

Latex Futa Nuns From Hell

Chapter 11 – Cumfirmation

It was a warm Friday evening and Vicky's room felt more cramped than usual. Even two residents was a squeeze for her modest dorm room in the old residential wing of the convent. Space was hard to come by since Christopher moved in with her. Now that she had a second young man at her disposal, it was downright crowded. Thankfully, this wouldn't be the case for much longer. New housing projects were already underway on the Sisterhood's campus. As the Headmistress of Finance, Victoria was one of the first in line for a new luxury condo. She couldn't wait to upgrade; a sentiment that applied to her sex life as much as her living space.

The trio had returned from dinner not long ago. After his long afternoon at Mistress Ruko's Rubber Clinic, Dylan had been retrieved by Evelyn and immediately handed off to Vicky. Realizing he needed a break from the onslaught of depravity, the fire-kissed Domina took Dylan and Christopher out for a night on the town.

With some comfort food and a couple hours at an old school arcade, Dylan's apprehensions faded. He'd found a new buddy in Chris and a gentler Domme in Victoria. He'd learned that life at the convent wasn't *just* about bondage and kinky sex. He was beginning to believe the Daughters of Lilith weren't women to be feared. Most of these notions were naive, but Vicky encouraged his acquiescence, easing him into their new arrangement.

Vicky was an expert at reading people. She could often decipher the essence of a person, what truly made them tick, during their first encounter. The beautiful redhead was as piercingly analytical as she was bewitching. With almost no effort, she could unveil the hidden desires that men carried at their core. She exposed the lies they told themselves and the longings they stubbornly tried to deny.

From the moment she'd locked eyes on Dylan, she saw *sissy* potential. It wasn't just his soft features. There was pleading in his baby blues. An affection for stern mother figures that had been nurtured over the years and never faded, even once he'd sexually matured. Vicky was glad it remained. She suspected it would be part of him forever and, in her eyes, that made him an ideal submissive; just like Christopher.

Dylan sat in a chair opposite her makeup table as Vicky applied various cosmetics to his face. She and Christopher had shaved off what little body hair he had. They'd dressed him in a satin corset, silky panties and clingy black stockings with garters. Victoria sensed he needed a break from leather and latex after his visit to the clinic. Rubber fetish-wear would come to define Dylan's future, but she wouldn't press him to wear it tonight. Vicky knew you caught more flies with honey than vinegar.

The Mommy Domme smiled as she swished the mascara wand upward gently. The skillful Domina styled Dylan's eye lashes, curling them into thick, glossy strands that stood out beautifully.

“Be honest, Dylan. Are you enjoying yourself?”

Dylan's cheeks turned a light shade of red. "Yes, Mistress Vicky. I'd be lying if I said otherwise."

"And so would your cock" she replied with a chuckle. She glanced down. Dylan's erection bulged in the silky undergarments. "Have you dressed up like this before?"

"Yes, a few times. I enjoy it, but when Mother catches me, she tells me not to."

Vicky finished her work and capped the wand. Her eyebrows raised sternly. "Hmmm... that won't do. Thankfully, she's not here right now. I'm in charge, and I say you're going to be a pretty little sissy-slut all weekend!"

Dylan's blush deepened as he smiled. "Yes, Mistress..."

After several minutes of rummaging through the closet, Christopher walked back to Vicky's vanity. The latex of his deep blue body suit creaked as he slowed to a stop beside them. "Are these acceptable, Mistress?"

Vicky turned to see him holding pink, latex arm-gloves. They were the same pair she'd dressed him in their first night together. They were lovely, but not what she was looking for. "Dylan was at the rubber clinic today. Let's go with something more comfortable."

"Yes, Mommy." He bowed and returned to the closet.

Victoria turned back to Dylan's face. There was nothing to be done with his hair for now, aside from a little glitter. She would grow it out until Dylan had a nice brunette pony tail for her to yank on. His eyes and cheeks were done. All that remained was his lips. She reached for the right shade of red lipstick and brought it to his waiting mouth.

"Pucker up, slut."

He pursed his lips and Vicky applied a thick coat to his waiting mouth. She couldn't wait to feel that scarlet red smeared all over her cock.

"You may have noticed red is my favorite color" she posited as she painted his lips. "I like to think it calls attention to my best features." Vicky's tight, red, latex catsuit creaked audibly as she shifted on the small bench. Unlike Christopher and Dylan, she hadn't changed since they got back. Vicky had been wearing the luscious latex outfit all night. There were no undergarments separating her sweaty breasts and musty cock from the supple, clingy material.

