," Kaleth put a hand on Margret's shoulder. She had taken the table cloth from the altar and wrapped it around Kaleth. He looked like a younger depiction of the arch angel Michael wrapped in pristine linens. Margret's heart fluttered a little.

"Father?" she paused.

"We can't call the diocese..."

"But there must have been a demon attack. Look at his eyes..."

If the grand diocese investigate, we'll be killed.

"If the grand diocese investigate, we'll be shut down." Kaleth reasoned with Margret as though she were a long known friend. Tobias and her were, why not them? "Think of how the community will suffer. No...we need to dispose of the body and never speak of this again."

"But Father," Margret was about to protest when Kaleth did something a little unexpected. He pulled Margret in for a kiss. Both Kaleth and Bereft were stunned at the movement. It was a reaction that was birthed somewhere deep in the subconscious of Father Tobias. He loved Margret...but she never really loved him. She was never attracted to the older bulldog...but she was given a slice of temptation when a particular dragon was all cleaned up. Compound that little crush over the last few years she knew Father Tobias and she had a little fluttering heart for her superior.

Given, the feelings felt fresh and new, because...well...they were, but to the little gray cat, it was love at first sight and a long standing crush all at once. The cat gave a little mewl in surprise, but melted into the kiss.

Kaleth and Bereft on the other hand were frozen. Both were surprised by the sudden burst of passion from the remnant echoes of Tobias' soul, but Bereft took the initiative. He slid his hand down to the small of Margret's back and pulled her close. He took in a deep breath and parted his lips, a tender invitation for her lips to open as well. Just as she was starting to part them, Bereft pulled away to look her in the eyes.

"I can't let go of this convent...or we'll..." Bereft mimicked longing like a pro. If anyone were watching the performance, they'd be in tears and on baited breath waiting for Margret's answer. Would she let go of her longing for her superior all for a criminal who attacked him?

"I...I understand." Margret responded. "What...what do you need me to do Father?"

...

Silence...

Kaleth, fucking say something!

"Oh! Yeah, um...just..." Kaleth stammered, still flustered. Was that his first kiss? I mean...not really. It wasn't like he planned it. It was more like a stage kiss.

"You are worthless..." Bereft muttered.

"I'm sorry?" Margret asked, her brow furrowing.

"No, not you," Bereft took over, fixing his mistake. "I'm worthless...without you."

“Father, where is all this coming from?” Margret was getting confused.

“Just go make sure no one comes into the gym. I’ll take care of the body.” Bereft answered.

“But what if he has family...” Margret asked. Bereft and Kaleth took a moment, putting their heads together to form an answer. Bereft repressed a demonic smile. Kaleth felt dumb for not thinking of it first.

“I know a guy in the exorcist core.” Bereft answered. “I’ll have him investigate this matter discreetly. Just make sure no one comes into the gym and we’ll take care of the body.”

Margret missed the fact that Bereft said “we’ll take care of the body” implying that the demon in question was actually there. Maybe if she had more experience with demons she would know, but her demon theory texts could only take her so far. She was too flustered and confused by the whole situation that she just turned and did as she was told. As soon as she left she made a sign that apologizing there would be no mass today and put it on the doors.

“Are we really going to have Mathias investigate the body we killed?” Kaleth asked.

“Hell no,” Bereft chuckled and snapped his fingers. A powerful energy drew up from deep inside their core before Tobias’ body burst into flames. “But why not investigate a hell fire burnt husk. That’ll get him running into our doors.”

Kaleth couldn’t tell if the excitement he was feeling was his own or Bereft’s, but one thing was for sure. He wanted Mathias to suffer. None of this would have happened if it weren’t for him. Tobias wouldn’t have been corrupted and he wouldn’t have erased him. Kaleth was projecting his guilt on a man he barely knew for a day, but it kept him distracted while Bereft plotted.

Bereft was excited for Mathias, but he would need to sift through Tobias' memories a bit more to really see what the deal was with this Margret.

"Of course we're out of town! You should be too!" Mathias shot back at Kaleth. "You need an alibi and we got ours."

"I swear it was hell fire!" Kaleth shot back. "You're not going to come and make good on our deal because of one little mishap!"

"The deal wasn't fighting an unbound demon, and that wasn't a little mishap! That was a damn catastrophe! It's probably why you got demons casting hellfire around your convent...Huh...no daddy's talking...I'm on the phone dear...Listen here Father Ore, we're out on a family trip, we'll be back tonight. We can investigate it then, and we can all be on our merry way."

