

Latex Futa Nuns From Hell

Chapter 13 – Queen Takes Bishop

Greg paced nervously in the hallway of his modest apartment, a phone pressed snugly to his ear. He listened to a nonstop series of rings as he held a water bottle to his lips and drank greedily. He'd been trying to get through for over an hour and had encountered constant busy signals. Now, finally, it was ringing and it seemed like no one was there.

'C'mon! Pick up, dammit! For the love of GOD! Please!!!'

After four more rings, his prayer was answered.

“Office of the US liaison to the Vatican Secretariat of State. Mark speaking. How can I help you?”

“Hello! Mark. Thank you, it's good to speak to someone! I'm Greg Pearson, Vicar General of the Diocese of Austin.”

“Greetings, Reverend. My apologies for the difficulty getting through. Things have been absolutely crazy around here and we have very limited staff.”

“That's quite alright. Since you **are** so busy, I'll take up as little of your time as I can. I need to make an appointment to speak with someone in the Secretariat's office as soon as possible on a matter of great urgency! I would prefer to speak to them in person for security concerns.”

“Can you be more specific about the issue in question? And who is it you wish to see?”

“I believe the Diocese of Austin and perhaps the entire mission of the Holy See are in grave danger. I'd rather not say more until I'm speaking to someone in authority.”

An amused chuckle reverberated through the receiver and into Greg's ear. His fist tightened around the plastic bottle, the material crinkling as his ire rose. “Did I say something funny?”

“Forgive me, Father Pearson. I don't mean to offend. It's just that we've had many similar tales and requests passing through this office recently.”

“Really?”

“Yes, from all over the US, but especially from your state. The odd thing is that almost everyone who files a complaint or petitions for a meeting calls back a few days later, cancels and apologizes. It's become a bit of a running joke. We're starting to wonder if there's something in the water back in the states.”

Greg relaxed his grip and looked down at the nearly empty water bottle. “I assure you this is no prank. I'd like to see the Cardinal with all haste.”

“Cardinal Angelo? Father, you must know that an appointment with the Secretary of State is not something I can grant myself. Even if I could, there would be a long wait to see him. The Cardinal is a very busy man! The best I can do is arrange a meeting with one of the deputy foreign ministers. They'll hear what you have to say and judge if it's worthy of a meeting with his eminence.”

Gregory sighed. “Very well. I'll book the first flight to Rome. Can you tell me--”

“That won't be necessary, Reverend.”

“Pardon?”

“One of our deputy ministers is currently on a diplomatic tour on the east coast. She'll be in Atlanta tomorrow.”

Greg's eyes opened wide in surprise. “She???”

“Yes, **she**. Dr. Adriana Delucchi. Undersecretary of *Relations with States* and Deputy Foreign Minister.”

“I wasn't aware we had women serving in positions that high.”

“Oh, you didn't hear? His Holiness, Pope Ignazio, has appointed many women to positions of prominence in recent months. It's part of the Vatican's push to narrow the gender gap.”

The Vicar's head swam. He **had** heard something about it in passing, but he'd paid it little mind. Their parish had been consumed by more immediate concerns, recently.

He set down the water and ran a hand through his short, blonde hair. After the things he'd seen and the rumors he'd heard in recent weeks, Greg didn't know if he'd trust a woman ever again. He could request a meeting with a different deputy minister, but he had no good reason to. It wouldn't help his case to come off as sexist or unhinged. He'd just have to meet with her and hope for the best.

“Ahhh. Of course! A fine goal. I'd be happy to meet with Ms. Delucchi.”

“Very good. I'll get in touch with her and see when she can spare a half hour. I'll text the time and address as soon as things are firmed up.”

“Thank you, son. Go with God.”

“You too, Father. Goodbye.”

Gregory ended the call. He picked up his water and drained what was left in one quick chug. He pulled it from his lips and gazed at the bottle, astonished.

'This is the fourth one today. Why am I still thirsty???'

He ambled into the kitchen and tossed the clear, PET bottle into his bin of recycling. Greg had a flight to book, but first, he needed another drink.

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“Check” Jessica stated flatly as she slid her Queen forward and took another of Francis' pawns.

