

Latex Futa Nuns From Hell

Chapter 8 – Cumfessional

Warm sunlight peeked out in bright bursts through the mostly cloudy sky. Jessica's heels clacked across the courtyard pavement as she led Francis to the *Tabernacle of Divine Women*. It was the same church that had once been under his guidance and care, but it was his no longer. The Daughters of Lilith had claimed it and the building now stood as a monument to heresy and sexual debauchery. The chain leash Jessica led him by jingled in the light spring breeze.

Francis was garbed in his usual attire, a thick, black latex gimp suit, leather hood and rubber boots. He matched his owner's pace, his arms locked behind him in a tight arm binder. He proceeded quickly, but carefully. Any misstep could result in a painful fall and he would eat the ground face-first.

Mistress Superior had opted for a less conventional outfit today. Tired of the typical habit, but never weary of latex, Jessica wore a gleaming one-piece purple dress. It started with two thick straps that slid down from her shoulders until the latex expanded around her bust and traced her curves all the way to her knees. This was matched by purple highlights recently dyed into her hair and the sultry purple shadow and dark liner applied around her eyes. This, combined with full length latex arm gloves, knee-high leather boots and a stern looking crop gave her a much more severe look than usual.

“Mistress... I'm sorry if I'm being too needy.”

“You're not too needy, slut” she responded without even looking back. “I just don't have time to feed you as often as you crave. Besides, a woman likes variety in her life! Slaves like you deserve variety too. I'm going to make sure you get plenty today! Doesn't that sound nice?”

“Yes, Mistress.”

This was a perfect opportunity. The Daughters' newest accommodation was set to open today. Jessica headed there early so she could make Francis the first star in their new show. It was a performance that would carry on every day into the foreseeable future. She had no doubt her fellow Dommies would love it. It would become a regular feature in much of the Sisterhood's day.

Jessica ascended the stone stairs to the entrance of the cathedral and held the door open for Francis. She shooed her bitch boy in with a firm smack on the ass before following him through. The large wooden door creaked to a close behind them.

The combination of sweet incense and the familiar, pungent smell of Succubus cum assaulted Francis' nostrils immediately. The Tabernacle was cleaned after each *Sacrament of Bliss*, but it didn't matter. The stench of she-jizz was stronger than any cleaning product and it hung in the air prominently.

Mistress Superior took the lead again, giving Francis' leash a tug as she walked by him. She headed down the center aisle past the many rows of pews before turning at the altar and heading to the right alcove of the cavernous chapel.

Francis got his first look at that which had been walled off behind scaffolding and plastic sheeting for weeks. The area that once sported an ornately carved wood confession booth now had three new structures of a more simple design. The new booths were more spacious than the one he'd listened to confessions in. Each of them had a variety of symbols and indicators adorning them.

As they grew closer to the refurbished area, Mistress Vivian looked up. She was sitting at a small table not far from the new booths, reading a book. Vivian was garbed in more traditional latex nun attire, her rubbery veil and long, glossy latex robe covering most of her body in shiny black. She noticed them approaching and quickly folded the page of her book before closing it.

“Good morning, Vivian” Jessica offered with a wave of her crop.

“Good morning, Mistress Superior” she replied with a slight bow.

“I hate pulling you away from the farm, since you seemed to be enjoying yourself, but I want someone from the leadership council to oversee this project. At least for the first week or two.”

“It's my pleasure. I'm sure I'll enjoy myself just as much here.”

“I suspect you will. Once we've picked and trained some new chaperons, you can decide for yourself if you want to stay here or go back to playing in the mud.”

“It's always nice to have options” Vivian responded with a grin. “Oh, I've been informed the construction crew will be back on Friday to start work on the next set of booths.”

“Good” Jessica acknowledged as she studied the Sisterhood's newest investment. “Looks like they've done a fine job so far.”

Vivian acknowledged the latex-clad gimp waiting at the end of Jessica's leash. “Hello, Francis!”

“Good morning, Mistress Vivian” he said, offering a deep bow. His arm-binder bobbed up behind his back as the former priest nearly stumbled.

“I take it he's the first subject of this grand exhibit?”

“That's right. I'm going to set him up right now.”

“I'd be happy to do that for you, if you like?”

