Get Shrekt

Posted originally on the fanfiction.lol at https://fanfiction.lol/works/1067.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warnings:	Major Character Death, Real Person Fiction (RPF)
Category:	Slash (M/M)
Fandoms:	Shrek (Movie), Christian Religion
Relationship:	Shrek/Pope Boniface VIII
Characters:	Shrek (Shrek Movies), Pope Boniface VIII, Jesus (supporting role), The Popemobile (supporting role)
Additional Tags:	Enemies to Lovers, Hate Sex, Enemies With Benefits, Age Difference, Crack treated unseriously, Priests, Yes the pope is a priest, Monster sex, Yes Shrek is a monster, Unsafe sex, Condom play, Oral Sex, Anal Sex, Smut, Porn without plot, Shitposting, Crack, Crackship, The timeline doesn't make any sense, Author did literally no research on anything, Wrong use of Catholicism, Grave descecration, Blasphemy of all kinds, Historical Inaccuracies, Attempt at Humor, Love-Hate Relationship
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-11-02 Words: 851 Chapters: 1/1

Get Shrekt

by CryingCircusConductor

Summary

> “If you're stuck writing, write the worst thing you can think of”. Welp. That’s it. That’s my excuse.

It was a cold and stormy night at the Vatican somewhere around 1300 AD. The Swiss guard, that probably hadn't even been established at that point, cowered in fear as Shrek's daunting frame stomped up the stairs to the front door.

In Shrek's anger, he didn't even bother ringing the doorbell. He kicked down the door with frightening ease. He immediately found his arch nemesis' eyes across the room.

Pope Boniface VIII and him had history. *Bad* history. It was a long, and complicated story. Too hard to put into words. Regardless, none of it was relevant for Shrek's visit tonight.

Shrek tore his ugly Christmas sweater off his chest, destroying any memories of fleeting happy moments with his ex-wife along with it. "You have some nerve christening your simps in my swamp, Boneface!" he belted at the Pope. His voice echoed off the tall ornate walls.

Pope Boniface VIII lazily reclined in his evil Pope throne. He slowly uncrossed his legs, deliberately letting the silky white fabric of his robes slip off his supple, wrinkly skin to reveal he wasn't wearing any underwear. "Ho ho ho!" the priest let out in a low, villainous chuckle. "Nerve?" he asked, unimpressed. " *Barely* … " he answered himself. "In fact, you've walked right into my trap". The Pope rolled off the evil Pope throne, landing in a seductive pose on the ground. He raised a leg, letting the fabric slip down even further.

Shrek bounced his pecs threateningly. " *We've got to stop doing this…* " he hissed, in both anger and arousal.

The pope rose to his feet with an impressive, almost gravity defying ease. He ripped off his [official name for pope hat], revealing a much smaller, much sexier [official name for pope hat] underneath. He tore a marble stoup off the wall and raised it above his head. He didn't break eye contact a single second as he doused himself in holy water, turning his white robes see through.

Shrek eyes bulged, fully erect. He swallowed hard at the sight of his Holiness' slender, elderly form.

The Pope smirked. He picked up the hem of his robes with his perfectly manicured fingers and lifted them over his knees as he skipped over, his luscious white leg hair bouncing each time he hit the floor. He moaned sexily when he rolled his ankle.

Shrek caught him before he broke his hip.

The Pope let himself get twirled, then sat down on the edge of St. Peter's grave, which I'm pretty sure was designed by Bernini, but not sure if that had already been built by then. The Pope slowly pulled up the fabric even further. He lingered right under his moobies, making Shrek giggly before finally rewarding him with a titty drop. He got stuck trying to pull the robes over his head.

Shrek grabbed the Pope's dainty ankles and pulled him onto the marble floor, out of his robes.

The pope sucked on his finger, making sure to gag, he reached over and sensually poked Shrek in the eye.

Shrek bleated in pleasure, eye twitching uncontrollably.

The Pope undid Shrek’s trousers. Shrek's penis rose, pointing at him with the enthusiasm of an elderly gentleman spotting a rare bird.

The pope didn’t waste any time. He bent down and blew it, perfectly keeping tune to ‘Amazing Grace’ out of Shrek's ass.

Shrek moaned out the lyrics perfectly, as he’d done far too many times before.

Right before the emotional climax, the Pope’s lips let go of him with a loud pop. He pulled Shrek down to him. “Do the roar” the pope whispered in his ear.

Shrek’s ears twotched.
“AAAAAAAAAAAAAAA@AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAaAAAARGH!” Shrek whispered back, nibbling on the pope's perfectly proportioned earlobe.

The Pope squirmed in delight. “ *Touch me* ” he ordered, almost a plea.

Shrek meowed, batting the Pope's balls playfully with his huge, dick-like fingers.

“Enough!” The Pope squealed. He lifted his [official name for pope hat], revealing a shiny foil wrapper on top of his even shinier bald head. He fumbled ripping the foil. “Condoms only have a 83% protection rate. Stay safe! Use multiple forms of protection!” the Pope purred, chewing the latex and blowing a bubble.

“I love it when you talk dirty to me” Shrek flirted. He yoinked the condom out of the Pope's mouth, stretched it, and gently rolled it down the pope's magnum sized head, making sure to squeeze the tip. “God, you're big…” Shrek muttered in awe.

The pope wheezed, the latex tightening around his mouth. He felt around blindly for Shrek's spicy gourd. He grabbed it with his feet, his hoo-haa kissed the tip of the prize winning cucurbita, slowly impaling himself with a blissful toot.

Shrek thrust to the rhythm of the rain hitting St. Peter’s roof. The condom inflated like a balloon with each pump. They came with a loud bang, cum splattering across the walls.

“Beep beep” the popemobile beeped, a proud tear rolling out its headlight.

Jesus took the wheel, killing everyone in a high speed collision.

The scent of mirre and long discontinued dutch Shrek pea flavoured fries lingering in the air.

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