The former priest watched his formation crumble with a pained grimace. He could see the end was coming in just a couple more moves. He'd been careless. “Damn! You broke through my staggered defense.”

“Your pawns were patient, but you weren't” she replied before taking a drag of her cigarette. Mistress Superior often enjoyed a smoke after a morning rut. She scanned her slave's glossy gimp form up and down; the shiny black of his rubber suit tight around his trim body. She had half a mind to take his slutty ass again right now as punishment for such poor performance in their game.

Francis raised a hand to his chin, stroking it as he studied the board. His half-eaten breakfast of fresh blueberries and toast waited at the side of the table, ignored.

Jessica blew forth a cloud of smoke and ashed her cigarette. She lifted a glass of grapefruit juice to her lips and drank deeply. “You got too aggressive with your key pieces. That's a surefire way to lose. You need to play with caution. Patience is key to victory.”

“Is there not a risk in waiting too long to make your move?” His gaze lifted as he asked the pointed question.

Mistress Superior grinned, her fiery red-brown eyes brimming with confidence. “No. Not when time is on your side and the enemy is oblivious to your tactics.”

Francis smiled back. They weren't talking about the game anymore. Not *this* game anyway. “You're not going to lose, are you Mistress Superior?”

“Of course not” she said before downing the last of her juice. “Even if they managed to kill me, what we've started can't be stopped. It's only a matter of time.”

He looked back with sudden concern in his eyes. “Mistress! Please, don't talk like that.”

“You needn't worry. I'm speaking purely hypothetically. With the way Abigail keeps adding layers of security around me, it's unlikely anyone will get the chance. By the time those powerful enough to order my assassination are aware I'm a threat, it will be too late for them as well.”

She leaned back, the layers of her fetish apparel meshing noisily. Her bodysuit stretched and creaked against her rubber robes as she shifted in her chair. Her latex headdress and shiny arm gloves gleamed in the morning light as she crossed her legs and got more comfortable.

Francis could only admire her; how far she'd come and how well she was handling it all. She was so poised and levelheaded; yet unflinching in the pursuit of her vision. The latex Goddess before him was a far cry from the shy, subservient young woman he'd once known.

“As you say, Mistress, but I'll worry regardless. It's not something I can control. That's what happens when you care about someone deeply.”

“Awww... You're adorable” she responded with a sweet smile.

“I mean it” he said resolutely. “No matter what happens... Please, let me stay by your side. Even if you were to tire of me, keep me on as an advisor or servant. I don't think I could bear to be sent away; to no longer be in your presence.”

“Francis” she said in her most reassuring tone, her eyes locked on him. “You belong to me. Mind, body and soul. When I eventually leave this place, you will come as well, along with my other prized possessions. The bond we've formed will not be so easily broken.”

He nodded to her, his eyes somewhat misty. “Thank you, Mistress.”

Jessica lifted her crop from the table and tapped it in her hands. “You're welcome, slave. Now be a good boy and bend over that chair. I think twenty strokes should suffice for failing to defend--”

Her phone buzzed and beeped on the table, interrupting her fun. She glanced down and saw the call was coming from Vivian. “Saved by the bell” she remarked as she set the instrument of pain back on the table. Mistress Superior grabbed the blaring device, hit *accept* and held it to her ear.

“Hey Viv. What's up?”

“Good morning, Mistress Superior! I have great news! The Diocese of Austin is ready to fall!”

Jessica's eyebrows lifted. She knew it was coming, but she hadn't expected it this soon. “Is that so?”

“Yes, we received an urgent report from our agent on the inside. The men are all thirsty. The few women in the leadership's ranks have been gifted. Some have already acted on their impulses and the others will go mad, soon, if they don't. They are in total disarray! The Bishop has been informed that only the Daughters of Lilith can help him now. He's agreed to receive us at the parish center.”

“Reluctantly, I'm sure. Excellent! Call Abigail and have her prepare a motorcade with three dozen guards. Evelyn and Ruko will remain here to keep an eye on things. You and Vicky will come with us. We'll leave in an hour.”

“Right away, Mistress Superior!”

