

Latex Futa Nuns From Hell

Chapter 2 – The Subjugation Of Father Francis

It was a blazing hot summer day as Jessica trudged down the burning sidewalk, her thick wool habit making the journey much more arduous than it needed to be. That had been the story of her life since joining the Sisters of Guadalupe. It might as well have been the sisterhood's motto. "Harder than it has to be." But not for much longer. Their mission was no longer hers. Jessica was charting a new course and the first stop was a sex shop in downtown Austin.

She had desperately wanted to wear her "bathing habit" for this excursion. It was the only convent sanctioned outfit that allowed a nun to show some skin. Typically it was worn when doing "dirty work" outside or on the rare occasion when the nuns went on a field trip to the beach. But for now, the bathing habit wasn't an option. Lilith's gift would have displayed much too prominently in that garment, so Jessica had to suffer and sweat in a full habit for a little while longer. As she did, Lilith's curse scraped at her mind as much as her digestive system. Her need for a man's essence grew more urgent by the hour and it drove her forward with ambition.

After a long walk in the summer heat and dozens of gawks from people unused to seeing a nun in public, Jessica spotted her destination. The name of the shop, "Forbidden Fruit" was lit up in blazing neon, buzzing away and wasting electricity in the sun blasted concrete jungle. She ducked into the shop and immediately felt the sweet relief of air conditioning. This was decidedly **not** a waste of electricity and if Jessica was successful in her conquest of the church and the convent, installing central air would be a top priority.

A bell jingled as Jessica entered the dimly lit store, but the man at the counter was deep in conversation with a pair of customers and hadn't yet noticed her. She slipped down one of the aisles as the heavy smells of rubber, metal and lubricant assailed her nostrils. Shelves of sex toys, restraints, bondage equipment and shiny fetish clothing slid into view as she silently prowled through the store. Jessica was immediately aroused, her cock beginning to stir as she reflexively clasped her hands in front of her. She longed for the day when she wouldn't have to be so careful, but for now she knew that discretion was the better part of valor.

She reached into her right pocket and felt the wad of cash secure at her side. Like most nuns, the Sisters of Guadalupe were forbidden from maintaining wealth of any significance due to their vow of poverty. However, the sisters were allowed to keep "petty cash" on hand for personal needs and emergencies. The amount she had saved from doing odd jobs in the community was probably more than Mother Superior would have approved, but Jessica had always believed in stretching rules to the breaking point. Even at the high prices she was observing, Jessica had enough to cover her needs today and then some. If she played her cards right, she might even get some of her "wants."

She heard the customers wrapping up their chat at the back of the store and prepared to make her move. Jessica hunched down and peered through the racks of leather and latex clothing to get a better look at the man at the counter. He was bespectacled, medium build and sported a crew cut. He appeared to be in his early 30s, was about Jessica's height and wore a polo shirt and khaki pants. She couldn't help but

think he would've looked more at home in a Best Buy than a sex shop. There didn't appear to be any other staff on hand. This was a golden opportunity to test out the new abilities Lilith had granted her.

Jessica waited as the young couple exited the store, the ringing bell alerting her that the coast was clear. She stepped out of the aisle and began making her way to the counter at the back. The young man had ducked down and was apparently searching for something below the desk. Jessica grinned, relishing this opening that good luck had provided.

She reached the counter without making a sound, raised her hand and brought it down on the metal bell pointedly. A loud ring sang out followed by an audible **thud** below the desk as the young man smacked his head against the top of the counter.

“Ahhh! **DAMMIT!**”

“Oops” said Jessica in feigned surprise, her mischievous expression unchanging.

The young man popped up behind the desk, his face reddened and pained. His frustration quickly faded to consternation as he found himself face to face with the beautiful young nun. His eyes opened wide, nodes of deep black within white as he gazed at her in total perplexity.

“Hello there, Mam. Is there something I can do for you?”

“You can start by calling me Jessica.”

“Sister Jessica?”

“Just Jessica will do.”

“Uhhh, Mam... err, Jessica... are you sure you're in the right place?”

She looked from side to side, taking in the fetish emporium in all its glory before returning her coy expression back to the young man.

“If I was in the wrong place, I'd know by now, don't you think?”

The young man stared at her for long seconds before replying. Jessica wondered if it was the pheromones or if he would've been smitten with her regardless. Had she stumbled on someone with a nun fetish? Or simply another white boy thirsty for a taste of Latina in his life? It mattered little, the real test would come soon.

“I, uh... well, you're right, of course, Miss.”