Jessica waved her off. “Thanks, but I've got time to kill before my first meeting. Besides, I've been looking forward to this!”

“Alright. I'll be here if you need anything.”

Jessica smiled and nodded before tugging on her gimp and leading him to the first of the new booths. She came to a stop at the entrance, yanking on Francis' leash until he was by her side. She grabbed him by the chin and directed his gaze to the top of the booth.

“See those symbols?”

There were two wooden inscriptions above the entrance to the booth. One was a pair of lips forming an open mouth. The other was the universal “woman” figure with the triangular dress that you normally saw on bathroom doors, but with a “1” directly next to it.

“Oral only. One Sister at a time” Jessica explained. “And this...” she reached over to the side of the booth and took hold of a lever. Above the handle was a blue sign with the word 'VACANT' written in white text. “...is how we mark them.”

She pushed the lever into the center position and another sign rotated into view. This one was green with white text that said 'AVAILABLE.' Jessica pushed the lever all the way to the right and the sign shifted again, this time to a red one reading 'OCCUPIED.'

She turned to Francis with a mischievous twinkle in her eyes. “I imagine once a line forms outside they won't bother changing it. The booth, like your mouth, will remain occupied.”

Jessica reached for the handle and pulled the door open. She gave Francis a gentle shove and he stepped inside. The haughty Domina followed him and sealed the door behind them.

It was dark in the room, but for a single bright light shining down on an elaborate chair. It almost looked like a dentist's chair, except it wasn't as wide and the cushioning was lush black leather. It was positioned fairly low to the floor, but a control panel nearby indicated that it could be raised or lowered as needed. As they got closer, Francis couldn't help but notice the sizable hole at the center of the seat.

Jessica set her crop aside and immediately moved to one of the storage troughs that lined the outer walls of the booth. They were built to hold sex toys, lube and anything else that might be useful for the proceedings. She selected a long, thick, hefty black dildo and a tube of *Liquid Silk*.

She moved to the chair, reached down and hit the release button that flipped the seat panel up. Jessica secured the long rubber cock into the fucking machine that was built into the base of the chair. She then moved to close it, reaching into the hole with her other hand and guided the tip of the cock through the opening until the seat snapped back into place. There was now a few inches of shiny rubber dong sticking straight up from the seat. She drizzled the toy in lubricant before tossing the tube aside and returning to collect her slave.

“Alright, slut” Jessica spoke as she unlocked his arm binder. “It's time to get acquainted with your new home.”

“Home?” he asked incredulously.

“For the day at least” she responded. She tossed the leather restraints aside before unzipping him at the ass. “I should be back some time this afternoon. Early evening at the latest...”

Francis swallowed as she led him to the chair.

“Now, have a seat and make sure to get that slutty hole of yours right on top of the cock! You don't want this thing jamming you in the tailbone.”

“Yes, Mistress.”

He turned around and sat down carefully. The latex of his suit meshed with the plush leather noisily, the leather rippling as his weight lowered onto it. His well trained sphincter parted for the slick, rubbery dildo. He let out a low moan as he settled into the chair, the tip of the girthy dong widening his back door quickly.

Jessica slid behind the chair and pressed down on his shoulders. She chuckled as he groaned, reacting to a bit more of the rubber cock inching up his ass. She then took his arms one by one and wrapped them around the back of the chair. She locked his wrists into the chair's built in restraints and wrapped thick leather bindings around his biceps that buckled his arms to the chair like belts.

She moved to the the front of the seat and did the same with his ankles. His legs were drawn together tightly as the leather bindings wound around his calves. She moved back to his torso and applied two more tight leather straps across his thighs and chest before her work was complete. Her latex gimp was completely immobilized in the stern looking bondage chair.

The mischievous nun stepped to the console and held down a button. The chair began raising slowly. Jessica looked over her shoulder, tracking the motion until she could tell Francis' face was at 'cock level' for the average nun. She released the button and the lift hummed to a stop.

“In a few hours, you will no longer be thirsty. On that you have my word.”

“Thank you, Mistress.”

