

Latex Futa Nuns From Hell

Chapter 6 – Queen Takes Rook

Rain drizzled down in a steady deluge on a gray, miserable, midwinter day. The temperature had dipped into the fifties and no one could be seen on the puddle strewn grounds of St. Michael's. The campus had changed much in recent days with artwork, crosses, statues and other emblems of the Catholic faith being painted over, destroyed and otherwise stripped from their former places of prominence. It would be a few more days until all the relics were gone, but the landscape was changing rapidly.

Mistress Superior and Francis were at the kitchen table, passing a joint back and forth between moves on the chess board. The kink fueled former nun and clergyman had established a routine that Jessica loved. Upon waking up, she fucked him in both holes. Then Francis made them breakfast and they enjoyed a game. Once he lost, she “punished” him with another round of deep dicking which the eager butt slut was only too happy to endure.

Jessica wore a latex bra and skirt that draped down to just above her knees. The cool, purple latex felt magnificent on her cock and the sensation was causing her limp length to stiffen as the game went on. She took a bite of her breakfast while waiting for her gimp property to make his move. He was clad in blue latex from neck to toe, a suit Jessica had ordered to add a bit of variety to his wardrobe of shiny black.

She'd grown much more strict about his attire, demanding he be clad in gleaming rubber at virtually all times. When out of the home, Jessica had taken to wearing her latex habit half the time and experimenting with other fetish outfits the other half. She was donning more latex and leather mainly because she wanted to, but also to encourage the Sisters to embrace their power, libido and freedom to express themselves.

Francis reached out and grasped one of his bishops. He slid it across the board and claimed one of Jessica's knights.

“You're getting better.”

“You think so? It sure doesn't feel like it, most days.”

“You get fifty percent better every time we play.”

“In that case, I should be at your level in a mere ten thousand games.”

Jessica giggled as she studied the board. Francis spoke again as he waited for his Mistress to take her turn.

“Perhaps the more salient question: Is my cooking improving?”

She reached over and lifted another bite of french toast to her mouth, chewing it carefully and savoring

the taste before swallowing it down.

“You're no five star chef, but I'm pleased with your progress.”

“Thank you, Mistress” he said with a slight bow.

Jessica slid her Queen across the board and took his bishop. “Check.”

Francis silently cursed himself as he returned to studying the board.

“Are you looking forward to the party tonight?” she asked with genuine enthusiasm.

“Of course. I'm sure it'll be a good time.”

“It's going to be a very good time for you. You are to submit to any Sister that wishes to enjoy your company. Understood?”

The smooth, sensual feeling of latex on her naked cock and thoughts of her slave being doubled teamed by his rubber clad Sisters was making her hard as a rock. The latex of her bra pulled tightly around her bare breasts. It only enhanced her arousal. Jessica took deeper breaths as her lust spiked.

“Yes, Mistress. May I shower and change before the event?”

“You may... when I'm done with you.”

She stood abruptly, jolting the table and sending some of the chess pieces tumbling on the board. Jessica stalked around the dining area, her eyes brimming with passion and her hand already finding the zipper on her skirt.

“Mistress?” Francis asked as he rose from his seat. “The game?”

She peeled the latex skirt off and tossed it aside as she slid behind Francis. Jessica gave him a forceful nudge and then brought one hand to his shoulder and the other to his ass.

“It was checkmate in two turns. Now bend over!”

He did as she commanded, a wry smile on his face as he spread his legs slightly and took hold of the table. Jessica fumbled with his zipper, her need to be inside him dire. The gentle rippling sound announced his vulnerability and she brought the head of her hot, heavy weapon to his pucker.

She pushed his back down, took hold of his hips with both hands and thrust her full length of rock hard cock into his fleshy depths.

“NGGGHHHHH!!!”

“OhhhhhhHHHHHHH!!!”

Jessica moaned and Francis grunted as she entered him harshly. She was usually more gentle at first, but her need for relief was dire. He held on for dear life as Jessica quickly opened him up; sawing her

fat shaft in and out of his tight, fleshy ring.

“You might get railed by half a dozen sisters tonight, but none of them will be as good as me, will they, slave?”