Strangers had eyeballed her all night as the Domina in shining red led two young men around town by their leashes. The gawkers weren't alone. Her submissives couldn't help but stare at her shiny, strutting legs and ample ass all night. Their stroll around the city was a delightfully perverse sight. Kinky exhibition was becoming more common as the Daughters of Lilith grew numerous and spread throughout Austin.

By this point, Dylan wasn't the only one sporting wood. Vicky had a massive bulge that extended into the left leg of her shiny, form fitting latex. The young man's eyes were drawn to it, his thirst re-emerging as the devious Domina teased him. Vicky noticed his peeping and let out a devilish laugh as she withdrew the lipstick from his mouth. It was obvious he'd enjoyed his feeding at the clinic earlier

that day.

She tapped his deep red lips and offered him a wink. “Don't worry. You'll get a second helping before bed.”

Christopher reappeared and handed Vicky a pair of elbow-length fishnet gloves. She took Dylan's hands and slipped the long, fingerless fabrics over his hands. A single thick string looped over each middle finger to hold the garments in place. Dylan cooed pleasantly as another layer of silk was draped over his bare skin. He was in love with the sensation and so happy Mistress Vicky was letting him enjoy it.

Victoria stood and hooked her fingers around the O-ring on Dylan's collar. She tugged on the sturdy leather device and Dylan followed suit, rising to his feet. Vicky could tell he was new to high heels from the way he awkwardly balanced himself. She studied him up and down. He had a long way to go, but he didn't look bad, for her first time dolling him up.

“Let's get you nice and comfy” she purred, smiling at Dylan and nodding towards the bed. As she led him across the room, she turned to Christopher.

“Chrissy, get the head harness and the waist attachment to go with it. Oh, and a bottle of lube as well.”

“Right away, Mistress.”

Dylan slid onto the comfy duvet and crawled up the length of the bed. Vicky jerked on his leash, halting him in his tracks. “Back that cute little ass right up to the edge, hun.” He complied and Victoria stroked his satin clad body. She trailed her hands down his silk encased legs and kneaded his lily-white ass. Her arousal spiked as she pulled the heels from his feet and tossed them aside.

Vicky pulled down his panties and Dylan's slutty little pucker was exposed. He would need no stretching to get him ready. Probably wouldn't need much lube either. He'd had an inflatable plug up his ass during his visit to the clinic. The cruel device had stretched him wider each hour he was locked in the thick rubber prison.

The creaking of latex announced Christopher's return. He handed Mistress the items she'd requested and nodded respectfully. Anticipating his Domina's desires, he turned and held his arms behind his back. She grinned, admiring his lithe frame in the dark blue latex. Every inch of him was covered in the gleaming material from the neck down. The deep blue contrasted nicely with his blonde locks. His hair grew longer every month and was well suited to tying in a thick ponytail. It was the perfect thing to grip when she fucked his sissy mouth.

“Very good, Chrissy” she said while retrieving a snaphook fastener from the end table and locking his leather wrist cuffs together. “It pleases Mommy when I don't need to instruct you.”

She took the head harness and began wrapping the mass of metal rings, leather straps and buckles around Christopher's head. She secured it around his face and clicked the waist extension onto the restraints that pressed firmly into his hair and flesh. She thought about adding a ring gag, but that seemed excessive. He'd been such a good boy all night.

“On your knees, slut. Behind me!”

Vicky turned, getting into position just behind Dylan's upturned ass at the edge of the bed. Christopher lowered himself to the floor just behind her. His face was mere inches from her bulging, latex-clad booty.

The redhead reached down with both hands; one in front of her and one in back. Two zippers peeled down, generating the luscious rippling sound that signaled naughty fun was about to begin. Vicky's weighty cock and balls were freed from the latex suit, springing outward and gleaming with sweat and pre-cum. Likewise, her ass cheeks erupted from their fetish confinement, shining with perspiration and reeking of musty rubber as Christopher gazed upward and drooled.

Victoria's cock grew to fleshy steel as she grabbed the waist harness and hastily strapped it around her hips. She drew the straps tight and Christopher's face was pulled into her glistening ass. The eager submissive needed no direction. He extended his tongue and bathed her crack up and down with loving affection.

Vicky's face softened as her nerve endings lit up in warm, wet delight. "Ohhhhh! **YESSSS!!!** Good boy!"

She tugged the straps even tighter and buckled them in place. They were firm enough to keep his face fixed in her bottom, but stretchy enough so he could pull back slightly and get air when he needed. Now she could enjoy her main course while Christopher worshiped her sweaty ass.

