

Latex Futa Nuns From Hell

Chapter 5 – A New Order

It was a lovely morning as the sun crested the horizon at Stedman Farms. Margaret Stedman looked out the main window of the kitchen as she sipped her morning coffee. It was late autumn, but it was still fairly warm out. This time of year it rarely dropped below 70 degrees Fahrenheit and even during the Texas winter, going below 60 was rare.

The recent rains had turned the farm grounds into a sticky, muddy mess. Normally that would create difficulty while working with horses and other animals, but there weren't many animals left on Stedman Farms. Very soon, there would be none at all. The metamorphosis of the estate was well underway and it was already serving a different purpose than raising animals and staple crops.

Margaret heard heavy footsteps coming down the stairs. They approached her from behind, work boots clomping on the hardwood floors. Soon, the arms of her husband slid around her and she smiled deeply. She spoke to him without turning.

“Good morning, Harold.”

“Good morning, wife.”

Harold planted gentle kisses on her neck as he felt her curves up and down. Margaret's cheeks grew red as he lavished her with attention. His hands felt wonderful through her frilly frock top and long cotton skirt. She rubbed her ass back on his body, her arousal increasing steadily.

“Someone's hungry this morning!” She turned to face her broad shouldered man. He was wearing his usual overalls and plaid shirt. A wide grin accompanied them. “Or should I say thirsty?”

“I'm always thirsty for you, wife.”

“That's good, because...” she pointed down at the bulge poking from the outline of her skirt. “I reckon you need to take responsibility for this.”

Harold lowered himself to his knees, only too eager to comply. Margaret pulled up her dress and her sizable cock flopped into view. She rarely wore panties anymore. Most of her underwear no longer fit and all it did was get in the way of her fun.

Her thick, musty phallus was at least twice as long as Harold's; a fact she loved to remind him with regularity. He placed his hands gently on her legs as his mouth met the tip of her fleshy weapon and he began to envelop it slowly. Margaret placed her hands on her hips, letting out a low moan as he began blowing her in earnest. The end of her skirt dropped over Harold and his head could be seen bobbing back and forth through the thin material.

So much had changed in the weeks since Sister Evelyn had visited the farm for the first time. In recent

years their sex life had been boring at best and non-existent for long stretches. They were well into middle age, but the farm was barely keeping them afloat and the demands of their business had grown too much for them to bear. It had put a strain on their relationship, but everything had changed for the better since they entered their new arrangement with the Sisterhood.

Margaret had been shocked by her transformation, but it wasn't long before apprehension gave way to delight. In addition to buying the farm, the Sisterhood had agreed to let them remain as part-time caretakers and pay them a stipend that would be more than enough to live on. Harold, who had never shown an ounce of submissive inclination in his life, or even a tolerance for Margaret's attempts to spice things up in the bedroom, now couldn't go a day without sucking her dry.

She had discovered an intoxicating new authority, skyrocketing libido, and a husband who happily entertained her every sexual fantasy. It was a dream come true, even if it took a form she never would have imagined.

As Harold slid his mouth to the halfway point of her rapidly hardening erection, Margaret seized his head and began pressing herself deeper into his throat. With each sputter and gag she relented slightly, careful not to overwhelm her thirsty man-whore. Harold was a long way from being able to deep throat her to the base, but she would get him there eventually. All it would take is lots of practice.

“Hey mom! How long till breakfast?” a voice called down the stairs.

Margaret's eyes went wide and she froze. She hadn't realized Dylan was awake. Harold halted his ministrations and ducked out from under her skirt. He stood and wiped his saliva and pre-cum slick lips with his sleeve. He turned, relieved to see that Dylan hadn't come charging down the stairs as he so often did.

“Ummmm, give me fifteen minutes, then come down for eggs and toast!” Margaret yelled up the staircase.

“Alright!” came the reply, followed by the sound of Dylan's bedroom door closing.

Margaret breathed a sigh of relief before turning back to Harold.

“You hungry?”

“No, just thirsty” he replied sheepishly.

“Well, get out there and get the morning work done before Miss Evelyn arrives. If she or the other Sisters want to feed you, they have my permission.”

“Yes, wife” Harold said, tipping an invisible hat before turning and heading for the door.

“It's **Mistress** now, Harry! You best get used it.”

“Yes, Mistress!” he called over his shoulder with a chuckle.

Margaret grimaced as she watched him exit to the yard. She would need to get creative with some bondage and corporal punishment until Harold learned proper respect.

Within seconds she flew into Mom mode. She cracked open some eggs, poured them into a mixing bowl and whisked away. As she prepared breakfast, her thoughts turned to her son. She had no idea how Dylan would take the news once he learned of her transformation. It was the one worry still nagging her as life, in all other respects, had become carefree.

Like many young men his age, Dylan had graduated from college but hadn't yet found a good full-time position in two years of searching. Until now, he'd worked a series of odd jobs and helped out on the farm. He'd had a few girlfriends during that time, none of which Margaret liked very much. The last one almost convinced him to move to New York with her. Margaret would've hated that, but thankfully their relationship had ended.

She didn't want her beautiful boy to go far away. In truth, Margaret didn't like him seeing any woman that she didn't vet first. Maybe he didn't have to leave. Maybe he could stay on the farm with his family and the Sisterhood, where he belonged.

Her dreams had grown sexual and very intense on a nightly basis. In them, it wasn't just Harold that Margaret found herself dominating. She knew it was wrong. Or, whatever vestige of her old sense of morality that remained told her it was wrong, but she didn't care. The lust burned within her and she loved her son so very much.