“No, Mistress!”

She grabbed his leash and tugged on it harshly; the leather collar tightening around his throat. Her fucking grew harsher, turning into true pounding.

“WHO OWNS YOU?!?”

“You do Mistress Jessica!”

“That's right! And after I cum in your ass, you're going to deep throat my cock until I nut again!”

The kitchen filled with the sounds of raucous fucking. Her curvy body slapped into his gimp suited form as her cock slurped in and out of his well trained boy pussy. Moans, grunts and the creaking of the table completed the symphony of degenerate sex.

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Jessica was sitting at her desk looking over some reports when light knocks rapped on her office door.

“Come in!”

She stood as the door opened, the ceiling light gleaming off her curves in the black, latex habit. In walked a smiling young woman with shoulder length dirty blonde hair. She was clad in a leather jacket, a clingy orange top and blue jeans. She looked to be about 5'9 in heels and carried a large handbag over her shoulder.

Jessica smiled back as she approached and extended her hand across the desk.

“Welcome to the Sisters of Guadalupe. I'm Sister Jessica.”

The eager young reporter shook her hand.

“Allison Fairchild with the Austin Chronicle. Very nice to meet you.”

Jessica gestured to the office chairs in front of her desk. “Please, make yourself comfortable. Take off your jacket if you like.”

“I'm fine like this” she replied as she took a seat. “It's pretty damp out there and the chill is still in me.”

Jessica sat as well, her hands folding in her lap as she studied the young woman. “I'm familiar with your paper. I read it often while getting lunch in town. It's a lot better than Austin's official newspaper.”

“Oh, thank you! We don't have nearly the circulation of the American Statesman, but I'd like to think our coverage is better.”

“It certainly is. Can I offer you something to drink?”

“No, I'm good, thanks.”

“Alright then. What's the Chronicle's interest in our humble convent?”

“It's my interest, really. I'm always looking for compelling new phenomenon in the city and I've heard so many juicy rumors about your organization. You're head of the convent now, correct? Ever since...”

Allison checked her notes.

“A Miss Helen Delarosa was forced to retire?”

“Yes, that's a very sad story. Our Mother Superior began to lose her wits. She was no longer able to continue in her position and is currently under psychiatric care. I've been told it's unlikely she will recover.”

“I'm sorry to hear that. I can't help but notice, though... You said *Mother Superior* just now, and yet...” she pointed at the nameplate on the desk. “This says **Mistress Superior**.”

Jessica grinned broadly as the brown eyed woman continued.

“Your attire is hardly what I would call humble and yours is not the first **provocative** outfit I saw on my way in here.”

“And?” Jessica asked.

“And my understanding is that you've recently suspended Catholic services?”

“That's right.”

Allison waited for her to supply information, but quickly realized she wasn't giving it up without a more pointed question.

“Adding those pieces to some of the more salacious rumors I've heard... Well, there's no subtle way to ask this. Are you turning this place into some kind of S&M club?”

Light-hearted laughter sprang from Jessica's mouth, her latex clad bosom heaving as she unclasped her hands. She leaned back and placed her forearms on the arm-rests of the plush leather office chair.

“My dear, our ambitions are much greater than that, though I can see how you'd get that impression. We're undergoing a bit of re-branding right now.”

“Re-branding to what exactly?”

“We haven't made an official announcement yet, so I'm hesitant to give many details, but, I might be

willing to give you the scoop, if..."

"If?" Allison inquired, her eyes opening wide.

"If you would have a drink with me" Jessica answered with a coy smile. "We take our hospitality **very** seriously here at the Sisters of Guadalupe!"

"Ok. If you have coffee, I suppose that would help me warm up."

Jessica reached over to the intercom and held down the speaking button. "Matthew, bring us two cups of java, on the double. Make sure it's our special blend."

"Right away, Mistress Superior."

"Special blend?" Allison asked with an eyebrow raised.

"We have regular coffee and gourmet coffee from the nunneries and monasteries of South America. Some of the finest you'll ever taste. Only the best for our special guests!"

Allison nodded. "Thank you. Back to re-branding... If this is no longer a Catholic institution, what is it becoming?"

