Temple of Domina: Olyria

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Goddess of breast worship affects cruise after bad storm

The captain lit her milky scented candle. She applied the clay between her legs. She massaged the baby oil onto her B-Cup breasts.

“Save us, oh goddess!”

The storm raged outside. Her dildo got to work.

“Olyria! Olyria! Olyria!” she shouted with each thrust.

As the cruise ship was tossed up by a powerful wave, the front end leaving the water entirely, the power went out.

All aboard the ill-fated cruise ship regretted ever coming aboard.

Holly Willis thought she had found her big break. Five years of waitressing had finally paid off. Attending every open mic night, she could make had finally paid off. She had been discovered! It wasn’t exactly a record deal, but she was being paid to sing. That was a step in the right direction. Now they were going to sink before she even got to croon a single note.

Nancy Noelle was officially consciously uncoupled. To be blunt: she had been dumped. Her girlfriend had left her with only a note on the pillow. No words. No goodbye fuck. She just up and left. Thus, the heiress had booked this cruise to mend her broken heart. If it didn’t end up on the bottom of the sea.

Malcolm ‘Mal’ Moore was here to relax. Pandemics. Insurrections. Lock downs. Telecommuting. Inflation. It was all too much. His therapist had suggested this little getaway. How could the man have seen this storm coming? So much for relaxing.

Jemma Kiyoko was here at her employer’s behalf. Being a personal assistant sucked. Especially when you worked for a billionaire like Nancy Noelle. She may have been beautiful, but she was cold, controlling, and sometimes just plane cruel. No wonder Traci left her. Now Jemma got to drown with her instead.

Luis Bishop was depressed. He had booked this cruise as a romantic getaway with his wife of a year. Then she up and left him. Yesterday. Now here he was sailing alone as not to waste the money. Sailing to his doom as it would seem. Perfect.

Gianna Karver had been trying to enjoy a warm, relaxing bath when the storm struck. She had just put on her third and final show of the night in the lounge and just wanted to let go. Not for the first time she considered hypnotizing herself to make that happen. Nah, it was more fun to use her stage craft on others. Fucking the hell out of a brainwashed toy was the best way to relax. When the ship began to shake, she jumped out and took shelter. Maybe it was a good thing she hadn’t put herself under after all.

The captain was on her knees, pleading to the being on her bed.

“I can arrange it. There will be, however, a price.”

“Name it.”

The ship was slammed by a powerful wave. As it tilted to the right side everything on that side was thrown toward the windows. Jemma had just entered Noelle’s room when the slide began. Acting on instinct she grabbed her boss and pulled her against her with one arm and wrapped the other around the headboard of the bolted down bed. The two were locked eye to eye as they struggled to stay upright.

Two beings now sat on the captain’s bed. Their hasty negotiations had come to an end.

“Deal.”

The threesome that followed quelled the storm.

Luis was not going to die this day. Oh well, back to crippling depression. He had spent the storm hunkered down with several other guests in the main dining room. He wanted nothing more at that moment than to collapse into bed and deflate into a well-deserved sleep. Entering his cabin, he locked the door and turned to flip on the nearby lamp. A blanket was roughly thrown over his head.

“What the fuck?”

He struggled to toss it off to no avail.

“Such a dirty mouth. I’ll have to fix that I think.”

He stopped. It was a woman’s voice. A sensuous one at that. Her accent was Eastern European and felt like honey dripping over him. He found himself calming down a little despite himself.

“Who…who are you?”

“Olyria. Your Goddess, my darling.”

“D…darling?”

“Yes, my precious little prisoner.”

He started to push the blanket back off.

“Why did you throw this on me?”

She wrapped her arms around him and pulled him into a powerful hug, halting his escape.

“Because your blankets make a very good net.”

“Net?”

She gave him a gentle toss. Flailing around on his back, cushioned by his thick blanket, he suddenly knew what a turtle felt like.

The ship settled leaving employer and employee in bed together. Noelle looked up into her assistant’s eyes, noticing for the first time just how beautiful they were. Blushing like mad Jemma jumped up and ran back to her room.

Holly downed drink after drink at the lounge bar. Nearly sinking will put you in a drinking mood, she found.

Mal sat in his bed and tried desperately to still his throbbing heart.

Gianna sorted her gear. Doing so always put her in a better frame of mind.

No one could reach the captain in her locked quarters.

Luis trashed in his blanket as he was dragged deeper into his cabin by his kidnapper.