She flipped the switch that began the fucking machine. The speed dial, which listed numbers from one to ten, was turned to five. Francis grunted as the thick dildo plowed deeply into his ass. It withdrew at the same pace, oscillating in a steady fucking rhythm. He pulled on his bindings reflexively, but his limbs didn't budge a millimeter. The cock glided up his asshole and slurped back out with mechanical efficiency. Thick lube seeped into his fleshy depths with each penetration.

Jessica turned and seized the top of his hooded head. Her eyes burrowed deep into her overwhelmed slave.

“You are the property of Mistress Superior. I expect you to please my Sisters well. Any reports of dissatisfaction will result in harsh punishment for you. Understood?”

“Yes, Mistress...” he said through clenched teeth. His ass was still growing accustomed to the fat, thrusting phallus spearing in and out of his pucker.

“Good” she said as she slipped a leather blindfold over the top half of his hood. “Enjoy, slut!”

Francis found himself in total darkness. He heard the door open and close followed by the sign on the entrance rotating. No doubt he'd been marked as 'available.' He couldn't make out their muffled words, but he heard Mistress and Vivian converse briefly before Jessica walked off.

He breathed deeply and focused on taking the anal invader. The burning sensation in his ass slowly started to lessen. As always, the discomfort of the initial invasion was worth it. The slick cockmeat was thrumming over his prostate nicely. With each long, deep thrust, the pleasurable sensation was

blossoming and starting to make him giddy. He pulled on the restraints holding his arms behind the chair. The inability to touch himself was its own form of torture in this scenario.

Suddenly, he heard the sign on the outside rotate again, followed by the door opening. Footfalls of heavy leather stamped into the private room, pausing as the door was pulled closed.

“Hello again, Francis” Vivian said in her most sultry tones. “It's ten minutes till we open, but there's no reason we can't have a little rehearsal. Isn't that right?”

“Yes, please Mistress!” he answered with enthusiasm. The hunger clawed at Francis' stomach. Jessica's morning feeding had only lasted him a couple hours. Recently, it felt like the thirst returned more swiftly. He needed more feedings. Francis craved them more frequently. He needed what Vivian had.

“I bet you've learned to love the dark meat, living with Mistress Superior.”

“Very much so, Mistress Vivian.”

Francis heard the zipper of Vivian's latex robe unwind. She stepped forward, her body straddling his locked legs. She closed the distance and brought her weapon to within inches of the bound gimp's mouth. He could smell her musk and feel the heat of her cock as she pressed the tip of her massive python to his lips.

“That's good, hun, because you're about to get the **full** black experience.”

She grabbed both sides of his blindfolded face and pressed forward. Vivian fed her warm, thick, twitching monster into his velvety mouth with no gentleness. As her tip reached the back of his throat and began curving down into his gullet, he sputtered and gagged up wads of phlegm, but that just made Vivian burrow even deeper. She pushed her hips forward until her entire length was packed firmly in his wet hole and his chin was buried in the flesh of her fat, cum-packed sack.

Vivian wasted no time pulling out a few inches and sawing herself right back in. The bottom third of her cock stayed lodged in his tight, gripping throat. Wet slurps and sucking gags came regularly as her swollen scrotum began smacking against the bottom of Francis' face.

“Suck it good, *puta padre*. Yeah, I know your cute little nickname. Heard Mistress Superior call you that a few times. Fitting name for a *holy man* like yourself. I guess that term means something different now, doesn't it? A man with two holes to fuck!”

Francis attempted to respond, but it came out as sloppy throating noises as she pumped his mouth vigorously. Vivian chuckled as he tried to speak around her gargantuan schwanz. She began pummeling his face harder as thick pre-cum spilled from her tip and coated his throat in pasty gunk.

“Yeah, I've been wanting for the chance to shaft your sissy, white throat for months. It's perfect that your first *cumfessional* is our first time together. Won't be the last though!”

Francis pulled against his bindings in futility. There was absolutely no give. Vivian was fucking his mouth like her personal fleshlight as the thick, black dildo continued plunging his pucker. His world was bondage and darkness as both his holes were pounded with hard, sticky schlong relentlessly.

“Oh yeah! That's it, baby!”

Vivian threw her head back and began shafting his throat at full speed. Her scrotum slapped his chin loudly as phlegm ran from his nose and sloppy noises spilled from the corners of his sucking maw. Francis tried to find air but received nothing but thick, throbbing cock. His face began to turn red as Vivian's thrusts built to a furious crescendo.

