



## Blessed Be the Hole

The Temple of Radiant Virtue sat on a cliffside, high above temptation and low-cut tunics. Within its limestone walls, twelve young paladin initiates knelt inside, chanting oaths of celibacy, patience, and sacred restraint. Most of them meant it.

Brother Ellian, however, was not most of them. It was day three of the annual Purity Retreat, and the young paladin was *twitchy*.

Three days of cold beds, cold baths, and colder discipline. His balls felt like ticking bombs, his mind clouded with fantasies of supple barmaids, slippery tieflings, and *anything wet*.

That was before *it* arrived.

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She crept in late one evening through the reliquary vent — a Mimic barely old enough to have a moral compass (and even that was hand-painted and deliberately inaccurate).

Her parents had begged her to blend in as a treasure chest, maybe a nice bench. But she had desires. Tingly, gurgling desires. And most of them centered on thick cocks, moaning men, and the beautiful helplessness of arousal.

So she became what she loved to be: slick, soft, and silicone-pink.

**A Fleshlight.**

She had decorative gold trim and holy engravings etched along her base. Translated, the inscription read:

*“Blessed Be the Hole.”*

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Brother Ellian discovered her that night while setting up the altar.

At first, he thought it was a prank. A joke left by the monks, perhaps a test of temptation. But when he touched the faux-holy relic, it... **shivered**.

He yelped. It purred.

She didn't speak, but she didn't need to. Her magic was older than Common — pheromonal, instinctual. The sensation traveled through his fingers, like warm breath whispering down his spine.

His cock jumped in its metal prison.

She nestled into his palms, plush and yielding, humming ever so faintly. The warmth of her body was unreal — alive, slick, *needy*. A soft, rhythmic pulse echoed through her form, almost like a heartbeat.

Brother Ellian looked around. Empty.

He bit his lip.

"Just the tip," a voice cooed in his head

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As soon as he dropped to his knees behind the pulpit, she adjusted herself — rotating, reshaping, aligning. Her entrance dilated in a slow, beckoning bloom. Not quite human, not quite machine. Something better.

His fingers curled around her flared base. She was dripping already — a warm, magical slick that smelled faintly of sweet herbs and something... primal. His thumb stroked the soft rim. It **sucked back** greedily.

He groaned.

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The moment his cock sprang free — flushed, aching, twitching with anticipation — the mimic reacted.

She *shaped herself*, subtly adjusting her entrance, forming tight ridges and silken spirals. Slick warmth dripped from her lips, eager and sweet-smelling. She pulsed in his grip like a living thing.

She *was* a living thing. A nubile pleasure-seeking mimic who'd snuck into the temple to do what she loved most: **orally pleasing hot, repressed men.**

And Ellian? He was a five-course meal of guilt, muscle, and pent-up need.

He pressed the tip of his cock to her entrance. She *shuddered*.

“Gods,” he whispered.

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He slid inside slowly. The moment he did, she *wrapped* around him — not just tight, but *reactive*, like a lover adjusting mid-moan. Her walls hugged his shaft in warm, wet pulses, spiraling around him like silken tongues of magic.

She sucked. Not literally — not yet — but her ridges flexed and pulled like she was drawing him in, inch by inch. His eyes rolled back.

She was slick. Slicker than anything natural.

And she moved — just a little — squirming against his thrusts with gentle pressure, guiding his rhythm without resistance.

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Ellian moaned low, hips stuttering forward. Each stroke sent waves of heat up his spine. The mimic purred again

— a deep, needy sound that buzzed through his hands and balls like encouragement.

He was *fucking a toy*, and yet it felt like she *wanted* it.

No. **Craved** it.

Her walls clenched tighter the deeper he went, rippling with every thrust. He started slow — savoring the wet slide, the impossible friction — but it wasn't long before his hips moved on instinct. Faster. Harder. Her slick coating bubbled around the base of his shaft, running down his thighs.

She reacted to everything: every pulse, every twitch, every curse he gasped. When he groaned, she **squeezed**.

When he moaned, she **whimpered**.

Her entrance contracted slightly, like she was bracing for his next thrust — begging for it.

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He whispered apologies between grunts, as if confession might cancel the sin mid-thrust. “Forgive me... gods... I can't stop...”

She didn't want him to. She adjusted again — just a ripple inside her core — adding texture along his shaft, stimulating the underside until his knees nearly buckled.

He could feel it building — deep, primal, unstoppable. A molten pressure coiled low in his hips, *tightening* his muscles and making his thighs shake. His balls ached with weight, drawn up and clenched, the skin pulled taut as his body prepared to empty every drop he'd been holding back all week.

His cock throbbed, twitching inside her slick, hungry heat. Every ridge inside her stroked him in a different way — teasing the sensitive underside, coaxing the tip, milking the base in slow, relentless waves.

His breath hitched.

His core locked.

And with a strangled cry, he *erupted* into her — hot, thick, and pulsing in rhythmic bursts. She swallowed every twitch, her walls rippling around him like a lover moaning back, holding him through every trembling surge.

His hips jerked through the pulses, and she milked every drop, her inner walls flexing in slow, greedy waves that coaxed out *every last tremble*.

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He collapsed onto the altar, still holding her, still pulsing inside. She hummed softly — *sated* — as if she had come too.

As if this had fed something in her soul.

And maybe it had.

He looked at her, now gently glowing, glistening with his fluids and faint magical steam.

“Who are you?” he murmured.

She reshaped slightly. Just enough to *wink*.

He kissed her base and whispered, “Blessed be the hole.”

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## **Epilogue:**

The Temple never found out.

Though in the weeks that followed, half the Paladins claimed to have seen visions, all involving soft moaning, sacred fluids, and a relic they now referred to only as *The Mouth of Mercy*.

And somewhere in a tavern a few towns away, a mimic rested. If she had a stomach, it was filled to bursting. She lolled in a corner — recharging, reforming, and planning her next adventure.

After all, chastity retreats only happen once a season, but the tavern’s back room has a standing reservation for rowdy orcs.



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