"Well, for one thing, the services we'll be offering in the future will be available only to established members or by invitation. For another, we're changing our name. That's coming very soon, but I'm not willing to divulge that until our formal announcement. I can, however, give you a general sense of the direction we're moving in."

"Alright, what can you tell me?"

"There is a major paradigm shift being undertaken here. Under my leadership, the Sisterhood has chosen to discard the dogmas of the past. To reject patriarchy in all its forms, including Catholicism, and to seek a new women's liberation."

"Women's liberation? That includes sexual liberation, I take it?"

Jessica raised her arms and slid one latex clad hand down her other elbow length glove; removing ripples from the surface of her fetish-wear. The moist, slick sounds of latex on latex emanated as Allison watched the bizarre display. "That's part of it, most definitely."

"But women's liberation was decades ago. We're on feminism 3.0 now! I realize certain things will be new to your sisters, but is this movement going to have an impact beyond the borders of your convent?"

Jessica locked eyes with the young reporter, a fiery intensity entering her gaze. "Oh, it's going to have vast implications far beyond these walls. Just you wait and see."

The door opened suddenly and in walked a man dressed neck to toe in shiny black rubber and a leather body harness. As Allison watched him place the tray of coffees on the table, she observed the young man with shaggy brown hair and dark blue eyes. She couldn't help but think all he was missing was the

gimp mask.

“Good work, Matthew. Thank you” Jessica said, looking up at him with a warm smile.

The young man bowed to Jessica and as he turned to leave, she reached out and gave his rubber clad ass a loud slap with her left hand. Allison shifted in her chair uncomfortably as Mistress Superior watched her slave boy assistant exit the room; an expression of pure lust on her face. Once the door had closed, she snapped out of her reverie.

“Please” Jessica said, gesturing to the coffee.

Allison reached out and took her cup, sipping it eagerly for both the warmth and caffeine boost. Jessica continued as her guest enjoyed the brew.

“Yes, we've had feminism and women's lib for decades, and where has it gotten us? Oh, we can vote and have checking accounts, join the workforce, enter the military and be every bit as miserable as men. How much progress has actually been achieved? How greatly have material conditions changed? Not very much if you ask me. And do you know why?”

“Why?” Allison inquired as she set down her cup.

“Because men still run the show. Sure, you have the odd female politician here, a woman multi-millionaire there, but they're operating and competing in the system men designed. Those women have been compromised. Meanwhile, most of the money and political power still rests in men's hands. Women toil away, as unappreciated and under-served as we ever were.”

Allison nodded. It felt like she was listening to the most bizarre sermon ever, yet she couldn't deny the truth in her words. She wasn't sure whether to be terrified or amused by the mocha skinned nun in latex.

“And you're going to change all that? How?”

Jessica chuckled. “That would be spoiling the surprise, wouldn't it?”

Both of them laughed as the tension faded. For the next ten minutes Jessica explained some of the changes that were being made to the campus, their schedule of female empowerment seminars and their acquisition of the farm down the road. She outlined their plans for new housing and expanding the Sisterhood's operations in the coming months.

Jessica never got too specific, but she delivered just enough intrigue to pique the interest of anyone who might read Allison's article. Before long, the young reporter's mug was empty.

“I can see you're quite busy around here, so I'll just ask one more question.”

“Shoot” Jessica implored.

“This property belongs to the church, does it not? Are they really OK with you making all these changes and declaring your independence?”

"I have no doubt some in the diocese will be unhappy when they finally learn the full scope of what we're doing, but it's not going to be a problem. We've already made inroads with certain authorities in city government to ensure the property remains in our hands. The truth is, the Catholic church is crumbling and St. Michael's was very close to shutting down. There's no reason the site should be abandoned or auctioned off when it can remain in the hands of the Sisters who've been living here for years and be put to much better use."

Allison finished jotting down her notes before closing her pad and offering Jessica a smile.

"Ok, I think that's everything I need! Thanks for having me to today."

Both women rose and extended their hands for another shake.

"It was my pleasure. You're welcome back any time."