“You got a name?”

“It's Timothy, Mam.”

“Miss... Mam... You don't follow instructions very well do you?”

Timothy was completely flustered at this point, rubbing the back of his head with one hand as Jessica

crossed her arms below her breasts. She raised one eyebrow as her gaze turned haughty.

“My apologies. I just... it's very nice to meet you, Jessica.”

“The pleasure is all mine. You wouldn't happen to be the owner of this establishment, would you Tim?”

“Why yes, I am” he said proudly, setting his hands on the counter-top and smiling back at his intriguing and unlikely customer.

“Well then, you're just the man to talk to. Perhaps you can help me with something...”

She kept her eyes locked on his as she leaned forward, her arms unfolding. She held up one hand as her expression turned helpless.

“I had my heart set on some shoulder length gloves, but my hands have always been big. I'm not sure if a woman's size large will fit. Let me show you...”

Her right hand closed the distance to his left hand, placing it on top softly. She then brought her left hand down onto his right, covering it with a gentle firmness. Her reddish brown eyes turned back to Timothy, staring deeply into his dark pools.

“See? Almost as big as yours.”

His eyes softened. His face became totally placid. She could feel something in him yield on a primal level. He was much more open to suggestion than he had been just moments ago.

“I'm sure we have what you need” he stammered “and if we don't, I'd be happy to order it for you special. No charge.”

“Excellent! Now Tim, let's say that I wanted to purchase several items today but I was on a budget. Is there any chance we could negotiate a discount? For a first time customer who'd love to become a regular...”

Tim couldn't take his eyes off her. He was fixated on the glowing embers that were her pupils and her supple, luscious bronze skin. He leaned in closer to Jessica as if in a trance.

“I'm sure we could work something out.”

Jessica's smile deepened as she batted her eyelashes.

“That's what I like to hear, Tim.”

It took every ounce of her will not to jump over the counter and ravish him. The thirst raked at her throat. Her stomach winced. She wanted badly to quench it now, but this wasn't the time or place. Perhaps he would be useful in that capacity later, but right now she needed to stick to the plan. Jessica raised one hand to his face and gave his cheek a gentle stroke.

“I think we're going to be very good friends.”

* * * * *

It was early evening as Jessica made her way across the courtyard to Father Francis' residence. The air had cooled considerably since midday, but it was still fairly warm out which made the trek less than comfortable. She had already soaked one habit in perspiration earlier that day before returning to her room to shower and change. Over her shoulder she carried a large bag stuffed with her purchases from Forbidden Fruit. The evening air was heavy with the scent and taste of impending precipitation. A storm was coming, in more ways than one.

The thirst gnawed at Jessica deeply, but she strode on, confident in the knowledge that she only had to hold out for a little while longer. Unless the most ridiculous surprise in the universe awaited her and Francis was secretly a eunuch, Jessica would have what she needed soon. More importantly, she would have a man in a position of power who needed her way more than she needed him.

Despite these reassurances, her nerves were piqued. Perhaps that's natural when one is about to do something so out of character; so completely different than everything they've done for the last fifteen years. She had gotten along fine with Father Francis since he joined St. Michael's several years ago, but in that time she had noticed things about him that didn't add up. She had seen below the surface of his holy guise and the dirt she had on him was her backup plan if anything went wrong.

A mosquito buzzed hungrily at her veil and she swatted it away. That mosquito was her lingering doubts and misgivings, she decided. Jessica had made her choice. The path was clear and it was leading directly to the medium sized bungalow on the edge of the church campus. It was nothing lavish, but it suited the needs of one priest just fine. She knew the house well, having gone in to clean and service the dwelling many times. Why hire maids when you have nuns at your disposal?

Father Francis had put on the outside lights as the sky started turning dark; a good indication that he was home. As long as no one else showed up to interrupt Jessica it looked like everything would go according to plan. She reached the plain wooden door and paused a moment, straightening her habit and veil as she looked up at the cross adorning the humble residence. Jessica took a deep breath and rang the doorbell before standing back slightly. Long moments passed before she finally heard his footsteps and the door swung open.

"Sister Jessica? To what do I owe the pleasure this evening?"

"Good evening Father Francis" she replied, her head bowing slightly "I've come to discuss a few things, if you have time?"

"I was about to head out for some ice cream. Would you care to join me, sister?"

"No, I don't think I'm in the mood for ice cream, Father. I find myself in turmoil these last few days. I've had many wicked thoughts and I feel I may need to confess."