Margaret dumped the bowl of whisked eggs into the frying pan. As it started to sizzle, she crossed the kitchen to her hanging purse. She dug around in it until she found one of the XL condoms she'd purchased at the sex store in town.

The well endowed matron moved back to the stove and started tending the eggs again. She chopped, stirred and scrambled them up until they were mostly cooked, then turned the heat down. She tore the condom open with lustful haste, reached below her skirt and slid the latex sheath over her stiffening cock. Her erection had flagged a bit while she cooked, but thinking of her dreams and what the future might hold for Dylan caused blood to rush back to her meaty rod.

She leaned against the counter and began stroking herself back and forth. She pictured Harold and Dylan both hogtied and gagged as she took turns fucking their slutty asses. She imagined Dylan being spit-roasted by two of the Sisters as she watched in rapture.

Her latex-wrapped monster throbbed as she worked her hand up and down feverishly. Within seconds, the point of no return was reached. She bit her tongue as her climax hit, half-moaning and gasping as viscous, creamy ejaculate rushed into the condom. The end of it ballooned with her copious ejections, a thick pocket of cum forming as she threw her head back and jacked herself to completion.

She rested only a few moments before realizing she was running out of time. Margaret turned, retrieved her spatula and stirred the eggs some more, making sure they were hot and ready. She scooped the eggs onto a plate and let them sit for a moment as she pulled the condom off her slowly deflating cock.

Margaret poured her semen carefully over the mounds of eggs until not a drop more could be wrung from the latex sheath. She retrieved a fork and began stirring and mashing the eggs up some more, hiding any visible trace of the secret ingredient. Her work complete, she moved to the trash and plunged the condom and its wrapper far into the garbage so the evidence wouldn't be visible.

“DYLAN! BREAKFAST IS READY! COME AND GET IT!”

Margaret set the plate on the table along with a fresh fork and a glass of orange juice. Seconds later she heard Dylan tromp down the stairs. Her pride and joy burst into view and he immediately sat down to eat. Thick brown hair, sparkling blue eyes; a young man any woman would be lucky to have as her own.

“Thanks Mom. I'm starving! Where's the toast?”

“Oh! I'm sorry!” She recoiled in embarrassment, moving quickly to grab the bread and throw some slices in the toaster. “Got a lot on my mind, I guess.”

Dylan had a fork-load of eggs in his mouth as he replied. “No problem.”

She crossed her arms below her breasts, watching him eat in silence. It wasn't long before her mind wandered into carnal territory again. Her impulses turned licentious and she was powerless to stop them. Her heartbeat quickened and her face went flush. As she watched her son devour his breakfast, she knew that all would be right with the world very soon.

“Wow! These taste even better than usual! What did you put in them?”

Margaret smiled, her eyes beaming at her only child. “Nothin but love, darlin.”

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The shiny rubber of Jessica's latex habit creaked and stretched as she strode down the convent hall. She entered the administrative section of the main building and passed the office that had once belonged to Helen. It was hers now and the nameplate on the desk read “Mistress Superior – Jessica F. Christiano.”

The glossy latex of her new outfit felt immaculate on her skin. Rather than a robe that flowed to her feet, the clingy rubber ended in a short skirt. It was cut just low enough to hide her impressive appendage, but not the bulge it created. Jessica had taken to wearing no undergarments. The tight rubber on her breasts, ass and cock kept her in a near constant state of arousal. Her gleaming black boots traced her legs nicely, the latex climbing to just above her knees.

Jessica had initially planned to banish the habit from her wardrobe, but upon reflection, thought better of it. Wearing it would remind her and the Sisters where they came from. The rubbery habit, adorned with no religious iconography and with all modesty removed, would be a symbol of their progress. There would never again be a dress code enforced upon her Sisters, but every woman in the order would have latex nun attire to wear if they wished. It would be the second gift each new member received.

She reached the end of the hallway and turned into the conference room to find her leadership staff waiting for her. Each of the women had adopted a fashion style of their own, often corresponding with their new positions.

Victoria, now Headmistress of Finance, was wearing a latex habit not dissimilar to Jessica's, but her

body was adorned in gleaming red. Red had always been Vicky's color, matching her fiery hair and passionate personality. She had been denied the chance to wear red for so many years and now she was making up for lost time.

Behind her was Christopher, a leather leash leading from his collar to her hands. He was sealed in a light blue latex bodysuit from head to toe with a black stripe that flowed down the center and covered its locked zipper. His hands and feet were sealed in black latex mitts and short, black leather boots. His rubber hood was adorned with pointy cat ears and a tail hung from his ass where a thick plug was lodged deeply in his pucker.

Jessica had seen Christopher around campus with Vicky, but hadn't gotten to know him well, yet. Victoria kept him locked in her dorm most of the time. She'd been reluctant to share her first slave with the convent until today.

Abigail, Headmistress of Security, stood at attention, looking every bit the stern Dominatrix in her leather coat, leather pants and leather boots. There wasn't an inch of her body not covered in shiny black, save for her fair face. Her shoulder length raven hair tumbled down from an officer's cap and she held her hands behind her back; a sturdy crop fixed in her grip. Her expressions rarely revealed it, but Abigail was having the time of her life.

Evelyn, Headmistress of Personnel, felt like she was home again. She'd grown up on a farm and now she was managing one that was way more fun than any cattle ranch or dairy could hope to be.

