

LUCIFER AND LILITH SYND
PRESENT

MICHAEL AND LUCITHIA
DUAL FEMDOM
PART 2



DISCLAIMER

This picture story is set up in an alternative reality from the one you know from the comic "Armageddon". Lucithia and Michael's behaviors are different and the whole setting is not completely representing their counterparts in the main storyline. Nevertheless, we hope you will enjoy this trip into a full-femdom oriented plot!



Just another simple day in Samael's life in Purgatory. He had just decided to change his personal living quarters, reshaping them to better give to himself, and to his beloved Lucithia, a good time together... Little did he know that things were changing up in the Heavens... Little did he know that already the woman he loved was no more what he knew her for, that she had forsaken her old ways to embrace a new one, along with her step-sister. They appeared right behind him, as he was staring into the water of the swimming pool he had created in this brand new house. A simple smirk formed on Samael's lips, happy to feel the presence of Lucithia... Even if the same could not be said for Michael's. The two girls had devilish grins on their faces, already tasting the fun to come for them... Lucithia went behind the man, her arms holding him... "Hello, Samael..." she said, gently.



“Lucithia dearest... You too, Michael. What are you two doing here?” Samael replied, while gently brushing his head against the woman who was holding him tenderly.

“We just wanted to pay you a visit, darling. And we both had an idea...” Lucithia begun.

“Yeah... I mean... It has been a very long time since our fight, Samael... I think it is time to bury the axe of war, don't you agree?” Michael concluded, gaining the attention of the Fallen.

“YOU.. want to make peace? That sounds quite unreal to me...” he answered, skeptically.

“Oh but is true” Lucithia continued “our intentions are absolutely real. We both came to make sure you two make peace.... And I have the perfect idea to show your goodwill to Michael...”

“Which is?” Samael asked... At that moment, Lucithia's grip on him became tight.



Understanding the sign, Michael quickly changed her position, laying on the ground in front of the wooden chair and lifting her hips upwards, spreading her legs slightly...
“What the fuck are you...” Samael began speaking, but quickly Lucithia grabbed his head and forcefully shoved it against her step-sister’s mound, burying the man’s nose and mouth deep into her soft flesh, barely covered by a thin layer of fabric.
“Aaaaahhhh!!!” Michael moaned out loud, just slightly narrowing her thighs to get a better grip on Samael’s head...
“See?” Lucithia started “Michael is definitely pleased with your goodwill! Now, show to both of us how committed you are!” She snickered evilly as she kept Samael’s face pressed into Michael, smothering him with no oxygen able to reach his air ways. But as soon as he started squirming, she mounted his back, pinning him down on the chair...



She was quick in using even her other hand to secure Samael's head in between Michael's legs, his face now completely surrounded by her intimate flesh while her legs began to increase the grip furthermore. His struggles were surging by the second, the feeling of his entire body burning for new fresh air was taking over his senses. *"He doesn't seem very committed, does he?"* Lucithia taunted, while looking down to the other woman. *"Not quite... I'm starting to think that he does not want to make peace with me after all, sis... That's so very bad!"* Michael replied, snickering at the end and giving Samael a good squeeze with her thighs just as a simple reminder of how easily they were submitting him. No matter how much he tried to escape this grip, they had the upper hand on it and managed to trap him for good.

“Well then... If he doesn't want to collaborate and be nice... Perhaps we should just keep on smothering him, uh?”

Lucithia said, using an incredibly mischevious and sadistic tone, cracked with pleasure of what she was doing to Samael, pushing his head further on against Michael's intimates. *“Hnnmn.. That.. Feels so good...”* the Seraphim of Fire said and began to crush the Fallen's head with her powerful legs, wrapping them so tight around his skull.

The man was screaming against Michael, his lungs burning for new fresh air that was constantly denied to him... he couldn't move his head sideways nor pull back... His arms were pinned under his own weight.

