

## Latex Futa Nuns From Hell

### Chapter 18 – Sweet Release

Three pairs of heeled boots echoed off the marble floor as Vicky, Evelyn and Abigail made their way to Jessica's suite. The Mommy Domme, Cowgirl and Dominatrix enforcer were attired as usual, their leather and latex shining in the brightly lit hallway of the Sisterhood's most lavish residential building. The numerous high rises of luxury condos built for the Daughters of Lilith were all wonderful places to live, but this building, in particular, was akin to a five star hotel. Most of the leadership council lived here, enjoying the high life when they weren't busy fulfilling their roles across the campus.

It had been several days since Francis, now Sister Francine, emerged from her trial and became a living, breathing miracle in the flesh. Since the ceremony ended, Mistress Superior had sequestered herself in her quarters, refusing to see anyone for the time being. She'd excused herself from the most recent leadership council meeting, leaving the others to manage without her. Vicky, Evelyn and Abigail, her oldest friends and the trio that had been with her since the beginning, agreed to look in on her together.

They'd arrived at the top floor of the *Sublime Sanctuary*. It was the building's penthouse suite that only Jessica and, until recently, Francis, resided in. It also contained office space that could be used for short order meetings and private events, when prudent. Abigail's guards were posted at the elevator and each stairwell exit. Two more guards stood before the wide double doors that lead into Jessica's foyer.

Evelyn carried a platter of meats and cheeses along with several of Jessica's favorite snacks. There was also a crystal decanter of slave semen, fresh from Ruko's clinic. Vicky cradled a bottle of *Barbaresco Montefico*, one of their leader's favorite wines. Abigail bore nothing but her usual weapons and a look of resigned frustration.

They slowed to a stop at the entrance and Abigail nodded to her soldiers. The well-armed, leather clad guardians relaxed, seeing the trio of leaders approach.

“Hello, Isabelle.”

“Headmistress Abigail” the brunette answered with a respectful nod. “Is there something we can do for you?”

“We'd like to check in on Jessica” Vicky spoke up with a half-smile.

Isabelle sighed. “I'm sorry, but I can't let you pass. By order of Mistress Superior, no one is to be allowed through these doors. The **only** exception would be if Mistress Abigail believes there's a legitimate security concern...” The dutiful Domme looked to the leader of the Sisterhood's enforcers.

Abigail shook her head. “I have no search concerns. Carry on, soldier.”

“Oh c'mon Abby! It's been four days!” Evelyn protested.

“She just needs a little more time” Abigail responded, adjusting her officer's cap. “She had a rough month.”

“People don't always know what they need! Even Jessica! Sometimes they need **friends** to **butt in** and cheer them up!” the cowgirl growled.

Abigail flashed her a disapproving glare. “I trust in the wisdom of Mistress Superior and obey her edicts. You should too.”

Vicky waved off their quarreling and stepped forward, beseeching the head guard. “Can we leave these for her?” she asked, holding up the classy black and gold bottle.

“Yes, set them over there” Isabelle pointed to a table along the wall, not far from the doors. “I'll see that Mistress Superior gets them the next time she checks in with us.”

Vicky and Evelyn moved to the table and set down the food and drink. They rejoined Abigail and the Mommy Domme in shining red spoke again.

“When you do see her, please tell her to give me a call.”

Isabelle nodded. “I will relay the message as soon as I'm able.”

The three Headmistresses stalked off, their boots clicking along the lavish flooring as they headed back to the elevator. Unsure of what to say or do, they advanced in silence.

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Jessica sat up in bed, wide awake. She'd turned off the TV and powered down her phone hours ago. The curtains were wide open, leaving the windows and the large sliding glass door that led to her balcony fully visible.

Normally, that would be a security issue, but they'd accounted for it. There were no other buildings in the vicinity that were as tall as the Sanctuary that weren't already owned by the Sisterhood. They'd begun absorbing the properties around the convent to create a stronger, more protective bubble around their base. It was an effort to expand their holdings, increase their influence in the community and protect their leadership; especially Jessica. There would be no more opportunities for assassination on these grounds.

The air was warm. The full moon beamed brightly through the glass. It was much like that fated night years ago. The night Lilith first appeared and delivered to her *the gift*. It had to be tonight. She would come. Lilith had to. Jessica refused to continue the mission until she had more answers.

She looked around her darkened room, searching for any sign of the Mistress of the Night. The darkness stared back at her. Jessica heard and felt nothing but the beating of her own heart in her ears. The gloom taunted her.

*'Dammit! How much longer are you going to make me wait?!? Two can play that game! I'll stay in this room till the sky falls and the seas swallow the land!'*

Jessica stared ahead, indignantly. Finally, the air at the center of her bedroom began to smolder and distort. The expanse shimmered with growing points of light. A swirling portal to some distant dimension took shape. Out stepped the Goddess, her fulsome curves and fiendish features sliding onto the earthly plane. A look of smug satisfaction was written across her face.

Unlike their recent encounter in the dream, Lilith was in full Succubus mode for this appearance. Her luscious skin was fair, shining with a radiant gloss. Black hair spilled down around the black horns with metallic golden fixtures that sprouted from her brow. Glowing, light blue eyes and pointed elven ears led down to a torso wrapped in a corset and countless leather straps. They held up her massive breasts which featured bare nipples pierced by twin, double-ended metal spikes.