A brown leather mini vest framed her torso and was matched in color by the classic "cattleman" hat sitting atop her wavy blonde locks. A white, open neck shirt surrounded the outer half of her breasts and pushed most of her cleavage into view; the garment tied just under her enormous mounds. Elbow length reddish-brown gloves covered her hands and forearms, indicating she was ready to handle tools or difficult men with ease. Her midriff was exposed, leading down to a thick leather belt and blue jeans that were almost completely covered by leather chaps. Leather tassels trailed down the outside of both legs, leading to her ranch style boots.

Evelyn had always been on the plump side, but since being gifted her stomach had shrunk considerably. Her youth was rapidly returning and she was well on her way to becoming the most eye catching version of her curvy self. Sisters and slaves alike had taken to calling her "Stable Mistress Evelyn", a title she liked better than her official one.

"Good morning Sisters!" Jessica called out as she made her way to the head of the conference table. As she turned and set her things down, she noticed there was one more person in attendance. Vivian, the Sister whom Evelyn had recommended to join the council.

Vivian was wearing an elegant two piece latex dress that showed off her curves powerfully. The black upper half of the rubber garment barely held up her massive, ebony breasts. Below her cleavage it transitioned into radiant blue latex that ended in a shiny loin cloth hanging between her strong thighs.

Her bare arms and legs were well toned and shone with healthy vitality. Luscious jet black hair hung all around her head in elegant waves. A bit of light blue eye shadow was the only makeup Vivian had applied. The dominant diva had little need for cosmetics.

She looked completely different than the last time Jessica had seen her many weeks ago. Somehow, her

transformation seemed even more dramatic than the other Sisters.

“Oh, Vivian! You're already here! Good. I wasn't going to make you wait outside. Since you're about to join this council, there's no reason you shouldn't sit in on our meeting.”

Vivian offered a slight bow. “Thank you, Mistress Superior.”

“Please, everyone, get comfortable” Jessica said, gesturing to the seats around the table. Vicky slid into the chair to Jessica's right with her slut-boy in tow. Abigail and Evelyn took up her left flank while Vivian sat at the other end of the long conference table.

Jessica sat and began speaking for Vivian's benefit, her eyes locking on the eager ebony temptress.

“We hold these council meetings twice a week to guide the development of this convent. How much longer we'll be calling it a “convent”, I don't know. We're still working on the re-branding.”

Vivian nodded. Many of the Sisters had been wondering what the future held for the Sisters of Guadalupe now that so much had changed. She was getting a peek behind the curtain and already liked what she was seeing.

“Vicky” Jessica said, turning to her red latex Sister “How are our finances?”

“Good and getting better! Our income from initiate tribute has already surpassed what church services bring in. Buying new uniforms for the Sisterhood put a small dent in our bankroll, but we're doing fine at the moment. Once we institute the tithing program for full members, we'll be sitting pretty.”

“Excellent. On that note, it's time to choose what the initial tithing rate will be. Ten percent is traditional and I think that's a good place to start.”

“Reasonable” Vicky agreed with a nod.

“Pffft, at least fifteen or twenty! These pigs can afford it” Abigail scoffed.

“Oh cmon Abby” Evelyn scolded her. “Ten percent of someone's income ain't no chump change! Give em time to adjust.”

“Ten percent to start” Jessica said, shifting her gaze to Abigail. “We can always raise it later if we wish. All in favor?”

Jessica, Vicky and Evelyn raised their hands with a reluctant Abigail finally joining them.

“Carried. Francis has performed good service by keeping the masses going, but I want it brought to an end as soon as possible. This is no longer a Catholic institution and that's not how we're going to make our money. Which brings me to the next issue...”

Jessica leaned backed and composed herself. “When we finally split with the church, that's when we have to start worrying about who owns this property. Before that happens, we need to extend our reach. Abigail...”

She turned to her leather clad enforcer again. "I want you to start sending Sisters out to seed local law enforcement, county government, city government and the Bishop's office. I want influence in all those places. Once we have some thirsty boys in positions of authority, it will be a lot easier to protect our mission and our home."

Abigail nodded. "It will be done."

"I know it's a lot to ask you to run local security AND a spy division, but I want to keep operational knowledge to a trusted few at the moment."

"Campus security is no problem while we're this small. As we grow, things will get more complicated. I recommend that for every ten new Sisters that join us, we dedicate one to local security and two to expanding our influence."

"Sounds good to me" Jessica concurred. "Vicky, Evelyn?"

They both nodded.

"Carried. I trust you and Evelyn to work out the selection process. And speaking of personnel..."

She turned to Evelyn, eyebrows raised.

"Have their been any more desertions?"

"No. Just the four we already know of. The rest of the Sisters have remained and almost all of them are adjusting well. I'm keeping an eye on the stragglers."

Jessica leaned back again, a soft sigh escaping her lips as she stared at the table. "I hope for their sake, the ones who left are keeping a low profile and coping with their thirst. I don't want anyone else to end up like Helen."

Her eyes darted back to Evelyn. "It's not a priority, but continue your efforts to track them down and get in contact with them. Let them know they're welcome back any time."

Evelyn nodded. "Of course."

"Initiates?" Jessica quizzed.

"Fifteen more. Our numbers continue to tick up each week. We lose some whenever a wife or girlfriend is gifted, but the single men will keep coming back. I imagine we'll have at least fifty enroll in the first week when we offer full membership."

"A strong start" Jessica said with a grin. "Which brings me to our newest member..."

Vivian straightened her posture, happy to be called upon at last.

"Evelyn tells me you've embraced our new ways very enthusiastically. You've collared two men already?"

“Yes, Mistress Superior. In truth, they barely satisfy me. I'm hoping to collar a third soon.”