Slowly, his movements began to fade away, his squirming becoming weaker...

“Already? No, no, no... We have just begun!”

Lucithia said, releasing Samael along with Michael, making him fall to the ground.





In the blink of an eye, Michael flipped Samael around and before he could say anything or regain too much of his breath, she crushed his head down with all of her weight, making his face disappear in between her asscheeks and under her womanhood. Lucithia, at the same time, sat upon the man's stomach, removing her dress and using her sole weight to press down on his diaphragm, so he would be forced to breathe out. She even began to bounce rhythmically, smacking her ass gently on the Fallen's stomach, to stimulate even more the loss of air. *"Poor, poor Samael... Are you suffering? Are we too much for you?"* Lucithia teased him. *"Such a sad excuse of a man... Acting all mighty and then letting two girls have the best of you.."* Michael added insult to injury. As soon as his movements were slowing again, the girls decided to release him again, letting him breathe for a few more moments.



Samael's strength had already left him. The relentless smothering that Lucithia and Michael had applied on him made him weak and docile, unable to take any action against them. They had brought him twice already to the brink of passing out.

"Get yourself comfortable, Michael dear... We should use this wonderful pool Samael built for us, right?" Lucithia said, while snickering cruelly.

"Don't mind if we do, then, do you, Samy?" Michael laughed as she started to remove her thong, followed by her pasties, boots and all the rest.

The Seraphim of Light, in the meantime, brought her captive to the edge of the pool, straddling him to not allow him to attempt anything.

"L. Lucithia... W... What are you..."

His words were cut off again as she pressed her womahood against his face and dragged him underwater forcefully.



Samael's body bent unnaturally, with his lower half sticking out of the water and the upper one forced vertically as Lucithia clamped Samael's head with her thighs and began to drown him... His struggles and screams producing bubbles of air that caressed the Seraphim's labias, making her moan in pleasure...


"Aaaahh, that feels good, Samael... Don't stop struggling and screaming..." She said, while her sister joined her in the cool water, playing a bit with it as she rose her wet foot from the surface, watching droplets fall down from her heel.

"Nice pool... Coming with a very nice accessory..." Michael said, while pointing at the man that was drowning under Lucithia *"A wonderful erotic hydro-massage tool..."*

The Seraphim of Light giggled at her sister's words, wiggling her hips to better nudge Samael's nose in between her wet folds, which clamped his face features like a gaping maw.

"Oh, definitely... He's doing such a good job down there... Would you like to feel some bubble too?" Lucithia asked, grinning wickedly.

"Oh, yes please..." Michael replied, as they began to change positions again.



Still keeping his head underwater and not allowing him to catch air, Lucithia dragged Samael towards Michael, once more placing his head in between her thighs. The man observed as the girl's ass descended upon his face and trapped him again down there. He struggled vigorously, but his efforts were weak and without any strength...
"Hmmm... Cannot really feel much since his face is against your ass, sis..." Michael remarked, smirking evilly.
"Well, too bad... I am his girlfriend, he is mine to toy with... I gave you full pleasure with that little kid of yours, now Samael is mine to kill..." Lucithia replied, her voice full of dominance.
"Sheesh... You're so selfish..."
The Fallen under them, in the meantime, had heard the conversation, even if muffled by the water. Had they already done this to someone? Had they killed someone in Heaven? But why? Why would Lucithia suddenly turn so cruel?
While he had these thoughts, he felt his consciousness begin to fade as he was running out of breath... But once again, the girls let him go.



Samael breathed in loudly as he resurfaced, coughing out some water that managed to get inside of his lungs, possibly weakening him even more than how he already was.
“Hahaha, drinking pool water is not good for you Samael... You should know that!” Lucithia said with a jokeful tone, completely taunting him. He was getting angry... So angry... He wanted to kill them both by now, his Satan part was coming back to the surface...
“I think I am quite tired now, sis...” Michael began saying...
“Oh, are you? Yeah, pool swimming can make you feel weak.... Lucky we have my good Samael here for us, right?”
He looked up at them for a second as he crawled outside of the pool and looked down as he kept coughing... Then, all of a sudden, he felt massive weight on his back, pushing him towards the floor...



