The Great Filter

by queen_mortis

Summary

St. Augustine Academy is a prestigious private school for some of the country's most devout Catholic families. With its lavish dorms, year-round accommodation and its own chapel within the gated grounds, it is a glimmering example of scholarly success. Unbeknownst to its students however, St. Augustine festers a litany of debauchery and corruption within its halls, threatening to pull them down a dark path of sin and indulgence.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes.

"Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins; let them not have dominion over me: then shall I be upright, and I shall be innocent from the great transgression." – Psalm 19:13

Not even the light shining through the towering stained glass windows can reach the ceiling of the
old church – limitless as it is; a towering, behemoth relic of centuries long past. Constructed by man, for man, so consumed by their fear of God that they would erect His houses tall enough in hopes that their spires may kiss the heavens.

As if to say: ‘We are sorry. We are sorry, Lord, your pitiful creatures. Your wayward sons, your hopeless daughters – take these beautiful creations in your name for it is in our nature to forever fall short of your design, but we will spend our eternities trying to reach you all the same.’

Though the abyssal ceilings chase the light, the sound of the choir echoes freely up there, bouncing off the old stone in angelic harmony. The rise and fall of each young man's shoulders as they sing are reminiscent of a flock of doves, gowns pearl-white and blooming in the midday sun.

Only rhythmic, powerful slaps break the illusion. Sharp, wet, cutting through the choir and intermingled with feminine screams.

She is held open in an obscene display, her knees bent back behind her head by large hands that dwarf her by comparison. The tall, strong priest at her back forces his cock into her rear with every thrust. Impaling her, stuffing her full, her frame near split in two around his shaft. He manoeuvres her body like a ragdoll. Weightless and worthless, and used on a whim.

"For all of us have become like one who is unclean, And all our righteous deeds are like filthy rags." The priest rumbles, deep and steady, even as he lays waste to the schoolgirl's body. Tear tracks paint mascara lines down her cheeks and mix with her spittle, autumn-maroon eyes rolled back in her skull and teeth grit in euphoric agony.

She is a pretty little thing even now; though her body is bent and used, her face contorted, spasming and choking on her own breaths.

"And all of us wither like a leaf, And our iniquities, like the wind, take us away." He continues, gaze fixed sternly to the audience before him. The nuns and clergymen form an orderly line before the altar, watching the display with rapt obedience and unreadable expressions. It is a front that Vicar Murphy cannot replicate in the moment, and as his superior's gaze flickers to his own he finds himself swallowing thickly, heartbeat thundering in his chest.

"F-Father Heinrich," Murphy speaks up, lowering his gaze in respect and inadvertently fixating on to the girl once more.

What a sight she makes. A perfect paradigm of wanton fever. Her uniform skirt is bunched up high around her waist and her breasts spill forth from her open blouse. Her underwear - plain, white, innocuous and entirely innocent - dangles freely around her ankle. Soft golden curls now damp with sweat cling to her forehead as she wails, relishing in each moment of glorious, brutal sodomy. Mindless with it. Cunt soaked wet with it.

And her cunt, Lord, her cunt. Tight and sopping and so cruelly ignored; entirely untouched while her hole is used like a free sleeve. It is a perfect seam, not even the obscene spread of her thighs enough to part the lips. Though there is the barest peak of her throbbing pink clit that peaks through, and her slick drips freely, unceasingly, onto the floor. Murphy clears his throat and continues.

"Forgive me, Father. I have never had reason to doubt your conduct in the past, but I ... I wonder if we are perhaps misguided in our efforts to remain vigilant against our sinful impulses—"

He is interrupted by the girl's choked scream as the priest slams into her once more and stills, spilling his load deep into her for what must have been the third time since the sermon began.
Murphy's own arousal throbs achingly in the confines of his cassocks, eyes downcast in submission but head tilted back so that he may still watch from under his lashes while the priest bends her body over the altar and continues to fuck into her like some unwavering beast.