"Oh... say no more. Ice cream can wait! The good work of our lord cannot. Please, come in."

He stood back and held open the door. Jessica offered him a meek smile as she stepped into the well lit foyer.

Francis was a handsome man and only a few years older than Jessica. He was thin, slight of build and an inch or two shorter than her, standing at about 5'8 or 5'9. His dark brown hair was parted on one side and his fair skin had a healthy, peach colored tone. His warm brown eyes had the slightest tinge of green in them and they immediately disarmed anyone he encountered. He wore the traditional white collar, black button down shirt and black pants that his order was known for, though his sleeves were short to accommodate the summer heat.

Francis was fairly young to be a full fledged priest with a parish of his own, but that's the way things had been trending in recent decades. Catholic priests kept getting younger because their ranks were depleting. The information age and modernity were rendering religion obsolete. People went to see therapists and counselors now to talk about their problems, not the clergy. You could hardly blame them when the non-stop pedophilia scandals of the priesthood had been a constant blemish on the institution. The scope of the problem seemed to grow worse every year. With less people attracted to the faith and even fewer people wanting to join the clergy, new recruits were rushed through the seminary and assigned a mission much younger than they would've been in the past.

Francis closed the door and extended his arm, his hand pointing down the hallway.

“We can talk in my study. Would you like something to drink?”

“No, thank you Father.”

'But I'll be giving you something to drink real soon.'

She walked into the residence slowly, staying close to Francis as they made their way inward. Jessica wasn't sure what distance her pheromones were effective at, but if she could get him under the influence early, this would go much smoother.

“What's in the bag? Planning to spend the night?” he quipped.

“Oh, no!” Jessica hurriedly replied as they turned into his den. “I had to run into town to pick up a few things today...” She sat in the chair opposite his desk as she continued, setting her bag down on the floor “...but I wanted to see you before it got too late, so I came right here.”

Francis shook his head as he took his seat behind the desk. “You went into town today? It was 102 degrees out, wasn't it? You Sisters of Guadalupe are made of tough stuff!”

“We're used to hardship” Jessica replied, barely able to hide her resentment behind a thin smile.

Francis' study was a simple, but well decorated room. The walls were filled with old tomes, biblical study texts, dozens of different versions of the bible, self improvement books and even some classic literature and modern mystery novels that he enjoyed. The walls sported an assortment of paintings ranging from landscapes to biblical art. The room was neat and orderly, the environment of a deliberate man with an eye for detail.

“So, Sister Jessica, what troubles you?”

“Many things Father, but I will begin with the visions.”

“Visions you say? That sounds serious.”

“I have had many lately. Some waking, some asleep. Terrible, lustful visions...”

Jessica wasn't the type of woman who could whip up tears on the spot, but she was very good at faking sincerity. She leaned forward from her chair as she spoke, putting her hands on the desk and then clasping them together. A pained expression took form as she wove her tale.

“Visions of myself and various men in sinful attire. Scenes where we engage in... completely depraved acts beyond description.”

“Oh. **Those** kind of visions. Sister Jessica, if I had a nickel for every woman who came and told me a tale like that, this church would never need for money again.”

“Yes, but Father, they were so real! I keep seeing it every night. They tempt me! And I'm a sister of our order. I'm not supposed to...” she sniffed a bit, as if she were about to sob, and bowed her head.

And then, the trap was sprung. Francis reached forward and placed his hands over hers.

“Sister, it's alright. Even the most committed members of the clergy experience these things from time to time. The important thing is to leave these wicked thoughts behind. To banish them from your mind and cleanse yourself with prayer, fasting and confession. By coming here tonight, you've done the right thing.”

Jessica raised her head slowly and gazed into his eyes. He was completely unchanged. He offered her a slight, sympathetic smile and then removed his hands, leaning back into his chair.

'Shit! Why isn't it working?!? Could he really be one of those people with “the strongest wills” that Lilith had mentioned? Not likely. Is it because he's gay? She never mentioned whether that mattered. Ugh, there's so much she didn't tell me!'

“I have no doubt that these incidents will pass. If you truly want them to, that is.”

'You fucking hypocrite...'

So that was it then. The only thing that would turn Francis into her first slave was a healthy injection of her cum, but her seduction powers would be no help in getting him there. She would have to subdue him through more conventional means. That meant it was time for plan B.

“I'm sure you're right, Father. Thank you. I hope you won't think poorly of me after this, but I have some doubts to confess as well.”

“We all have doubts, Jessica. Lord knows I've had my share. Please, do tell. Confession is good for the soul.”

