

A Change of Heart

Written By: Skabaard

Nissandra Sardivani knelt before the altar of the deity whose religion she represented, deep in quiet contemplation. People looked to the church of Amara, Goddess of love, compassion, and motherhood, for answers, and it pained the high priestess when she could not provide those answers. In only the past few weeks, strange things had begun to occur, and Nissandra could not explain any of it.

Women had started giving birth sometimes months early, but the children were always healthy and fully formed. Sometimes more formed than others; nearly one in every ten births resulted in a child who bore the traits of both genders. Nissandra had seen hermaphrodites born before, but she could count the number of times on a single hand, and now there had been close to a dozen born in the space of a few weeks. The parents had been frantic, but the children were perfectly healthy, and Amara's clergy had been able to do nothing but assure the parents that their newborns were fine.

Nissandra stood and gripped the edge of the altar tightly. She was young, younger than the women who had held her position before her, and many people thought she was not experienced enough to hold her title. She had proven them wrong, and had served admirably, until all this started happening, at least.

She began to pace in front of the ornate altar, her long legs carrying her swiftly back and forth. Nissandra was tall and thin, with slender curves that were usually hidden by the loose robes of her station. She had an imperious air about her, accented by her long, narrow nose and high cheekbones. She had a full, wide mouth that, despite her reputation for haughtiness, was often curled into a warm smile. Smooth black hair rolled down her shoulders and hung to the middle of her back, swinging through the air with each of her steps.

She didn't understand it, and she hated not knowing. "Why?" she muttered to herself, "Why is this happening?"

"Perhaps because times are changing." a velvety feminine voice said from behind the priestess.

Nissandra had been alone. She whirled around to face the source of the mysterious voice, her eyes widening in surprise at what she saw. A woman, her voluptuous form clad in a diaphanous white gown, stood off to the side of the altar, illuminated dimly by the light filtering in through windows high in the walls. "W-who are...? How did you get in here?" the priestess asked cautiously.

The woman stepped further into the light, vibrant violet eyes glowing gently with their own radiance. "Ah, but you already know who I am." she said with a motherly smile. "And to answer your second question, allow me to ask one of my own." She ran a delicate finger along the edge of the altar as she slowly approached the priestess. "What better place for me to be?"

Nissandra's mouth dropped open in shock as sudden realization washed over her. She practically crumpled to the ground as she prostrated herself before the figure that now stood over her. "Mother!" said the awed priestess. "I-I know not why you chose to appear now before me, but your children are in need of your guidance."

The woman gave a light, lilting laugh. "And did it not occur to you that that might be why I am here, before you, my most loyal of children? Stand, daughter. The dirt doesn't suit you." The woman stepped closer as the priestess rose obediently to her feet. "There you go." the

woman said as she laid a slender hand on Nissandra's shoulder. "You have served faithfully, and that is why I have chosen you to be my vessel, if you would allow it."

The priestess opened and closed her mouth several times, her breath caught in her throat. After a moment of silence, she managed to croak, "Why?" A split second after she asked, Nissandra slapped a hand over her mouth, mortified.

Instead of Nissandra's expected anger, the woman's smile only broadened. "A simple question, daughter, and the answer is equally simple." The woman let her hand slip off of the priestess and squared her shoulders. She laughed again as Nissandra glanced down at just how little the woman's gown left to the imagination. "The truth is, child, that my ability to interact with this world is greatly hindered without a vessel through which I can exercise my power. And I can only meld with one who is willing to give herself to me."

She took another step, stopping her body a hair's breadth from the priestess's. "I wish to ease the troubles of this world, but to do so, I need the aid of my most devout follower." Slowly, the woman curled a hand around Nissandra's back and gently pressed their bodies together. She leaned in until she could feel Nissandra's breath hot on her lips. "Will you let me into your mind and body," she asked with quiet urgency, "as you already have in your heart?"

Nissandra's overwhelmed mind allowed her only to mutter a series of incomprehensible sounds as the woman slid herself off of the priestess to walk, hips swaying, back over to the altar. She ran a finger along the edge of the thick stone slab once more before turning to face Nissandra again, gown swirling around her shapely legs. "I understand your hesitation, daughter," she said soothingly. "What I ask of you now is more than anyone ever has. If you decline, you need fear no divine retribution, but I need you, daughter. The world may need you, more than you may know."

The priestess slowly nodded her head as she said with quiet reverence, "I understand, Mother. I gave myself to your service when I first said my vows to my predecessor. If you need me, just tell me what must be done."