Click...

"Damn it!" Kaleth and Bereft slammed the phone down on the receiver at the same time.

"At least he's coming," Kaleth reasoned.

"Yeah, but now we have to cover up the body for a whole day," Bereft groaned.

"Having you talk inside my body will never become normal, will it."

"Well, we're stuck together so get used to it."

There was a timid knock at the door. Had Kaleth not feasted on Tobias' soul, his hearing wouldn't have been strong enough to sense it. Having dog ear sensitivity was nice.

“Come in,” Kaleth responded. Nothing happened for a brief moment before the knob of the door turned and creaked open. The gray fur of Margret poked through the office door.

“Um...Father...are you busy?”

“Handling this whole thing has been a lot Margret.” Kaleth sighed, drawing on Tobias’ knowledge on how to answer. Specifically the confidence he had around Margret.

“Oh, I’m sorry. Another time then...” Margret was about to close the door when Bereft spoke up.

“Wait...come in. What did you want to say?”

What? Why are you inviting her in?

Shut up kid. Can’t you smell that?

“I’m just...I just wanted to...” Margret meekly pulled herself into the room. Her long tail wrapped around her waist as a nervous tick. She was quite the specimen. Thin with gentle curves that were visible because of her tail hugging her robes.

That’s when Kaleth smelled it. It was a warm smell, like summer wild flowers with a hint of earthen dirt and wine.

Desire...

“Margret, come, sit.” Bereft motioned for her to sit down in the chair across his desk. “What’s on your mind? I know today’s events could rattle even the most devout.”

“It’s nothing like that Father, no, nothing like that at all.” She quickly walked over, her soft paws making no sound as she came and sat before the object of her desires.

I...I'm having that effect on her?

Feels good, doesn't it? For people to want you.

"Shut up..." Kaleth muttered so softly a cat couldn't even hear it. Or at least Margret couldn't over her babbling.

"I just wanted to...um...earlier... in the chapel. You...I mean...we..."

"Kissed?" Bereft spoke the action like it was a spell. The word filled the air and shattered a barrier that had been between them, for what Margret felt like, was years.

"Yes. Did you mean what you said? When you said you...couldn't lose me?"

"My dearest Margret," Bereft stood them up from his desk and met the cat on the other side. He took her hand in his. The paw dainty and soft with pink pads. Bereft knelt down and kissed her hand before holding it to his face. "I meant every word. By God's grace we will get through this...together."

Kaleth was shocked at Bereft's behavior, and even more so shocked that it was working.

Margret put her free hand to her blushing cheeks.

"Oh goodness, Father..."

"You may call me Kaleth, my dearest Margret."

What are you doing?

This bitch wants you. Can't you smell her? She's been so repressed her entire life and you're giving her a pantie drenching lady boner!

That can't be true...could it?

Through his eyes, Kaleth saw everything that was happening. Even if he was a back seat driver in this whole thing, he was enthralled by how easily Bereft could woo the cat.

“Father...I could never...you’re so high above me in the clergy.”

“A crime really. With you being so loving and a woman of such inner beauty and kindness...” *ripe to be defiled*. Bereft kept his thoughts even from Kaleth. This little punk was going to learn what it meant to get what he wanted. Especially from people who were throwing it at him.

“Father...I’m a wretched soul.” Margret bit her lip. “I’ve desired for you for so long...wanted you...in ways that I know God says are wrong.”

“Margret, be still for just a moment.” Bereft stood back up and got the candle that was lit by the window. It was a candle blessed and considered God’s spirit. Every house of worship had one. So long as it burned, God was present in that room. In reality, God had abandoned the room long ago, having been defiled by Tobias’ ambition. The candle was white in a large red glass tube.

“Father, wait...” Margret got up to stop him, but it was too late. Bereft blew out the candle, the smell of smoke and sulfur souring the air.

“Don’t worry Margret,” Bereft placed the candle down. “You may confess your sins, but not before God. It is much more difficult to speak your truth before your fellow man.”

“Fahter...I...”

“Yes?” Bereft walked over to Margret. She backed up until she hit the desk and braced herself against it.

“Father...I...I think I love you.” Margret blushed, deep and red beneath her angel soft gray coat. Bereft tenderly cupped the side of her face and softly, tenderly, pressed his lips against hers. The second

kiss Kaleth ever got, and this time it felt real. His lips pressed against hers, a little squeak coming out of Margret just as they touched. Bereft pulled away, his lips a hair away from hers, her whiskers tickling him still.