“The scandals just keep breaking in the news. It's very hard some days to wear my title with any self respect.”

“Yes, it's been a rough time to be a Catholic. I don't think anyone would dispute that. But these are the times we must cling even more fervently to the tenants of our faith and redouble our efforts to do good work.”

“I don't think I can do that, Father. The doubts have grown overbearing. I doubt the church. I doubt the mission of my Sisterhood. I even have doubts... about you.”

It registered like a slap to his face and his eyes shot forward. They met Jessica's reddish brown orbs and found no weakness. Only a lioness studying her prey.

His eyebrows furrowed. “Doubts about me? What do you mean, Sister?”

“Last fall, you were supposed to go to the Catholic Youth Conference in Indianapolis. But you didn't go there, did you Father? I was here to help clean not long after you left. I found the printouts for your tickets in the trash. You were booked on a flight to Barbados.”

Francis swallowed. His hands folded together and his eyes glared at her with equal parts anger and concern.

“I really don't think that's any of your...”

“I've seen the way you look at men in church” she interrupted.

Jessica began taking off her veil. Her long, curly locks of dark brown hair were freed at last, tumbling down from the top of her head.

“Young, well built men, especially.”

“That's preposterous slander.”

“Another time, when I was in your room, I found the catalog you hide under your mattress. You know the one. The men's fashion catalog with all the sticky pages?”

“THAT'S ENOUGH!”

“I bet if we went in there right now I'd find it. Or maybe you've found some new wank material?”

“This conversation is over.”

Francis started to stand but Jessica put her foot on the edge of the desk and pushed, channeling all her strength into one powerful shove. The desk lurched forward and bit into his torso, knocking him back into the chair and almost sending both toppling over.

She stood quickly and looked down at him, her hands on her hips. Her eyes were ablaze with hunger and her body surged with dominant energy.

“Yes, this conversation **IS** over, and you're going to do exactly what I say, because if you don't, Mother Superior, the Bishop and every parishioner of this church will find out exactly who you are and how you've abused church funds.”

The hope drained from Francis' eyes. He slumped back in his chair, his head hanging down until his forehead met the palm of his hand. The realization of his blown cover hit him full force and resignation entered his voice. His eyes remained closed as he spoke.

“What do you want?”

“Look at me.”

Francis' hand slid from his face, his gaze returning to the unveiled nun. His forlorn expression oozed defeat and concession.

“I want my life back, FUCKER! I want to feel good again! That's priority one and you're going to help me with it right now.”

Jessica reached down and pulled her habit up the length of her body. The thick, black garment slipped over her head and to the side, leaving only a dark purple bra holding up her ample mocha cleavage and a set of silken pantyhose trailing down her long legs.

It took Francis a couple moments to register what he was seeing, but unmistakably wedged to one side in her soft, black leggings was what looked like a third leg. Her length of dark brown meat displayed markedly, straining to be free of its silky prison. Francis' eyes went wide and he gripped the sides of his chair reflexively.

“What the... What is going on here?!?”

Jessica reached down, grabbed the seam of her pantyhose and pulled them down smoothly. She kicked off her shoes and pulled the form fitting garment off, tossing it to the side. She stood back up, her engorged member bobbing into view. Her impressive endowment was hardening and lengthening by the second, her fat scrotum churning with batter below.

“It's your lucky day Frankie. It's a big, fat dick you don't need to waste the church's money on.”

She strode closer to him, her curvy frame and growing erection bounding gently. Francis recoiled, pressing his back into the chair as she drew nearer.

“What's the matter? This the first cock you've ever seen that you **didn't** want to suck? Or are these the problem?”

Jessica reached up and gave her breasts a nice squeeze through the lacy, purple bra. She smiled devilishly before unfastening the clasp and dropping the restrictive garment at her side. Her large mocha mounds spilled out, jiggling slightly as they, too, found their freedom. She trailed one hand through her luscious hair and down the back of her head, allowing Francis to soak her in her full, naked form. After a few moments, she resumed her approach.

“I get it. I'm not really your type. If it makes you feel better, you can close your eyes and pretend I'm a big, strong man.”

She stopped just a couple feet from the chair, placing her hands on her hips once more. Her fat length

of dark meat was jutting directly at him, almost at full mast now.

“On your knees, **bitch!** I know you can do that much. You've been doing it your whole life.”

Francis hadn't taken his eyes off her cock since she took the bra off. He slipped off the chair to his hands and knees and began crawling forward slowly. The defeat in his eyes slowly gave way to a tinge of lust as he raised his gaze back to his new Mistress.