Allison put away her notepad and shouldered her bag. "Good to know. I might stop by to do a follow-up once your new services begin."

"My dear, I have no doubt you'll be back."

Jessica waited for the young woman to disappear from view, her cock twitching below the thick rubber of her skirt. Being naked in the full latex habit drove her wild and it had been an effort to maintain her composure, especially after her rubberized assistant had entered the room like the good little serving boy he was.

She sat back down, the leather of the chair gripping her tight bodysuit noisily. She pressed the intercom button again.

"Matthew? Get back in here. I need some relief."

"With pleasure, Mistress Superior."

Jessica leaned back and stroked herself through the long, luscious, latex of her robes. It would be very hot and sticky for Matthew below her desk. Her cock was extremely sweaty and slick with pre-cum. Normally such a privilege must be earned through discipline, but he'd served her well today and earned himself a warm, liquid lunch.

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Electronic dance music thrummed and multi-colored disco lights swirled through the St. Michael's Assembly Hall. Those weren't the only *firsts* for a room that had been previously used for prayer breakfasts and bingo nights. There were characters of all shapes, sizes and sexual proclivities garbed in fetish attire from one end of the hall to the other. The mix of Sisters and guests were chatting, enjoying refreshments and occasionally forming into couples or groups and strolling off to enjoy a romp.

Jessica observed the proceedings from one corner of the room. Her arms were crossed below her bosom and she held a leather crop in one hand as she scanned the crowd. She'd changed into a sleek

leather brassiere for the party. It covered her ample mounds but exposed her shoulders, back and midriff to all the wandering eyes in the room. Her hands and forearms were locked in the cool latex of elbow length gloves. A long, shiny, pleated leather skirt hung below, hiding her sizable bulge and ending just above the heels of her leather boots.

Jessica grinned devilishly as she observed the crowd of oblivious party goers. Women drinking their *special* punch and men being led off to get dosed and begin their new lives. A flyer for their event had been posted in every fetish club and sex supply store in Austin. The effort had produced excellent results. In the next few days, they would gain many new members and their ranks would grow throughout the city even faster.

Her pleased expression faded as she observed a man walking into her field of vision. He was a white guy with short, dark black hair and appeared to be in his thirties. He wore a black officer's cap, a leather body harness, bicep cuffs and leather pants that led down to his cowboy boots. He looked like every stereotype of a gay, leather fiend rolled into one cocky dork; yet he wasn't gay, by the looks of it.

The leash in his right hand led back into two lengths of chain. At the end of each chain was a woman crawling on hands and knees; one blonde and one redhead. Each wore a collar, wrist and ankle cuffs, a leather thong, pieces of electric tape over their nipples and little else.

The rubber of her gloves tightened as she closed her fists around the crop fiercely. She tracked the threesome until they stopped at a table. The leather daddy chose a seat and sat down. He unhooked one of the women and ordered her to fetch him something from the bar. As she hurried to do his bidding, he kicked his legs up and placed his booted feet on the back of the blonde.

'Well, that seals it. Target acquired.'

As Jessica stalked her way over to his table, the redhead returned with the man's drink. She sat it on the table before joining the other woman at his feet. As the leather and latex clad Domina strolled into view, the man took notice and nodded to her.

“Howdy.”

“Greetings. Welcome to our little gathering.”

“You're one of the sisters, huh?”

“I'm Jessica Christiano, Mistress Superior of the Sisters of Guadalupe.”

The man nodded. “Nice. That's quite the title.”

“And you are?”

“Master Dominic Steel.” He reached into the pocket of his leather pants and extracted a business card before handing it up to Jessica.

It took everything she had not to laugh as Jessica reached for it. Such a bawdy porn-like name and a business card to go with it. It read “**Master Dominic Steel** – Pro Dominant, Slave Trainer & Reformer of Uppity Women” followed by a phone number and website.

“I see. Is that your real name?”

Dominic lifted one boot and gave the women a shove with his rubber sole. “Ask these sluts if it's my real name. They'll tell you.”

Jessica ignored the taunt. “Do you mind if I join you?”

“It's your party, lady.”

