“…in Jesus’s name, amen.”

“Amen.”

The devoted congregation members stood from their seats and dissolved into loud murmurs, bored teenagers and children gleefully asking their parents about breakfast afterward. Those without a sweet tooth remained behind to discuss clothing, or to speak to Pastor Dave himself. They voiced their concerns regarding sin among the youth and lack of respect toward their elders, with quite a few in disdain about it being All Hallow’s Eve on a Sunday. They called it a blasphemous and unholy holiday, connecting it somehow to a liberal agenda nobody could articulate.

Unbeknownst to anybody present, a truly unholy thing watched from afar. He giggled in amusement at the sheer stupidity and hypocrisy of God’s followers, but one member of the congregation caught his attention—the pastor himself. A middle-aged, unassuming human male with graying hair and a balding scalp, possessing the hint of a beer belly hidden beneath his conservative clothes. Also hidden by his demeanor and wife were supposedly impure thoughts the pastor felt towards his fellow man.

He was perfect for the unholy being’s ravenous appetite.

Later that night, Pastor Dave’s beloved wife returned to their home on the other side of the property, leaving him to light various candles and occasionally ignore knocking at the church door.

KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!

As always, he ignored it. Until the next round was so loud, it vibrated through the walls of the old church.

“In the name of God,” he muttered.

Ready to send the trick-or-treaters away, Pastor Dave stormed to the entrance door and unlocked it, opening them wide to find…nobody. Not a soul or sinner in sight in the darkness.

Pastor Dave sighed. “Darn kids.”

The moment he closed the doors shut though, a strange sensation crept up the human’s spine. All the hair on his body stood up. His blood ran cold. An uneasy feeling took hold.

“Thank you for inviting me in, Dave.”

He turned around fast and blanched at what he saw standing stark naked on the church altar, smiling at him. It was a young man, without a single stitch of clothing or fabric on, leaning against the podium in a casually rude manner. Almost staring too long at his handsome, lithe physique, Pastor Dave suppressed everything he felt with questioning anger.

“What are you doing here? How did you get in? And where are your clothes?” He rattled off in quick succession.

In return, the young man giggled like a mischievous faggot. “My, my, aren’t you the curious one?”

It required too much strength to resist looking. The truth though was Pastor Dave had never seen such a beautiful male specimen in his life. He appeared no older than a high school graduate. He owned such perfectly masculine yet feminine limbs, with skin like vanilla cream and adorable brown freckles on his soft face, his luscious, copper-blonde hair clashing against the emerald green in his eyes. But his body, it was something else. Much to Pastor Dave’s denial, he looked like the young men in the underwear catalog he subscribed to…for clothes-shopping purposes.

Something in the mysterious young man’s smile though, it unnerved the pastor. Every few seconds, Dave swore there were more teeth than a regular grin usually had. Then, the man waltzed over to him.

“Wh-What in God’s name are you—” He tried to keep a calm voice as he shouted, “Keep away this instant, perverted sinner! I’ll have you know this is a House of God!”

“Yet you let your eyes wander in church, do you not?” The young man said without batting an eye. “Like how you like to stare at Patrick Jones’ magnificent ass whenever he walks away from your office. Or when you peek at the underwear magazine that’s in your office desk when the doors are closed. Or the countless times you casually masturbated to the the thought of those male college students who swim in the public pool each summer. Hehe, and don’t even get me started on what you and Mitch Delvers used to do behind the trees at the park when you were horny schoolboys.”

Pastor Dave’s face paled like a ghost. “Wait, how did you—?”

“I can see your sins in your very soul,” he purred. Yes, purred. “And might I say, you are very repressed, Pastor Dave. You’re a repressed and tired man who needs to embrace his homosexual desires…”

Another flare of anger burst out. “I am not a homosexual, dammit. I’m straight!” He growled like a dog. “I am straight…I am!”

“And I am an Archangel sent by God,” he laughed, and Pastor Dave gulped as he noticed a swaying demon’s tail appear behind the nude boy. Plus, what appeared to be horns protruding from his hair. “Well, I used to be an Angel, but my wings got clipped long before your savior walked the earth.”

Suddenly, Dave felt his back press up against the church’s locked doors. The unholy intruder still approached him, completely naked and leaving the man shaking all over. Particularly below the belt.

“Father, right now, I yield to the truth that I am weak, and You are strong. Forgive me for the arrogance and pride that makes me think I can do anything good on my own—”

“Shhhh, shhhh, shhhhhh,” the demon quieted the quavering, terrified pastor. His slender arms wrapped around the older man’s waist, hugging him and pressing his bare chest to him. Almost eerily like a comforting friend. “Don’t act like it is the end of all things. It’s not unholy or un-masculine. It’s perfectly okay to feel this way.”

The human never knew a kiss from a demon could taste so sweet. When they both parted for air, it felt as if all the oxygen had been teleported from his lungs.

Left heavily panting, Pastor Dave wanted to react. He wanted to resist and shove away the demon, who not only pressed his naked form against him, but clearly felt the strong erection pushing against his thigh. The pastor wanted nothing more than this to be another lurid dream, but the longer he closed his eyes open and shut repeatedly, the further his defenses faltered. Soon enough, Pastor Dave no longer tried to avoid grabbing the lad’s bare sides. If anything, he felt electric jolts of taboo pleasure the instant he caressed those glutes with his meaty fingers.