Vivian hung up and Jessica set down her phone. She stood from her chair, her latex garments stretching and rubbing against each other audibly as she rose to her full height. The Apex Succubus placed her hands on her hips. Her devious smile revealed she was ready to conquer the city. Francis looked up at her expectantly, eager to follow her every order.

“It's time.”

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“What's taking so long?” Vicky asked. She ran a file over her nails as they lounged in the back of the unmarked car. It was one of many vehicles in the long line that brought them to the seat of the Diocese's power.

Jessica looked out the car's dark, tinted windows. She studied the three-story stonework facade rising up before her. It was a simple building, yet elegant in its design. Classic Roman Catholic architecture. Built to last with no expense spared. “Abigail's team is sweeping the building for weapons and holy water.”

The mention of holy water caused Vicky to look up. She suddenly realized what had seemed so out of place for the entire car ride. “It's good to see you without the mask again. You look amazing. Like nothing ever happened.”

The mocha skinned nun turned and smiled. “Thanks. It feels kind of odd **not** to where it, now, but I have it in my bag. Brought it along just in case there were reporters waiting for us.”

“I hope the guards are done soon. I'm **dying** to get started.” Vicky pocketed the nail file and picked up the large leather paddle beside her. She slapped it in her hands playfully as they waited for the *all clear*.

Jessica snickered. “Going to deliver some discipline to these naughty Catholic boys?”

“**SO MUCH** discipline!” the nun in red latex answered with a wink. The two shared a laugh before the car went quiet again. Vicky spotted a large metal dog dish sitting beside rubber clad leader. A thick leather dog collar and leash rested at its center. Her interest was piqued. “What are those for?”

“Gifts for the Bishop” Jessica teased.

“I wonder if he'll be thankful?”

“Not at first, but by the end of the day, they'll be his favorite possessions. And his only ones.”

Victoria chuckled. “I love how you think.”

They sat in silence for another minute. Soon Abigail was marching down the walkway with two of her guards. The blonde enforcer in black leather approached the motorcade and opened the door. She ducked down to greet the pair. “We're ready!”

Jessica and Vicky exited the vehicle and assembled on the sidewalk with Abigail. Another car door slammed shut and Vivian joined them. They marched into the parish center together, their toys hidden in various luggage and leather bags.

Mistress Superior was happy to see no press had assembled to witness their entry. She knew it was a possibility, but then again, it was doubtful anyone inside wanted news of this event to spread. If there was one thing Catholics were good at, it was living in shame while hiding it from the rest of the world. The Daughters of Lilith had arrived to strip away their pretensions, forever.

Once they were inside the main doors, Jessica handed the large metal dish to Abigail. “You know what to do.”

"I'll take care of it right now, Mistress Superior." Abigail strutted off and the two guards she'd brought remained at Jessica's side. They were personal bodyguards for the rest of their outing, it seemed.

Jessica, Vicky and Vivian sauntered down the main hallway, the sounds of moaning, grunting and raucous sex getting louder the farther they encroached onto the formerly sacred ground. As they passed various conference rooms and offices, each open door was a portal to unparalleled debauchery.

The men of the Diocese's leadership council, middle management and support staff were being bent over desks and chairs, shoved against shelves and walls, seized with iron grips and fucked wildly. Their reddened faces and shocked expressions told the tale; a sudden transformation of their lives that none could believe and yet each of them wanted desperately. They craved the depravity as surely as their stomachs groaned with thirst for Succubus sperm. For many, it was their first time, their anguished wails eventually turning to groans of carnal bliss as their virgin puckers were stretched open by fat futanari cock.

Most of the fucking was being done by Abigail's guards; eager to break in fresh boy pussy and collar new slaves. The rest were various women who worked in the office, now encouraged by the Daughters of Lilith's example. They were finally free to give into their lust. They'd suffered the passionate burning in their loins and denied themselves until this very moment. Once, they'd feared the judgment of their peers, but no longer. Now their long, thick, unholy appendages were freed and their ravenous sexual appetites had been revealed. Their misgivings were gone in an instant, cast aside in libidinous fury.