She circled around the table and pulled out the chair on the other side of Dominic. She set her crop on the table and sat down gracefully. If they were to converse, he would have to remove his feet from the young women and turn to face her. He did so hastily, if only to avoid the awkwardness of having his back turned to Jessica.

“Is this your first time at St. Michael's?”

“No, I came here for a wedding once. Gotta say, when I saw your ad, I was pretty surprised. I mean, a kink meetup at a church? Had to see it for myself.”

Jessica put on a thin smile. “Well, I'm glad you came. Let me ask you, Mr. Steel, are you someone who enjoys switching it up now and then?”

She was close enough that her Succubus pheromones should begin exerting their influence, but she wasn't sure they would be enough.

“I subbed plenty in my early days when I was learning the ropes. Didn't enjoy it much, but I put in my time. These days? My work is giving women the discipline they need, and I take great pleasure in it.”

Jessica's blood pressure rose and her teeth ground together.

'Easy! Easy... Don't let him sense your intentions or this fish might wriggle off the hook!'

“So, you're saying there's not a submissive bone in your body?”

“No Ma'am.”

“Do you mind if I test that hypothesis?”

“How so?”

Jessica reached up and grasped the end of her right latex glove; rolling it down her forearm before pulling the glove off by the fingers. She held up her hand and wiggled her fingers in mid air.

“With a little palm reading.”

Dominic guffawed. “Palm reading? Seriously?”

Jessica locked her piercing, reddish-brown eyes on his. “I happen to be an expert.”

The young man froze. Maybe it was her pheromones. Maybe it was her full lips, luxurious, frizzy, dark brunette hair or her perfume. Maybe he was just in the mood to entertain the absurd.

“A fetish nun who reads palms...” he said, grinning in disbelief. He turned his right hand up on the table. “Alright. Go ahead.”

Jessica reached out with her now gloveless hand and placed it over his. She traced his wrist and palm up and down with her fingers. Her eyes never left his, burrowing into the depths of his pupils as she stroked his hand up and down. She waited until his body relaxed and he became transfixed in the dark, glimmering pools of her eyes. It was the same yielding she'd seen in Francis the first time she brought her Succubus powers to bear.

'You're mine.'

Jessica looked down and examined his palm. She traced her index finger all over before smiling wickedly.

“I've got bad news for you Dominic. See this right here?”

She pointed to one of the smallest creases on his hand.

“Yeah?”

“That's your dominant streak.”

“Pffft...”

“And this right here.”

She traced one of the longest creases back and forth across his palm.

“That's 100% your submissive side.”

He withdrew his hand. “My experience begs to differ.”

Jessica emitted an amused chuckle. “Perhaps, but if you're so confident I'm wrong, how bout I put you to the test?”

Dominic glanced over at his slave girls, his nervousness growing evident. “What is it you're proposing?”

Jessica focused her gaze on him. “Submit to me for two hours. If, after that time, you don't renounce your dominant side, I will be your slave for two days.”

His eyebrows raised and his eyes opened wide. Even without her supernatural influence it would've been a tempting offer. “You mean, right now?”

“Yes.”

“And if I still wish it, after two hours, you'll submit to me for two full days?”

“Correct.”

His eyes traced her curves up and down. Dominic's mouth watered. Not only was she beautiful, but there was something about her that made him want to say yes. Every fiber of his being screamed at him to yield to her. It was a compulsion he'd never experienced before.

“If we're going to do this, I have to lay down some rules.”

“Go right ahead” Jessica replied, leaning back in her chair and striking a nonchalant pose.

“No electric play, no breath play, no CBT, no permanent marks, no scat.”

“Done” Jessica agreed. “Everything else is fair game?”

Dominic nodded. “And if I win? What are your terms?”

“I'll play by the same rules.”

“Fine. What about Nicole and Samantha here?” he said, gesturing to the two women on the floor.

“Oh, that won't be a problem. I'll have one of my Sisters keep an eye on them during our session. Wait right here and I'll take care of that.”

Jessica winked at Dominic before rising and sauntering off to the bar. She scanned the crowd as she walked, quickly finding Abigail. The leather Domina was chatting up a young man in a rubber hood and leather body harness. She waved to her lieutenant and Abigail excused herself before crossing the room to Mistress Superior.