“You're in luck, then. For now, you'll be second in charge at the stables. You're going to meet many eager submissives there. In time, you'll be given your own post. We have plans to implement many more facilities once we break with the diocese. Until then, you'll gain invaluable experience working with Mistress Evelyn. You can start with her today.”

Vivian smiled and offered another bow. “Thank you Mistress Superior. I will endeavor to serve the Sisterhood well.”

“I have every confidence you will” Jessica replied as she began to stand. “With that, this meeting is adjourned! And not a moment too soon because I am **dying** for a rut...”

As Abigail, Evelyn and Vivian stood, Jessica reached out to Vicky and was handed Christopher's leash. She yanked it sternly and the demure latex slave stumbled out from behind his Mistress. Jessica laughed menacingly as she pulled the coy cat-boy into her orbit.

“Hello there young man. It's about time we got acquainted, don't you think?”

“Y-Yes Mistress Superior” the boy stammered, clearly intimidated by the dark skinned Domina.

“Awww, aren't you cute. Are you thirsty Christopher?”

“Yes Mistress!” he answered as Jessica began pushing him down on his knees.

“He hasn't been fed today” Vicky chimed in, leaning back in her chair and placing her hands behind her head. “He's ravenous.”

“That's good” Jessica purred as she placed the slight young man directly in front of the bulge in her shiny costume. “Mistress Superior has exactly what you need.”

Jessica hiked up her latex skirt and her fat brown schlong and heavy balls flopped into view. Her erection was pulsing hot, stiffening rapidly and reeked of pre-cum and rubber. It was a combination of scents Christopher had grown accustomed to, having lived with Vicky for several weeks now. It was the sheer size of Jessica's member that caused his eyes to go wide.

“Alright slut-boy, get to work!” she announced, pressing the tip of her thick phallus to his painted mouth. She pushed it between his pink, glossy lips and began pressing her hips forward insistently. “I'm not at full mast, but I'm sure you can fix that.”

As Christopher began slurping away on her meaty shaft, Jessica noticed Evelyn and Vivian chatting as they prepared to leave. “Not going to stick around for the fun?” she called out.

“Nah, we gotta get going” Evelyn responded with a hint of disappointment. “New initiates will be at the stable soon. Another time!” The two amazons waved their goodbyes before walking out.

“Oh well. I guess Christopher will just have to make due with two fat cocks!” Abigail interjected as she strolled towards the pair.

Jessica gripped the cat ears of his hood firmly and began thrusting more of her glistening brown pole into his sucking maw. Christopher sputtered as Abigail pulled his arms behind his back and quickly slapped a pair of handcuffs around his wrists tightly. Her crop sang out, switching against his latex covered bottom several times.

“AWWGHHUUWAHH! GUUUWAAHHHH!”

He gasped around Jessica's girth as spit and pre-cum began oozing from his lips and sliding down his latex suit. He could do nothing but yank his locked wrists against each other as the towering Goddesses fucked his face and punished his ass.

“That's it, bitch. Get it nice and lubed. You know where it's going next.”

Jessica shafted his mouth for several minutes, pulling Christopher's face ever closer to her hips as Abigail stung his buttocks with her leather crop.

wap wap wap WAP WAP WAP

Satisfied that her cock was fully engorged, Jessica pulled her spit lubed weapon from his mouth with a loud slurp. The look in Christopher's eyes was one of utter desperation.

“Wait! I'm so thirsty!”

Jessica grabbed his left arm, ignoring his plea and standing him up quickly. She spun him around and bent him over in one smooth motion before pulling down the zipper to his back passage. She yanked the butt plug free from his ass, tossing the heavy toy aside by its fluffy tail.

“PLEASE! I need your cum! In my tummy!!!”

Jessica thrust into him powerfully. Her rock hard mega cock split his lily white pucker even wider than the butt plug had. Half of her fat phallus glided into his glorious, fleshy walls. Jessica sighed in pure pleasure as she dug her fingers into his latex hips.

“AHHHHHHHHH!!!”

SMACK

His cry of pain was cut short by a blow from Abigail's leather glove. His vision cleared to find another fat cock being shoved in his face, the woman in head-to-toe leather making it clear what his new task was.

“Relax slut! Your belly is going to be nice and full before we're done with you.”

Abigail shoved her thick, peach-toned phallus deep into mouth. It glided along his wet tongue to the entrance of his throat. She grasped the back of his head and pulled firmly, his lips sliding all the way to the base of her cock. He could smell the heavy leather of her costume and taste her musky scent as she began fucking his mouth in earnest, her sizable scrotum smacking into the bottom of his chin with each impalement.

Vicky moaned in pleasure as she watched two colleagues spit-roast her beautiful slave boy. Jessica's thrusts grew more fierce, rocking Christopher's latex locked body with each powerful plunge into his waiting boy cunt. He gagged and slurped on Abigail's cock as she kept it lodged in his throat in between long stretches of forceful face fucking.

Victoria's hand flew up and down her rock hard erection. As she watched her collared Chrissy cat get the air-tight treatment, her pleasure began to spike. Although she was merely a spectator, the Mommy Domme in red would be the first to cum.

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“She's really something, isn't she?”

Vivian posed the question as she and Evelyn made the short drive to the farm. Mr. Stedman had been kind enough to lend the Sisterhood a truck so they wouldn't have to walk every time they visited the stables.

“She certainly is” Evelyn responded as she guided the wheel of the old vehicle. “I had my doubts about her at first, but they went up in smoke. She's a force to be reckoned with.”

“I've had doubts too” Vivian admitted. “Not about her, specifically, but about all this, at first. You have to admit, it's a drastic change.”