Vicky grabbed the lube, stuck the end of the bottle in Dylan's waiting pucker and squeezed. A stream of wet grease splashed into his asshole. She pulled it out and tossed it aside, her breath growing ragged as she studied her target. One red, latex-covered hand flew up and down her steaming length of cock as she lined her fleshy weapon up with his defenseless hole. She couldn't wait another second. Victoria brought the head of her bulging staff to his waiting rim and pushed it through his soft, stretchy ring.

"Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!"

"UUUUUUNNNNNHHHHHHHHHH..."

Dylan's cry of sudden, intense pressure mingled with Vicky's moan of bliss as their voices filled the room. Her long, fat fuck-stick tunneled inward, slowly but surely. Pleasure centers exploded like fireworks through her body as every inch of her hot, pulsing cum-pipe buried itself to the hilt in his exquisite ass. The inflatable plug had done its work. She'd have to thank Ruko for that later.

Christopher inched forward as his Goddess went balls deep in Dylan. He shimmied forth on his knees, his hands rendered useless behind him in the tight leather cuffs. His hot breath blew across Vicky's crack as his wet, sloppy appendage glided up and down her sucking cheeks. He painted her crevice with a hungry tongue, his hot flesh slurping over her tight rosebud with lustful fervor.

Vicky's face was a portrait of ecstasy as she withdrew herself from Dylan's silken flower and thrust herself deeper. Her dive into succulent boy pussy combined with Chrissy's nonstop rimming sent her to another world. The thick, red latex of her body suit clung to her tingling curves as she fucked her new sissy and her other femboy slut ate her ass obediently.

Amid the deluge of pleasure, her only concern was coming too quickly. She wanted this to go on

forever. In that moment, the fire-kissed Mistress knew she needed this every day for the rest of her life. One collared sissy simply wouldn't do, ever again.

As her thrusting picked up speed, she took hold of Dylan's leash and yanked it sternly. Her hips smacked into him moistly as her fat scrotum pummeled his smaller fleshy orbs below. Chrissy's face was a gasping, gurgling mess in her ass; his head shoved back and forth by each eager fuck. Dylan's mouth mewled and moaned in low tones as Vicky railed his sissy ass and gripped his silk-encased body. He grabbed the covers; clumps of duvet balled in his fists as he hung on for dear life.

“What's your name, **slut**?”

“Mistress...?”

SMACK

She scorched his ass with a strong, loud slap. A faint redness rushed to the area she'd struck.

“I asked, **WHAT'S YOUR NAME?!?**”

“Dylan, Mistress!”

“That's not a good name for a cock-hungry sissy. A sissy bitch like you should have a sissy name! You look more like a **Mindy** to me.”

“Mistress?”

SMACK

“**SAY YOUR NEW NAME, SLUT!**”

“**Mindy!** My name is Mindy!!!”

Vicky snickered. It was so damn easy. Whatever plans Mrs. Stedman had for her son were about to be upended. Dylan was a femboy to the core and Victoria would give him everything he craved. Everything his mother was too proud to admit.

“Which do you like more, your new name or my **big cock** up your **slutty asshole?!?**”

“Your cock, Mistress!”

SMACK

“Prove it, then! **BEG!!!**”

“**MORE** Mistress! **PLEASE!** Fuck my sissy ass into the ground!!! **DRESS ME LIKE YOUR DOLL AND FUCK ME!!!**”

Vicky moans grew in volume as she increased the pace and force of her fucking. She couldn't continue teasing after those words. Her libido was cranked to the max and she needed to nut. Her sticky cock

plunged in and out of Dylan's welcoming sphincter. Her heavy balls slapped him with wet smacks. Chrissy wormed his tongue deep into her pucker, slithering his hot flesh in and out of her succulent rim even as his body was rag-dolled back and forth. His hands pulled on their bindings as his face remained trapped in her hot, sweat-drenched ass cheeks.

The overstimulated Domina muttered horny gibberish as she fucked Dylan with abandon. Her pounding sent him over the edge, his prostate exploding in pleasure as his penis spat its sticky load all over Vicky's bed. Victoria grunted and yelled like an animal, hilted her cock in his ass over and over. She pounded him relentlessly as the overwhelming Succubus lust channeled into her rock-hard phallus.

The red-head screamed; a wail of pleasure that echoed through the room, pierced the walls and traveled down the hall. Her cum cannon exploded in Dylan's ass, ejecting a river of hot cream into his depths as her scrotum twitched, her body shuddered and Christopher continued to suck her rim and tongue-fuck her luscious hole. Vicky lost all control of herself as the mightiest orgasm of her life coursed through her quivering body.

In the throes of her climax, Dylan's back passage became clogged with her prodigious emissions. Thick jizzum erupted from the snug seal of her sputtering cock and her slave's gripping pucker. It splattered all over her red latex and her shiny blue Chrissy cat below, bathing them in white, clingy custard.