Only when he saw Lucithia's thighs wrapping over his shoulder and securing her balance by holding her feet against his chest, Samael understood what was going on... The girls were riding his back, both of them. Not only he had suffered such a long smothering, but now they were even forcing him to hold both of them up? He was grunting so loudly, his wet body dripping water and sweat down to the ground as the women chuckled and rocked their hips on top of him. *"Come on, Samy... Don't want our feet to get dirty, do you? Carry us both inside... Giddy up, pony boy!"* Lucithia said, as Michael chuckled behind her, brushing her naked labias on the Fallen's back. *"Faster, Samael, faster!!!"* She screamed, as the man was trying to hold himself up and carry them as they asked, slowly moving towards the house.



The two sisters were having so much fun on Samael's back, while the man was in utter pain... His arms were shaking as he made his way forwards, begging in his mind that all of this would end and Lucithia would regain her normal behavior. Unfortunately, it wasn't like that. His arms were about to give up and drop down, but the Seraphim of Light held his head up and whispered in his ear...
"You fall.. We will smother you until you're dead..."
He knew she was serious... He knew that whatever had happened to his beloved one now had transformed her into this sadistic creature. When they were close to the house, Michael dismounted Samael's back and went to open the glass door.
"In you go, sis..."
"Why thank you, Michael..." Lucithia replied, grinning evilly as she kept riding the Fallen.



But Samael was tired... too tired. The lack of air from barely minutes ago had made him weak already, and the combined weight of the two girls had proven him more than he could have imagined... he fell down on the floor, with Lucithia still riding him, whom simply crushed him down furthermore without removing herself, pinning his head to the floor and swaying her wet labias on the back of his head for more humiliation.

“Weak slave... He’s so useless after all...” said Michael, observing him barely breathing.

“Well... A man who cannot make her woman have fun is quite useless... And we said we were gonna smother you to death if you failed, Samael.. So... That’s what goes on now...”

Lucithia added, as both the girls began to approach his face with their intimates, after flipping him over to face up... He stared upwards at his two torturers...



Their pussies hovered menacingly above him... They were taking it slow, letting him savour the fear of what was about to come, of their soft flesh about to smash down on his face and seal his air ways permanently.. Their grins were evil, filled with lustful sadism.

“L...Lucithia... w...why?” Samael asked, in a whisper of voice...

“Why?” she replied to him, grinning even wider

“Because it excites us... Because we love it... Because after all, we are Goddesses... And you are nothing but a pathetic man who is about to be suffocated by our pussies...”

Samael shook his head slowly...

“But... But I thought you... loved me...”

The two girls bursted into laughter at that phrase of his and began descending onto his face.

“So long, Samael... Enjoy our cunts smothering your fucking face...” she said...



Finally, their intimates made contact with Samael's face. Lucithia was on top of it, her soft labias wrapping tightly around his nose and her ass covering his mouth, for no chance to breathe at all. Michael was pressing down on her sister's thighs, sitting on them, doubling the weight the Fallen had to endure on his skull. To make sure she won't be budged by his futile struggles, she even wrapped her legs around Lucithia's torso...

"Hmmm... Sexy..." she said, raising an eyebrow and smirking widely to the other woman, getting closer to her.

"Let's make it even more..." Michael replied, opening her mouth and letting her tongue come out. Lucithia did the same and the two started to kiss each other lustfully, moaning while the man grunted under them, with no way to have any air passing, squirming around in pain as his lungs started to burn.



All those muffled screams Samael was producing were managing to only increase Lucithia's pleasure... Those vibrations were making all of her insides rumble, feeling almost like a nice vibrator was inside of her... She moaned out loudly and started to rock her hips against the man's face, producing lewd wet noises with her labias...