“I suppose, but perhaps *drastic* is what we needed after so long without change.”

Vivian had heard this before. Even if it were true, it wasn't the same as an explanation.

“But whence cometh the change? Do you really think God could be responsible for this?”

Evelyn thought for a moment as she turned onto the side road leading to the farm.

“If God didn't want this to happen, I reckon it wouldn't be happening. Besides, we've been reading about miracles all our lives. Now one happens in our midst and we're supposed to, what, deny it? Turn away? Not use the new tools we've been given? No, Sister. We're on the path.”

Vivian nodded. “You have a point.”

They were indeed on the path, and right now it led to a stable full of thirsty, increasingly submissive men. Her future had never seemed brighter and Vivian felt the last nagging whispers of protest fade into the recesses of her mind.

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Robert paced back and forth, his stomach wincing in protest. Like the other five men in the room he'd been re-directed from the convent and told to head to the waiting room at Stedman Farms. It was a

double wide trailer not far from the stables that looked like it had been used as an office until recently. Now it was re-fitted for the Sisterhood's purposes and it contained tables, chairs, a magazine rack; the usual things you'd expect in a waiting room along with a small kitchen area and some vending machines.

One notable difference was the strong box at the entrance. A heavy, bulky metal safe that was bolted to the floor and featured a single slot through which it received envelopes. Only the key holder, Stable Mistress Evelyn, would be able to open it and retrieve its daily tributes.

Robert had gotten to know Mistress Evelyn intimately. It was she that had approached him and told him that his new thirst could be sated, but only at the Sisters of Guadalupe. It was there he had sucked his first cock and done so willingly. It puzzled him to think about it, but Robert had never felt more relieved than after the curvy Domina had fired her hot, creamy load down his tightly packed throat.

It was a shocking change for Robert. Until recently, he'd never had a deviant tendency or submissive bone in his body. His sex life had been thoroughly vanilla and he'd been satisfied with it, if not with the frequency he found new partners. Now his dreams were wild and full of longing to be bound, beaten and taken. Those dreams bled into his waking hours and with every day that passed, he craved it more. Craved the debauchery and **needed** the cum.

He could hear the pained stomach growls of the other men in the waiting room. Evidently, he was not the only one who had undergone these changes. He thought about querying the others about their experiences, but nobody wanted to talk and he expected they would all have a similar story. There was no explanation. There was only a new reality. The powerful urges and cravings that tore at their minds, overwhelmed their will and mandated obedience to the mysterious, well endowed nuns.

Robert glanced at his watch, his body trembling with need and anticipation. Ten more minutes to go. Ten minutes that would feel like an eternity.

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The trailer door opened and Evelyn and Vivian stepped in. Many of the sisters had arrived and were chatting up the men in the waiting area. Evelyn did a quick count of the men before unlocking the strong box and making sure the correct number of envelopes were deposited within. She then re-locked the safe and motioned for Vivian to follow her.

"There, that guy in the corner. Dark hair, medium height and build. That's Robert. We'll take care of him today."

Vivian studied him up and down as they approached. "Hmmm, not bad. Kinda cute."

Robert looked simultaneously relieved and anxious as the curvy Goddesses approached him.

"Hello Robert. What did you bring me today?" Evelyn asked with a smile.

"Two hundred dollars Mistress" he said, nodding toward the strong box. "I hope that's enough?"

He'd paid the minimum. Evelyn would expect a generous gratuity next time. "I reckon that'll do..." she answered, placing her hands on her wide hips and looking at him sternly. "For now."

The buxom Stable Mistress turned to address the room.

"Sisters! Mistress Vivian and I will take this one. Divide the rest amongst yourselves. Have fun! And don't forget to place your milking sleeves in the cooler before you go!"

Most of the Sisters were wearing their latex habits, but several appeared in other elaborate forms of Domina garb. They began grabbing up the men, collaring them and leading them out the back entrance of the trailer. There were two or three grinning Femdoms for each timid submissive in waiting.

Evelyn moved behind Robert, pulling a studded leather collar around his neck and buckling it firmly. She clicked the metal clasp of a thick leather leash to the O-ring on the front of his collar and gave it a firm tug to test its strength.

"Alright Robbie! Ready for your first day of training?"

"Yes Mistress..."

"Good boy."

Evelyn delivered a hearty smack to his ass and strode forth. She and Vivian headed out of the trailer, pulling Robert behind them at a brisk pace.

They made the short walk through the muddy yard to the stables and entered the large wooden beam building. Most of the unpleasant smells that typically lingered in such a place had been cleared out along with the horses. As they walked through the rows of stable stalls, all that was left was wood, straw and mud.

Evelyn and Vivian's boots squished in the muck. The sounds of other Sisters preparing their new pony slaves could be heard all around. Laughter, smacking and taunting echoed in the background as Evelyn led them to their destination.

They turned into a large stall that had several pieces of bondage equipment, a suspension system and a rack of leather harnesses, toys and restraints. Robert's eyes opened in shock, betraying that he'd never participated in anything like this. Nevertheless, he couldn't deny that the scene, along with the bulges in the outfits of the two hung amazons, was causing blood to rush to his cock.

"It's not as well outfitted as I'd like, but we're still gettin started" Evelyn spoke, gesturing to the equipment.

Vivian nodded in approval. "Looks like a pretty good start to me."

Evelyn seized a riding crop from the rack, turned and pointed it at Robert. "Strip! Every piece of clothing and your shoes." She then pointed her implement of pain at a bale of hay near the wall. "You can leave your things there."

Robert did as he was told. Evelyn watched him disrobe and laid down the law.