“YES! FUCK YES!!!! JUST LIKE THAT!!!”

Vivian buried herself to the hilt as Francis's nose plunged into her sweaty pubis. Hot, creamy sludge blasted from the dark nun's cock with the force of a fire hydrant. The pungent pudding rippled down his throat, his mouth sucking her schlong exquisitely as she unloaded in his stomach. Her balls drained as Francis vacuumed her cock and his tongue wagged back and forth across her pulsing cum channel.

The deep dicking of his ass by the relentless mechanical fucker continued. Its rhythmic rubber invasions were now welcome. Francis' own cock was raging hard and leaking pre-cum under the surface of his clammy, latex second skin. He writhed in his suit, his own pleasure denied as the endless prostate stimulation drove him insane.

Vivian pulled her cock free and a pocket of cum and phlegm spilled from Francis' mouth all over his chest. He inhaled deeply as the dark skinned Domina stepped back and stroked herself. The last few ropes of her hot jizzum shot all over his bound body.

“Goddamn!” she exclaimed through panted breaths. “Mistress Superior is one lucky woman!”

Francis was too busy re-oxygenating to thank her for the compliment. He sucked in air like a starving man as the warm glow of contentment spread through his body. The heavenly sensation of Succubus cum in his mouth, throat and belly flooded his body with a wonderful endorphin rush.

“Oh, I think I hear Sisters outside...” she noted before tucking her cock away and pulling the zipper down her long, latex skirt. “Sounds like a line is forming.”

Vivian reached over to the console and turned the fuck-machine dial from five to seven. Francis grunted and moaned as the dildo plunged into his captive rear with considerably faster speed.

“Since this is your first cumfessional, be sure to give it your all! I might visit again later, once things calm down a bit. See ya, *puta padre!*”

Vivian gave his cheek two wet, cum-slathered slaps before she exited and closed the door behind her. Sure enough, she didn't bother to change the sign. Francis heard her say a few words to the women gathering outside. Within moments, the door opened again. Another pair of boots announced themselves on the hard wood floor and Francis prepared himself for his third feeding of the day.

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BZZZT BZZZT

Jessica minimized her browser before reaching over to the intercom and pressing the receive button. She already knew what her assistant would say, but she enjoyed making a male secretary go through the formalities with her.

“Yes, Matthew?”

“Mistress Superior. Miss Fairchild is here to see you.”

“Very good. Have her leave her phone and bag at the desk and search her before she comes in. Check for wires and recording devices.”

“Right away.”

Jessica smiled. It had taken a few weeks, but Allison was ready. She folded her hands on the desk in front of her and waited for a knock that never came.

A minute later, Allison barged in and swung the door shut behind her in one smooth motion. Her eyes were hidden behind a pair of black shades. Her blonde hair was done up in a high pony tail. She wore a white tank-top above her black leather pants and boots. It wasn't easily noticed unless one was looking for it, but there was definitely a bulge in one of her shiny pant legs.

Her demeanor had changed to confident bordering on haughty. She looked like a completely different woman than the one Jessica had spoken to weeks ago. It wasn't a surprise to Mistress Superior. She'd seen the change many times, now.

The young reporter strode into the room, her boot heels tromping across the floor until she took her seat. Gauging her disposition was difficult without being able to see her eyes, but it was apparent she was somewhat *on edge*. Jessica would have to ease her in.

“Nice to see you again, Allison. I won't pretend that I don't know why you're here. I'm sorry for the extra precautions, but you **are** a reporter, after all.”

The other woman waited a few moments before responding.

“I was angry for a while. Well, no. First I was terrified. Then I was confused and anxious. When I read your note... **that's** when I got angry.”

“I understand completely.”

“I won't bother asking how it's possible. I suspect that's a secret you don't share with people who are new to your little club. But **why** would you do that to someone without asking?”

“I am bringing about a revolution. Asking nicely is not how revolutionaries work.”

Allison nodded indignantly. She understood, even if she didn't agree. She waited a few more moments before speaking again.

“I was angry... but, no matter how hard I tried, I couldn't hold onto that anger. I changed. Jeffrey changed. Everything changed. And now...”

Jessica cut her off. "You're loving it."