“Let me go!”

“Not till I have my fun.”

After a moment the blanket was pulled off him. He started to yell at her but was soon lost in the sight before him.

Her wavy blond hair fell over powerful shadows. Her face was a classical beauty carved by a Renaissance master. Her emerald eyes peered deep into his soul, triggering something deep in his pants. Thicc hips and long succulent legs crossed like an old school countess in her elegant black attire. What caught his eye and refused to let go, as was the case with all women, were her breasts. Massive would not do them justice. DD was too small. No, these were GGG.

She used his distraction expertly. She shoved him back into a waiting chair. Producing the ropes used to keep the curtains tied back she quickly bound his arms and legs to the chair tight enough to prevent escape but loose enough to avoid any discomfort.

“Now Darling, I do believe it is time to play.”

Mal sat on his bed. His eyes never left his phone. His therapist had still not answered.

Whenever anyone went by the captain’s quarters, they heard moaning. It was so sexual anyone who heard it felt so aroused they had to run to a private place to… settle down.

“P…please,” Luis begged, “don’t hurt me.”

“Hurt? Oh darling, you’ve got it all wrong.”

What she did next shocked him to his core. She leaned in and gave him the gentlest, most sensuous kiss right on the lips.

“I can sense a broken heart from a mile away. I’m here to help you heal.”

“By tying me up?”

“As a goddess of Domina I can promise you there is no better way.”

“Goddess?”

She grabbed her boobs and juggled them. As she did, they grew and shrank before returning to their already impressive size.

“I am Olyria, the goddess of breast worship.”

All Luis could do was gasp.

Women across the ship did the same. Holly was taking the stage for sound check. She had just opened her mouth to sing when the moan erupted forth instead. She felt unseen hands cup her breasts and bounce them up and down. As they did, she felt them grow, straining against her bra.

Jemma lay in her bed, fingering herself. All her thoughts were consumed by the image of her boss. Of Ms. Noelle in her arms again. Under her on the bed. Faces close. Lips close. Her breasts felt funny. She could swear someone had grabbed them. Shaking them. Holy shit! Were they… growing?!

Gianna was cleaning up the bathroom when she felt it. Unseen hands grabbing her breasts and beginning to play the naughtiest games. It was the best thing she had ever felt. She had to know how to create this herself. Especially the growing effect that now seemed to be coming with it.

“First things first, these have to go,” Olyria said.

She leaned over, pulled off Luis’s shoes and tossed them into the trash.

“Hey! I liked those.”

“You’ll find nudism a much better way of life. I promise.”

“N…nudism?”

“You don’t think goddesses wear clothes in their own realm, do you? Why should our slaves?”

“S…slave?”

She slowly, teasingly, unbuttoned his pants.

“Our *love* slaves.”

“L…love? Isn’t that a bit fast? I mean, we just met?”

“It’s never too soon to *make love*, Darling.”

“I…I don’t know…about that.”

“Oh, but *I* do.”

With terrifying strength, she grabbed his jeans around the waste and ripped them right off. The single pair of pants left his body as two. He blushed like mad as his blue boxers were exposed.

“Adorable.”

A frantic pounding sounded on the door.

“Now, who could that be?” she asked with a knowing smile.

“Don’t answer it!”

Sure, he wanted to be saved, he was almost certain, but not in his underwear! Olyria just ignored him and strolled over. Tossing it open Holly came charging in, broken bra in hand.

“Can I help you?” Olyria asked, closing the door.

“I don’t know.”

“Do you know why you’re here?”

“No.”

“It’s because you’re like me.”

“I don’t understand.”

“She’s a goddess too?” Luis asked.

“Goddess?” Holly repeated.

“No, no,” Olyria replied gently, “our little Holly here is a kidnapper.”

“How do you know my name?”

“Like my boy said, I’m a goddess.”

Luis couldn’t help but blush at being called *her* boy. He felt a stirring between his legs at the thought as well.

“You’re not disputing that you are indeed a kidnapper,” Olyria noted.

Holly sighed and sat on the edge of the bed.

“Once. I grew up on a farm in Iowa. The boy on the farm near ours was the love of my life at the time. He didn’t know I existed. When we birth turned eighteen, I decided to fix that. I shoved him in a barrel and rolled him home. I kept him for a week. I fucked him long and hard. I was going to show him we were meant to be together. He escaped and I never saw him again.”

“You never tried again?”

“Why would I? I was young and stupid. That’s not the way to get a man to love you.”