“Yeah, I knew you'd warm up to the idea. Open wide slut.”

A rumble of thunder echoed outside. Jessica closed the final distance to him, her massive cock aimed at his moist, fleshy hole. Francis' eyes closed as she grabbed his ears and slid her pulsing member into his warm, wet tunnel without delay.

Jessica peered down between her large bronze breasts, watching her fat length of fuck meat disappear slowly into his sucking maw. Seven inches of her thick flesh-hose fed into his mouth easily before she met any resistance. Fluid drenched gags began emanating from his throat as she pumped his face and tried to press further. The thunder grew louder outside as rain began pattering against the study windows.

She pulled back momentarily before thrusting into his mouth again, forcing her cock back in deeply and holding it there as he sputtered on her shaft. She sawed back and forth for several minutes, enjoying her first taste of mouth fucking bliss to the fullest. As the glomming, guttural sounds from his throat became urgent, she pulled out to give him fresh air. A wad of pre-cum and phlegm flowed from his mouth like a fountain, sliding down his body and staining his priestly clothes. Thick strands of pre-cum extended from his well used lips to the the head of her massive brown schlong.

“Goddamn! You took half of me like a champ! You've done this a lot, haven't you?”

Francis' face was flushed from oral servitude, but her comments turned him a deeper shade of red. The embarrassment was painted across his face as he looked to the side and refused to respond.

SMACK

The loud slap rang out, her palm connecting swiftly. A crack of lightning split the sky and made the ground quake, as if the heavens themselves were pronouncing her authority.

“Your Mistress asked you a question.”

“...Yes.”

“Yes what?”

“Yes, I've sucked a lot of cocks, Mistress.”

“You love cock, don't you Frankie?”

“.....Yes.”

SMACK

Another crack of lightning pierced the heavens and rattled the Earth.

“YES WHAT?!?”

“Yes Mistress!”

“Mmmhmm... now show me **how much** you love cock, *puta padre!* It's time for your first feeding.”

She stepped into his mouth once more, her cock head and the first half of her spit lubed member sliding into his mouth with ease. She placed her legs on either side of his body and grabbed thick tufts of his hair, giving herself maximum leverage to fuck his sissy throat.

Jessica began pumping her hips back and forth smoothly, pressing him to take more. Each time the wet, sloppy gagging noises bubbled up from his lips and nose, music to her ears. With each backstroke of her veiny, fat fuck stick, more saliva and pre-cum slid out of Francis' mouth. It splattered down his chest, making a gooey mess all over his shirt and pants as Jessica fucked his face with abandon.

“Yeah, that's it baby... Suck me good! So this is your limit right now, hmmm? Well, that's ok. You got a **long** way to go, but you'll be getting plenty of practice. More than you could ever imagine...”

She lost herself in mouth fucking. The occasional flash of lightning lit up the sky outside and rain pounded the windows as Jessica filled his slut mouth over and over. Her bronze breasts shined with a thin sheen of perspiration as they bounced up and down, her cock plowing in and out of Francis' eager lips nonstop. It was a sensation so intense that she'd never felt anything even remotely as good in her life. She never wanted it to end.

“Yeah, you like that you little white bitch? You like choking on my big brown cock? I knew you would!”

“Yowolka... kwaawwwaakk”

She released his hair and gave the side of his face a firm smack before seizing his ears and plowing his mouth harder.

“Don't talk with your mouth full, slut.”

After several more minutes of sloppy, gag laden throat fucking, the building sensation in her heavy balls marked the point of no return. She dug her fingers into his hair harshly and fucked his slut face as fast as her hips could move. The room filled with the sounds of lip smacking and wet, frenzied thrusting as Francis' hands frantically found her legs. He pushed on them, pleading for air, but her grip was rock solid. He could do nothing to slow the pace of thick musty schlong furiously violating his throat.

“OH GOD!!!! GGGGUUUUUUHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!”

Jessica's dark brown scrotum twitched visibly and a torrent of filthy sludge discharged down her glistening cum pipe. Francis' hands grasped at empty air as she kept his mouth locked on her bloated

phallus. Her thick paste rushed down her fat length and deposited into his throat, the white pudding rippling down into his waiting stomach. She held his head in place for five long spurts before finally releasing him, Francis coughing and sputtering as he pulled off her slimy shaft and fell forward. Her custard like jizm continued firing all over his prone body, adorning his hair and back. The glue-like ropes coated his already tarnished clothing, his garments now equal parts black and milky white.