Allison hated to admit it. "...Yes."

"Would you mind taking those off? I like to be able to see who I'm speaking to. As the old saying goes: *the eyes are the windows to the soul.*"

The young blonde reached up and removed her shades. Jessica peered deep into her shimmering green eyes. Allison was being truthful. There was no malice or residual anger to be gleaned. Only sincerity. She wasn't here to spy or undermine. She was here to join.

"Are you prepared to become one of the Daughters of Lilith?"

"Do I have to wear a latex habit?"

Jessica chuckled. Her grin spread wide, making her look like the proverbial cat that ate the canary. "My Sisters are not required to do anything. As you can see, I'm not wearing mine today. This movement is about freeing women, not restricting them. You will be given a latex habit, but it's your choice whether or not to wear it. It certainly wouldn't hurt to give it a try. You just might find you enjoy it."

"Ok, so I get to come hang out at your weird convent fetish club and learn how all this works. What's expected of me?"

"Most of our Sisters perform various functions on campus or serve as recruiters and influencers beyond these walls. I think you could be very valuable as an influencer in your current position."

"The Chronicle?"

"Yes. We can always use good press."

"My brand is criticism and counter-culture. I won't write puff pieces."

"I would never ask you to. And The Daughters of Lilith are as counter-culture as it gets! As you spend time here and learn our ways, you could report on the more titillating aspects of our group. Without giving away **too much**, of course. It would be a way to steer interested parties towards our door while morphing you into a mysterious figure who's taken on the dangerous task of *infiltrating* our group."

Allison's eyebrows rose. She couldn't deny that was a great idea. Many of her readers would eat it up. She was impressed. Mistress Superior really had thought of everything.

"I think... that will work."

"Excellent" Jessica said while rising from her chair. "I'll let security know you're welcome on our campus any time. And I hope to see you at our next service!"

Allison stood as well. "What kind of service?"

"It's a short reading followed by a long orgy. We call it the Sacrament of Bliss."

Allison snickered as her cheeks turned a light shade of red. “**Wow...** Ok. Yeah, I'm definitely not going to miss that! When's the next one?”

“Wednesday night at 7:30.”

“I'll be there. And so will Jeff.”

Jessica clasped her hands together and smiled broadly. “I can't wait to meet him.”

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“Mommy, am I being punished?”

It was a fair enough question to ask as Vicky locked the young man's wrists and ankles to the leather fuck horse. She and Christopher had been first to arrive at the second cumfessional booth. Calling it a *booth* was a stretch since it was closer to the size of a small room. It needed to be for the activities that would proceed.

“Have you been naughty?”

“No...”

“Then why would you think you're being punished?”

“Because you're leaving me here.”

“It's just for a little while, silly boy. You're thirsty, aren't you?”

Vicky circled the bondage horse as they spoke, inspecting her slave from all angles. He was covered from head to toe in gleaming, scarlet-red latex. His blonde locks, which Vicky demanded he grow long, sprouted through a hole in the back of his gimp mask; a single pony tail of golden hair for any would-be face fucker to grab on to.

His midsection was bound in a tight, black leather corset. His hands were secured in locked, black latex mitts and his feet were strapped into black high heels, now dangling a few inches from the floor. Both his ankle and wrists cuffs were secured to the legs of the adjustable fuck horse. There was only an inch or so that he could pull on his limbs with any give. Vicky's little Chrissy cat wasn't going anywhere.

“Yes Mistress, very thirsty.”

“And why didn't I feed you this morning?”

“So I wouldn't spoil my appetite.”

“That's right...”

SMACK

She lambasted his ass cheeks with the open palm of her gloved hand. His flesh jiggled in the tight, shiny latex. Vicky smiled. It was one of her favorite sights. She was tempted to deliver more, but she knew her slave would be getting a thorough working over soon enough.

“You'll be getting all you can eat today, slut. Does that excite you?”

“Yes, Mistress Vicky!” he answered eagerly.

Vicky tucked her hand between his lower body and the surface of the bondage horse. She felt around until she found his package. She gripped his growing bulge through the thick latex of the glossy bodysuit.

“Mmmhmmm... See, I know you. You're just a cock loving, cum craving whore. You don't care where it comes from.”