Dozens of women screamed in pleasure as each room in the religious center became the set of its own porn. The slapping and pounding of aggressive anal fucking and the sloppy, phlegm clogged noises of cock slurping became ubiquitous as chaste *men of the cloth* were introduced to their new lives as sex slaves. In a matter of minutes, the former patriarchs of Austin were laid low and reborn as cock suckers and anal sluts; never to return to a position of authority or control.

Vicky and Vivian grinned deviously as they strode down the corridor, basking in the echoing moans and thick smell of Succubus cum that was already beginning to fill the halls. Jessica's gaze remained stony, her thoughts focused on the task at hand. Failing to find her target on the first floor, her entourage headed upward.

After two flights of stairs and a short walk down another hallway, Mistress Superior found the object of her search. She strode into the Bishop's office and found him on the floor, kneeling on the carpet with two of Abigail's guards watching him closely. The ornate office was luxurious, full of the finest wood and leather furniture. It contained statues, placards, awards and tall shelves lining the walls with hundreds of books, the Bishop's own personal library.

Jessica's personal guards remained by the door as the trio of latex beauties strolled into the den of opulence and surrounded the panting, drooling man. His white robes draped over his crawling body as he inched across the floor. He clutched at his stomach, pathetically, looking up at Jessica with bloodshot eyes.

"Hello Thomas" the rubberized nun said casually.

"Hello... Demon spawn" he replied weakly.

SMACK

Vivian's hand shot out and blasted the side of the old man's face. His now reddened cheek provided a stark contrast with his short, white hair. "You will address her as **MISTRESS SUPERIOR** or the next one will be **my boot** in your balls!"

"I wouldn't take her up on that" Vicky quipped from behind him.

"Tom. Tom. Tom..." Jessica teased, setting her bag aside and placing her hands on her hips. "It's so good to finally meet you in the flesh. I know this is embarrassing, but that's the way it has to be until you come to grips with reality. The Daughters of Lilith have come to hold up a mirror and show you who you really are."

"You mean, what you've done to us."

"No. Not at all! It's what you **always** were. Do I need to spell it out?"

The Bishop said nothing, so Jessica leaned down and got in his face. Her piercing eyes bore into his, her ruby lips moving elegantly as she explained the many parallels, crimes and hypocrisies of the church like she was talking to a child.

"Dressing up in costumes. Living out your little power fantasies in this sick pyramid scheme. Always clawing or begging for the next highest position. Bathing in the pain and degradation of others. Pornographic stories from the old and new testaments alike! Telling people how to live. Telling **women** what to do, especially! Enjoying the **shame** you engender in your flock. The **control** you exert over their lives."

"Nonsense..."

"You **always** wanted this lifestyle, Thomas. You **enjoy** it. You just didn't think the shoe would ever be on the other foot."

"I—**ahhhHHHHHHH!!!**" Thomas clutched his stomach again. He winced as the thirst scraped away at his body and mind. "P-Please... I need..."

"I know what you need. Don't worry, it'll be here any minute."

Vivian gave his ass a firm shove with her boot. Vicky extracted the paddle from her bag and started delivering loud smacks to the Bishop's ass. The women laughed as they took turns blistering his bottom with the thick wood and leather toy. Mistress Superior crossed her arms below her glossy, shining breasts. She watched the Bishop drool and grunt, his body jolting on the floor with each smack of the paddle.

A few moments later Abigail arrived with the large metal dog dish in hand. Jessica turned and accepted it from her with a thankful nod. "Ah, perfect! And how many of our Sisters contributed to this bountiful meal?"

"Six in total. They were happy to, Mistress Superior."

Jessica looked down into the thick, creamy mixture. Soggy communion wafers stuck out everywhere in the warm, gelatinous mass of semen soup. She held out the shiny dish in the Bishop's direction. "Did you hear that Thomas? Six heaping loads of what you so desperately need! Isn't that wonderful? You must be starving!"

"P-Please..." The pungent smell of Succubus cum hit the Bishop's nose and he knew without a doubt it was the only thing that would cure the unbearable raking hunger. "**AGGGHHHHhhhhhhh!!!** God... God, help me!!!"

"He's not listening, Tom. Only I am. And if you want this, you're going to reach out right now and kiss the boots of your new Mistress."