Vicky continued to moan and thrust into her soiled sissy as she descended from cloud nine. Smaller webs of cum spat from her tip, gunking up her new slave and oozing from his packed asshole. When her ejaculations finally ceased, she slumped forward; a sticky, sweaty heap on Dylan's feminized body. Christopher's licking and kissing slowed to a crawl, his dutiful ass worship easing her back to Earth.

Even as the powerful orgasm ebbed, Victoria planned number two, three and four. Christopher would be thirsty by now. After a brief rest, he could drink his nightcap straight from the tap and clean Dylan's musk from her cock. Then she would plow Chrissy's bussy and give Dylan the same task. These sissy sluts would be spending a lot of time together. It was only fitting they get a taste of each other's ass.

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Allison crossed her legs and waited as Mistress Superior took a sip of her tea. She found herself in the administrative wing of the Daughters of Lilith, sitting before Jessica's desk yet again. It was starting to feel like being called to the principal's office. This wasn't a disciplinary hearing, though, or a social call. There'd been something urgent in Jessica's voice during their brief conversation on the phone.

The leader of the Daughters of Lilith looked even more decadent and pleased with herself than usual. She wasn't wearing the customary habit of their order today. Jessica donned a black latex bodysuit with scarlet rubber gloves and shiny red boots. Her face was covered by a porcelain Venetian mask decorated with colorful spirals and beaming jewels. Only her eyes and lips could be seen through the holes of her peculiar second face. Her dark hair flowed in curly waves all around her.

Jessica set her tea cup on a metal tray to her left. The tray was strapped to the head of a gimp slave that knelt at the side of the desk. He was blindfolded and his arms and legs were bound behind him. A sex toy buzzed away in his bottom, evidenced by the constant, gentle whirring sound from deep in his suit. The barrel chested gimp was so layered in leather and rubber that no physical feature was visible but

the edges of his mouth.

“Thank you for coming in on such short notice. Especially on a Saturday. I hope I didn't interrupt any plans you had.”

“Not at all” Allison answered, shaking her head. “I still don't know what I'm doing tonight. I figured a trip to my favorite nun-operated fetish dungeon might sort that out for me!”

Jessica smiled. “I've kept up with your work in *The Chronicle*. As I suspected, you've been very helpful. Many curious readers have come knocking at our gates. Superb work, Allison.”

“Thank you. In truth, I'm not doing things much differently than I normally would. Investigating the bizarre and dropping salacious hints to curious readers has always been my shtick.”

The gimp murmured and his body wobbled slightly. Both women looked his way as he barely prevented the drink from tipping over. The vibrating plug continued to torment him, sealed in his ass by the shiny second skin.

“Slave, what's the highest number of lashes I've given you in one session?” an annoyed Jessica asked.

“One hundred and forty, Mistress Superior!” he answered in a strained voice.

“Spill that tea and you'll find out what a hundred and sixty feels like.” She watched him a few more moments before turning back to Allison. “Do you know who this is?”

“Nope” she stated flatly.

“This is Adam, the man who attacked me.”

Allison's eyes went wide. “Oh! So this is the scumbag, huh? I should've said at the outset, I was very sorry to hear about the attack...”

Jessica raised a hand in reassurance. “Not your fault. I have a habit of dominating conversations as harshly as I do men. As you can see, he's no longer scum. Adam is a member of our community now. He's very well behaved. I'm telling you this, and introducing you, for a reason. If you accept my offer, you and Adam will be spending some time together.”

The young reporter's eyebrows lifted in curiosity. “Offer?”

“We're sending a team to Rome. Four Sisters who speak Italian, Adam and you, if you agree. Officially they'll be on vacation. You'll be there to write articles for your paper. And Adam needs to report in with his former people. He's been sending vague messages back about needing to maintain operational silence while he investigates us, but they're not going to buy that forever. Eventually, they'll send someone to check on him, if they haven't already.”

“Okay. What's the real mission?”

“To seed Rome and the Vatican. I want a foothold inside the enemy camp. Adam will handle the Vatican, itself. You and the other Sisters won't be allowed anywhere but the tourist areas. But you can

provide Adam with the *materials* he needs to do his work and you can sow your wild oats all over Rome during your stay.”

“Hmmm, interesting...” A grin spread over Allison's face. “That **does** sound like fun and I **have** always wanted to see Rome...”

“You don't have to decide today, but the flight leaves Thursday. So, if you could let me know...”

“I'm in!” she announced cheerfully.

Jessica smirked. She loved the woman's devil-may-care attitude. It's the one thing they had in common, apart from being insatiable Succubi. “Very good. Due to the nature of your work, it would be best to leave Jeffrey here. How's that handsome slut doing, by the way?”