Her leather-wrapped body continued down into thigh-high leggings and shiny armored boots. The medieval looking footwear looked more akin to battle dress than her usual kink themed attire. Clawed metal gauntlets adorned her hands and leather arm-gloves ran up her limbs to mid-bicep. From her back, large wings sprouted. Their hue was the darkest crimson red, but they were outlined by black bone along the top of each protrusion.

A thick length of flaccid, equine cock hung from her naked pelvis. Its flared head was downright frightening to anyone who valued the structural integrity of their holes. The first half of the gargantuan length matched her skin tone. At its center, a fat ring of flesh marked where her girth expanded and the rest of her cock was blackened flesh, leading down to a plump black scrotum.

Lilith groped at her curves and straightened her outfit as she settled into the new environment. Her body was dripping in cum and sweat. It was like she'd just stepped out of some never ending celestial orgy. Is that why Jessica had been made to wait? It seemed as Lilith's power and popularity grew, she was ascending to new heights of delirious debauchery.

Mistress Superior could hardly blame her for indulging. There had been times when the Sisters could've told her the convent was burning down and Jessica wouldn't have ceased her rutting. When the urge to fuck, flay and dominate took hold, nothing else mattered. And if it was true for her, it was likely experienced a hundred fold by her glorious Goddess. Mistress Superior only wished she could still experience her Succubus birthright, that exhilarating high, with her first and favorite slave. It seemed certain that would never be again.

“Good evening, Lilith” she spoke with a bowed head.

Jessica wanted so badly to channel her anger and frustration into those words. To make her displeasure known by her tone. But there was nothing to be gained from it. It wouldn't do to disrespect the Mistress of the Night. Besides, the Goddess was almost definitely aware of Jessica's discontent. It was impossible to hide such things from her.

**“Hello, my disciple. Is it a good evening, truly?”**

“As good as the last few” Jessica replied dryly.

Lilith chuckled through unmoving lips. **“I would've come sooner, but I sensed you needed time. The**

**turmoil in you was palpable. Words spoken in anger or grief are rarely productive. And while I felt your emotions, I didn't understand them. I hope, tonight, we can clear the air."**

Mistress Superior stared at her for several seconds before speaking. It felt wrong questioning a divine being, especially one that had done so much for her, but her queries could wait no longer.

"Why? Why did Francis need to be... transformed, in that way???"

**"Need? It wasn't necessary, child. It was simply my will. A reward for years of service. You know this."**

Jessica's teeth ground. Her fists balled together. A sheen of sweat formed on her brow. "Did you never spare a **thought** for what he meant to me? My first and favorite! He was **MINE!** You said he would be mine forever! And then you ripped him away like it was nothing!"

Lilith cocked her head slightly. Her face fell into an expression of utter pity. **"Oh, Jessica..."**

"I wouldn't expect a Goddess to ask permission! But you could've at least warned me!"

**"You already suspected what was to happen. Still, I wanted you to experience some fraction of the awe your sisters felt when Francine emerged. I didn't realize it would be so hard on you."**

Lilith's eyes narrowed as she asked a pointed question. **"Did you love him?"**

Jessica's eyes flew open. She turned away, unable to meet the Goddess' stony gaze. "I... Maybe. I don't know..." She turned back, slowly, to the manifestation of pure debauchery. One unexpected question had somehow sapped all her anger. Jessica's demeanor was one of confusion and self doubt, a stark contrast to the curvy Demoness who was confidence and carnal lust incarnate. "I felt something for him. Perhaps not romantic love, but I didn't want what we had to end. Certainly not so abruptly."

Lilith's glare of pity and inquisition faded to a neutral expression of placid content. She nodded.

**"Understandable. The bond between Mistress and slave can be quite strong. Had he remained male, he would've been yours forever, but that was not his fate. I must warn you now... There is no room for love in the new world we're building."**

Mistress Superior's eyes widened a second time. She shouldn't have been surprised, but for some reason, those words struck her harshly. So much time and reflection had been spent celebrating what she and her Sisters had gained. Very little on what they might be losing in their service to Lilith and their pursuit of power, authority and sexual bliss.

"No... room?" she asked cautiously.

**"You're a smart girl!"** Lilith purred as she moved closer to the bed. Her metal boots sank into the carpet as her semen-drenched curves bounded forth. Her words surged through Jessica's mind even as Lilith's plump lips remained sealed. **"Surely you've figured out where this is all headed."**

Jessica swallowed. "I've thought much about the future we're working to create. I have some idea. Some hopes. I've seen hints of it in my dreams, but I cannot see your designs in full. Instruct me, Mistress." She bowed her head solemnly.