The woman beamed a warm smile at the priestess. "You have already done it. Leave the rest to me, daughter. Together we can bring peace to the souls of this world." She stepped forward, once more pressing her plush body against Nissandra, who blushed at the intimate contact. She took the priestess's face in her slender fingers and leaned in to brush her lips delicately over Nissandra's. The surprised priestess returned the sudden kiss reflexively, eyes sliding shut as she felt something rushing into her. The pale light filling the room began to shine through the woman's body as she gradually became transparent. Eventually she vanished altogether and Nissandra's eyes snapped open as she uttered a soft gasp.

She felt much the same as before, but for a strange pressure on her thoughts, as if she shared her mind with someone else, which, she supposed, she now did. The odd sensation shifted slightly, and images and memories came unbidden to Nissandra's thoughts. The voice of Nissandra's goddess echoed through her consciousness. "You have indeed served long and faithfully. I am glad I chose my vessel wisely."

"Y-you mean you didn't know?" Nissandra asked to the empty room.

"Not for sure, daughter, no," the voice came tenderly in answer. "I have heard your prayers, and seen your actions. But to know your thoughts, while within my power, would have been a betrayal of your trust in me. I would do that to none of my children. Trust is a path that must be walked both ways. How could I expect you to have faith in me if I didn't have faith in all of my children?" Pride welled up in Nissandra's chest at the divine praise, but the presence in her thoughts seemed to pay it no mind as an image of a beautiful young woman filled her mind's eye.

"This Sister," the voice murmured quietly into Nissandra's thoughts, "You two are close. You have feelings for her," There was a pause. "and she for you. Why do you hide it?"

"Th-that's Sister Rhona." Nissandra whispered after a moment of hesitation, "She became a priestess only a year after me. She's my closest friend. Sometimes I wonder if she was the only person who believed in me after I became Matron." Nissandra fidgeted with her fingers as she explained herself. "I... I suppose I do care for her, but it is taboo to form relationships between members of the faith, especially in a union unable to produce children."

The voice in Nissandra's mind sighed in disappointment, a sound that filled her with burning shame. "Oh, daughter," said the voice sadly, "where in my teachings did I ever condone ignoring your feelings for others?" The voice rose in volume, full of excited hope. "Love is a beautiful thing, never to be cast aside. Summon her, daughter. I would give you a gift."

Nissandra's heart rose into her throat with sudden elation and she rushed to the door, sticking her head out and surprising a sister as she was walking by, arms full of scrolls. The high priestess asked the passing sister to summon Rhona to her study. The woman quipped a quick, "Yes, Matron." before rushing off to deliver the message. Nissandra slipped back into the room, her heart hammering in her chest in anticipation. She moved to her desk, letting herself sink into the simple wooden chair behind it as the voice who shared her mind whispered soothing encouragements, ensuring her that everything would be wonderful.

Nissandra nearly jumped out of her chair when there came a soft knock at the door of her study. She turned the momentum into motion as she stepped toward the door, putting on a mask of confidence over the butterflies in her stomach. She pulled the door open, and at the same time, the woman on the other side dipped into a low bow, speaking in a reverent tone. "You called for me Matron?"

"Yes, Sister." said Nissandra, beckoning the Sister in as she turned, "Please come in. I have much to tell you." She padded softly toward the center of the large space, turning when she heard Rhona enter the room and shut the door behind her. Sister Rhona faced Nissandra with a smile coloring her attractive features. Long brown hair cascaded down her back, tied back with a simple ribbon. Mellow brown eyes looked up to the priestess from under delicate brows. The simple robes of Amara's sisterhood did little to hide Rhona's ample curves and she stood, hands clasped in front of her as she spoke.

"Nissa." said Rhona, dropping much of the formality that she had carried into the room with her. "What is it? I was in the... Are you okay? You look a little feverish."

Nissa rushed to Rhona, embracing the shorter woman in a tender hug. "I've never felt better, Rhona. Something miraculous has happened, and I needed to share it with someone." Rhona returned the hug, wrapping her arms around her friend, before raising her head to look into Nissandra's eyes. The clear blue of the priestess's irises had darkened almost imperceptibly, gaining a faint tint of purple. Nissandra beamed a bright smile at her friend. "Our prayers have been answered. Amara herself has descended to this plane to guide us through this..." she paused, her head cocked to the side, as if listening to some distant voice, before continuing thoughtfully. "This... time of transition."

Rhona pulled away from Nissandra a hair, a single brow raised questioningly. "I... Th-that's wonderful, Nissa. Has she given us the answers we sought?"

Releasing the Sister, Nissandra spun away, twirling through the air as if dancing to some tune only she could hear. "Answers, yes, and so much more." She finished her spin, stopping to face the Sister once more. "We were fools to hide ourselves from each other. How could we call ourselves devotees to the goddess of love if we were afraid to show our love for one another?"

She stepped forward taking Rhona's hands in her slender fingers. "I care for you more than I was willing to admit. You've been there for me since we were both just acolytes. We've shared so much, and I am no longer afraid to admit... that I love you, Rhona, more than I thought was possible."