“See? Doesn’t it feel good to confess? To be true? To be honest with what your heart truly desires?”

“Y-Yes Father,” that’s all she got as Bereft pressed forward, his lips tenderly meeting hers in a gentle dance around the taboo. He held back and so did she, invisible reigns holding them in limbo just before their desire.

“Margret...” Bereft didn’t say anymore as she pressed her lips against his. The sweetest smell of flowers and warm bread filled their nostrils as the desire from Margret grew. Bereft parted his lips, whispering her name in hushed tones, his breath smelled of mint and pine. Margret’s muzzle parted as well, a timid invitation for Bereft to take more.

And he did. He savored the dance, the tip of his tongue slowly pressing beyond her lips to find her own. Just the tips of their tongues, his draconic, and hers rough and feline brushed against one another. Another rule broken, another promise to god forsaken in the pursuit of desire. It tasted like honey, *her sin* tasted like honey.

Tag out killer...

“What?” Kaleth’s eyes shot open as he practically jumped.

“What?” Margret seemed concerned, her eyes coming out of her lust filled haze.

You’re going to lose her if you don’t do something fast, kid.

“N-Nothing...baby.” Kaleth felt the most powerful urge to hide under a rock. Kaleth could hardly hear himself think over the roaring laughter coming from Bereft.

“F-Father?”

Here, let me help. Bereft took over, but only partially. It was more like he was guiding Kaleth through the motions rather than fully taking control.

There ya go kid, a little more pressure on her back. Not too much pressure. Yeah...like that like you're asking for permission. She'll come to you. No need to take, she'll give you everything she has. You just need to let her know she can.

Kaleth was furious at Bereft for his little stunt, but he was an excellent coach. He closed the distance between them and pressed his hand on the small of her back. Just like Bereft said, she did indeed come to him. She rolled into his arms and pressed her lips against his again.

Say her name...

“Margret,” Kaleth spoke into the kiss.

Not like that, like a soft whisper, like you're trying to hide it from god.

Kaleth was getting a little tense, but Bereft took over those muscles and calmed them, keeping him smooth and suave. It was a moment before he got another chance to say her name.

“Margret...” Kaleth whispered her name and he could feel her spine tingle.

Yes, now cup the back of her head and bring her into the crook of your neck.

Kaleth did as he was told, his fingers running through her silky hair.

Now whisper into her ear...

Kaleth tilted his muzzle into position.

“Margret...do you trust me?” Kaleth whispered into her ear.

Nice one kid!

Margret shuddered again and looked up, her soft ear brushing Kaleth’s lip as her golden eyes came into view.

“With my life, Father.”

Oh God... Kaleth wasn’t ready for that look, or those gorgeous eyes. How had he not noticed them before?

God ain’t here, kid, but I got ya.

Bereft guided Kaleth’s hand in a fluid motion that got behind Margret’s hair and to the tie on the back of her robes.

A simple bow? This bitch is asking for it.

Kaleth wanted to pull it like a rip cord, but Bereft did the equivalent of slapping Kaleth’s wrist and forced him to pull it tantalizingly slow.

“Father...I don’t know if I’m...”

“Shhh,” Bereft hushed her softly and leaned into her ear. “Do you trust me Margret?”

“I...I do.” Margret replied. Bereft gave her the softest and most tender kiss on that ear.

Bereft gave Kaleth the green light to keep pulling. The fabric was cheap and scratchy, the sound of it pulling against itself like soft whines of protest. It fought against the tug, but with a firm hand and gentle pull, it came loose.

Bereft had disrobed many a mortal before. He knew exactly what to do, regardless of man or woman. The motion was smooth and effortless as he widened the nape of the neck and pulled it beyond one shoulder, and then the next. The motion being mimicked from one hand to the other, taking turns caressing Margret's head and pulling the fabric away. It wasn't much, just her shoulders. Her hands were folded into Kaleth's chest as though she were praying.

"Father...I..."

"Trust me Margret." Bereft whispered into her ear.

"I-I do...I will. I have faith in you, Father," Margret shivered in need. There was the sweet tang of fear in that miasma of desire, but it was faint. Kaleth didn't even notice. He was too enthralled with the sensations of being with a woman for the first time.

Fucking virgin, Bereft chuckled at Kaleth's raging dick. The head was oozing pre and staining his black vestments darker.