This produced a giggle from the demon.

“Oh, Lord, have mercy!” He gasped, groping greedily and staring up to the wooden rafters of the church, moaning when he suddenly felt warm kisses along his jawline. “Oh, fuck!”

“That’s the spirit, Dave!” The incubus chuckled, “Now ravage me!”

Something long-hidden, long-hated, and very much oppressed within Pastor Dave’s own soul pierced the surface. The middle-aged human didn’t care about anything else other than fulfilling his need. He didn’t blink at unbuckling his trousers or pushing the young man to his wobbling knees, then speaking the Lord’s name when a pair of soft, inhumanly velvet lips engulfed his exposed Johnson. It suckled his pulsing shaft into a vise. Not even his imagination compared to such pleasures!

“Holy—Oooooooohhhh!”

The incubus giggled at such attempts to call anything ‘holy’. Rather than make a joke though, he focused on the task at hand, sucking the figurative soul out of the human. So, with a slow extension and dragging tease along the neglected underside of the veiny shaft, it began. To Pastor Dave, he experienced the warmest, wettest, moistest lips slurping up his cock, making him feel sensations his supposedly straight imagination could not fathom. To the unnamed incubus, it felt like an average Tuesday, playing the dick before him like an expert flutist.

It’s surprisingly didn’t take long for a man of God to feel his climax approach. The incubus could taste it in how sweet his prey’s pre tasted on his forked tongue. He felt it in the way the pasture grass to the bases of his horns for support, shuddering with clenched balls and heavenly bliss as he got closer and closer…

Until the incubus vanished. His hands now grasping nothing, Pastor Dave yelped out in shock and nearly stumbled to the floor, moaning at the cold air around his painfully erect Johnson. It was throbbing and coated completely in saliva. Wild, depraved eyes darted left and right for the beautiful mouth that once accommodated it seconds earlier.

“Over here, Pastor,” the demon cooed on the other end of the church. No longer kneeling but laid across the altar steps, the lad raised his rear end like a presented piece of meat. “I thought we could get into a better position, kiddo. Hehehe.”

There went the last lingering thread of Pastor Dave’s moral resistance. His eyes became entranced by what lay before him. All he could focus on was the hypnotic sway of the incubus’s raised tail, compelling him to step closer. Compelling him to grasp each mound on that perfectly carved ass, which he did. Pastor Dave groped those cheeks, fondling the wonderfully toned, smooth muscles hidden beneath such perfect skin. His palms could not stop admiring such masculine beauty. Not even the demonic tail thrashing from the attention distracted him. If anything, Dave delved deeper in the throes of homosexual lust he’d long denied himself.

The incubus pretended to act like a virgin being deflowered, gasping, and whimpering in a mixture of pleasure and pain when the man unceremoniously fucked him. While the demon pretended that he didn’t receive bigger cock on a daily basis back in Hell, Dave found himself forever lost in the rapture of such an ass. He savagely thrusted and bucked as deep as he could within the warm, velvet depths provided to him, gripping onto the hips of his lover as if they belonged to him.

Loud slapping of flesh filled the building. As the incubus continued to squeal atop the church altar, pushing back at the former pastor’s pelvic thrusts in synchronized twerks, he signaled for his friends to come. The man was ready for them.

Meanwhile, Pastor Dave no longer was himself. A crazed and lustfully dazed expression engulfed him while drool continuously dripped down his chin. Gone were the attempts to hold back what he truly was, and present were these carnal desires at the forefront of his mind. Feeling his balls clench again, arching his back as he utterly pounded into the demonic boy’s depths, Dave erupted jets of hot seed. In return, the lad cried out at the sustenance feeling him to the brim with power. Raw sexual power.

Feeling the exhausted human slump over his bare back, the demon laughed.

“You are going to last a long time for me and my fellow demons,” he chuckled mischievously. A loud series of impatient knocks at the closed front door echoed from the other end of the empty church. Behind the wooden barriers could be heard evil laughter. “Come on in, friends! He is more than ready for the next round!”

The post-nut clarity seeped into the pastor’s mind. As he opened his eyes and turned warily around to the source of noise at the other end of the church, he gulped at what he saw: other men of various sizes and states of nudity. All possessed horns and tails, Plus the widest smile filled with sharp teeth. It would be a long, long, night for Pastor Dave.

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Another Sunday arrived for the congregation. However, the service had been canceled, because Pastor Dave was nowhere to be found. Nobody, not even his darling wife, knew where he had disappeared to after Halloween. He simply…vanished without a trace, the only evidence of his departure being his shed clothing in the church’s nave. To make it even stranger, every door was locked completely shut.

Someone suspected a kidnapping. Most believed he abandoned his flock for better pastures. Unbeknownst to the townsfolk though, Pastor Dave didn’t vanish to start a new life in a faraway country.

The incubi brought him to their home deep in Hell, regularly using the man as everlasting fuel for their fiery lust. He found himself in infinite, hot, sweaty, and cum-filled ecstasy. An endless orgy of demons that ignited every homosexual desire imaginable, providing bountiful sustenance to Lucifer’s minions. Not that the depraved human ever complained.