He can no longer see below her waist, but he can hear the telltale gush and wet spray of her own release as her body is fucked through her seizes and spasms.

"You misunderstand, Murphy." Father Heinrich answers. "There is no more vigilance, no more repenting. Can't you see? God has granted us immunity in the form of this warm body. The vessel chosen – this girl: Sophie Lambert. She will absorb our sins so that we may more freely adore Him in our everyday lives, uninterrupted and unbridled."

He continues. "Greed, lust, desire, power – just how much of our lives are spent ignoring and atoning for these impulses, the likes of which are ingrained in our very DNA? God has granted us a Great Filter for which we must be eternally grateful. Limitless is His mercy, Murphy. Immeasurable is His love. Come forth and empty yourself of sin."

Father Heinrich pulls out of Sophie and rolls her onto her back, his seed spilling out of her in a great rush that renders her whole body quivering. She reaches down to touch herself but is met with resistance – Heinrich tears her hand from between her legs, while his free hand swipes down on her soaking cunt in a merciless, stinging slap.

She screams, a fresh spray squirting forth from her aching pussy as she sobs openly. The fright startles Murphy forward on instinct, and he licks his dry lips before pulling himself free from his cassocks with some hesitance but great relief.

"Please," she begs him hoarsely. Her eyes gaze drunkenly at his cock while her head hangs off the other side of the altar. "My p-pussy … my pussy, please! I wanna feel it in my p--"

Murphy presses forward as if in a trance, jaw slack and eyes fluttering closed when the hot, wet heat of her mouth engulfs him.

"God–!" He gasps and bucks forward before he can attempt to steady himself. Her tongue flutters over his shaft, and she chokes around his length when he attempts to press forward.

"That's it." Heinrich hums. "She is our Great Filter. She was born to one day bear the weight of our human shortcomings. Today is that day, Murphy. Use her as you must to purge yourself of your wretched desires."

Murphy’s blood roars in his ears, the angelic songs that sweep through the hall all but drowned out by his own drumming heartbeat.

With trembling fingers, he cups under her chin with one hand and brings the other between his legs to fist in the base of her scalp, holding her firmly in place while he plunges forward the rest of the way, until his cock is buried flush with her lips and his balls press against her nose. Sophie jerks and coughs, her legs kicking out in panic as she is suddenly suffocated.

It is a maddening sensation; an indescribable, primal pleasure. Murphy has to take a moment just to pant, driven mad by the feel of her throat muscles constricting frantically around him. The vibrations of her muffled screams against his cock are otherworldly, as well as the airtight vacuum of her throat and the filthy delight of her spit dripping from his balls.

He is brought back to the present when Heinrich grabs her flailing legs at the ankles and pushes into her again, starting with a brutal pace spurred on by the delectable contractions of her oxygen-
starved body. Murphy moans in shock and begins thrusting, fucking into her gullet like a man possessed and watching the outline of his cock bulge against her throat. Each of her attempts to gulp in air is cut short by the rhythmic slap of his balls against her nose.

He spends with bruising force, cock buried as far as it will go when he forces every drop of seed down her throat. He's so dazed that he makes no effort to move until he sees Heinrich still once more, snapping forward with a grunt and unloading for a fourth and final time inside the teen. The priest pulls out with a huff and, almost immediately, another clergyman takes his place, rushing forward with fumbling hands on his belt and plunging himself into Sophie's used hole the second he pulls himself free.

Only then does Murphy think to pull away, and Sophie's body convulses erratically as she attempts to gasp in lungfuls of air while being sodomised yet again. The clergyman does not practice Heinrich's same restraint – fucking her in quick, animalistic thrusts that leaves her plump tits bouncing maddeningly, pert nipples puffy and neglected in the open air.

A truly debauched sight.