Jessica gave her breasts several firm squeezes before running her hands up to the back of her head. She panted slightly as her heart pounded in her chest and she slowly caught her breath. She looked down at her cum slathered slut, the man she used to call "Father" now prostrate at her feet. If what Lilith said was true, Francis was now her slave. He didn't know it yet, but he would crave Succubus cum for the rest of his days and with every dose he received, he would become more compliant and submissive to her.

She reached down and placed two fingers under his chin, lifting his cum splattered face until their eyes met. The smile on her face was genuine, simultaneously pleased and grateful that he had taken her cock so well in their first encounter.

"Good slut! So good, in fact, that I'm going to ignore that you placed your hands on me without permission. Don't ever do that again."

She released his chin. Francis swallowed and nodded.

The gnawing thirst bit at Jessica's throat and abdomen, reminding her of the primary reason for her visit. She walked back to her chair and retrieved her large leather bag, setting the black sack on his desk and rummaging through it. She retrieved the item she had purchased specifically for Francis and returned to him swiftly. As Francis rose to his knees and sat back on his haunches Jessica brought his new accessory into view, a long chain dangling from it menacingly.

"Time for a new collar, Frankie! You won't be needing this one anymore. Not when we're together."

Jessica reached down and unfastened the pliable, white ring that all Catholic priests wore. She yanked the combination of cloth and plastic out of his shirt collar and tossed it behind her. She held the new collar up again so he could get a better look, reveling in his discomfort as he began to understand the full nature of their new relationship. It was thick, black leather with metal studs all the way around it and a firm O-ring featured at the front. The O-ring was hooked to a long metal chain that Jessica held in her other hand.

"You will wear this at all times when we're in private. If I come to see you and it's not on, you will be punished. Understood?"

"Yes Mistress."

"Good."

She opened the collar, pressed it to his neck, stepped behind him and began pulling the fastener snug through the metal clasp on the back. She pulled the strap as tight as she could without endangering his airway or circulation before pressing the metal clasp through one of the holes and securing it. Her work done, she sauntered back to his front and inspected him.

“Such an improvement! You'll wear that in public as well, eventually, but one step at a time...”

Francis looked completely flustered. His mind couldn't process the sexual dynamic he suddenly found himself in. A gay man enslaved to a woman with the biggest cock he'd ever seen. He had enjoyed kinky dalliances before on occasion but nothing like this had ever been sprung on him. His life had just changed unalterably and Jessica wasn't done introducing changes.

She gave the leather cuff at the end of his leash a firm tug and started walking toward the door.

“We're moving to the bedroom. You will crawl behind me.”

Her hips swayed and her spent cock dangled as she strode forward, her new slave in tow and her left hand snatching the leather bag off the table as they made their way out. They turned the corner and headed further down the hallway to a bedroom Jessica knew only too well. The lightning and thunder had mostly passed, the sounds of pouring rain and swift wind pounding on the walls and windows as they made their way through the dark hallway.

She led him into the bedroom, flicking on the light switch and tugging harshly on his leash. It was a bare bones room not unlike the dorms in the convent. Members of the clergy were supposed to live modestly, but after what she had uncovered about Francis, who knew what else he was hiding? Jessica made a mental note to investigate later. She pointed toward the bed and gave his ass a good shove with her foot.

“Take those filthy things off and lie down.”

Francis stood and started disrobing immediately. Jessica smiled, pleased to see him following orders so well. Unless he'd had an experimental phase when he was younger, she was willing to bet he'd been the bottom in every relationship he'd ever been in. He seemed to take to it naturally.

As Francis discarded his cum stained shirt and pants, she rummaged through her bag again, looking for something else. By the time she'd found the two pairs of handcuffs she wanted, Francis was on the bed. The idiot still had his boxers on. Jessica scowled.

“Your underwear too.”

Francis hastily slid the thin cotton garment down his legs and tossed it aside, laying back down immediately and trying not to stare at his imposing captor. His cock was as average as could be. Just a few inches soft. Probably five to six inches when hard, assuming he was a “grower.” It was irrelevant to Jessica. As long as he provided her with the sustenance she needed and two warm holes for her much larger endowment, he would make a fine slave.

She slipped onto the bed, the twin pairs of handcuffs dangling from her left hand as she straddled his naked body. She sat on his torso, the scent of saliva and cum wafting from her thick python, now resting on his chest. Jessica leaned to each side, grasping his wrists and handcuffing them to the front bed posts securely. She then flashed a toothy grin and gave him a few playful smacks on the cheek before standing up and stepping off the bed.