Thomas hesitated ever so briefly, his eyes flickering with the smallest glimpse of resistance before they closed again and he grimaced in pain. Seconds later, he dove for Jessica's boots. His lips found the shiny black leather and painted several wet, sucking kisses across the bridges of her feet. The bishop added long licks for good measure, suddenly eager to prove his loyalty to Mistress Superior.

"Hahahahahahaha!" Vicky cackled as she watched him slurp away.

"Lick em good, piggy!" Abigail called out.

"That's more like it" Vivian said, nodding in approval.

Jessica reached down and set the bowl next to the former Bishop's head. "You may eat, **slave**."

Thomas wasted no time pressing his face into the bowl of warm muck. He lapped at the surface of the creamy mixture greedily. The thick jizzum coated his tongue and was sucked into his eager maw in long, hungry swaths. Cum-soaked bits of communion wafers dissolved on his lips, their remaining structure breaking down into sticky paste as he wolfed down thick, hot spunk in eager gulps.

Mother Superior looked down at him with a wicked grin. "The *'body of Christ'* drowning in the Sisterhood's seed. Could the symbolism be more perfect?"

Thomas didn't answer, lost as he was in the consumption of his new sustenance. The stringy, sticky, wads of gunk may as well have been cotton candy to the disgraced clergyman. He sucked up nougat jizz from the dog bowl with joyful enthusiasm.

Jessica placed the toe of her boot against the back of his head and pushed his face deeper into the bowl of custard sperm. "**Lap it up**, bitch!"

The leather and latex vixens stood in a circle around the pitiful man, watching him sputter and blow bubbles in the thick, white paste. He inhaled the sludge in desperation as the women rained abuse on him from above. After a long string of laughs and insults had been enjoyed, Abby excused herself.

"I better check on the others. Can't leave my girls alone for too long or who knows what they'll get up to! Mistress Superior." She nodded to Jessica before turning and striding out of the chamber. Her heels fell heavy on the floor as she marched into the hallway.

"I think I'll go make some trouble of my own!" Vicky piped up. She grabbed her bag and gave Thomas

one last smack across the ass with her paddle. She turned and waved to him as she walked by. “See ya later, Tommy boy!”

Jessica and Vivian were left alone with Thomas and a small contingent of guards. The Headmistress of Communications grabbed the bottom of the kneeling man's robe and flipped it over his back. She gestured to his ass with both hands. “Would you like to go first, Mistress Superior? Or may I?”

“By all means, go ahead” Jessica answered with a smile and a nod. She flexed her crop in her hands as she watched Thomas continue to vacuum up his slimy meal.

Vivian's powerful thighs flexed in her shiny, latex skirt. The garment could barely contain her throbbing erection as she bent down, undid Thomas' pants and started yanking them down his lower body. Loud ripping sounds marked the shredding of his briefs, which were tossed away.

The ebony Domina pulled her tight, clingy skirt up her lower body and freed her fat, pulsing length of cock. Her tip was already drooling prodigiously. It oozed pre-cum the way less potent men dribbled semen after an orgasm. The old man's flabby bottom and tight pucker were hardly pleasing to the eye, but Vivian didn't care. She was hungry for a warm hole. The eager Domme knelt down behind him and dropped her colossal schlong on the crack of his ass.

Vivian ran her big, black length back and forth between his cheeks. She repeated the motion several times until her pulsing appendage was at its fullest, thickest circumference. While she enjoyed his quivering anticipation, it wasn't enough to delay her advance another second. The demonic diva brought the bloated glans of her weapon to his backdoor and pushed it through his fleshy ring without hesitation.

“**AARRRRRGGGGGGGGHHHHHH!!!**” Thomas yelled into the bowl of filth.

She stroked the bottom half of her shaft up and down as pre-cum milked into his plugged rectum. It was the only lubrication the former patriarch of Austin would get. Vivian took firm hold of his hips and spoke with a raised voice. “Welcome to your new life, **SLUT!!!**”

Her cock plowed into his stretched-wide pucker and Thomas howled through the paste-like filth. Vivian was anything but gentle, drilling firm and deep with her initial thrust and immediately entering a strong, persistent fucking rhythm. His silky walls encased her hose of flesh, gripping it exquisitely as she sawed back and forth in his tight, warm tunnel.