“He's good. One of the Sisters is enjoying him right now, in fact; a woman named Morgan who was led here by one of my articles. She sought me out after joining and we've become good friends.”

“Excellent! You could leave him in Morgan's care or the stables would be happy to have him while you're gone. If you like, you could even leave him in my hands. I've become used to having two full time slaves, and you'll be taking Adam away, so...” Jessica raised her hands innocently.

“What goes on at the stables? That's the one area I haven't wandered over to see, yet.”

“Many things! Our guests are fucked and disciplined in barn stalls. They're walked and ridden through the mud. Fucked in the mud! Pony play. Locked in stocks. Some are even branded if their owners want! They have all kinds of fun over at the farm.”

“**Ahhh!**” Adam wobbled again and the tea came even closer to spilling. He was barely able to prevent a mess, this time. His body shook visibly as his core strength depleted. He wouldn't last much longer after being forced to sit up on his haunches and remain perfectly still for so long.

Jessica rolled her eyes before reaching out and grabbing her tea. She took another sip before setting the cup on one of the coasters on her desk. Mistress Superior reached over and unstrapped the tray from the shuddering gimp's head.

“You may rest, **slave**.”

Adam fell forward, grunting as his rubber-wrapped face and chest hit the ground with a thud. His cuffed hands and bound feet hovered in the air above his prone form. All four of his limbs were chained together snugly behind him. Jessica shook her head at his pathetic state.

“For your **half-ass efforts**, you will receive eighty lashes tonight” she announced.

“Yes, Mistress” he mumbled into the floor.

Allison picked up where they'd left off. “I think I'll leave Jeffrey in your capable hands, Mistress Superior. And if you see fit to send him to the farm for a few days, be my guest.”

“Splendid!” Jessica replied. “I'll have all the travel details sent to you on Monday. Before you go,

there's one more thing you should know..."

"What's that?" Allison's expression turned quizzical.

Jessica reached up, took hold of her elegant mask and gently lifted it from her face. Allison's breath caught in her throat as she got her first unobstructed look at Mistress Superior since the attack. The scarring wasn't brutal, but it was still very noticeable. Her beauty had been significantly marred by whatever Adam had done.

"You should've seen me three weeks ago" Jessica remarked. "It was much worse."

"What happened?!? If you don't mind sharing, that is."

"Holy water" she answered plainly. "I don't think you'll be in any danger, because it's not likely anyone will know who you really are. But since you're going to Rome, you have a right to know. Holy water burns us, but the seed of man can heal us. Remember this well."

"**Fuck...**" Allison muttered in awe. "This is crazy. I never thought some spooky, mythological stuff like this would prove to be true."

"It's no laughing matter, that's for sure. The reason I haven't made it public is because I don't want our vulnerability broadcast to the world. So please, keep it to yourself, for now."

"Of course" she replied with a nod. Silence permeated the room for long moments before Allison spoke again. "This trip. It's kind of a big deal, huh?"

Jessica lifted the mask from her desk and carefully strapped it back on. Her reddish-brown eyes peered through holes in the porcelain visage. "**It is**. Imagine what Adam can with just an ounce of your breast milk and a vial of your cum. One dose in the communion wine and an ordinary service at the highest levels of the Catholic Church becomes a super spreader event for the Daughters of Lilith."

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11:44 AM

JESSICA

Hey, Wonder Woman! You busy?

Wonder Woman? What does that make you? Poison Ivy?

No, I'm definitely Catwoman.

Haha! Not busy. Was about to head out for lunch. What's up?

You know how we've been planning more “sacrament” fun?

Of course. What about it?

I know it's kind of last minute, but I was hoping to do
a test run of ***Cumfirmation*** tomorrow night.

Really? Why the urgency?

I've got the Stedman boy this weekend and it turns out
he's a thirsty sissy. I was thinking we could do an **all sissy**
ritual to help cement him in his new role!

I don't see why not. We have the pools on hand. After
that it's just a matter of corralling participants, which
would be your responsibility.

Hell yes! I'll start reaching out to Sisters with
sissy sluts and anyone else who wants to join in.
You'll be there too, right? It wouldn't be the same
without Mistress Superior!

I can spare a couple hours. Sure.

Awesome! I'm on it! See you tomorrow night!

Get cracking that whip, Miss Kitty.

* * * * *

The sound of industrial grade air conditioning hummed through the *Tabernacle of Divine Women*. The cathedral was far from packed for the hastily planned event, but there were four dozen Sisters sitting in the front rows before the altar. Their leather and latex outfits shined in the dim candle light around them. Many of their non-sissy slaves were seated behind them or tied to the back pews by their leashes.