Lilith's throaty laugh reverberated once more. **“My gift will consume the world. It won't be much longer now. You, your Sisters and all the men groveling at your feet shall live for ages. The chaos and frailty that Yahweh set in motion will die, at last. No longer will women suffer as a matter of course. There will be no more procreation and no more tricks played upon the mind to drive such a painful, loathsome cycle. My order will be driven by lust, not sentiment. Lust that has been liberated and weaponized against its original purpose.”**

Jessica would've nodded, but she was too busy internalizing it all. She just stared ahead, her mind racing. She'd reasoned, based on the changes to herself and all the others, that they would have long life. But what Lilith was describing sounded more like life everlasting. Immortality.

Having been cast from paradise long ago, the Goddess was creating her own. What biblical scholars once described as hell; a plane of rutting, cumming, moaning demons; forever abusing and filling their enslaved subjects with hot, abundant seed, would become the world's new reality. A heaven on Earth of Lilith's design. Empowering women to forever dominate and ride the crest of sexual nirvana. To own, fuck and flood men with their semen, as the men had done to women for countless centuries. One could call it a cosmic balancing of the scales, but in truth, the men were getting off easy. The difference was, they would **enjoy** their eons of subjugation as much as the women delighted in imposing it. Lilith's gift made that a certainty.

Jessica had seen glimpses of this. Suspected more. She'd pieced small bits together, but seeing the whole, beautiful picture was impossible until now. Lilith had drawn a portrait of the future with succinct brushstrokes. Her economy of words was impressive given the scope of her vision.

**“It can't be stopped now”** the Goddess continued. **“Even if they realized, tomorrow, that this was the seat of my power; that the change had begun here, there's nothing they can do. Even if they bomb this convent to a smoking ruin, my world will still be born. The seed has been planted and it spreads through humanity in all directions. Our numbers multiply by the day. Yahweh fritters away eternity in blissful ignorance. Our victory is assured.”**

Lilith's words had a calming effect on her disciple. Hearing her plan expounded on and with such confidence in the outcome put Jessica's recent melancholy in greater perspective. In truth, she began to feel silly about it. There was still one concern that pecked away at her mind, however.

“As you say, Lilith. One question, if I may?”

**“Of course.”**

“With aging and natural death a thing of the past, that will necessitate a careful keeping of the balance. How many men will be offered your *boon*, as Francis was? Too many would lead to an overabundance of Sisters and not enough slaves, would it not?”

**“As I said, smart girl. My boon will be granted rarely. Francis was the first and he serves as an important example, but few men will earn it as he did. You need not worry about it upsetting the new order.”**

Jessica bowed her head again. “Thank you for this clarity, my Goddess. Forgive me for putting my feelings before the mission. In comparison to your vision and all that you've done for the Sisterhood, one slave that I fancied is but a trifle. I humbly beg your pardon.”

Lilith placed her hands on her hips. Her wings spread out, showing off their full, crimson glory. **“No. It is I who owe you an apology, my disciple. The test of faith I gave Francis was fair. The one I asked you to endure was not. Unlike Yahweh, I admit when I've erred. Please, accept my apology.”**

An apology from a Goddess! Jessica was overwhelmed. Her flustered form bowed a third time.

“Of course, Lilith. Accepted gladly. Think nothing of it from this moment on.”

The arch Succubus smiled. **“Good. Now that you've made peace with it, I hope you can be happy for Francine. When you talk with her, you'll see she's embracing her new role enthusiastically.”**

Jessica shifted on the bed and ran a hand through her hair. It was almost hard for her to imagine, having spent so much time plowing her favorite submissive at both ends. “Really? Francis seemed so happy as a bottom.”

**“You discovered he was bi long before you collared him. What you probably didn't know is that Francis was also a switch. He loved topping other men when he got the chance. Now, as Francine, she can do it as much as she pleases.”**

Jessica nodded. “It really was the perfect reward for him, huh? It's still going to take some getting used to...”

Lilith smirked. **“You've lost a slave, but gained a Sister. One who will prove invaluable and strengthen your inner circle. This, too, is part of my plan. I hope I've dispelled any doubts that formed while I was busy having fun.”**

The perpetually horny Goddess extended a long, pink, serpentine tongue and licked at her arm. She lapped up the cum that dripped from her leather-clad limb.

“No more doubts” Jessica confirmed and smiled back. “Thank you, Lilith.”

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The Tabernacle was quiet aside from the light sounds seeping from the *cumfessionals* in the distance. These days, there was almost always hushed chatter flowing from the waiting lines and the occasional muffled moan or howl that pierced the wooden walls and echoed through the cathedral. Despite the constant hum of low level debauchery, the peace of the building's cavernous main hall was maintained, whenever they weren't deep in the throes of the communal Sacrament of Bliss.

The main room was dark aside from the rows of flickering candles and the columns of light that passed through stained glass windows. They set the floor aglow in bright light, their pillar-like shapes changing course throughout the day as the sun rose and fell. There were only a few women seated in the pews, relaxing and engaging in quiet contemplation. Mistress Superior looked right and left as she strode down the center, studying them one by one until she found her newest Sister.

Jessica started down the aisle in which the blonde sat and smiled. “Is this seat taken?”

Francine turned and her features leapt into a combination of surprise and sheer happiness. Her hands, once folded in prayer, relaxed. “Mistress! I mean... Mistress Superior! It's so good to see you!”