“Mmmmmm, **YEAH!** This one's a virgin for sure. Love me some virgin man cunt!”

Jessica unzipped her latex skirt and freed her cock from its rubbery prison. Her long, mocha length stood at attention and she stroked it lustfully. Her latex fingers glided back and forth her musty, rubber scented flesh as she watched Vivian deliver Thomas' first anal pounding. It was the first of many to come. Thousands. Perhaps even millions.

It was a subject Mistress Superior had been pondering much lately in her quiet moments. What were the limits, if any, of the gifts of Lilith? Their enhanced beauty, the reversed aging and apparent immunity to all disease. Even the male slaves benefited from it.

Francis now looked at least five years younger than he had when Jessica first collared him. The de-

aging process continued to work its magic. Most wouldn't notice it, since he was almost always trapped in one gimp suit or another, but Jessica saw him as he came out of the shower. When he changed, at her behest, between various rubber and leather prisons.

Lilith's miracle would take them all back to their late twenties or early thirties eventually, just as it had for Jessica. And then what? Was it merely cosmetic? Would they still die in forty or fifty years, despite their youthful appearance? Mistress Superior didn't think so. Lilith had a plan and Jessica was coming closer to understanding her grand vision with each divine visitation and powerful, prophetic dream.

Unless she missed her guess, the changes were not cosmetic. The de-aging process was not only real and fully functional, it was permanent. As the gift of Lilith spread across the Earth, the old way of life would die out completely. The cruel, fleeting cycle of life that Jehovah had cursed humanity with would be replaced. Birth rates would eventually drop to nothing, because non-gifted women would no longer exist.

And that would be fine, because no further crop of humans would be required. The Daughters of Lilith and their slaves would live in perpetuity. The Earth would become the Garden of Eden once more, a paradise for the Sisters to shape with their own hands. They would live for ages as their fittest, smartest, most beautiful selves, free from the worry of old age and crippling disease.

It was almost too good for those who'd done so much damage to the world. Men like the sad husk at her feet. It would take a long time, but Thomas' hair, now just a few sad wisps crossing a balding pate, would grow back to full, luscious locks. His wrinkles would fade into nothing like morning mist. In time, the strength and vigor of his youth would return.

Almost too good, but for him and the other men, there was a price. Entrance into the kingdom of Lilith was an eternity of bondage, discipline and being spit-roasted by swollen, sweaty, Succubus cock.

In her wisdom and mercy, the Mistress of the Night had ensured each of them would find rapture in their submission. However hesitant and trepidatious they were at first, every male would find peace, pleasure and fulfillment in their servitude. Truly, the Goddess had thought of everything.

Jessica was snapped back to reality as Vivian let out a long, loud moan. Between the scene of depravity before her and libidinous thoughts of the future, Jessica's arousal was spiking powerfully. She dropped her twitching length, stepped forward and grabbed the dog dish out from under Thomas' swabbing tongue.

She lifted the shiny, metal bowl, tipped it upside down and poured what was left of the cum and holy crackers over his head. The still-thirsty slave extended his tongue, trying valiantly to catch some of the jizzum syrup and guide it between his lips.

His efforts were interrupted by the steady plowing of his ass. Vivian throttled his body as she bucked into him with strong, persistent strokes. Thomas grunted as the mighty amazon bottomed out in his ass, her scrotum and hips slapping into him at regular intervals.

Mistress Superior tossed the dish aside. It bounced off the wall and rattled against the floor with a loud clang. Her left hand streaked through the air and painted his cheek a fresh coat of crimson red.

SMACK

“Open your **faggot** mouth WIDE and **keep it that way!**” she commanded.

Thomas obeyed, gazing up at the Dominatrix nun in total awe. His eyes traced her thick, dark length of cock meat eagerly, his mouth already watering. Every strand of sticky nut he'd sucked and tongued from the bowl had passed down into his stomach. The nuns' essence had gifted his body a soothing balm, his nervous system now buzzing pleasantly. He craved more of that heavenly mana and the thought of drinking it from the tap of this latex Empress was suddenly and overwhelmingly appealing.