"Someone is seriously wet down there uh?" Michael remarked, smirking widely at her sister.

"Rrrr... The fucker is really trying to struggle like crazy down there... Hnnnn... I love it..."

Lucithia replied, her voice cracked by the pleasure she was feeling.

The Fallen couldn't escape, he knew it in his mind... But he was not giving up, he still tried to move his head to catch some air, but with all that weight from the two women it was just impossible...

As Samael began to fade away, the moans from Lucithia only increased. Michael in the same way, even if her pussy was not in direct contact with the man's face, was enjoying only the thought of smothering him to death... So much that even she began to cry out in pleasure. Their juices were flooding out copiously, getting in every single orifice they could find in the Fallen's tortured face...
"F... Fuck... I'm... So close!!!!" Lucithia screamed as her body tensed up and a powerful orgasm rushed through her, spraying her liquids directly inside of Samael's nostrils... At the same time, even the other woman came, a single cascade of feminine juices going on the Fallen's eyes...
He couldn't handle it anymore, his air supply was now to a full end. With a few convulsing movements, Samael's body finally ceased any activity as death embraced him.





But his torment was far from being over. He was not going to die just by having his flesh body killed, being an ancient Fallen, and he woke up again inside what he thought would have been Lucithia's soul chamber, but was far from looking like that...

"Surprised, ant?"

Michael's double and echoing voice came up to him from behind.

"I'm sure he is, dear... Not everyday one gets the chance to be guest of a completely new dimension created by two powerful Goddesses...."

Lucithia's voice was the same as Michael's... Samael turned around and his eyes widened.



Standing in front of him were two creatures that only resembled like the two women he used to know, before they came into his house and killed him in pure humiliation... Now, just being close to them, was making every limb in his body shake. The feeling of pure raw power and evilness coming from the women was impossible to describe. "What's wrong? Looks like you've seen a ghost, Samy..." Lucithia started to speak. "Not a ghost, sister... He saw his own demise in the shape of two huge women ready to ravish him..." Michael added. Their distorted voices bursted into a sinister chuckle and they began to walk towards him as he tried to back off and use his wings to fly away, while he still had strength, but... He realized that they were gone... And his movements were slow, like in a nightmare, when one tries to run...





And when he realized there was no way to get away, he turned around once more, only to see the two Goddesses standing so close to him, looking down at his tiny form and then to each other, nodding as if they had planned this all along.

Their feet rose from the ground, Michael's closer to him and Lucithia's right above her sister's. They took it extremely slow, lowering them down one inch per second: Samael couldn't run away anyway, so they may as well make his fear grow more as the shadows of their soles were covering him...

"Time to go back to smothering, Samael... This time, under two huge beautiful feet..."

Lucithia said, smirking cruelly and then finally Michael's foot made contact with the Fallen's head, pushing him down to the floor while her sister just placed her own sole on top, to add even more pressure.



They were not really putting too much weight, it was not in their plans to squish him... They barely wanted to let him feel like a speck of dirt, pressed under their feet with no way to budge them off, getting suffocated by their flesh.

Samael squirmed, helplessly, trying his best to not be weakened again as he was in the real world... But, understandably, it was totally impossible to stand a chance and soon enough he discovered that his lungs' capacity had severely decreased... Maybe it was the dimension, maybe something else, but he felt himself already on the edge of dying... But when he was sure he was passing away, the girls lifted their feet, grabbing his body by the head and the legs in between their toes...

Both the women sat down on the ground, assuming positions as if they were mirrored. Samael was lifted up, tightly held with their toes... And then they began to pull... Each foot moving away from the other as they grinned widely. The Fallen began feeling huge pain in his body as it started being stretched, screaming out loud while his bones were making loud cracking noises...

"Are you in pain, Samael dear? Is it too much strength?" Lucithia taunted him while keeping on pulling.