“As long as you are a guest here, you will not be permitted to wear clothes. You will only be allowed to wear **this!**” She gestured to one of the full body harnesses on the rack. It had thick leather straps that would buckle around a man's chest, legs and shoulders, but leave him completely naked otherwise.

“If you are lucky enough to become a full member of this institution, the sisters will maintain a wardrobe for you and you will be allowed to wear clothes here and at our other facilities. What you will wear on a given day is up to your Mistress, of course.”

Robert gulped. His nerves were spiking, but so was his arousal. He was buck naked in a horse stable and he couldn't believe that he was getting erect so easily. All she was doing was dictating terms to him.

“My my” Vivian piped up, catching sight of his turgid penis. “Someone's eager!”

“Awww, Robert's a little on the small side” Evelyn teased him, pointing at his hard five-incher with her crop. Her mocking expression slid into a lascivious leer. “That's alright. We take all shapes and sizes here.”

Vivian walked to Evelyn's side, her hand reaching down and tracing the thick bulge in the front of her latex loincloth. “Yeah, don't feel bad... You boys can't all be gifted like us.”

The women shared a laugh and Evelyn nodded toward the body harness. They moved in unison to retrieve it from the rack and brought it to their anxious captive. Within minutes they had buckled, fastened and tightened the elaborate leather contraption around all his limbs. The straps met at an O-ring on his chest.

Evelyn pulled some leather mitts, leather footies, a head harness and a thick leather mouth bit from the rack, handing the mitts to Vivian as she made her way back.

“You will wear these at all times when on stable grounds.”

The two Dominas wasted no time locking his hands in the fingerless leather pads and his feet in the thick leather pouches.

“And last, but not least, this will be fixed in your mouth until feeding time.”

They tightened the web of leather straps and buckles around his face, fixing the thick, tubular leather bit into his open mouth and locking it to both sides of the head harness. Robert's teeth bit into the soft leather and the taste of it slid to the back of his throat along with his drool. It was at this moment he truly began to feel like a “pony slave.” Robert's cock had never been so hard in his life. His body tingled and his cheeks flushed red with embarrassment.

Evelyn looked him up and down, double checking that he was ready.

“You will not be fed until you've been milked at least three times. Do you understand?”

“Yeth mithreth” he said with a nod.

“Good, now turn around and put your hands on the wall. Palms flat, ass out, legs spread.”

As he got into position, Evelyn pulled a condom from the pouch in her vest, opened it and began sliding it down Robert's jutting member.

“Mistress Vivian, if you could provide a little discipline while I give Robert his first milking... Use whichever implement you like.”

“With pleasure” she responded, walking to the rack and retrieving a mean looking bullwhip.

Evelyn's eyebrows rose. She typically broke new ponies in gently, but it seemed like Vivian had other ideas.

“Alright slave, you are to count the strokes” Evelyn instructed him.

WHIPCRACK

The thick leather of the whip bit into Robert's left ass cheek and caused him to chomp down firmly on the leather bit.

“Her strokes. Not mine.”

“ONNMMPHH!” he muttered through the thick gag.

WHIPCRACK

“TOOOOOMPH!”

Evelyn began to slide her hand up and down his latex wrapped pole. The heat of his member was evident even through her leather glove.

WHIPCRACK

“PPHHRREEE!!”

WHIPCRACK

“PHHOOOUURRARRGHGHH!”

The curvy Stable Mistress slid her hand up and down his shaft at a steady pace, staring at him as his eyes blinked open and closed in response to the pain.

WHIPCRACK WHIPCRACK

“FIIII! SIIIIKK!!!”

Tears began sliding from the corners of his eyes as Evelyn increased her pace.

“Cmon slut... You want to cum don't you? Enjoying this a little too much? Is that it?”

WHIPCRACK WHIPCRACK WHIPCRACK

“SEVVVVV! EHHHGT! NINNNEEAAARRGGGGHHHHHHH!!!!”

Robert's cock exploded in her hand. Thick cream erupted into the slick latex sleeve as she jerked him up and down rapidly.

“That's it! **MORE** you little bitch! **GIVE US EVERY DROP!!!**”

Evelyn fisted his dick harshly as Vivian delivered one more slashing sting to his ass for good measure.

WHIPCRACK

“Ten!” she called out with a sly grin. “I like even numbers.”

Robert panted through the leather gag as pain seared through his ass cheeks.

Evelyn tugged the condom free from his spent cock, tied the end of it and hung it like a trophy on her belt. “One down, two to go, milk slave!” she said with a wink.

The leather-clad cowgirl grabbed his leash and turned to Vivian. “How bout we go for a walk?”

* * * * *

SHLORP

SCHLOP

Robert crawled through the muck on his hands and knees. He advanced through the mire slowly, as he had been for the last half hour. The farther they got away from the stables and the deeper into the fields they went, the deeper the mud got. With each slurch forward, his hands and legs sank deeper into the warm gunk, making progress more difficult.

The two Sisters were chatting away a short distance in front of him, their boots slurping in and out of the rich, clay-like Earth with some effort, but not nearly as much as he was expending. Vivian tugged on his leash harshly whenever he moved too slow. The dark skinned Domina seemed overjoyed to have been given the responsibility.

“You're lucky it's a sunny day, Robert!” Evelyn called over her shoulder. “Cold mud is less fun to slog through than warm!”

They trudged on for a few more yards before the two Sisters stopped and looked around.

“This seems like a nice spot” the Stable Mistress announced as Vivian pulled Robert's leash till he was directly at her side.

“A nice spot for what?” Vivian asked, clearly intrigued.