“Well, that’s just plain silly.”

“Excuse me?”

“You are a woman. A dominate woman. You were created with the divine right to have what you love. Men were created to be loved and kept by us.”

“Hey!” Luis shouted.

“Quiet,” Olyria snapped.

He fell right into line.

“As I was saying, you were created by the Goddess Domina…”

Holly listened enraptured. In just the course of a single conversation her entire life and sexual nature finally made sense.

“Is there anyone here on the ship you want?” Olyria asked.

Holly blushed. There was.

“Aaron.”

Aaron Watson was a waiter in the lounge. He worked the dinner crowds, so he was often there when she performed. Cute guy. Real boy next door type. She longed to corrupt him. He focused on his work. Didn’t chat much. She could never get him to look her in the eye, let alone chat with her. Now she knew she didn’t need to ask.

Once Holly was on her way Olyria closed the door and turned back to Luis.

“That shirt looks a little tight.”

“It…it’s not.”

She sauntered and over and grabbed the collar.

“I say it is.”

With a great tug she ripped it off and tossed the tattered remains aside.

“Why… why did you do that?”

“Sex is better when its skin on skin.”

He tried to speak but all that came out was a weak squeak. She placed her hand on his now bare chest. It was smooth and warm. The feeling of her flesh on his sent ripples through his body, battering every nerve ending. In response they sent two messages back to his brain loud and clear: ‘pleasure’ and ‘more’. His mouth communicated this back to her with a pitiful whimper.

There was a knock on the door. Oh, come on, not again! Smiling Olyria went over and let Jemma in. The pretty Asian girl nervously entered.

“Don’t be so shy my dear,” Olyria offered, “you are among your own kind.”

“I am?”

“Yes, for you see I too am a Dom. Why, just look at my bound boytoy.”

“I’m… I’m not a…”

“A Dom? Why of course you are. Just look at you.”

“I’m quiet, dutiful, that’s why Ms. Noelle hired me.”

“That’s how you needed to appear to get close to the woman you love.”

“Love? I don’t…”

She considered this for a moment.

“I do love her.”

“Then why aren’t you together?”

“I am her employee; she would never date someone like me.”

“She will now.”

“She saw how strong you are when you saved her in your room.”

“How did you know about that?”

“I am a goddess. I know all.”

“I’m leaving.”

She started for the door. Olyria snapped and Jemma’s tits grew too big to fit through the passageway.

“Oh my god.”

“No, goddess, I just said that. Your love needs a partner to care for her and keep her safe. That is the role of a Dom in a Domina couple. Isn’t that what you want?”

As she nodded her breasts shrank back to their normal size.

“Then listen to me…”

Once Jemma was on her now much merrier way Olyria turned back to Luis.

“You were nice and quiet during that.”

“You said to be last time.”

“For listening and obeying so well I’m going to give you a special reward.”

He gulped, wondering what it could be. She held up a silky blue scarf he’d never seen before and was sure she hadn’t had before. She looped it around his head several times resulting in a very comfortable blindfold. Not only was his sight now gone but he couldn’t hear Olyria anymore either. He vainly looked around. He had to find her. He had no idea why.

“Olyria?”

He gasped as her hands grabbed his body from behind the chair. Her fingers clawed deep into his tender flesh, massaging it. They slid all over, rubbing and feeling every inch of him they could reach. First his chest. Then after a few seconds? Minutes? Hours? He couldn’t tell. They moved down to his waist. Eventually they hooked onto his underwear. Was his shaking from fear or desire? He couldn’t tell anymore. There was another knock on the door. Luis let out a frustrated moan. He heard the door open.

“It’s you,” he heard a woman say.

“It is.”

“How do I know?”

“Beings like me tend to attract the likeminded.”

“Beings?”

“Come in”

He heard the door close and the bed creek as the two women sat down.

“I’ve seen what you do with your skills.”

“You have?”

“When I grabbed your tits.”

“How did you do that?”

“I am Olyria, Goddess of Breast Worship. All breasts are mine to play with whenever and however I choose.”

“Could… could you teach me how to do that?”

“No. That is the power of a goddess not sharable with a mortal. However, I can teach you how to use your hypnosis to replicate the feeling within the mind.”

“Teach me, please.”

“You must do something for me first.”

“Anything.”