“I'll be right back. Don't go anywhere!”

Jessica chuckled as she grabbed her bag and headed for the bathroom.

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It was twenty minutes later when Jessica walked back into the bedroom and found Francis tugging on his restraints. It had taken her a while to change into her new outfit, but it had been worth the effort. Her body was covered in studded red leather straps from the bottom of her torso to the harness hanging it from her neck and shoulders. It was a leather bondage brassiere that the store had advertised as “one size fits most.” It just barely fit over Jessica's generous proportions, but she loved that about it.

The red straps bit into her mocha skin nicely. The cool metal rivets sent chills down her spine. The thick leather bands around her breasts would tighten and massage her orbs nicely as she had her way with Francis. This outfit wasn't for him. This was all for Jessica and how it made her feel sexy, powerful and alive. Completing the outfit was a red riding crop and a pair of long red leather boots. The shiny leg wear gripped her calves and the top half of her thighs exquisitely.

“Don't waste your time.” she sneered, extracting one medium sized condom from her bag before tossing the heavy sack to the foot of the bed. “Those cuffs are the real thing.”

She held up a thin cord hanging from her neck. Francis could barely make it out in the dim light of the room, but he could perceive a set of small keys dangling from her fingers. She flashed him a haughty grin before dropping the keys into her breasts and stepping up on the bed. Jessica placed her feet on either side of his waist and looked down at him, enjoying the view of her helpless cum slut. She snapped the crop in her hands a few times before speaking.

“So.... what should we do now? I have an idea! I think it's time for you to meet someone. Do you have any idea who I could be talking about?”

“No Mistress...”

She let out a wicked laugh and then slowly turned around. Jessica reached behind and seized her bare ass cheeks with both hands. She gave her round, fleshy globes a few gentle squeezes before speaking over her shoulder.

“Say hello to your new God, Frankie. Worship services begin immediately.”

Before she even finished the sentence, her bulbous bronze ass was lowering onto his face. She reached down and grabbed the chain leash hooked to his collar and pulled it demandingly between her legs. His face rose to meet her fleshy mocha cheeks and her weight pushed him back down onto the bed. He mumbled something inaudible as she lowered her body onto him fully, his arms reflexively pulling on the cuffs as she sealed his face below her.

Jessica let out a throaty moan of pleasure as she felt his tongue slide up and down her supple crack. She shimmied her body from side to side, lining his chin and nose up the center of her ass and applying her weight to him firmly. Her eyes closed as she began grinding her lower body up and down his face and her nerve endings lit up with bliss. When she opened them again and looked forward, she could see Francis' pecker chubbing up considerably.

“Oh. My. God.... you fucking whore.”

She lifted her ass off his face briefly, his lungs sucking in fresh air as she squatted over him. She turned to the side and looked over her shoulder, eager to mock the depraved bottom bitch who thought he could hide his sexual urges in the priesthood.

“So, you're a natural ass licker too, hmmm? Looks like you're enjoying yourself!”

His cock was now standing at rigid attention. She reached out and gave it a cruel flick.

“AHHH! Yes Mistress!”

“**SAY IT!**”

“I'm an ass licker, Mistress! I like licking ass!”

“You're going to do more than lick, **SLUT.**”

She dropped her ample cheeks back down on his face and wiggled back and forth over his moist, messy mouth. As he kissed, licked and blew his hot breath all over her increasingly sweaty and saliva coated ass, she unwrapped the standard size condom and slid it over his rock-hard cock. Jessica had been diligent to purchase non-lubricated condoms so her prize would not be tainted. The rubber smell turned her on even more as she rolled it all the way down his length.

She started gently, giving his latex sheathed member a few strokes up and down. Jessica would've preferred to ride his face until he came purely from being teased, but the thirst was wearing on her and she needed to sate it quickly. She tugged on his leash hungrily with her left hand, the chain pulling his face deeper into her darkness and delivering a wonderful cool sensation as it glided along the bottom of her hot, heavy balls. Her right hand slid up and down his manhood, his engorged cock straining against the clinging latex.

Jessica heard the frenzied rattle of handcuffs and realized he needed air again. She lifted her ass once more and gave him a few seconds to re-oxygenate. She turned again, this time gripping his chin sternly as she spoke.

“Ass worship involves kissing, licking **AND** tonguing. I want your tongue up my silky brown pucker! Understood?”

“Yes Mistress!”