"Don't worry... It will be over soon..." Michael said and then nodded to her sister.

In a single drastic and powerful movement, the two girls pulled their toes all of a sudden and a loud crack was heard...



Samael's screams and movements came to a sudden end... Only a wheeze would now escape his throat as he tried to still cry out for the thunderous pain he felt in his body. The girls kept pulling more, many other loud cracks filled the silence, that got broken by their evil laughters.

"Awww, poor Samael got his back broken? You can't move anymore at all, can you?"

Lucithia said while wiggling her toes against his head and then pressing them together to squish him slightly.

"Just like the worm he really is... Without a back, good only for crawling on the floor..."

With another cruel chuckle, the girl set him down on the ground and began to move to assume a new position...





They just observed him, as he wiggled on the ground, his eyes and mouth wide open and only wheezes and breathless screams kept coming out...

His powers were not working, he could not heal himself...

"Filthy ant... Look at him, he's so fucking pathetic. How could you even fall in love with this piece of thrash to begin with, is totally beyond my comprehension."

Michael remarked cruelly to her sister...

"Don't say that... I mean... Look at him... He looks in so much pain, he has even trouble breathing now... Shouldn't we help him get some air?"

Lucithia smirked widely and so did Michael as they moved their asses close to the tiny man.



In an instant, their anuses opened and loud rumbles announced loudly the beginning of what Samael hated the most... Two terrible fart storms exploded from the Goddesses, their asses vibrating from the strength of the gas being expelled at such high pressure. Both of them were laughing maniacally, enjoying the feeling of relieving themselves while the Fallen man was being destroyed by the noxious fumes, that were much more effective in this dimension.

"BREATHE IN!!! BREATHE IN!!!" Lucithia screamed in her euphoric sadism.

"TAKE IT ALL!!! DON'T WASTE A SINGLE WHIFF!"

Michael added and the girls kept farting loud and stinky gaseous emissions...

The more Samael was suffering from the terrible assault of gas, the more the Goddesses were increasing the flow... There was no end to their farts, it was just one single and constant explosion, endless and relentless, attacking the Fallen over and over. They kept laughing, much to his humiliation and demise... His ears were getting deaf from the loud rumbles coming from their assholes, his nose and throat ceased to function normally, there was only massive burning pain... As he kept wheezing and his movements were stopping, poisoned by the terribly stinking gas, the Goddesses looked at each other and nodded. Their flows stopped... It was not gonna be that easy for him to depart... Not yet. They were not finished...





The Fallen felt some slender fingers wrapping around his form and squeezing it, then lifting him up from the floor. His body was assaulted with thunderous pain from his broken back, having his limbs moved... His eyes were barely open after being gassed so much, but he noticed Lucithia sitting down on the floor and opening her legs wide...

"N..h...nh.hhh..."

He tried to speak, but nothing came out... Michael laughed cruelly and Lucithia just grinned widely.

"Save your breath, Samael... You'll need it..."

the Goddess of Corruption said... And began lowering Samael towards Lucithia's wet labias....

"Stick him in." She commanded...



Samael got shoved inside Lucithia's folds forcefully... They were soft at first, but soon enough they tightened up and started to squeeze the life out of him, crushing even more of his bones in the process... A gush of juices came out from the depths of the Goddess, passing the Fallen and exploding outside of her...

"F... FUCK YEAH!! OH FUCK, THAT FEELS SO GOOD!"

Lucithia screamed, in her ecstasy.

"You are such a evil slut..." Michael commented, grinning widely as she watched her sister's pussy eating the tiny alive and crushing him slowly...

"But I can make you feel even better..." she then added, lifting her foot up...