Rhona was struck breathless. "I... But we... Y-you..." staggered the stunned Sister. "Nissa, I thought I would never live to hear you say that, but we can't... It's not proper... we shouldn't..."

The last syllable was cut off as Nissandra's lips found those of her longtime friend. For a long minute, they stood there, basking in the intimacy of the moment, before Nissandra pulled away, leaving the flushed Sister panting. "And who is to say what is proper or not? You, me, or the highest authority there can be on such matters?" She pulled Rhona close once more, her arms wrapping lovingly around the Sister's narrow shoulders. "The Mother has chosen us to be the first of her new disciples." Her voice dropped to a conspiratorial whisper as she slid her leg between Rhona's, pressing her thigh against the Sister's crotch. "I wish you could feel it, Rhona. It's... electrifying, being host to a goddess, and she shows me such wonderful images of the future."

She pressed forward more forcefully, pushing Rhona back a step, then another. Soon, the Sister found herself pinched between the smooth stone slab of the altar behind her and Nissandra's body in front of her. "Nissa," said Rhona with rising anxiety, "What's going on? Y-you're scaring me!"

Nissandra shook her head vehemently, gripping Rhona's arms. "That's just it, Rhona! There is no need to fear what is happening! This is just the first step in Her divine plan, and we, Her faithful, are the next!" She took a deep breath, calming herself as her skin flushed a rosy pink. "But first," she continued more slowly, "She has a gift to give us." She leaned forward until the full length of her body was pressed against the Sister, until there were only a few paltry layers of thin fabric between Rhona's thigh and Nissandra's burning womanhood. "I can feel it already, searing through my veins like a wildfire. I want you to feel it too, hot and throbbing inside you." She let her eyes slide closed, losing herself in the power filling her body. "Don't be afraid Rhona! Feel its divinity! Let me share it with you!"

The priestess gave a high-pitched whine that turned into a strained grunt as she bucked her hips, grinding her crotch into Rhona's leg. The priestess's robes began to darken with the moisture that had started seeping through the thin cloth. Rhona opened her mouth to plead, but a shocked gasp was all that escaped her throat as she felt a threatening bulge suddenly push itself from above Nissandra's womanhood. The priestess's breaths were hot on Rhona's cheek as she panted in a needy whisper, "Can you feel it?" The growth pulsed against Rhona's leg as it began to swell. "Can you feel how big and hard it's getting? It's because of you. You do this to me, make me want you so badly I can't see straight." She let out a shuddering breath as two more lumps pushed themselves from her body. "We don't have to hide our feelings anymore, Rhona, never again." Her hand moved from Rhona's arm to cup the Sister's ample chest, caressing the soft flesh through the robes that hid it. "I know you want this, Rhona. I will be gentle, I promise."

As if on cue, a wave of pure need poured through the Sister's body like ice, choking off the protest she was about to make. With almost casual strength, Nissandra took Rhona by the hips and lifted her easily onto the stone slab of the altar. No longer trapped between two bodies, Nissandra's rapidly growing addition tented the front of her once-loose robes, straining at the seams. The priestess uttered a soft growl, and with a single savage motion, tore the constraining

fabric from her body, leaving her suddenly nude in the pale light filtering in through the high windows.

Rhona's mouth dropped open, gaping at what she saw. Bouncing gently with the beating of Nissandra's heart and looking absurdly large on the priestess's thin frame, a thick, rock hard cock hung heavily in the air between the two women, accompanied by a sac containing a pair of swollen testicles that hid Nissandra's enflamed womanhood from view. "Rhona..." Nissandra gasped almost deliriously, "It... I-it feels s-so good."

Rhona pushed herself backwards away from the nearly insensate priestess, fighting the waves of need that welled up within her from nowhere. "Nissa, wh-what did you do to me?! I... What... Oh Goddess, what's happening?!"

Nissandra smiled as she climbed onto the slab after Rhona. "She just helped you along. I'm sorry, but I couldn't wait for this." She caught Rhona's ankle and used it to lever herself onto the Sister, trapping Rhona under her, her dick throbbing between them once again. "Next time, I promise I will give you the time you deserve. Right now, though, I need you so, so badly. It almost hurts."

"Please Nissa..." Rhona pleaded, beginning to lose herself to whatever the priestess had done. "Please, not like this." She struggled weakly in vain against the vice-like grip Nissandra had on her. "I don't know what happened, but this isn't you. I care about you. I've wanted you too, but not like this, not here. Please Nissa..."