“Now, I'm going to sit on your face again and I'm not getting off until **YOU** get off! If you can't cum for me, well... you're not really of much use, are you?”

She buried him with her slimy ass cheeks once again, re-sealing his face in her depths before he could respond. She wound Francis' leash around her hand a few times and pulled roughly, relaxing it only after she felt the tip of his warm, wet tongue probing her sphincter. Jessica pushed back on him gently, gliding her sloppy, spit soaked ass up and down his cum glazed face. She smiled wickedly as she felt him trying to re-enter her moist, fleshy hole with his tongue every time she moved and ruined his

rhythm.

She seized his dick and resumed jerking him off with lustful, crazed need. Her hand flowed up and down non-stop, becoming more insistent with every stroke. She smacked down into his pubis with wet slaps, getting more rough with his cock with each passing moment. Her own cock was growing harder by the second, stiffening more the louder the fapping noises grew and the further Francis dug into her asshole with his hungry tongue.

“YEAH! TONGUE FUCK MY ASS!!! CUM WHILE TONGUING MY ASS YOU FUCKING WHORE!!!”

Francis' body seized under her and a muffled cry sounded as he moaned into her fleshy bottom. His cock jolted in her hand as burst after burst of milky white erupted into the slick latex sleeve. She watched the rubber swell and expand, her mouth watering and her need to drink intensifying. Jessica had been sure to leave plenty of the room at the top to catch every drop. She wanted a full load and Francis wasn't disappointing her.

She leaned forward, pulling her ample ass off his face and Francis gasped behind her. He sucked in ragged breaths as she continued jerking him off smoothly. She dropped his leash and began massaging his balls with her other hand, milking out every ounce of nut that she possibly could.

When his cock had twitched its last, she rolled off of Francis and began slipping the condom off his slowly deflating member. She cradled the bulge of cum on one end, careful not to let any spill as she pulled the prophylactic free.

Her spoils finally in hand, she stood and began rolling the edges of the condom down. When all that was left was an inch of latex above the warm, creamy bulge, she brought the rubber to her lips and sucked greedily. She tilted the milky vile upward and dumped it into her waiting mouth, his silky seed sliding down her eager tongue.

Sweetness. Wonderful sweetness. A feeling of warmth and calm spread over Jessica. The gnawing at her stomach faded away as his thick jizzum began seeping down her throat. It wasn't the same sensation of profound nirvana that Lilith's potion had been, but it was similar. Her every sense was heightened. She flowed her hands up and down her body, groping herself through the tight leather straps. It felt wonderful.

Francis could only stare at her in wonder as the curvy, leather clad Goddess drank his essence and stood over him. She was an avatar of lust, domination and sin. She was everything he had been trained to fear, despise and reject. And all he could think about was getting his mouth around her fat, brown schlong and sucking her to climax again.

Jessica let out a sign of contentment before dropping the empty latex sleeve on Francis' chest and placing her hands on her hips.

“Good boy! Mistress is pleased.”

With her heightened senses came a heightened realization of just how fatigued she was. The long, hot slog into town and back had been grueling enough and the night's activities had drained what energy she had left. Jessica wanted badly to fuck his slutty ass and complete her conquest of his body. She

hadn't even gotten to use all her new toys yet, but those things would have to wait. She needed rest.

She grabbed the handcuff keys from her necklace and bent down, unlocking each of Francis' hands in turn. She stepped off the bed and grabbed her bag, throwing her accessories back in before zippering it up. She looked down at Francis as he sat up and began rubbing his sore wrists.

“Tomorrow, and every day after, you will go about your business as you always do. In public, things will remain as they've always been, for now. When I call you and tell you to be ready to meet me in private, you will be ready. As long as you keep me happy, your secret remains safe.”

Francis' eyes narrowed in annoyance. His mind desperately searched for some way to mitigate the weakness of his position.

“Don't you mean **our** secret?”

Jessica dropped her bag. She crossed the short distance back to her soiled submissive and grabbed the chain leash hanging from his neck. She pulled his face close to hers, her reddish-brown orbs piercing his soul and shattering his sudden veneer of false confidence.

“You have **NO** leverage. Got it? As you can see, I've become a new woman recently. I could walk out of Guadalupe tomorrow and I'd be fine. Your life, on the other hand, would be ruined with just a few words from me. So **SHUTUP** and do what you're told! We both know who's in control here.”

She dropped the leash, the bottom of the chain hitting the wooden floor with an audible jangle. Jessica picked up her bag and headed for the door, pausing only a moment to speak over her shoulder.

“And we both know that you like it.”