The main lights of the cathedral were turned off, save for the ones directed at the stage. Jessica walked out to the podium in a classic black latex habit and her bejeweled mask. She stood below the wondrous statue of Lilith. The dark Goddess and her masked avatar created a striking piece of visual symmetry.

To Mistress Superior's left and right, on the stage, were two groups of sissy slaves. They formed two lines of six, the young men staring out at the darkened crowd with anxious eyes. Each was dressed in a different sissy outfit, from maids and cheerleaders to latex bimbos. Christopher was dressed as a *pink rider* motorcycle slut, adorned in hot pink latex from head to toe. His blonde hair sprouted in two pigtails from his tight fetish hood. Dylan was right beside him, dressed as a latex serving girl. The classic french maid outfit covered all his body in glossy black and white rubber. His latex skirt ended where high heel leather boots began.

Each sissy was ball-gagged and their arms were forced backward in tight leather arm-binders. Thick leather ankle cuffs were wrapped around each pair of sissy legs. Although some were more visible than others, each sissy's cock was housed in a restrictive chastity cage. The cruel plastic and metal devices would prevent their penises from achieving full erection.

Behind both groups of sissies was a large, light-blue plastic wading pool. Both of the inflatable pools were pumped full of air. Their rubbery contours gleamed in the bright spotlights.

At the ceremony that renamed their order and the church, Jessica had proclaimed that the Daughters of Lilith had only one sacrament. Officially, this would remain true. Mistress Superior recognized the importance of not establishing too much orthodoxy. She didn't want her order to become like their enemy; to make the same mistakes and shackle themselves to a system that couldn't evolve.

However, in the spirit of that principle, the Sisters here and at the other chapters of the Daughters of Lilith, rising across the country, were free to invent and carry out whatever kinky rituals they wished. Ultimately, these unofficial sacraments would be an extension of the *Sacrament of Bliss*. One such unique orgy was about to take place for the first time.

Jessica looked from right to left and back again. A wide smile spread across her lips as she studied the lines of rubberized sissy sluts.

“My my...” she began, speaking into the microphone as she looked out at the crowd. “We **must** do these last minute gatherings more often!”

Chortles spread through the amused audience and bounced off the cathedral walls.

“Good evening. We're here tonight because there's a special kind of slave that many of our Sisters love. The type that can't get their little dicklets hard unless they're granted the honor of dressing as the superior sex! You see twelve of them here before you. Silly creatures, all, but it must be said, they don't look bad!”

Snickers and laughs erupted from the crowd. A smattering of applause broke out as the sissies wiggled on stage and drool flowed from their phlegmy gags.

Mistress Superior chuckled and continued. “They'll never be like us, of course. Especially in our new and improved form! But to honor their sissy submission, we grant them a sissy name! We're happy to

give them what they desire more than anything... Experiencing life as women did for the first five thousand years of recorded history!”

Cheers and excited applause rose in the background. A few whoops and whistles echoed through the cathedral as the Sisters sensed the fun was drawing near.

“I will now read off their new names and each sissy will say 'thank you' as much as they're able. This is an expression of gratitude for their sissy name, their bondage and the wonderful initiation they're about to experience!”

Jessica pulled a piece of paper from her pocket and unfolded it. She recognized Christopher at the front of the line, but most of the slaves were unknown to her.

“Say hello to **Christine**! Or, as many of you have come to know him, Chrissy Cat!”

“**TTHHHAANNNN YUUUUHHH!**” He voiced the muffled words as loudly as he could around the thick rubber ball. Spittle slid from his lips and leaked onto the glossy pink latex of Christopher's bimbo bodysuit. There were several catcalls and yells of approval in between light applause.

“You may have seen him on the farm, but he's recently taken a liking to our convent. The farm boy Dylan is now **Mindy**!!!”

“**THHANNNNNNGG YUUUUUUUEEE!**” Dylan did a small curtsy before the crowd. A hail of whistles, salacious jeers and clapping followed his bashful presentation.

Jessica went down the line, introducing the other ten sissies in turn. Anticipation built throughout the cavernous room as she introduced the full lineup of bound bottoms. The scene was set to explode in unchecked sexual fury any second.

“Alright Sisters, you can come up now! These **naughty sluts** are all yours!”

There was a stampede of movement as fifty women rose from their seats at once. Their boots stomped across the stonework, echoing loudly as they made their way toward the altar. They chatted with each other merrily as they worked their way around the pews and ascended onto the stage. The sissies eyes grew wide as a full phalanx of Futa nuns, all with prominent bulges in their rubber robes, beset them from all sides.