“There is a man on this ship named Mal…”

Aaron Watson picked a dirty glass off the floor and placed into the tub under his arm. It was taking longer to clean up the aftermath of the storm than he liked. He was so tired. All he wanted to do was go back to his bunk and collapse. Too bad they still had half the room to clean. Correction: *he* still had half the room to clean. The others had taken their tubs back and had yet to return. More than likely, they were napping. Typical. He was roused from his grousing by the sudden realization someone was standing right behind him.

“H… Holly? Wow, you look… look…”

She wore her hair down. Her neck was adorned by a glamorous gold panel necklace so tight it might as well have been a choker. Her breasts were on full display in a black top with a v cut to show as much of her cleavage as possible. “Do you like it, Aaron?”

“Y…yes.”

“What’s the matter? Cat got your tongue?”

“I… uh… I…”

“You’re cute when you’re flustered.”

“I am?”

“It makes you look like a little frightened mouse.”

“Is that a… good thing?”

“I had a pet mouse back on the farm. I kept it in a cage in my bedroom. Whenever I see you stammer like that, I just want to keep you in a cage in my bedroom too.”

“Excuse me?”

“I ordered one for my place. I hope its big enough for you.”

“Holly? What the fuck are you talking about?”

“When we reach port, I’m jumping ship. When I do, I’m taking you with me.”

“Did you hit your head during the storm?”

“Better. I found religion.”

He looked around the room.

“Who put you up to this?”

“When’s the last time a woman just went to town on you? Didn’t ask, just forced you down and fucked you dry?”

“Holly!”

She snatched the tub and laid it on the table.

“Hey!”

Before he knew it, he was face up on the floor with her straddling him, pinning his arms above his head. When he tried to speak her mouth affixed itself to his, tongue heading in like a gag. He never knew a kiss could be a war. One he could lose so thoroughly and so instantaneously. When she sat up, he had to gasp for breath. By the time his brain could process what his happening she already had his dick out.

“Wha…?”

She had him inside her in seconds. He barely had time for a labored breath before she was pounding away. It took no time at all to bring him to climax. As he lay panting and broken, she rolled a room service cart into the lounge. With a little maneuvering and creative lifting, she loaded him onto the bottom and covered him the cloth. He was too exhausted to fight her. He could do nothing but lay there as she wheeled him off to her room and captivity.

“That’s the last of our guests for the night,” Olyria announced.

“How do you know?” Luis asked.

“I told you Darling, I’m a goddess. We know everything.”

“E…everything?”

“Yes, like how you want your underwear off so badly.”

He gulped. He did want them off. Despite himself he wanted them off and her on him. Fingers curled around the band. He shook with anticipation. He heard and felt the material rip and tear away. His now raging boner sprang to the heavens for his Olyria to see. *His* Olyria? Where did that thought come from?

All thoughts were swept from his head as he felt her gently blow on the tip of his dick.

“This,” she said, giving it a playful flick, “belongs to me now.”

“Uh-huh,” Luis agreed blindly, nodding like an idiot.

“Every inch of your body belongs to me now. I own it. I own you.”

She ran her finger down the top of his shaft. He could think of no reason to argue to the point. Especially not when she shifted to the underside.

“Because I own it your little man will be unable to release until I allow it. No matter how…”

She placed her finger on the tip and swirled it around.

“… I tease.”

“Oh, Goddess.”

Luis blinked under his blindfold. Why had he said that? It felt so right. She had proven she was a goddess after all. Was she *his* goddess? Did he *worship* her now? Her hands continued their often-interrupted explorations of his body, this time confident no one would stop them. Fuck. He would end up worshipping her if she kept this up.

Nancy Noelle was a mess. She hated herself for it. She prided herself on her control. *She* was the wealthy leggy beauty every woman wanted to be with her. They threw themselves at her. She had her pick of the litter. Then that little bitch she kept around as nothing more than arm candy up and left her. *Her*!

Why couldn’t they all be like her Gemma? The girl had impressed her with her quick wit during her interview. She needed someone like that in her life. So, she hired her on the spot. The two just got each other. That was something. *No one* got Nancy. No one had ever tried before. Not even her own parents. They were happier to be off jet setting across the world pretending she had never been born. Gemma was the only one who cared about her. And she had to pay her.

That had been before the storm. Before Gemma held her in her arms. Before Nancy had seen the look in her eye. Her actions were not ‘oh my god, my paycheck!’ but real, genuine concern. Concern for her. Laying in bed, wrapped in her arms, she just wanted to melt. Lips so close she wanted to taste them. Gemma was the most important person in her life and now she knew why. She knew the *real* reason why. She was in love.