“Hey Abby, I need a favor.”

“Sure. What's up?”

“See the dipshit behind me with the two women on the floor?”

“Yeah. Who's that?”

“**Master** Dominic Steel.”

Abigail snickered. “Seriously?”

“Yes, but not for long. I'm taking him to the convent basement for rehabilitation. If you could collect those two young ladies and make sure they enjoy our refreshments? Then find someone reliable to watch them and come join me.”

“Absolutely.”

“If you see Vicky, Evelyn or Vivian on the way and they're not busy, be sure to invite them.”

“With pleasure” Abigail replied before following Jessica back to the trio's table.

“Dominic, this is Sister Abigail, my Headmistress of Security. She's going to make sure your charges are well looked after.”

Abigail held out her hand for the leash, her face barely able to mask her disgust. The women in chains were bad enough, but he was sporting a cap very similar to hers. It took every bit of her restraint not to whip him on the spot.

Dominic stood and placed it in her hand. He looked down at the kneeling women disdainfully.

“Be back in two, sluts! Don't fuck around while I'm gone.”

Jessica seized her crop from the table and pointed toward the exit.

“This way Mr. Steel. Your trial awaits.”

* * * * *

SNAP* *C-CLANK

The sturdy stocks shut over Dominic's hands and neck. Jessica went to work immediately, sliding shut the bolts that held the two heavy wooden planks in place. She set to sealing his hands in thick leather mitts and wrapping his ankles in leather cuffs so she could remove what little mobility he had left.

“A sex dungeon below a convent... Unbelievable.”

“You're going to find we're full of surprises. Big ones.”

Jessica retrieved a spreader bar and kicked his legs apart before locking his ankle cuffs to the thick metal. Dominic was now completely immobilized in wood, iron and steel.

Jessica reached down to his ass and found a zipper at his back door.

“Oh! How convenient. It's good to see you enjoy anal play.”

“It's there so the girls can lick my ass on command.”

CRACK CRACK

Jessica delivered a stinging smack to each of his ass cheeks.

“Not tonight it isn't.”

'And never again.'

The door to the dungeon opened and in walked Abigail and Evelyn. Evelyn had traded in her usual cowgirl attire for a spectacular leather corset that showed off her massive cleavage nicely. A latex gown flowed below it, serving to hide her package in the same fashion as Jessica's shiny leather skirt.

“Ah, just in time” Jessica perked up. “Evelyn, our guest looks thirsty. If you could bring something to keep him hydrated? This many should do.”

Jessica held up eight fingers.

“Certainly” Evelyn responded before heading back out.

Abigail stalked around Dominic, snapping a crop in her hand as Jessica made her way to the toy rack and picked something out. It was only moments before she popped back into the captive's view.

“Alright Dominic, open wide.”

His eyes filled with alarm as the large, rubber coated metal ring gag was brought to his lips.

“W-wait! This isn't some waterboarding thing, is it?”

Jessica lowered it. “No, nothing like that. Though you will be having a drink very soon. What's the matter? Is the big, bad *master* getting cold feet already?”

Dominic swallowed. He felt the zipper at his back passage being pulled down along with his boxers. “Wha-what about a safe word?”

“SHE SAID, **OPEN!!!**”

Abigail closed her fist around the base of his scrotum, squeezing it like a tube of toothpaste.

“**AGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!**”

As he pulled on the stocks and spreader bar uselessly, Jessica shoved the ring gag in his mouth. She pulled the thick leather straps around his head and buckled them quickly. Unsatisfied, she yanked the main strap around the back of his head even tighter, forcing the ring deeper into his mouth.

“If you don't open your mouth as wide as you can, this thing can fuck up your teeth.”

Dominic complied and Jessica pulled the strap fiercely before buckling it a second time. The large, rubber coated metal ring fixed itself under the roof of his mouth just past his teeth; forcing his jaw to its widest open angle.

Jessica looked inside his mouth and admired her work. His helpless maw was open for business.

“That's right, we never did establish a safe word, did we? Too late now.”