Oh, shut it! Kaleth kept the words in his head. *Just keep coaching me without the commentary.*

And so he did. Bereft showed the perfect way to pull down the rest of the sister's robes. Kaleth kissed Margret's forehead while running his hands down her shoulders and pulling down the fabric along with it.

"You're safe with me here Margret," Bereft lied. He whispered his false words into her forehead, her fur was soft and smelled of vanilla and roses.

“I know Father...you would never hurt me.”

That robe fell down her body, the supple curves of her shoulders and arms were revealed. Her breasts a duo of perky twins. Her soft gray fur coated them and her bright pink nips poked out in her need. Kaleth went down to kiss her neck, cupping the back of her head so she could lean back and expose more of herself to him. She inclined, literally over the desk. Her robes fell to the floor as she let them flow past her hands, pooling around her soft kitten paws. She wore only some standard underwear beneath and a wooden cross on a pewter chain.

Kaleth was learning the importance of gentle nibbles paired with tender lips against a neck when he instinctively went to cop a feel. Bereft caught him and had him put his hand just below her breasts, slowly moving it down over her soft belly.

Don't chicks like having their tits played with?

Don't be so hasty. She needs to think we care about her pleasure more than our own. She needs to think that we worship her, treat her like a goddess, make her feel holy in this unholy dance. If you start gripping her tits, she'll pull away. You'll just be another man after her virginity.

But...aren't we?

We are, but...just listen to teacher.

Kaleth blushed as his fingers went down to the hem of Margret's underwear. It wasn't anything fancy or flashy. Functional and not made to entice, but the demonic duo needed Margret to feel like a prize, a woman of renown and value.

For now...

Bereft slipped his fingers under the hem of the last piece of armor this warrior for god had against her holy bits, but Bereft didn't touch her folds. No, he tenderly stroked the spaces between her fold and thigh, his thumb brushing over the bridge of her hip and stomach. Teasing her.

She was warm, her underwear wet with her desires. Bereft felt himself contribute to their raging boner.

"Father...I...mmm!" Margret's tail wrapped around her naked waste as she slowly spread her legs. Each sinful brush of Kaleth's fingers was a tender whisper of pleasure against her need. Bereft went up to Margret's ear and murred.

"I'm here Margret. We'll only go as far as you desire." A loaded promise. Bereft smelled the deep desires inside her. She would do anything for her precious Father Ore. Kaleth on the other hand was a drooling mess. Bereft had to juggle his guidance and swallowing back Kaleth's spit. Kaleth had never been so turned on before. Especially for a woman. He thought he was fully gay, but in reality he was very bi. He was just too cowardly to even think of women as an option. They would reject him. But this one...this one wanted him. He was practically huffing her desire like a drug, filling his lungs with butterflies and his nuts with an aching need.

"It feels so good to be wanted..." Kaleth moaned out, but Bereft forced it into a controlled murmur.

Pull yourself together, Hair Trigger, or you're going to bust your nut in your pants!

"But...it's so hot..." Kaleth forgot to only mentally say.

"I-I feel very warm." Margret was lost in the teasing, so it went over her head. Bereft ran damage control.

“You’re so warm Margret,” Bereft moaned into her ear as he shifted his fingers so his pointer and ring finger were playing on the sides while his middle just lightly brushed against her folds. Margret tensed and pushed forward, her warm, slick folds finding that teasing touch to be too much. Bereft smiled into her ear, she could feel his teeth brushing against her and she gave an involuntary mew as Bereft made Kaleth take control of their hand.

It wasn’t as smooth, he was shaky from excitement, but Bereft showed him exactly how to pet a pussy. His fingers drew up and met before tenderly moving down to play with those folds. Not entering, just lightly brushing while his thumb slowly stroked that clit.

“Doesn’t it feel good to confess, Margret.”

“Yes Father,” She panted breathlessly and twitched whenever those fingers found a nice spot, a shudder running over her spine with every loving stroke of that thumb. Kaleth rewarded her by speeding up a little while Bereft kissed her neck.

“Confess Margret. Confess your sins to me. What is it that you want?”

“Oh Father...I...I want you...” she admitted, her tail uncoiling from her tight waist.

Bereft smiled, that confession better than any blowjob. That sinful admittance in her own house of worship was what drove Bereft into fits of lust. Desire that lead to sin.

“Good Margret,” Bereft murred and stopped Kaleth from stroking his fingers, but continued to pet that clit with his thumb. “What is it that you want? Confess to me...please.” Bereft breathed the words into her ear.