It is then that a nun steps forward. A lock of her chestnut hair slips out from beneath her hood and falls across her freckled face invitingly. With nervous obedience she hikes the front of her habit up to her knees and worries her lower lip between her teeth. "Father Heinrich," she murmurs hesitantly. "Are you … are you truly sure? My vows —"

"Forget them, Sister." He assures. "We have been granted glorious, merciful immunity. Gorge yourself in blissful depravity, for God has willed it."

The nun steps forward with renewed assurance, lifting her habit up and moving to stand between the schoolgirl’s head. She cups the back of Sophie’s skull in a similar manner to the Vicar earlier, and nestles the head flush between her legs.

"Oh God!" She cries, head falling back and thighs quivering as she grinds her cunt down on that hot, wet mouth. "Yes, I feel it! Oh God! Th-thank you, God, for our Great Filter! Thank you! Thank —"

Without a word of warning, the back of her habit is hiked up past the swell of her rear. Before she can think to react, the slick shaft of a warm cock is being forced into her rear and she falls forward with a stunned cry, doubling over while her pussy is fucked into Sophie’s mouth at an immediate and brutal pace. The nun seems mad with it, not sparing so much as a glance back towards whichever member of her clergy had chosen to mount her.

The choir reaches a deafening crescendo, and with it comes the full force of the clergy's shared delirium. Each member takes to satiating themselves in whichever way they can; Father Heinrich with his fingers deep in a nun who lifts her robes high enough for her fellow Sisters to see, sobbing in feverish delight as she watches his thick fingers rake in and out of her body. Her Sisters attempt to mimic his motions on themselves, their hands disappearing under their robes clutched close to their thighs in some futile display of modesty even though their shamefulness is clear for all to see.

Their debauchery is drowned out entirely now by the songs. Nothing can be heard above the choir, even as Murphy finds himself pushing into the snug heat of a woman already stretched to her limit by one of her Brothers. Not even the cries of the Sisters rutting on the pews. Not even the pack of men using the schoolgirl’s body freely, laying claim to all but her aching womanhood: left soaked, throbbing, and ignored.
The church bell drones out in five slow chimes, deep and bellowing and reverberating outward across the courtyard towards St Augustine Academy. What was once a renowned Victorian hospital, with its grand and Gothic architecture and endless, sprawling hallways, is now a prestigious private school for the country’s most devout Catholics. With its many dorms, year-round accommodation and its own chapel within the gated grounds, St Augustine’s glimmering reputation is world-renowned.

As the last chime fades out its pupils filter into the courtyard, spilling out from doors and archways and gates as many make their way to the dorms while others head into town for some freedom before curfew. The fall sky bathes in dreamy oranges and soft reds, the air crisp but not unpleasant. A girl leans on a bike rack some distance away, tucked into a little forgotten nook of the old school’s expansive grounds. Out here the ruckus laughter and friendly chattering is little more than a faint echo at her back, and in the absence of company the St Augustine’s courtyard feels somewhat eerie, suspended in animation and forgotten by time.

A crow caws from a bare tree in the distance and rouses the girl from her thoughts with a gentle startle. She shifts her weight from one foot to the other and sighs, reaching up to adjust her glasses and brush her short auburn locks behind her ear. She fishes her phone out from her coat pocket to check the time on her lockscreen. Her wallpaper reflects off her lenses; herself and a girl with autumn-red eyes and loose golden curls smiling brilliantly at the camera as they show off their delight at a double win in the arcade’s claw machine.

As the sky’s soft oranges turn to a darkening blues, and a final cheer fades out into the air, she mounts her bike with some reluctance. With one last concerned glance given towards the red bicycle still fixed to its lock beside her own, she pedals off towards town for a few hours of leisure before curfew.

End Notes

I'm mostly just writing this series for myself so it's un-beta'd and unpolished, but if anyone else gets a kick out of it then that's a neat little bonus! I will be uploading short snippets of what goes in this universe from time to time as well as some unrelated filth, probably.

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