“That's not true, Mistress. I love your cock the most!”

Vicky reached for a thick paddle from one of the room's toy racks and immediately brought it to bear.

THWACK

The fierce sound of leather on latex echoed in the small room as his cheeks bounced even harder. Christopher yelped, biting his lip in an attempt to stifle himself.

“Do **NOT** contradict me! I know you like my cock the best. That's not what I meant! You'd suck any of the Sisters off to get a tummy full of cum. Isn't that right, **WHORE?**”

Vicky grabbed him by the pony tail and lifted his face upward. She gave him the death stare as his lips wobbled from the pain. His chains rattled against the metal legs of the bondage horse.

“Y-Yes, Mistress Vicky!”

She dropped his head and moved back to his rear. Vicky wound her arms back like she was preparing to hit a baseball out of the park and really let him have it.

THWACK THWACK THWACK THWACK THWACK

Christopher grunted and bit his tongue as the burning sensation began to grow. His ass grew red and raw below the crimson latex. Vicky tossed the large paddle into one of the storage troughs with a loud thud before moving back to his front.

The nubile nun was stunning in her red and white latex nurse uniform. Christopher wanted to lick her up and down. To suck her cock and tongue her perfect ass. Was some other lucky slave going to engage in medical play with Mistress today? Or was she just in the mood to look the part of a shiny nurse? He'd probably never know.

“I'll be back in a few hours, slut. If you do a good job, maybe I'll feed you a late dinner. If you're not

still full, that is...”

“Yes, Mommy!”

“Have fun!” she said with a chuckle before turning on her heel and exiting the room's single door.

Once outside, she moved the lever to mark the booth as 'AVAILABLE.' She glanced up at the row of symbols above the door, noting once again the open mouth, the bare ass and the female symbol with '2' next to it. Vicky turned and strode of, passing a long line of Sisters that had formed while she was prepping him.

“He's all yours, ladies!”

The first two women, both garbed in traditional black latex habits, thanked her and cheerfully stepped forward. One of them marked the booth as 'OCCUPIED' before they stepped inside. There lay Christopher, bound to the fuck horse with the room's single bright light beaming down on him.

Their dire need to cum was evident by the sound of boot heels falling swiftly as they made their way to his front and back. This was followed by the hasty unfurling of zippers on their long, latex skirts.

“Hello... “ Christopher said sheepishly. “Should I call you Mistr—**UMMPHH!**”

The nun at his front crammed her long, meaty pole between his lips and took a firm hold of his hooded head. Her pre-cum was oozing all over, greasing her way into his waiting maw as she pressed forward firmly.

“Shutup, bitch. You're not here to talk.”

The other nun laughed as she drew the zipper down Christopher's ass crack. “Tell him, Sister!”

She gave just a few preliminary thrusts of her fingers into his waiting pucker before deciding he was ready. The woman lined up the tip of her own thick, pre-cum slick weapon with his defenseless boy pussy and thrust in deep.

Christopher gasped around the first nun's cock, sputtering as he yanked on his chains. His bonds clanged against the metal horse legs; his body stretched over the leather cushion as the nuns began assaulting him at both ends. They buried their hot, hungry members in his moist holes fast and deep. They were uninterested in easing the bound gimp in. Both nuns established a steady fucking rhythm quickly. His lips smacked wetly over fat cock while the other nun pounded his ass with her hips.

“You get a full-time slave yet?”

“No, not yet, unfortunately. I have my eye on a guy. Just waiting for the right time to slip him a bit of the ole *love honey*.”

The first nun chuckled. “I hear ya. Still looking for mine too. Been going to the farm every day to get my fix.” She released one side of Christopher's head before reaching up and giving his pony tail a tug. “More suction, **bitch boy!**”

“Right? The farm is great, but there's never enough slaves. I wish they would just keep the new recruits there all the time, but I guess that's not practical.”

“Oh well. At least we have more options, now. This is great!”

SMACK

The second nun gave his ass a loud spank and redoubled her efforts to pound him. Her scrotum battered the bottom of his suit with moist slaps. Christopher's ass squelched with abundant lube and pre-cum between every harsh thrust and hasty withdrawal.