“I...I want to make you happy...” she wanted it to be a helpful thing, but she knew deep down it was a selfish want. Bereft smiled and kissed her ear.

“May I confess something to you as well?”

“Anything...” She purred, her eyes glittering as she locked eyes with the false priest.

“I want to make you happy too,” with that, Bereft gave Kaleth the green light to continue. He slipped his middle finger into her warm depths. Bereft watched with rapture as Margret broke another promise to god. Forsaking her vow of chastity. But how could something that felt so good be wrong?

Kaleth was getting a master class in seduction and it was driving him mad. Margret’s love tunnel was hot and steamy, warm and inviting, and that was just his finger playing with her sensitive bits.

“Father...oh god, Father!”

“Shhhhh,” Bereft calmed his eager kitten. “God isn’t here. Just you and me.” He emphasized that by brushing her cheek with his free thumb. He had taken so much from her already, and yet she still had so much more to give. She wasn’t going to be able to hold herself back much longer, but why not have a little fun along the way?

Everything Bereft did was slow and languid. A calculated dance of torture. Pleasure could be pain if done right. Though, every move he made was calculated and gentle above, Kaleth’s hand below was moving with the skill of a mechanical marvel. It was almost like a duck on the water. Up above Bereft spoke honeyed words and tender touches while Kaleth was being taught the intricacies of how to properly prep pussy.

That’s right, you feel how she twitched just then? Do that again, but be careful of your claws...no like this...there ya go kid. Play her like a fucking fiddle. Now, beckon her forward. That’s right, the “come hither” finger riiiiight there... see how she clenches and oozes around our knuckles? She how her juices dribble onto the floor and stain her pretty little robe? She’s a whore if there ever was one, but she just needs the right idol to worship. Now, a little faster...slower...there ya go.

Kaleth was going to go mad. His dick twitched endlessly in his pants, a dark stain dribbling down as clear pre pearled up on the outside. Bereft was making sure their little kitten didn't look down. Didn't want to make this seem like a dirty man taking advantage of a repressed girl. No, she needed to think she was showing him the light when in reality he was tossing her to wolves. The wolves of desire.

Bereft laid her down softly on his desk like a lamb on an altar. All the while Kaleth continued to play with her sensitive love buttons.

"Father...I'm...stop...or I'll...oh god...oh god..."

"Let it out Margret, confess to me your deepest sins." Bereft kissed her forehead and stroked her cheek.

"I want you...I need you...oh god..."

"Confess...tell me what it is you desire Margret. I can feel your need, tell me what it is you want." Bereft was just being cruel now. He wanted her to admit that she wanted Kaleth inside her, to beg for the desire that would damn her, but she was holding back. Bereft gave Kaleth the all clear to add another finger. It was slow at first, her hole was virgin tight after all, but her thighs were twitching and she was panting in no time. Stoked back into a blaze of passion she never thought humanly possible.

In reality, it wasn't just a human stroking her, so, in a way, she was right.

"I want you inside me," she admitted. As soon as she did, Bereft let the leash off Kaleth and he pressed his lips against Margret. Her hot moans of pleasure mixing with Kaleth's as they made out. Their lips smacking and tongues dancing around one another. Bereft took over the stroking, playing with her sensitive bundle of nerves.

Bereft didn't just let Kaleth do whatever. He would have botched the whole thing. No, instead he guided him.

Deeper tongue...don't gag her, she's not ready for that...yes stroke her cheek while you...oh...that's interesting...keep doing that.

They only broke their kiss long enough to pant and catch their breath, but they never truly broke apart. Kaleth's tongue curled around Margret's keeping them in constant contact. A jingling could be heard as Bereft let Kaleth undo their belt. Kaleth's pants hit the floor along with Margret's underwear. Kaleth didn't need a warm and ready pussy with how slick his dick was with its own pre. The musky confines of his pants were clearly apparent as they attempted to cling to his dick by the strands of his own need.

Kaleth lined himself up between Margret's legs, his dick dribbling onto her pussy, the demonic essence hot like candle wax. He gently pressed himself against her, the underside of his dick growing even slicker with the juices and warmth of that pussy. Kaleth started to gently gyrate his hips, Bereft guided him through the motion. He bathed his dick in that slick, his nuts dripping with that needy pussy.

This is it! This is it! I'm not going to be a virgin anymore!

Calm down or you'll bust without even getting inside.