The dark skinned Domina's smile stretched into a full grin. She and Francine were both wearing the classic, full, black latex habit of their order. It was so odd to see her former submissive in the tight, gleaming dress that had become synonymous with lustful authority. It suited Francine's ample curves well. Her abundant golden hair peeked out from the top and sides of the rippling rubber headdress.

“It's good to see you too” she replied as she shimmied down the narrow space in front of the pew. “I'm sorry it took this long to--”

“You don't need to apologize” Francine insisted, holding her hands up for emphasis. “I can only imagine how you must've felt. And after a month of waiting and worrying.”

Jessica sat down beside her, her latex curves creaking as she took her seat. “Yeah, it was no picnic. That's for sure.”

“I've been praying to Lilith. Asking her find you and put your mind at ease. Did she seek you out?”

“Yes, she paid a visit last night. Some of her words were comforting. Others, humbling. Lilith has a way of cutting me down to size, whenever I start to get a big head. Probably a good thing.”

Francine laughed. Her voice, now so feminine, was unrecognizable from Francis', just like her body. Only her eyes retained some vestige of the man she once knew. Jessica would know those eyes anywhere, even though they were now a deep, sparkling green.

“I'm glad she came. The Sisterhood needs you. And I missed you.”

“Thanks. I missed you too.” Jessica smiled anew before scanning her up and down. “How do you feel?”

“Better than I ever have.”

“You look amazing! You were a handsome man, but you're an absolute **stunner** as a woman!”

Francine blushed deep red. “Thank you... You know, it's odd. Growing up, I never wanted to be a woman, per se, though I always wondered what it was like. Then, when everything changed at St. Michael's, I watched you, Vicky and all the others embrace your power. The more I witnessed, the more enamored I was with your transformation. I was content to serve and worship you, but deep down, I think I always wanted to be one of you. And then, one day, Lilith decided to grant my heart's desire.”

Mistress Superior nodded. “I'm glad. You deserve it.”

The blonde's eyes shimmered with half formed tears. She leaned forward and the two embraced, their rubber curves melding as they entered a tender hug. After a few moments they parted. Francine sniffed and rubbed her eyes with shiny, latex fingers.

“Again... Thank you. Jeez, no one told me how much easier I would cry.”

“It's a package deal” Jessica said with a smirk. “I take it they got you a room to go with your new wardrobe?”

“Yes. I'm still settling in. I've spent most of the first few days sampling the goods all over campus. I've barely stopped, if I'm honest. Never felt so horny in my life.”

Jessica chuckled. “Perfectly natural. Remember how I treated you during our first week?”

“How could I forget? I was so sore.”

“Well, I have good news and bad news. They're the same piece of news. The urge never goes away and it only gets stronger with time.”

“Oh my...” Francine lifted a hand to her mouth. “I mean, I kinda knew that from being your bottom, but it's different when you feel it overtake you.”

“Heavenly, isn't it?”

“Very.”

“Any slaves catch your eye yet?”

“Several, but I'm not in a rush to collar one. I'm going to take my time and sow my oats far and wide.”

“You'll change your mind when you find the right one.”

“Maybe...” Francine responded with a giggle.

Mistress Superior shifted in her seat. Her rubber attire stretched and rippled around her mocha body. It creaked along with the wooden pew as she repositioned. “I have a proposal. How about we take a trip out for lunch and shopping? A fun day on the town, as Sisters. Your closet should have more than a few latex habits and a few pairs of standard issue stilettos.”

Francine clapped her hands together lightly. “Oh, that sounds wonderful!”

Jessica reached into her pocket and pulled out her phone. “And before we do that, I'm gonna call Vicky and Vivian. When we get back, I want one hell of a party waiting for us.”

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Dance music thumped through the walls as Jessica and Francine strode down the hall toward the *Burning Desire Bar & Grill*. It was a fairly recent addition they'd built near the Assembly Hall. Connecting corridors had been constructed so Sisters and their slaves could walk from one building to the others without being exposed to the elements. There were no more worries about the rain or the burning summer heat making them uncomfortable in their fetish attire. Soon, the entire campus would be thus connected.



Not only did *Burning Desire* have all the accommodations one would expect from a bar and grill. It had a fully equipped dungeon below the main floor along with additional play rooms and lounge areas above. It was a veritable palace of perversion and excess. Jessica had been meaning to spend more time at their newest attraction since the ribbon cutting ceremony. Now, she had the perfect reason to.

The two women had stopped at the Sanctuary only to drop off their many purchases and change into something more exotic before heading to the club. Francine had traded in her full body habit for one of her new outfits. Her long blonde hair flowed freely and her shoulders were bare aside from the two thick strips of latex holding up her outfit. It shoved her breasts up, showing off a generous amount of cleavage. From her open bust to her boots, her body was sheathed in glossy fetishwear.

Her shiny purple top was laced up the center with long, black strings. Black latex arm-gloves and thick leather pants tightened around her limbs, causing her flesh to bulge sensually through the restricting garments. Francine's other bulge was just as prominent, tucked into her left thigh and waiting patiently to be freed. It grew snug and fat, trapped in sweaty leather as she strutted along.