The first nun pulled on his hair as she thrust her cock between his slobbering lips. She reached below and gripped his chin with her other hand. Her body was a blur, smacking into his face as ever more of her fat, pulsing length was crammed into his mouth and down his throat.

Christopher couldn't disagree with the woman fucking his face. This **was** great. He loved how rough they were being. How they gave no consideration to his comfort or desires. That he was nothing but two holes for these latex Goddesses to fuck with their insatiable cocks.

“NNNNNGGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!”

The first nun grunted out her climax, burying her staff deep in his throat and holding his face firm to her body. Glue-like cum erupted into his stomach and backed up into his mouth and nose as his ass was continuously railed into oblivion.

Moments later, the second nun reached her threshold.

“OH GOD! YESSSSSS!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!”

Her cock exploded and Christopher's well stretched pucker felt her rock twitch in his fleshy walls. A river of hot, creamy custard flooded his insides. His ass was blistered many times with her flailing hand as the nun wailed out her climax and filled his bottom with searing nut.

When their sacks had drained in his bound body, the enraptured nuns pulled their cocks free. Christopher gasped as white sludge spilled from both of his holes. The nuns caught their breath as they jerked their fat lengths. Their cocks were still very much at attention.

“Should we take another turn before handing him over?”

“Hell yeah! I want his mouth this time!”

“Alright. Let's switch it up.”

The horny Succubi circled around him, trading places and readying themselves with a few more strokes of their raging erections. Christopher had barely caught his breath when his mouth was plugged with cum-slathered fuck meat.

“Like that? How's your ass taste? **You pathetic gimp bitch!**”

The first nun's cock glided into his cum-slick back passage. She grabbed his hips and thrust in to the hilt. Thick jizzum squirted out from his pucker as she buried herself deep in his bowels. The hungry Succubus grabbed the lacing of Christopher's corset and used it for leverage. She yanked on it sternly as she drilled his cock-hungry hole.

“He fucking loves the taste of his own ass.”

“But not as much as the taste of our jizz!”

The women cackled as they plowed him at both ends. Their pace increased as they found new ways to get aggressive and rough with the sissy's bound body. Christopher was in heaven. His cheeks blushed below his latex hood. His prostate hummed and his hard cock leaked pre-cum all over the inside of his suit. Although the hunger no longer lingered in his cum greased stomach, he wanted more.

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Bishop Thomas J. Everson
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To His Eminence, Cardinal Angelo Vallini, Vicar General of Vatican City

Dear Cardinal Vallini,

I write to you with some urgency about the situation here in Austin. It is unknown to me how closely the Vatican monitors these affairs, but for all intents and purposes the Diocese of Austin has lost a site of some prominence: The Church of St. Michael.

In truth, the church had come under considerable financial strain and the prospect of closing it at some point in the near future had been raised. However, it is not from a lack of attendance or tithing that its doors are now barred to us.

After losing their former Reverend Mother, Helen Louise Delarosa, to illness, the church and its constituent convent, the Sisters of Guadalupe have slipped from our grasp. The new Reverend Mother, Sister Jessica Felicita Christiano, seemed a suitable replacement, but has recently cut off all communications. Father Francis Sullivan, likewise, is no longer reachable and The Church of St. Michael is no longer paying dues to the diocese.

I contacted city authorities to exert control over the situation, but was astonished to find how uncooperative they were. I've been informed that a legal decision has been reached to allow the Sisters of Guadalupe to retain control of the property. When I warned that a lawsuit should be expected, I was rebuffed with the threat of a counter-suit and the use of Eminent Domain on St. Michael's and other properties in the diocese if I did not let the matter drop.

I don't know what in God's name is going on at that church, but I've received disturbing reports that can scarcely be believed. The Sisterhood seems to have transformed into some bizarre cult and there are rumors of perverse and outright demonic rituals occurring within the halls of the convent and the cathedral of St. Michael's.

I would ask that a member of the Vatican's Special Investigative Division be sent to Austin to look into this matter with all possible haste. Our faith and its order have enough problems without uprisings like these to exacerbate things. I worry, also, that greater forces may be at work. Investigating the matter immediately seems the only responsible course of action.

Thank you, Your Eminence, for hearing my plea. May God bless and keep you in these troubling times. May he bless and keep us all.

Yours in faith and prayer,

Bishop Everson

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