That’s why she was now sitting on her bathroom sink glowering at her own reflection. Gemma was ignoring her. She wouldn’t answer her calls, texts, emails, nothing. She wasn’t in her room. Nancy had driven her away somehow. She always drove them away.

“I thought I’d find you in your pouty place.”

Nancy spun around. She had been alone. She was sure of it. Yet there was Jemma. Naked. In her tub.

“What are you doing in there?”

“I came here to tell you something very important.”

“What?”

“I left my letter of resignation on the desk in your suite.”

“What?!”

Nancy jumped from the sink.

“No! No! I can’t lose you too!”

Jemma lifted her barefoot from the tub and placed it over Nancy’s mouth.

“Mmm!?”

“Silly girl. I’m not going anywhere. I just can’t be your employee. If I, was it would be inappropriate for you to join me in this tub. Right now. Since I’m not… get in.

Olyria stroked Luis’s face lovingly.

“You look so comfortable, My Darling. I think I will join you in your nudity.”

Luis’s eyes widened. She stepped backwards, letting him get a full view of her. She kicked her shoes off, sending them sailing past him on either side. She reached up under her skirt and began to pull. Luis found himself panting heavily. Her hands returned with a silky blue pair of moist panties. She sauntered back over to him and dropped them onto his dick. Luis shuddered with pleasure at their touch. She grabbed each and started to… polish his staff.

Luis’s eyes rolled back in his head as he lost himself in the pleasure. It was so soft, and she was so gentle. He was being opened up to new sensations he could never have imagined before this.

“Olyria!”

“I know, My Darling.”

After what felt like a far too short time, she tossed the panties away. Luis whimpered after them.

“Now, now, Darling, I’ve got something much better to show you.”

Her fingers slipped under the straps that adorned her shoulders.

Luis was panting.

The dress began to lower.

Luis’s dick continued to rise.

Impossibly massive hills of tit flesh slid free, expanding before his very eyes. Their full color let him know they weren’t kept covered very often. When the nipples finally popped out like not so little springs, he was surprised to realize they were only halfway out.

“How big are they?”

“That depends on how horny we are.”

He tried to figure out what that meant but found the ever-emerging breasts too distracting. After what felt like an hour, they were finally free. The dress fell to the floor.

“Ready to find out why I’m the Goddess of Breast Worship?”

Mal’s breath was catching in his chest. Tears were filling his eyes. His heart was trying to escape his chest. This was just too much! He had to get off this ship! He had to get off this ship! He had too… there was a knock on the door. He flung it open.

“What?!”

A gorgeous black woman stood there looking over her shoulder at him from behind. He got a good view of her ass in her blue one-piece suit. Her bare feet were encased in lemon fishnets. She had a child's bubble gun pointed at him.

“Playtime!”

The wave of bubbles collided with his face, popping, releasing a strange scent and leaving a slick oil on his skin. Before he could react, the world fell apart around him.

*“WHOA! LOOK AT ALL THE COLORS! AM I BEING LOUD? I CAN’T TELL. HEH, THOSE TWO BUBBLES ARE MAKING OUT!”*

Mal giggled like a schoolboy. He hadn’t done that in years but right now it felt… right. His head felt light. Something was gone. Some pressure. He couldn’t quite remember what it was. Huh, must not have been important.

“Come on, silly, let’s play!”

The strange girl was right! It was playtime! She ran down the hall laughing. He quickly gave chase. Why were the walls melting? Why was everything spinning? Why didn’t he care at all? was there something in the bubbles? OOH! NEW ROOM! THIS WAS GOING TO BE FUN!

Gianna closed and locked the door. The psychedelic mixture in the bubbles was doing its job. Mal’s mind was *wide* open now. She held up a small gold necklace and dangled it between her tits.

“Look at it, Mal.”

“Pretty!”

“It’s gonna lock all that bad anxiety of yours away. Just by doing what it’s doing now. Just by swinging back and forth…back and forth…back and forth…”

Olyria sat back on Luis’s lap, grinning like a Cheshire Cat.

“My Darling, I am going to consume you now.”

“Please do.”

She put her hands behind his neck. He licked his dry lips in anticipation. She pulled herself up against him, bare breasts pressing into bare chest. He was almost ashamed of the pathetic moan that escaped him. It only seemed to excite her more. She took her time, slowly rubbing her tits over his chest.