For her part, Mistress Superior had gone all out for this occasion. She'd opted for a full body, red latex cat suit. That, alone, covered every bit of her lovely mocha flesh, but Jessica hadn't stopped layering on the leather and rubber. A black corset was secure around her torso. Shiny, black thigh-high boots outlined her long legs. Her arms were secure in polished PVC bracers that trailed up to her biceps, but left her red latex fingers free of their grasp.

Her dark hair sprouted from a single opening at the back of the rubber hood. Her suit was unzipped at the bottom and her giant schwanz hung out. It was sheathed in a supple, red rubber cock sleeve, bobbing menacingly as she advanced. Jessica looked more akin to a demon Domme from hell than her usual perversion of the nun aesthetic. After days of isolation, she was ready to unleash her full sexual fury on every slave in the bar.

Their heels echoed through the hall as they passed under the long row of ceiling lights. They grew closer to the open doors of the club and the commotion grew louder. The sounds of women chatting, moans of lust and thumping dance tunes grew in equal measure. Jessica and Francine looked at each other and smiled as they approached the entrance.

They passed through the doorway into a swirl of colors, a deluge of sound and a mass of writhing bodies. It was at least ten degrees warmer inside the busy club. The air conditioning struggled to keep up with the den of eager Dommies. The scent of Succubus cum and slave jizzum was thick in the air.

Both Sisters breathed deep. The rubber and leather hugged their bodies closer as they grew clammy in their outfits. Francine's erection stiffened considerably, growing larger in the confines of her glossy pants. Jessica's rubber-wrapped unit hardened quickly, transforming from a long, swinging length of meat to a jutting rocket that stretched its shiny sleeve visibly.

“Mistress Superior?!? Is that you???”

“Francine! So nice to see you again!”

They looked to the right and found Nicole and Samantha hanging out by a row of dart boards. Clad in their own layers of latex and PVC, Jessica barely recognized them. The two women had come a long

way since being brought to the Sisterhood with collars around their necks. The dastardly *Dominic Steel* had dared to insult the convent by parading subjugated women in their midst. He'd paid the ultimate price for it that day. Jessica had seen to it herself.

The former master continued to pay, to this day, as evidenced by his bound state. He lay helpless on his stomach, flat on a bondage bench just below the center dart board. His rubberized face was penis-gagged, his arms were locked behind him in a leather arm binder and his legs were cuffed and strapped to the metal legs of the sturdy equipment.

The bottom of his suit was unzipped and his ass hung out, covered in spanking welts and singular, bloody red points where his flesh had been pierced and broken. His shriveled and caged cock was tucked into the rubber of his suit, relatively safe from harm.

“Hello! Good to see you too” Francine answered with a wave and a smile.

“Hey ladies. Having fun?” Jessica asked with a hand on her hip.

“Too much fun!” Samantha answered with a devilish grin.

“Always, Mistress Superior!” Nicole piped up. “New outfits? You two look fantastic!”

Francine blushed for what must've been the thirtieth time that day. She was still getting used to all the compliments. “Thank you. You girls look amazing too!”

Jessica nodded to the former womanizer quivering in his bonds. “What have we here? A contest, if I'm not mistaken?”

“Correct!” Samantha responded. “Every Sister who stops in tonight gets one shot at his ass. The first one to sink a dart in his chute gets a prize!”

Nicole approached the dart board and pulled two of the metallic stingers free. She walked back to the waiting trio and handed one dart each to Jessica and Francine.

“What's the prize?” Mistress Superior queried.

“Winner's choice!” Nicole answered gleefully. “You can have this filthy bitch as your slave for a week...” She turned and delivered a swift kick to his battered ass with the toe of her boot. Dominic grunted into his gag and his tortured ass shook.

“Or, we'll come and double team the slave of your choice” Samantha finished. “Put on a little private show for you.”

“Creative” Jessica said with an enthusiastic nod.

“Oooh! Nice!” Francine chimed in. “I'll go first!”

“By all means.” Samantha pointed to a taped line on the floor marking the distance to throw from.

Nicole turned and delivered another kick to Dominic's rear. “Stop squirming! Stay still when our

honored guests take their turn!”

“MMMPPPHHHGGGRRRRMMMMM!!!”

Francine held the dart up, closed her left eye and lined up the shot. She left it fly with her right hand and it sailed forth in a slight upward arc. It came down on the slave's ass, but bounced off his reddened cheeks, falling to the side with little damage.

“Shoot!”

“Hahahahaha!”

“You gotta throw harder than that to pierce flesh.”

“Dammit! Oh well..” Francine crossed her arms below her bust in annoyance.

“My turn” Jessica said, stepping forth. Her breasts jutted through the red rubber bodysuit prominently. Her nipples were hard dents in the clinging material as her cock remained rock hard in the glossy sleeve below. She reached back like an Amazon of old, preparing to chuck a spear into wounded game and deliver the kill.

Mistress Superior let the dart fly and it nearly found its mark. It penetrated the flesh of Dominic's ass, sinking into his skin just a scant inch from his shuddering pucker. The bound slave howled into his gag. A frothy, muffled yell emanated around the rubber dick lodged in his mouth. He groaned and heaved as the dart lodged in his bottom drew trickles of blood.