“A nice spot for a lot of things, but Robbie... well, he looks like an ass eater to me.”

She placed her boot on Robert's side and gave him a firm shove, toppling him onto his back in the muck.

“Ooooh, I like the sound of that!” Vivian said, eyeing the helpless pony slut lying in the sludgy filth.

“Go right ahead Miss Vivian” the senior Sister implored; unlocking the leather bit from Robert's mouth and gesturing to his face. “

Vivian wasted no time. She tromped over to Robert, the mud sucking at her thigh-high boots and stood over him. She pulled her latex loincloth to the side to reveal her bulbous ass and massive length of dark cock meat. She dropped the former directly on Robert's face without hesitation.

His entire upper body plunged into the warm filth as Vivian's considerable weight pressed him down. Robert attempted to flail his arms, but they, too, were plunged into the gripping clay. He could only move his legs across the surface of the muck in panic as Vivian's pucker reached his mouth. He began licking and sucking immediately, his face planted gratefully between her slippery ass cheeks. He knew that the seal between his face and Mistress Vivian's fleshy bottom was the only thing keeping mud from flooding into his mouth and eyes.

Vivian pressed her hands down into the filth and shimmied her ample ass back and forth over his nose and tongue. She began moaning as Evelyn produced another condom from her vest and slipped it over the pony boy's growing erection.

Robert couldn't believe it. He was licking a woman's ass in the mud and his cock was rock hard again. He could feel Evelyn begin her lewd strokes up and down his penis as he moaned and coated Vivian's crack with his saliva over and over. He licked, sucked and probed her hot, moist flesh until his air grew stale and his body began bucking in distress.

Vivian stood up suddenly; pulling Robert with her by his leash. His head popped out of the muck and she spoke to him over her shoulder.

“When I sit back down, your tongue is going up my pucker. Got that bitch?”

He nodded eagerly, his tongue already missing the taste of her pungent ass.

“TONGUE MY MUDDY ASSHOLE, SLAVE!!!”

She lowered her ass back down and plunged his face into the sticky gunk again, her rosebud zeroing in on his mouth as she forced him down firmly with her hips. Robert pushed his tongue past the firm ring of her pucker and immediately began working it in and out. He tongued her silky depths as her ass cheeks clamped to the sides of his face.

Vivian began moaning louder, twerking her ass in the luscious mud and making Robert chase her pucker with his tongue as her pleasure grew. Evelyn increased the pace of her strokes, working to bring the filthy pony slut to climax before Vivian drowned him in ass and clay.

Robert's tongue was spearing in and out of the ebony Goddess' succulent fleshy ring when his body convulsed. His limbs pulled in the muck as his cock erupted, another load of hot spunk erupting from his member into the latex sleeve. Evelyn jacked him up and down nonstop like a woman possessed, her own body sinking into the sticky brown goo as she milked the well-abused pony slave.

Vivian stood again and pulled Robert with her. His mouth sucked in fresh air before choking and coughing on the bits of brown filth that had managed to seep into his nose and lips. He spit and blew his nose, rolling over into the goo and almost losing his face in it again. Vivian tugged on his leash, making sure he stayed above the surface. A blissful expression was painted on her face, her body still tingling nicely from his ass worship in the lovely mud bath.

“That was **very** nice slut! If I had touched my cock I would've given Mistress Evelyn a cum bath!”

Evelyn laughed as she pulled the condom from Robert's deflating rod and added the creamy bulge to her collection. She reached down and fixed the leather bit back into Robert's mouth. The pony slave started to rise, but Vivian placed her boot heel on his body and gave him a gentle shove back into the muck.

“But we can't have that, can we bitch? No. I'm saving every drop for your feeding.”

* * * * *

OOOF

Robert exhaled loudly as Evelyn forced him over the barrel-head. After a brief hosing down they were back in the dungeon stall and Evelyn was eager to get in on the action.

The curvy cowgirl chained his mitts to the sides of the barrel and kicked his legs wide apart. She undid the button and zipper of her jeans, peeling it down around her leather chaps just far enough for her massive schlong and bulging scrotum to swing free of their denim prison.

“Over a barrel! And you thought it was just an expression!” Vivian chided.

Evelyn stroked herself up and down as she made her way to Robert's front, his eyes peeking up at his Mistress' fat, bulging length of white cock meat.

“You want this, don'tcha?”

“Yeth miththreth!”

“Where do you want it?”

“Mah moud!”

“That's too bad, slut, because you still owe me one milking.”

She dropped her meaty appendage and pulled a third condom from her vest. Evelyn ripped it open as she walked behind him and slid the clingy sleeve up his half-hard prick. She stroked him to full hardness to ensure the condom would stay on as Vivian watched the proceedings. Her arms were crossed beneath her breasts as she waited for the grand finale.

Robert felt a cold tube pressed against his pucker and then a deluge of cool, slimy lube rushed into his passage. He grunted into his bit, growing accustomed to the gross sensation when the sudden rush of stabbing pain entered his rectum.

“AHHHHHHHHHGGGGGGHHHHHH!!!!”

Robert screamed into his gag as Evelyn plunged the tip of her massive member into his drum-tight ass. The Stable Mistress was raging horny and no longer in the mood to be gentle. She hadn't taken his ass before and based on how tight he was, he'd never had anything up there, but she didn't care. She opened him up fast and hard, thrusting ever deeper into his silky anal walls as he yelped and yanked on his bindings.

“AGHHHH! IT HURZZZZ!!!”