Nissandra let out a quiet, personal laugh, reaching into Rhona robes to caress the Sister's flushed skin with surprising gentleness. She patted lovingly the altar on which they lay. "What better place could there be to consummate our love for one another?" Rhona simply whimpered as the priestess began to peel the Sister's robes off of her body, revealing Rhona's soft, feminine curves to Nissandra's hungry eyes, which had further shifted, taking on a brighter violet hue. "Now hush, my love. I will take care of you."

At this, Rhona's body twitched violently, the Sister letting out a strangled cry as she finally lost the battle for control of her desire. She gasped several deep breaths, her eyes losing focus on the world around her as she grasped at Nissandra's body, mumbling incoherently under her breath. Nissandra made soothing noises low in her throat as she shifted, resting the weight of her cock heavily on Rhona's stomach as it oozed a thin stream of clear fluid onto the Sister's smooth skin. Shuddering as she dragged her sensitive head down towards Rhona's slick womanhood, Nissandra's skin flushed darker still, gradually taking on a reddish tone as the priestess aligned the tip of her pulsing member with the entrance to Rhona's needy passage.

Nissandra moaned lewdly as she pushed forward, forcing herself with some difficulty into the Sister's tight folds. Rhona tensed and hissed out a quiet gasp as the priestess pushed her way past the Sister's hymen, filling her to the brim with throbbing flesh. Nissandra held herself there for a time, letting Rhona's fluttering muscles grow accustomed to her girth before she rocked her hips back, pulling out fractionally. The insensate Sister clutched desperately at Nissandra as the priestess began to undulate her body, rolling her hips back and forth and thrusting herself in and out of Rhona's supine form.

As Nissandra gradually increased the pace, a dim violet light started to fill the air around them, washing over the altar with steadily increasing brightness. Already, Rhona's walls had clamped around the priestess in orgasm, but Nissandra only relished the increased tightness as she stretched the Sister wide around her. Mirroring the light that was progressively growing in intensity, Nissandra could feel a tightness growing in her groin, threatening a powerful release. The priestess egged it on. It felt so good; she wanted to share it with the world. By the way

Rhona was spasming beneath her, Nissandra knew that the Sister was enjoying herself as much as she was. But there would be more time to enjoy each other later. For now, her divine patron needed her to finish what she had begun.

With frenzied motions, Nissandra pounded herself in and out of the woman beneath her, sending tremors quaking through Rhona's voluptuous body with each forceful impact. Soon, as the blinding violet light reached an almost painful intensity, Nissandra uttered a guttural cry as she fired her first, baptizing volley of scorching seed into Rhona's womb. Finding her voice at last, the Sister filled her lungs and added a scream of her own to Nissandra's as they cried out in mutual release.

Confident in the volume she was going to output, the priestess let Rhona's flexing inner walls milk her pulsing member until spurts of opaque, whitish liquid leaked freely from around Nissandra's twitching organ. Only then did she draw herself out of her lover, releasing a torrent of thick, hot jizz that poured from Rhona's abused passage. Encouraging the flow with a pumping hand, Nissandra fired her next few ropes of cum along the length of the Sister's luscious body, coating her with thick, pearlescent fluid.

As the first drop of Nissandra's lust-fueled ejaculate touched the smooth marble slab of the altar, the air around the two seemed to tremble violently. The light flared abruptly, forcing the priestess to shield her eyes as a deafening crash, like a clap of thunder, filled the room. When the light died, Nissandra gave a pleased sigh. Once clean-cut white marble, the altar slab on which the pair lay looked as if it had been stained jet black, and was webbed with veins of amethyst that gleamed a dull violet in the light.

The hue of Nissandra's skin had sunken to a bloody crimson that shone with the sweat of her exertions, and her eyes, their sclera black as pitch, glowed a sullen violet that steadily increased in luminosity as she looked down at the woman pinned beneath her. One of Rhona's hands still coaxed a trickle of the priestess's cum from her now ruddy, purple shaft, while the other almost absentmindedly rubbed the seed that already coated her body into her skin. Nissandra could taste her own sex on the Sister's lips as she leaned down to deliver a long, loving kiss, which Rhona eagerly returned.

Still panting, Nissandra pushed herself off of the blissed-out Sister, careful not to harm Rhona with her fingernails, grown thick, black, and sharp, before sliding off the cum-slicked surface to a stand. She smiled as Rhona did the same, albeit with a bit of difficulty, and moved to stand next to her. "I'm glad you're with me, Rhona." the transformed priestess said tenderly. "I don't know what I would have ever done without you."

Rhona finished slipping out of her robes to press her nude body against Nissandra's. "You need never think about such things again." she said with quiet assurance. "What happens now?"

Nissandra gave a predatory grin when she heard footsteps echo in the hall outside her door. "Simple, Rhona." she said as she began to stroke herself to erection once more and turned towards the voices calling her name, asking if she was alright. "We share the love."