Thanya was, first and foremost, a necromancer.

For those of you that don’t know the basics of spell-slinging, that means that most of her magic is related to desecrating, violating, or other wise just plain harnessing the energy of the dead people around her.

Plenty of religions have an issue with the fact of this matter, revering death as either sacred or final. Given that Thanya happened to be someone who routinely uses the mortality of everyone around her for her own personal gain, understandably upset a lot of people. Not the least of which were the Sisterhood of the Sun, the most zealous group of nuns out there.

And Sister Soleil was one of the most adamant that what Thanya was doing was *wrong*.

“You can’t just use your necromancy powers to serve the dead souls around you!” the blonde had said plenty of times, “It’s immoral and wrong to perpetuate the belief that people linger in this material plane after death, and—”

Finally, Thanya had done what she’d been wanting to do for *months*—shut her up with a spoonful of soul soup.

And *at the time* it had felt like a good way to solve her problems. Thanya had a business to run, and she couldn’t have some radicalized, beautiful woman running around telling everyone that she was an emissary from hell or something. But she could have had no idea the *effect* that such a thing would have on someone as repressed as Soleil.

From then on, she’d become much more than a regular—the nun would go on to be Thanya’s first tried and true *fanatic*, becoming completely obsessed with her cooking!

And as much as Thanya liked the fact that her cooking was enough to bring someone over to the (proverbial) “dark side”, she found herself more annoyed than appreciative of Soleil’s continued presence in her restaurant.

“You’re a horrible, awful sinner—I don’t know if you knew that.”

Soleil had been in the shop for the majority of the day when she’d proclaimed, proud as she was pot-bellied, that Thanya and her waitress and her customers were all going to go to Hell. The fact that she had been indulging herself in Thanya’s cooking all day, its flavor amplified by the souls of those recently deceased as well as the implications of what that meant for her own moral purity, was lost on her entirely.

“White magicks are so much more tolerable for the immortal soul—” Soleil burped, “—I just thought you should know.”

Running a hand along the surface of her stuffed stomach, Soleil let out a small burp as she waddled away from the eatery for the first time that afternoon, having arrived early in the morning. The slosh of her meaty backside was enough to give Thanya pause, eliciting no small amount of amusement out of the fact that someone so critical of her food an practices were expanding so readily because of them.

All of this “sinner food” was catching up to nobody’s favorite nun—and Thanya was more than happy to keep encouraging it.

Day after day, the Sister of the Sun made her pilgrimages to Thanya’s restaurant under the purported effort of saving souls and converting as many heathens as possible. But the fact of the matter was that she almost always wound up filling her mouth more than she wound up using it. Filling it full of Thanya’s thick, greasy recipes and stuffing her face full of everything that had been denied in the convent growing up.

In a way, she almost felt sad for poor Soleil!

But not enough to stop enabling the sister’s worst habits.

“You really ought to look into making it so that your customers aren’t damned to Hell for all eternity just by merit of *enjoying* your meals.”

Soleil’s mouth was ringed with the red-brown sauce of barbecue from Thanya’s weekly special; her fourth plate of the stuff settling nicely with the copious amounts of sides that she’d stuffed herself with. Fat cheeks rounding out on either side of her face while her impressive chest sloshed from side to side with her slight motions at the table, and Soleil was giving more of a show than even Thanya’s experienced chefs could manage!

“It’s sinful, and degrading.”

Her waist-thick upper arms jiggled and swayed with every skewering motion as she used her gloved hands to pull apart the ribs. Getting her fingertips dirty was just the tip of the iceberg—the splotches of barbecue sauce that dotted the crest of her stomach, dribbled on her chest, and even collected in her coif was enough to make anyone second-guess the legitimacy of her uniform—if Thanya hadn’t known any better, she easily would have mistaken her for any other of her “sinful, decadent” customers!

“So how do you explain your coming back every day, Soleil?” Thanya purred with a breezy, pleasant smile, “I’ve heard your sermon on the sanctity of After Life at least fifty times now, and *you* seem to have had every one of my specials at least as often.”

The big blonde nun shifted uncomfortably in her seat. Her wide ass clenched in anger as her cute face twisted in contempt of the necromancer’s valid point. As much as she had fought against admitting that Thanya’s cooking was just as divine as any god that she served, she was just as stubborn as the next bull out to slaughter—she had to improvise.

“I’m… leading by example!” she said with a huff, making her titanic titties shake with an exasperated huff, “Yeah! I’m mingling with the undesirables so that I can lead them to a more righteous tomorrow!”

“Uh-huh.” Thanya clicked her tongue, “Is that what you call coming back for thirds and pitching a fit when I don’t give you a clergyman’s discount?”

“Um, I’ll have you know that it’s common courtesy to serve those who have dedicated themselves to God for free!” Soleil sniffed, “Just one of your *many* sinful acts, I’ll have you know!”