Abigail pulled his boxers through the back hole of his leather pants, constricting his package in a painful wedgie. He grunted on the ring gag until she produced a knife, cut through his underwear and

pulled out the remnants roughly. She tossed the shredded garment aside.

“No safe word? What a pity.”

The door opened again and Evelyn returned carrying a small wooden rack. Eight bulging condoms hung from it, the latex of each dangling and bobbing full of syrupy jizzum. Jessica walked back to the toy rack and grabbed a medium sized metal funnel.

THWACK! THWACK! THWACK! THWACK!

Dominic jolted in the stocks as Abigail went to work. She'd traded in her crop for a long, thick leather paddle covered in ball-like metal studs. The cruel leather Domme was only too eager to deliver some serious pain to an ass that had previously sat on women's faces.

THWACK! THWACK! THWACK! THWACK!

Dominic groaned in anguish as Jessica inserted the thin tip of the funnel past his ring gag. It pushed into the back of his mouth as tears started slipping from his eyes. Jessica held the funnel steady as the stocks rocked with every harsh, ripping spank from Abigail.

“I don't think she likes you very much” Jessica informed him in a mocking tone.

Evelyn took the first sack of Succubus cum, tore it open at the top and turned it upside down. She dumped the sludgy white filth into the funnel, the creamy nut sliding into the bottleneck at the bottom. She tossed the empty sleeve aside and then repeated the feat with the next bloated condom. One by one they were upended and their contents oozed into the bottom with only one direction to flow.

The pungent paste seeped over the back of Dominic's tongue and into his throat. He could do nothing but swallow. The glue-like substance coated his tongue and throat all the way down, the thick taste and smell of spunk was overwhelming. If he stopped swallowing for any reason, he began coughing and sputtering as a pocket of slimy filth built up in his mouth. He chugged baby batter like a back alley whore, wondering if the river of cum and the torment of his ass would ever end.

THWACK! THWACK! THWACK! THWACK!

Abigail tossed the punishing paddle aside and it clattered on the stone floor loudly. She reached down and unzipped herself, her cock straining to be free of her leather pants. Her massive erection sprang into view and she began fisting it up and down smoothly. The leather of her glove passed over her moist, hot, flesh delightfully. She was hard as a lamppost after beating the piggy's ass bright red.

Jessica tossed the empty funnel aside and followed suit, making short work of the zipper on her leather skirt. The shiny black material parted at the front and her enormous brown schlong and cum packed orbs were brought to bear. Dominic's eyes bulged as he beheld her fearsome endowment. He had expected some pain and strapon play, but nothing like this.

“Surprise!” Jessica shouted as Evelyn laughed. “Told you we were full of them!”

Abigail stepped in behind Dominic, bent down and spit on his pucker. She shoved two leather clad fingers into his anus and begin sliding them in and out. Her stretching of his tight, fleshy ring was fast

and less than gentle. He groaned uselessly around the ring gag as she fingered him roughly.

“That's all the lube you get, bitch boy!”

Jessica closed the distance to his mouth, aiming the fat head of her gargantuan schwanz at the red rubber ring holding his mouth agape. She seized sweaty locks of his thick, black hair with her other hand and began plowing her flesh hose into his mouth forcefully.

“Time for your second feeding, slut. Fresh from the tap.”

Abigail pulled her fingers out of his sphincter, her patience waning fast. She brought the fat glans of her cock to his pucker and pushed it home. Her hips thrust forward and she buried her entire thick length of fuck-meat into his yielding hole.

Dominic yanked on his bindings, the wood and metal clattering as Jessica fed her fourteen inch python into his cum sloppy mouth and throat. She began sawing in and out as he groaned around her cock. Cum bubbles and sucks for air escaped his pried open lips. Evelyn picked up a crop and began snapping it harshly on his back and midsection as the two Dominas started fucking him in earnest.

Abigail wasted no time, seizing his flanks and fucking him like an animal from the outset. Her hips plowed into his well beaten bottom, her pre-cum dribbling all over as she forced his drum-tight ass to accommodate her girth. Every slap into his backside brought fresh agony to his wounded cheeks, her hips and fat scrotum pounding him with hungry vigor.