Each sissy was grabbed by at least two women and hastily guided to one of the swimming pools. Each pool had a large, thick metal ring at its center, the purpose of which was about to be made clear. The sissy sluts were arranged in a circle around the perimeter of both pools. Their bodies faced outward as they were set in place and pushed to their knees, where they would remain for most of the night.

Short lengths of chain were brought to bear by the dozen and each sissy's armbinder and ankle cuffs were secured to the metal ring at the center. Soon, there were six rubber bitch boys kneeling in each pool, facing outward as their arm-binders formed the perverse petals of a leather bondage flower.

Dozens of zippers unfurled and massive cocks were unleashed from their musty, hot, latex prisons. The Sisters stroked themselves as they lined up at the sissy of their choice. The debauchery began at once. A chorus of depraved cackles and humiliating remarks erupted as meaty schlongs plowed into waiting

mouths with no further ceremony.

“Hey Chrissy! Remember me?” Abigail asked as she unbuckled his gag and tossed it into the pool. “I’ve been dying for another crack at your slutty lips!”

Christopher could never forget the severe looking Headmistress of Security. He'd never sucked a cock that tasted so much of leather. Before he could offer any kind of response, Abigail brought her bulbous glans to his mouth and shoved it between his glossy, pink lips. She grabbed his blonde pigtails and pressed her cock as deep as it would go in one rut. Abigail guided his mouth down her shaft, forcing him to lean forward as his eyes bulged and the sounds of slurping and gagging rose around him.

“Hi Mindy!” Vicky said cheerfully, the first in line at her soon-to-be collared submissive. She untied his ball-gag and leaned down to speak into his ear. “I wanted to be your first and break you in gently. Enjoy your special night, slutty boy!”

“Thank you, Mistress Vicky.”

The words barely escaped his lips before her cock was brought to bear and Victoria pulled his mouth onto her supple shaft. She and Dylan moaned together, her from pure pleasure and he from the texture and taste of his Goddess' fleshy pole. The hungry young slave needed little encouragement. He glided his mouth up and down her length with lustful enthusiasm. Vicky guided him gently, but forced him to go a bit deeper with each slurping thrust of her bloated spunk launcher.

The chains rattled as each sissy's head dipped over the side of the pool and their restraints were pulled taut. The metal rings lifted off the ground as they were tugged on by arm-binders from all sides. Loud moans, sloppy sucks and the sounds of saliva and pre-cum choked gagging echoed from both rubbery circles of nonstop fellatio. The latex costumes of nuns and slaves alike brushed up against the bulging sides of the PVC pools, adding delicious stretching and creaking sounds to the symphony of perversion.

Many nuns grew impatient and refused to wait for their first orgasm. Fisting their mighty cocks, they pushed their way into the orgy of sloppy mouth fucking and aimed their pulsing schlongs at the pool. Ribbons of thick, sludge-like nut began shooting into the giant rubbery cum receptacles. Ropes of jizzum decorated the sissies glossy forms and their impervious leather arm prisons. The thick batter drizzled down their bodies and congealed in the bottom of the pools. More women made their way forward and fired the first of many cumshots into the soiled circles of sin.

Abigail and Vicky screamed in climax, sending volleys of hot spunk down Christopher and Dylan's stretched throats. They gulped the filth down eagerly, their thirst for Succubus cum satisfied by the lust-crazed Headmistresses. But this event was not about the sissies thirst; a fact made evident when the sated slaves were forced to suck and swallow all night.

As soon as Vicky and Abby's cocks pulled free with wet slurps, they disappeared into the crowd and two more Sisters stepped forth. Two more fat, throbbing cocks, drooling with pre-cum, were pressed to the sissy's lips and immediately shoved home in their waiting mouths. Nuns the slut-boys didn't even know went balls deep in their throats, face-fucking them powerfully with dire need.

Dylan could hear Mistresses Vivian and Evelyn grunting and shouting in orgasm all the way from the other pool. More fat ropes of white cream spat onto the side of Chrissy's face and plastered all over his

shiny, pink bodysuit. Pungent white yogurt slung across the black latex of Dylan's maid uniform from three different directions as shuddering women wailed in bliss.

A layer of greasy cum formed in the bottom of both pools. The sissies began sliding around on their knees, the gunky filth making it impossible for them to maintain their positions. The arm-binders and lengths of chain rattled as they slipped around in the giant rubber bathtubs of jizz. This made the Futa nuns grab their faces more forcefully to keep sucking sissy mouths locked on their erections. The Sisters moaned and grunted in ecstasy as each sissy maintained an open mouth and throat for their voracious captors. The entire tabernacle echoed with the sounds of sloppy face-fucking and gagging. Torrents of semen were unleashed down sissy maws as nuns screamed in thunderous climax.