"What are you... AAAAAAHHHH!!!!"
Lucithia's phrase was cut out in a loud scream of pure pleasure as Michael's foot came down crushing on her pussy, making Samael's body go so further in that his head banged against the Goddess' cervix. The result was a massive orgasm that sprayed an incredible amount of juices everywhere, soaking Michael's foot completely and beginning to drown the tiny man that was inside of Lucithia's pussy...
"Look at how much you came... You dirty girl..." Michael said, giggling evilly... She finally moved away her foot, as Lucithia's juices kept flowing and slowly pushed Samael outside of her depths... He was now laying on the floor, unable to say anything, he was barely alive and conscious...



"Awww, poor poor Samael... We really made a number on you, didn't we?" Lucithia said snickering, in a fake worried tone of voice...

"I bet he's ready to end all of his suffering, the weakling..." Michael added to what her sister had said...

With just a line of breath, Samael tried once more to speak... But it was only another wheeze, a complete nonsense.

"What was that? You want us to kill you now? Well... If you insist, darling... It was a real pleasure to use you..."

Lucithia spoke once more, then chuckling she began to squat closer to the Fallen... Michael followed her example and the two were towering above the man, with their labias aimed both at his frail figure...



Simple instants became hours from Samael's prospective... He watched silently as the Goddesses started smirking and opening their lips in relief, their urethras stretching and the first few drops beginning to fall towards the ground... Then the stream increased, becoming wider and much more powerful... And finally it came against him.

The two girls were peeing on him and, with their massive size difference, the waterfall of the combined liquids was more than enough to coat his entire body, leaving no room for breathing. The strong, ammonia-packed liquid was so bitter, bad smelling and hot... It was making his whole form burn in pain and he could not even scream, more liquid entered his mouth as he tried and drowned himself faster...



The flow was relentless, endless. The Goddess chuckled evilly as they felt their bladders beginning to empty, much to her own personal pleasure and the Fallen's complete demise and ultimate humiliation.

"Well, tiny ant? Aren't you enjoying this God-like pee? Come on... Drink some! You may want to at least taste it, since it's the last thing that will ever touch you!"

Michael taunted, grinning widely...

"Samy, you heard her... Or did you? Can you even hear us at all? Oh well... Doesn't matter, just take it..."

Lucithia added and the two Goddess increased the strength of the stream all of a sudden, which crushed Samael's body more onto the solid marble floor...



Their urine, at this strength, was creating much more splatters, that were flying everywhere around the barely alive Fallen. His figure was completely hidden by the liquids cascading on top of him, distorted. The Goddesses locked their eyes down on him as his body began to convulse, clear sign that their pee was beginning to enter his lungs while he was breathing it in, drowning...
“*That’s it... Give in...*” Lucithia said, with the most sensual and yet cruel voice.
“*Drown in piss, maggot...*” Michael added, bursting into a maniacal laughter afterwards. Samael convulsed relentlessly and finally all of his movements came to a sudden halt... But the Goddesses kept on peeing on him for two more minutes, before they stopped their streams.



What was once the proud and feared ruler of the Purgatory, was now laying in a puddle of mixed urine from two women, lifeless and with his body bent in an unnatural position... The liquids falling had broken every single bone in his body, creating even more pain to his death. With his material body smothered and his astral one drowned, there was no way for him to come back to life now...
“*The fun is already over it seems, sis...*” Lucithia observed as she kept her eyes locked on what once used to be her companion and the man that she loved.
“*For now, yes... But there’s much more fun to have for us, my dear...*”
Michael replied as the two began to stand up to have a better look at their masterpiece.



"Oh? Do you already have something in mind?"
Lucithia asked, while fixing her hair...
Michael chuckled evilly as she swayed her hips side to side, already excited at the thought...
"Of course... We should pay a visit to dear Gabriel and Raphael next... Maybe she will join us too..."
The other Goddess beamed in happiness in hearing what her sister had just said, nodding.
"That sound like a lovely idea... I'm sure she will want to join the fun as well... And about you..." Lucithia looked down at the dead Fallen *"It was nice abusing you..."*

THE END