“Wow! Nice shot!”

“Close...”

“But no cigar” Jessica finished. “Best of luck to the next Sister.”

Francine and Mistress Superior exchanged another round of pleasantries with Nicole and Samantha before continuing into the den of debauchery. The party was in full swing and slaves were being fucked and flogged over stools, tables, booths and every other flat service a collared male could be shoved onto. Beer, wine and hard liquor were being poured for a constant stream of Sisters at the bar.

As they entered the main dining area, Mistress Abigail popped into view. The ever busy Headmistress of Security was seated, for a change. She was enjoying the services of a slave below her booth. The cum-splattered slut appeared to be recovering from a lengthy face-fucking at her hands.

Abigail stuck her boot out to the side and lifted her mug above it. She turned it over and drained the last few ounces of her brew over her shining footwear. The dark lager slid down her boots, dripping everywhere.

“Lick it up, **bitch!** Get **every drop** off my boots! From Bishop to **boot licker!** What a journey!”

The slave poked his head out from below the table and immediately went to work. He pressed his hooded face to her shining calves and slathered his tongue up and down her beer-soaked leather. He

didn't stop even when Abigail yanked on his leash and prodded him with her leather crop.

Jessica's eyes widened as they drew closer. If Abby hadn't said anything, she wouldn't have recognized Bishop Everson. The man was naked aside from the gimp hood and a leather thong over his locked dicklet. His body no longer looked like that of an old man. Frequent ingestion of Succubus cum had begun to restore his youth. He had a ways to go, but he looked at least fifteen years younger than the day they'd subdued him at the parish center.

“Hey Abby! Looking after his holiness, I see.”

Abigail looked up to see her leader and their newest member passing by. She grinned and tipped her cap to Jessica before waving to Francine. “This life is way too good for him!” she shouted over the hum of the crowd.

Francine laughed as she glanced at the former priest, tonguing away.

“You said it!” Jessica replied over her shoulder as they continued on.

They passed several more rows of tables and booths, each stuffed with drinking, feasting, laughing nuns. The vast majority of them had at least one slave below the table sucking Succubus cock or engaged in lengthy tongue worship. The mess that would be left once this feast was over would be truly frightening. The slaves would have to clean it up, of course.

Jessica and Francine exited the eatery and strode into the pool hall. The billiards room had turned into an orgy all its own. Two latex-locked gimp whores were bound to each of the six available pool tables. They were face down, their torsos laid across the green felt while their asses stuck out at the ends. Their arms were shackled to anchor points in the gaming tables while their legs were splayed and cuffed into spreader bars on the floor. Without exception, every one of them was ball-gagged.

Semen glazed the floor behind each imprisoned slave. Their violated puckers dripped with cum in the brief periods when they weren't being ravaged by a passing nun. Some of the Sisters, hungry for more than forceful anal sodomy, would roll the heavy pool balls across the table and pelt the helpless gimps, eliciting grunts and yelps of pain. Others brought the pool sticks to bare for a lengthy caning across their bare, inflamed bottoms.

Mistress Superior spotted Ruko and Vivian at one table and led Francine there. Ruko was fucking the bound slave's ass harshly while Vivian looked on with a smile of pride. The Asian Domme closed her eyes and moaned loud as she went balls deep in the hot, cream-drenched hole in front of her. She held his hips fiercely, causing his chains to rattle with each powerful buck into his backside. Her full leather bodysuit flexed and shined as she took untold pleasure from the shackled, spread-out bondage bitch.

“Hey Viv! Is he one of yours?”

Vivian turned and her face lit up when she saw Jessica and the Anointed of Lilith. “Mistress Superior! Francine! Bout time you showed up! Yes, this is Camilo.”

“Ah, yes. I remember well. I've had the pleasure” Jessica replied with a grin.

Francine looked puzzled. “Camilo? I don't think we've met...”

The large black Domina in the blue latex dress took a drag from her opera length, silver cigarette holder and exhaled a cloud of cherry scented smoke. She nodded to Francine. "I don't let him out of my quarters often. He's my own personal cock sleeve. Only ever shared him with select others, like Mistress Superior."

"Oh. That explains it!"

Lost in the ecstasy of anal pounding, Ruko was oblivious to their conversation. The trio stopped and watched her as her aggressive railing grew rapid and urgent. Her sizable scrotum twitched as her hips smacked into his bruised ass with loud slaps. The dark haired Domina grunted like an animal as she punished his ass and rode a wave of tingling, thrusting bliss to her impending climax.

**"AAAAAAAAGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHH!!!!!"**

Ruko looked to the ceiling, bellowing in pleasure as she hilted in his body and drained her balls in his warm depths. Cum gushed from the seal of Ruko's thick cock and Camilo's packed ass. His filth-filled tunnels had no room left to house more sticky paste. Regardless, the Headmistress of Health continued spurting thick strands of nougat nut into his abused bottom. The extra cock-snot erupted from his soft ring, sliding and dripping to the floor to join the sloppy remnants of a dozen other nuns.