The second nun unloaded her hot nectar in Dylan's gullet. Then, after a long, deliberate mouth-fucking, a third Sister filled his cheeks with her seed. The fourth nun, mercifully, came quickly and gave his tortured throat a break, but his mouth and nose were backed up with gelatinous sperm. The fifth Domina glided into his messy mouth as cum poured from his holes and he fought for air. She plowed his face long and hard until her thick stream of hot paste shot down his throat. Dylan's overfed stomach began to take on a worrisome bulge.

Soon, all twelve sissies came to look pregnant with viscous baby batter. Their arms were pulled behind them in the leather binders as their cum-filled bellies pressed through the latex of their costumes. Each slave was now up to his thighs in creamy jizz and the nuns showed no signs of slowing down. The insatiable Daughters of Lilith were limited only by hydration and nutrition. Many enjoyed bottled water and zinc-fortified semen-replenishment snacks in between turns emptying their oversized scrotums in tight sissy throats.

The night was far from over.

* * * * *

By the time Evelyn and Vivian found their way to Dylan's front, his entire body was slathered in Futa filth. One could barely make out which sissy was which anymore. Evelyn and Vivian, however, would know those baby blue eyes anywhere. They belonged to the farm boy. The succulent little cocksucker they hadn't taken a turn with yet.

As Evelyn stepped up and brought her considerable cum pipe to bear, Dylan spoke weakly.

"Please, Mistress... my knees hurt. Please, let me stand up..."

Evelyn dropped her cock; the club of flesh swinging below as she put her hands on her hips. She turned and looked back at Vivian with a fiendish expression. "What do you say, Viv? Should we grant that request?"

"I think it's a fine idea" the big black Goddess answered with a wink.

Evelyn reached into the pool and unhooked Dylan from the bondage ring. Vivian grabbed him by the arm and helped him to his feet. Rivulets of thick jizzum slid down his sides and legs as he stood for the first time in hours. Barely any of his black latex outfit could be seen anymore. His maid attire was

thoroughly cob-webbed with Futanari nut.

His upright position didn't last long. Evelyn rejoined them and immediately bent him over with Vivian's help. The Stablemistress pushed her stallion-like cock into his sloppy, cum-slathered mouth. Vivian pulled aside his latex panties and fed her fat, dark-meat python into his slutty pucker. They proceeded to spit-roast him hard and fast. Their bulging hoses of cockmeat slurped in and out of his welcoming holes as their latex and leather body-suits slapped into him wetly.

More cum was shaken loose from Dylan's defiled body as they held him in strong grips and pounded him from both ends. The grunts and moans of all three came continuously, though *Mindy's* moans were half in pleasure and half out of brain-broken desperation.

Vicky stood not far away, smiling wickedly as she filmed the filthy spectacle. She kept the focus of phone's recording app trained squarely on Dylan as he was plowed by two of the biggest cocks on campus. It was a delight for Vicky to watch her new property get his first true taste of sissy slavery. He looked overwhelmed, but there was no doubt he was enjoying it.

After several minutes of slimy, air-tight fucking, Vivian and Evelyn's voices shrieked in euphoria as two rivers of hot tapioca rushed into Dylan's packed holes. His eyes bulged and thick nut dribbled from the seals of his mouth and asshole. His body was unable to house any more of the thick Futa batter.

Victoria ended the recording and walked off stage. She went down to the first row of pews and took a seat, sighing in relief as she took the weight off her high-heeled boots. The industrious Domina opened her email application and quickly attached the video file.

FROM: Headmistress Vicky <vdurant@dol.org>

TO: Margaret Stedman <mstedman@dol.org>

Dear Margaret,

I hope you and Harold are enjoying your vacation. From what Ruko tells me, it was badly needed!

As you can see from the video I've attached, we've been very busy in the short time you've been away. Under my guidance, Dylan has not only embraced the lifestyle of the Daughters of Lilith, but discovered his true self!

Your son's sissy name is Mindy. He has eagerly embraced his new life as a sissy slave. Perhaps that's not what you wanted for him, but it's true to the mission of the Sisterhood. We help people discover their true nature and liberate them to be who they truly are!

Once he moves in with me, I promise I'll bring Dylan back to the farm from time to time. In a way, we're both mothers to him now, but I would never deny the special bond you have. If you like, we could enjoy him together at times. What could be better than the love of two mothers at once?

Enjoy the rest of your trip! We'll talk again soon.

With affection,

Vicky Durant
Headmistress of Finance
The Daughters of Lilith

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