Robert's eyes watered as Evelyn held his hips in a vice grip and shafted him relentlessly. Her cock plunged fiercely into his quickly expanding pucker, sending untold pleasure soaring through her body. She threw her head back and pounded him, her fat fuck-stick sinking in to the halfway point and pressing for more.

The pony slave gasped and wailed, saliva and tears dripping from his face as her godlike phallus plowed him insatiably. He shook his head side to side, the only motion he could make with his arms locked and his legs held open by the aggressive Domina.

It was horrid at first, but the longer it went on, the less pain Robert felt. Within minutes, his ass grew accustomed to her fearsome pounding. Robert looked straight ahead and saw Vivian smiling at him. There was a knowledge evident in her eyes that he was slowly gaining. Soon, his cock was pointed at the ground like a steel beam.

Tickles of pleasure began radiating up his spine and down his latex wrapped rod. Something within his ass began tingling as a steady pressure built. Every thrust of Mistress Evelyn's mighty cock brought fresh pleasure to his ass, flooding outward into the rest of body.

“MMMGGHMMMPHH!!! MMMOOOOHHHHHH!!! MMMOOOOHHHHHH!!”

Evelyn wrapped her hand around his leash and pulled on it fiercely. **“OH, YOU WANT MORE?!?”**

She re-doubled her efforts, slamming the full weight of her large, curvy body into his ass. As she plowed his spongy hole, his entire body shook. If not for his chained wrists, he would've been knocked clean off the barrel. His leather harnessed body jerked back and forth as she pummeled him with every ounce of her strength, sinking her cock in to the hilt with each thrust.

“OOOHHHHGGGOOOOOHHHH... I... CUUUHHHHHHHH!!!!”

Robert's cock shot its load for the third time in as many hours. The pleasure coursing through his body

from being deep-dicked by his hung Goddess more than he'd ever imagined. He moaned into the pony gag like a two dollar whore as his balls emptied in yet another latex sleeve.

Before he realized what was happening, the bit was unbuckled from his mouth and Mistress Vivian was pulling his chin upward to the tip of her gargantuan black phallus. His eyes bulged as she pressed the thick, meaty python into his lips and pressed her hips firmly down. Vivian grabbed the face harness and began using it for leverage, sending her impossibly long schlong down the back of his throat with no regard for his comfort.

Her moans came loud and quick as she began shafting his mouth with abandon. Robert could do nothing but rag-doll as the two lustful Succubi ravaged him at both ends. He spluttered and gagged on Vivian's length, moist sucking noises and gurgling gasps for air slipping from his lips every time she pulled back and fed her moist mega-cock down his tongue like a train over tracks.

Vivian flopped her latex loincloth over the top of Robert's head so it wouldn't interfere with her ceaseless mouth fucking. He was cast into darkness, the smell of latex and musty, black dick filling his nose and mouth as she pressed ever deeper.

The amazons were moaning loud and often as their fucking became raw and frenzied. Robert moaned in pleasure around Vivian's monster and squeezed his pucker around Evelyn's fat phallus, never wanting the blissful spit-roast to end.

Vivian cried out first and he felt a bulge of liquid rush down her sperm channel and over his tongue as a deluge of buttery nut flowed down his gullet and deposited in his stomach. Evelyn screamed next as she smashed her hips into his ass and held him close, thick blasts of nougat jizzum hosing into his welcoming walls.

Robert's eyes rolled upward as they fed him at both ends, their spunk gushing into his body like two hot, creamy rivers. The raking thirst was banished from his senses and the pacified pony slut found himself in cum drenched heaven.

* * * * *

The door to the trailer opened, admitting the trio back into the waiting room. Robert had been hosed down again before putting his clothes back on, but the scent of their cum still clung to his body like glue. He didn't know if he would ever be free of it again. He was positive he didn't want to be.

Evelyn crossed to the kitchen area and deposited the three cum sleeves in the cooler on the counter. She grabbed a flyer from a stack of printed materials and returned to them swiftly.

"Remember" she spoke, as she handed him the piece of paper. "If you become a full member, there will be no more milking requirements. Full members can stop by any time during our regular hours and get what they need... Along with what they deserve."

"If you're very lucky, one of the Sisters might choose you to be a live-in slave" Vivian added with a smile and a wink.

Robert grinned nervously. He was overwhelmed by what it meant for his future, but still in awe of the experience he'd just shared with these two amazing women.

“Thank you Mistress” he said bowing to Evelyn. “Mistress!” he added with another bow to Vivian.

“You may leave, slut” the Stable Mistress announced, followed by a wink of her own. “See you soon.”

* * * * *

Robert's body ached all over as he strolled back to his car. He would be sore for days, but that wouldn't stop him from booking another session as soon as possible. He read the flyer as he walked, too curious to wait until he was home.

Dear Initiate,

Thanks for your visit to the Sisterhood's Stables!

We hope you enjoyed your stay and look forward to seeing you again soon!

If you'd like to make an appointment, contact Sister Evelyn (512-524-2523) for rates and available times.

If you're interested in full membership (coming very soon), please contact Sister Victoria (512-524-0933) in our finance department. She'll get you enrolled in the tithing program and you'll have access to our full range of services and accommodations!

Is there a woman in your life you think might enjoy our lifestyle? Invite them to our FLR (Female Led Relationship) empowerment seminar! We hold one every Tuesday at 7 PM in the St. Michael's Assembly Hall. Refreshments are provided at no cost.

Thank you again! Together we will build a brighter future and more fulfilling relationships for women and men alike.

Sincerely,

Jessica F. Christiano
Mistress Superior
The Sisters of Guadalupe*

*Please be aware that our name will be changing soon.

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