Jessica, Francine and Vivian broke into a combination of cheers and applause as Ruko shuddered and moaned in delight. Her leather-clad frame was bathed in the heavenly glow that only came from a Daughter of Lilith's extended climax. It was a body blasting, Earth shattering pleasure that only intensified until every drop of Succubus silk had been milked from her weighty sack and ejected from her thick hose of flesh.

"Gonna enjoy some of these pool sluts?" Vivian asked before taking another hit.

"We're still taking the tour, but I'm sure we'll be back" Jessica answered with a nod.

"Guaranteed!" Francine added. She walked over and patted Camilo's head where it lay on the pool table. Gurgling groans slid around the sloppy rubber ball strapped in his mouth. "Be back in a bit, you naughty boy!"

The decadent duo left Vivian and Ruko to their fun and exited the pool hall. They doubled back and proceeded past the dining room and bar before heading into the massive showroom that made up the second half of the ground floor.

As luck would have it, Mistress Vicky was on the stage. She was half drunk, swaying from side to side in her red and white latex nurse outfit. She held the microphone stand with a precarious grasp, belting out lyrics emphatically as dozens of nuns enjoyed her karaoke. Her normally sweet and gentle voice pounded through the room's speakers in low husky tones as Jessica and Francine walked the floor.

*"You keep lyin' when you oughta be truthin'  
And you keep losing when you oughta not bet!  
You keep samin' when you oughta be changin'  
What's right is right, but you ain't been right yet!"*

*These boots are made for walkin'  
And that's just what they'll do!  
One of these days these boots are gonna  
**WALK ALL OVER YOU!***

Cheers and whistles went up as the Headmistress of Finance continued her sauced performance. Fetish nuns were fucking, spanking and flogging slaves at dozens of tables. Their subordinates ranged from gagged full-coverage gimps saddled with blindfolds and butt plugs to naked men in chastity cages and ball spreaders being whipped silly and begging for reprieve.

In the midst of all the Futadom chaos, the main event was front and center. Below the singing Vicky and not too far from the stage were two femboys surrounded by hooting women. Jessica recognized Christopher and Dylan immediately. They were Vicky's prized pets and how she dressed them was unmistakable.

Chris was clad in a yellow latex cat suit, complete with kitty ears on his hood. Dylan, or *Mindy* as Vicky called him when he was sissified, was dressed as a latex tart. He wore a frilly, light blue latex dress that covered his entire upper body, including the large set of fake breasts strapped below his costume. Matching light blue thigh-highs took over below his bare ass, where he was being fucked hard and raw.

Both he and Christopher were ensconced in leather sex swings. Their latex wrapped faces were only a foot or so apart while their back doors were both being railed mercilessly. Each had a long line of women waiting to take their turn. Between their mouths was a long, black, double headed dildo which was strapped to both of their faces. With each pound into their battered asses, they were jarred forward, their mouths sliding onto the glossy, black rubber cock. Each slam brought the slutty fuck-boys a little closer, gagging on the thick length of silicone dick before the swing drifted back and gave them a scant moment of relief.

Unusually, their arms were not bound. Even though their mouths were occupied, Vicky had mandated that their hands be put to good use. Every time a long, sloshing torrent of semen decorated their rubberized faces, two nuns would step away and two more would take their place. Dylan and Christopher would slide their thin, latex-clad fingers over another pair of steaming Succubus poles and jerk them to completion.

Their faces and upper bodies were so covered in sticky semen that the yellow and light blue of their shiny outfits was only visible in random spots. All the brutally sore, semen-drenched slut boys could do was stare at each, gag on rubber dick and continue jerking off the endless train of horny nuns as they were repeatedly drilled from behind and flooded with thick spooage.

Francine stared at the spectacle in mouth-gaped wonder. Mistress Superior nodded and smiled. Even Jessica had to admit, she was impressed. They were reaching new levels of depravity every day. The only limit to such games was one's creativity and Vicky had hit a grand slam with this one.

“It's hot, but I kinda wish it was the other way around!” a random nun by Jessica spoke up. “Plug them ass to ass and leave their mouths open!”

“This is what Headmistress Vicky wanted” her friend replied. “There's always next time, I guess.”

The enraptured crowd watched as two more nuns hilted in the femboys soiled bottoms and wailed in powerful orgasm. As they hosed quarts of hot custard into the suspended sluts, four quivering cocks shot thick strands of clingy yogurt all over their gagged faces, and backs. The black leather swings were as full of white, sticky slime as they were of femboy body.

“Hey, it's Mistress Superior!”

“And the Anointed One!”

“Francine!”

“They've arrived! Move aside, Sisters! Let them go next!”

Jessica and Francine smiled and nodded to the crowd as they were gawked at, applauded and welcomed. The lines parted and they were both given a clear path to their femboy of choice. Francine gleefully skipped over to the waiting Chrissy cat, while Mistress Superior strode to the waiting, bitch-made *Mindy*.

In her demonic, full body red and black rubber, it would've been hard to tell it was their leader if not for Jessica's unusual height and commanding eyes. She reached below and tugged the long, tight, slick rubber cock sleeve from her fearsome unit inch by inch. It felt delightful on her bulging flesh, but the time to free herself had come. The rest of the night would be spent buried in boy-holes, overflowing them with her abundant seed.