Kaleth nodded, the kiss he was having getting a little awkward as he did so. Margret didn't notice. Bereft slid a hand up Margret's side and onto her breast. It wasn't anything massive, but it fit well enough in Kaleth's palm. His fingers were still slick with her juices, so he lightly tweaked her nipple and gently massaged it, her own honey slicking her nip.

Margret broke the kiss and moaned. She had never made a sound so dirty before in her life, but she couldn't help it. Despite her legs shaking and the pleasure tingling up her spine, she managed to find the strength to lift her legs up and wrap them around Kaleth.

"Father, please."

"When you ask so nicely, how could we refuse," Bereft said and lined his mushroom head up with her needy entrance. He flicked his dick head between her folds, teasing her with the sin. His dick caught, and he applied a sinfully small amount of pressure. His dick was working its way in, slowly, ever so slowly, cell by cell, nerve by nerve, synapse by synapse he forged on into virgin territory.

It wasn't just torture for Margret. Kaleth thought he was about to have a heart attack. His cock had never been so hard. He had never been so wanted. Margret's desire was driving him wild and it was only filling the air with more and more of her desire.

They slipped in.

"Oh god, I thought it was supposed to hurt..."

"You will feel no pain as long as you have me," Bereft murred into her lips before kissing her neck and pressing on. He quickly found the hymen and kept pushing. He took it, tearing it open with expert ease. Sure the hymen was a fallacy, but it was trampling on the devotion and desire to keep it intact that brought Bereft so much joy.

No, they didn't stop there, but they did pull back. The walls of that sexy silk gripping that unholy invader, begging for more.

And they gave her more.

Kaleth pushed in, but it was like he was fucking in quicksand. Bereft forced him to take it slow. Agonizingly slow. He told him it's because he's too eager for his first pussy. There will be plenty more, countless more he will have. Margret is simply the first.

They pulled out a bit and pushed in further until Kaleth's five inches were sunken in that warm holy hole. A holy hole they had defiled and taken, and would never be virgin again. Bereft grinded their hips while kissing her neck, working their shaft nice and deep while trying to keep Kaleth from pissing cum. Sperm tainted pre oozed from his tip, his nuts begging for release as they started to fuck.

He was just lucky Margret was also a short fuse, having been so repressed she didn't know how to hold back as her orgasm started to build.

"Father, please, don't stop. I...It feels so good...I...I can't control it."

"Yes Margret, keep confessing to me your desires. Release everything to me." Bereft spoke like a lover, but anyone in the know knew he was talking dirty. He was so close, so near to defiling her most intimate of places. He would make sure she would have a reminder of their sin, of his mark he had stained on her. They would forever be intertwined...

...and her faith would make her keep it.

Margret's foot paws twitched, her pads flicking as she was stroked to the edge. Kaleth's dick came out frosted in a mixture of their sin, their passion, their sex! He knew he was going to bust, but so was she. She just needed a little *rough* encouragement.

Bereft let Kaleth take over. They suddenly started thrusting fast, hard, and powerful. Margret thought it would be painful, but it only threw her over the edge. From torturous, slow stimulation to hard and fast euphoria assaulting every part of her body with pleasure, she couldn't hold back. She

screamed as she squirted over that dick deep inside her. Her fem cum dribbling over the desk and their abandoned clothes.

Kaleth yelled out his pleasure as he was finally allowed to release. The buildup too much as he shot audibly into that cunny, filling up her honeypot with virile kinling seed. Her cervix warmed with his load as he gave harsh short thrusts deep inside her, never letting any part of his dick leave that warm pussy's embrace.

She was seeded.

Kaleth thought he was going to pass out with how intense the pleasure was, but instead, his body started moving of its own accord as he churned his seed deep inside Margaret. Bereft picked up the gray cat, her body very light and easy to carry, and took her to his bathroom. They made out, their tongues dancing and lips smacking as Kaleth's dick throbbed deep inside that willing cunt. Margaret's legs hooked behind him at the ankle while her tail wrapped around his thigh.

Bereft took them into the shower where he turned on the heat and slammed her against the wall and started to make out with Margaret's neck, nipping painfully and leaving marks, but she simply scratched his back and curled her toes.

Watch and learn kid; here's what you do once you get your easy nut out.

Fuck...

And fuck they did. Margaret's pussy became a churning honeypot of sin that Kaleth filled over and over, his nuts not getting a moments rest as Bereft showed his new vessel-mate what it meant to have a demon's prowess in bed.

After all, they had plenty of time to kill before nightfall.