Abby moaned loudly as she thrust and withdrew at a ferocious pace. She hoped to last a while despite the intense, mounting pleasure she was extracting from his silken depths.

As Jessica withdrew her phallus a few inches from his cock-crammed throat and thrust it back in, she wailed in bliss. Moist gloppy sounds emitted from his cum-sewer of a hole as Mistress Superior turned him into her personal pocket pussy. Her heavy balls smacked against his chin, waiting impatiently to discharge in his sloppy maw. She gripped the sides of his head firmly and increased her pace, her bloated, glistening rod glorp in and out of his lips with great need.

Evelyn delivered a firm swat to Dominic's balls with her crop and the immobilized man-whore gagged around Jessica's cock. The sounds of Abigail's bloated sack and leather clad body smacking into his ass grew ever more furious. Jessica and Abby's moans grew louder and ascended in unison.

“NNNNNNNGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!”

“GGGGGGUUUUUHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!”

The two fat Succubus cocks plunged into Dominic's holes and remained fixed as their steaming nougat filth rushed into his body. His throat backed up with Jessica's seed as Abigail's boiling paste pulsed through his back passage and flowed into his lower intestines. Both women screamed in climax, a cry of ecstasy piercing the dungeon with each forceful blast of thick, sticky nut. Evelyn folded her arms below her breasts and smiled as she watched her Sisters claim their rightful pleasure.

After a few moments to recover, Abigail extracted herself from Dominic's ass and Jessica's cock slurched free of his mouth. She stuck two latex fingers into his maw, slurping them in and out of his

lips and stirring up the small lake of saliva and cum that was left behind. She pulled them from his mouth moistly and gave him a few slaps on the cheek.

Another zipper unfurled as Evelyn's latex gown was undone and she took her place behind Dominic. She took her fat length of cock in one hand and began stroking it; looking down at the former dominant's quivering, cum-caked hole in anticipation. Abigail made her way to the front, fisting her sticky length to maintain her erection. She grabbed Dominic by the hair and yanked on his head, demanding he look her directly in the eyes.

“Ready for a good taste of your own ass? You're going to clean my cock, you disgusting worm!”

Abigail grabbed the back of his head harness and shoved her cock home through the rubber ring. It plunged into his warm, sloppy hole as he sputtered and choked. Evelyn guided her bloated sausage into his gunk slathered boy pussy and stretched him out, her girth expanding his searing ring even further.

“Oh my god!” Abigail spoke up. “This fucking whore! He's sucking me!”

The women all stopped and listened. Sure enough, the active sound of lip smacking and slurping was coming from Dominic's mouth.

“Holy shit!”

“It worked already?”

“We **did** feed him eight loads before those two.”

Abigail placed her hands on her hips, pressing her cock into his face firmly as the newly minted bottom bitch slurped away.

“Not much of a **DOMME** are you Dom? Yeah, clean your filth off my dick! You want another load of hot jizz in your stomach, don't you?!?”

Evelyn let out a low moan as she went balls deep in his ass. She reached forward and grabbed the edge of his leather body harness, yanking on it firmly as she began fucking him steadily. The leather straps bit into his torso as she pummeled his crimson flogged buttocks with the same ferocity Abby had.

The novelty of his passive suction lost its appeal quickly. Abigail seized his head and began aggressively plugging his phlegm and cum clogged mouth. As the sloppy sounds of face and ass fucking filled the room, the former master learned the true meaning of the term “air tight.”

Jessica stood and watched her Sisters double team their newest slave as she stroked her thick phallus below. Her shiny latex fingers felt glorious on her cum slick pole. Mistress Superior's breathing and heartbeat hadn't even returned to normal and they were beginning to tick up again. Her libido was surging powerfully and she couldn't wait for another turn.

Clearly, Dominic would be in no condition to go home once the party ended. He and his female companions would spend the night at the convent. It would be no trouble at all to find a room for the three of them. When they woke in the morning, Dominic would discover the nature of his relationship with Nicole and Samantha had changed drastically.

A beautiful new beginning was just on the horizon.

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