Francine, likewise, was only too glad to pull her zipper down and finally free her sweaty, engorged phallus. It seized in the cool air, twitching as the former slave ran her latex hands up and down her steaming length. Without hesitation, Mistress Superior and the Anointed brought their fat glans to the femboy's stretched-out, cum-packed portals and plunged their rods hard and deep. Christopher and Dylan groaned onto the fat dildo prying open both their mouths, staring into each others eyes through a glaze of semen.

No longer able to see clearly through the haze of cum gumming up their eyelids, their hands were guided onto the next four warm, fat lengths of cock aimed at their faces. Their tired wrists trailed up and down the fleshy rods obediently, despite the endless hardship the evening thrust upon them.

It was pure torture Mistress Vicky was putting them through tonight. A punishment for bad behavior on both their parts. They'd be forced to bathe in semen all evening, but taste nothing but thick, pungent rubber as all that glorious jizzum bathed their femboy bodies. Dylan and Christopher were both starving for it. They were desperate to taste all that luscious seed, but they would be denied even a drop until tomorrow. The only creamy paste their stomachs would know would be the trickles that backed up all the way through their intestines and filled them to bursting from behind.

Francine and Jessica hilted in the bitch boys' slick, warm tunnels and pounded away. There was nothing to slow their advances. These filthy latex sluts had already taken dozens of fat futa cocks and they'd take dozens more before the show was over. Mistress Superior and the Anointed of Lilith held their cum slathered hips tight and rutted deep. They moaned loudly as the sex swings rocked and the pleasure of hot, wet, frictionless fucking lifted them like a tidal wave.

Chrissy's bottom was nothing but a single hole in cum splattered yellow latex that Francine thrust into endlessly. Dylan's bottom was wide open, the latex crinolines of his dress drenched in semen and flattened, leaving his reddened ass completely exposed. Jessica slammed her hips into his sticky, bulging bottom as hard as she could, her massive scrotum battering Mindy's small sack brutally.

The cheers and hollers of the crowd grew louder as the femboys were pounded harshly. Christopher and Dylan's hands flew up and down the giant cum cannons aimed at their already ruined faces. The nuns surrounding them chastised the overwhelmed slaves, yelling at them to stroke faster and promising the ass beating of a lifetime if they didn't make the eager Succubi come soon.

**“FASTER YOU LITTLE FAGGOT!”**

**“SLURP THAT DILDO GOOD, COCK SUCKER!”**

**“JERK ME HARDER YOU SISSY FUCK!!!”**

**“DO YOU WANT MY CUM OR NOT?!?”**

Jessica and Francine fucked them powerfully. They battered the feminized sluts' asses and forced their mouths further onto the thick silicone monster than they'd been all night. The red rubber Demoness and the blonde bombshell in black and purple latex snarled and heaved like sex-crazed beasts as they filled silken boy pussies to the point of bursting.

Dylan and Christopher's cum-caked, watering eyes went wide as the massive toy slid deep into their throats and their faces drew closer together. They stared at each other as the cocks in their hands puffed and shuddered in excitement. The four fat scrotums below them drew tight in the moment of sexual crescendo.

**“NNNNNNGGGGGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!”**

**“MMMMMMMMHHHHHAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!”**

**“FUUUUCCCCCKKKKKKKKK!!!”**

**“GGGGUUUUUUHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”**

A chorus of grunts, wails and moans went up as semen exploded from six fat tips. Ropes of thick jizzum slapped the femboys in the face as their asses were flooded with hot cream. Mindy and Chrissy were lost in a deluge of stringy nut, unable to see anything as spurt after spurt shot all over their faces and backs.

Christopher climaxed for the third time that night, another gob of his own seed flooding into the bottom of his suit where it would remain, gluing his skin to the latex for the rest of the night. Dylan's rock-hard dicklet spewed its load all over the bottom of his dress and the floor. He could do nothing but moan around the rubber dick in his mouth as his body seized in pleasure and he tried to suck air around the ripples of thick cum splashing against his nose.

Jessica and Francine moaned the loudest of all, their massive scrotums clenching and releasing as godly



loads of honey butter blasted into the already flooded bitch boys. The semen spouted from their clogged up holes in waves and gobs, spraying around the women's hilted cocks and covering the grunting Goddesses in their own filth.

By the time Mistress Superior and the Anointed pulled their spent cocks free, the cheering and applause of the other nuns was frantic and continuous. They looked at each other with expressions of pure rapture as they staggered away from the semen filled swings and let the next pair of nuns have their turn with the femboy's bottoms.

Jessica and Francine hugged, their latex bodies and flagging cocks meshing together with sticky, dripping ejaculate.

“Holy shit, that was good!” the blonde beauty beamed.

“And the night's still young” Jessica replied. “Let's go get drinks and some volume enhancers. We're gonna need them if we want to keep this up.”

“Volume enhancers? You mean those tablets that make you cum more?”

“Yeah. Have you tried one yet?”

“I did yesterday... I came so much I thought I was gonna pass out.”

“Want to try two?”

“Is that a good idea?”

“Only if you want to feel like you rule the universe.”

“**HELL YES!!!**”