“How does that feel, My Darling?”

“Amazing!”

She slowly sped up. As she did, she started grinding her ass over his dick. He threw his head back and moaned. She slid off his lap and pulled her tits apart.

“What are you doing?”

“Feeding my girls.”

She slid them around his dick and let go. He nearly screamed out in near orgasmic joy as tit flesh formed itself around his shaft, sealing in her cleavage.

“This will never do,” Olyria scolded.

“What? Why not?”

“It’s sticking out. I want to play with *all* of it.”

She grabbed the tops of her breasts and set about kneading them. As she did, they grew and grew until his dick was totally submerged.

“Much better.”

Her hands returned to the sides of her breasts which she now used to give Luis the best, and only, titty fucking of his life. He was no longer aware of the sounds he made. He was aware of nothing but his own pleasure.

“More! I need more!”

She grabbed the tops of her breasts again and pumped them up to a massive side. The weight was so great that the wooden chair Luis was strapped to was smashed. She tore the ropes away. She didn’t need them anymore. Once he was ‘free’ she lifted him up and slid him further into place. Nothing below his hips was free from her tits. The titty fucking continued. Luis was sure he was screaming now.

“More!”

She began pumping again. Foolishly Luis tried to squeeze the rising tits. They were far too big. His arms were swallowed up. As was his chest. Only his head remained free.

“All! I need ALL OF YOU!”

The tits grew one more time swallowing his head. He would nothing more for the next four hours. He *felt* naked flesh invade every inch of his body rubbing it into a near ravenous state of arousal about to bust forth.

His mind briefly returned as he was dumped onto his bed. That left him quickly. Olyria returned her breasts to their normal size and impaled herself on him. There was no way he could think as she rode him like the bucking bronco he had become. The following hours brought both more orgasms than they could count.

The ship pulled into harbor and the guests poured out. All were too happy to be safely back on dry ground to notice the naked man on the leash. His arms were tied behind his back. Aaron focused his eyes on Holly’s ass, hoping to avoid the looks he was sure he was getting. He could scream for help through his ball gag, but he knew it would do no good. Holly had proven she could get her way over his hours of captivity. He had resigned himself to a life in her cage. At least the sex was going to be fantastic.

Jemma carried Nancy down the gang plank bridal style. The two grabbed a taxi.

“Where to ladies?” the cabbie asked.

“Nearest temple,” Jemma demanded. “I have to marry this woman right now.”

“Temple of Olyria it is.”

Mal awoke to the most glorious ass he had ever seen. He had no idea who it belonged to, but he did know what he had to do. He pressed his face into the top cheek and kissed away. Five minutes later the reality of the situation struck him. He jumped back.

“Oh my god, I’m so sorry. I have no idea I got in here! I can’t remember anything that happened last night.”

“Of course not,” the topless Gina said as she sat up, “that was part of the hypnotic suggestion.”

“Hypnotic?”

“I’m Gina, the ship’s hypnotist. You were having a panic attack and I was asked to calm you until we reached land and you could call your therapist.”

“You hypnotized me?”

“Don’t worry, I just let you have a little fun and forget your worries for a while.”

“Can make me like that forever?”

“No, you need real therapy for your anxiety. Though I am a licensed hypnotherapist and could add to your treatments. We’d have to do it off the books.”

“Why?”

“I’ll only accept payment from you in the form of ass worship.”

“Just ass?”

He had never been so openly flirtatious before. Did she do this to him? He liked it.

“Let’s see where it goes.”

Luis followed Olyria into her temple. He thought the two of them walking through town naked would raise a few eyebrows. Then he learned where he was. Domina Island. The public face of the shrouded Isle of Domina. Every goddess had a temple here along with one on the mainland. Unsurprisingly Olyria’s was curved with a nipple motif. Everything was very soft and bouncy as well. He followed her deeper and deeper within. Less and less people could be seen.

“Where is everyone?”

“We are at the threshold of my inner sanctum. The holiest place in the temple. Only goddesses and their slaves may enter. Only goddesses can leave.”

Luis gulped. She gestured to the doorway.

“Now step inside. Be sealed into your new life.”

She strolled past him and laid down on her massive bed throne. Luis shivered. This was his chance to escape. To run. To be free. To… never age. Never die. Suck those titties for all eternity. Be fucked like had been back on the ship. Forever.

He ran in and climbed into bed with her. Luis curled up against Olyria and suckled her nipple as the door closed. He was with his Darling. He was home.