He stretched his jaw open as Jessica seized her cock and fed the tip into his waiting mouth. She lowered down on her haunches, feeding inch after inch of slick, musty dick into his welcoming maw. As Jessica sank to the eight inch mark, Thomas gagged and coughed around her length. His eyes bulged as her hands gripped his ears and her torso grew steadily closer. Jessica didn't stop, cramming ever more of her obscene length past his uvula and deep into the hot, moist tunnel of his throat. She cooed as her massive cock drilled deep and was bathed in warm, wet, tightness.

Vivian dialed back her aggression, waiting for Mistress Superior to get comfortable before she let the cock-stuffed clergyman feel her full wrath again. Soon both of them were gliding back and forth in his holes, their fat scrotums prepping a liquid invasion for their helpless prey.

Thomas' rumpled white robes were contrasted by the twin poles of thick, black cock assaulting him at both ends. He muttered gibberish around Jessica's pumping phallus, an unheard plea for more delicious futa paste. He'd gone for days without their nectar, unaware until this moment that it would become his life's pursuit.

Mistress Superior looked down at him disdainfully as she thrust into his mouth. She split his lips open wider with her growing, pulsating girth. He was a pitiful creature; ugly and with no oral skills to enhance her pleasure and earn this sacred meal. But she and her many Sisters would fix that. A better man was waiting, months from now, when his holes had been well trained. Thomas would be given new life and purpose; his body and mind nurtured by an endless river of pungent futa sperm.

His face grew increasingly red as Jessica's thrusts grew faster and more needy. Vivian, as well, began pounding his ass with all her might, his cheeks rippling every time her hips slammed into him. The former Bishop was air tight as both latex clad amazons went balls deep in his yielding holes. Pre-cum and saliva bubbled from his lips and nose, running down his face as the nonstop mouth-fucking grew louder and sloppier.

His hands reached for Jessica's legs in panic. He tapped on them, begging for leniency, but was granted none. Mistress Superior fucked his face powerfully as Vivian punished his already paddled ass. The deflowered slave felt two heavy pairs of balls slapping his tortured scrotum and cum-glazed chin. The women's crazed lust and dominant nature humbled him utterly. Relief washed over him as he realized their climax was imminent.

“**TAKE IT, YOU FILTHY FUCK!!!**” Vivian cried out as her pleasure approached its peak.

She bucked into him repeatedly as her cum pipe shot its load. The dark skinned Domina's eyes crossed as her fingers dug into his flanks and her curvy body shuddered in orgasm. Her massive ball sack twitched as a river of spunk was unleashed in his depths. Her hilted python pulsed as thick, stringy ropes of hot glue ejected into his bowels.

Mistress Superior was only seconds behind the moaning Goddess, her latex form tensing as she pulled his sucking lips to her pubis and reached the point of no return.

“Here it comes, bitch! **DRINK IT!!! NNNNGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!**”

Hot semen discharged into his throat, backed up into his mouth and splattered from Thomas' nose as he swallowed like a man dying of thirst. His face grew ever more red as he was filled with luscious, soothing nut. The two massive, throbbing black dongs rutted in his white, cum-clogged holes. Each time they pulled back and filled his passages with gushers of sticky seed, their cocks plowed forward and cleared the way, pushing the silken gunk deeper into his body.

The nuns moaned, grunted and screamed in ecstasy, their climaxes rolling on for a full minute and then some. The size of their twitching weapons, the sheer volume of their emissions and the strength of their orgasms put even the most gifted male porn stars to shame.

When the last wads of nougat slime spat into his body, Jessica and Vivian pulled their cocks free. They rose slowly, their chests heaving as they grinned at each other and caught their breath. Their shiny bodysuits were now blemished by patches of sticky jizzum, a common and unpreventable side effect of their mighty endowments.

Thomas lay in a heap, his mouth and ass leaking Succubus batter as he groaned and muttered in contentment. His hunger was sated, for now, but that didn't mean Mistress Superior was done with him.

She glanced over at the guards who'd been waiting when they arrived, then turned her gaze to the two standing at attention by the door. Jessica raised her arms in the air. “Who wants to go next?”

The two women who'd been watching him from the start stepped forward, eager smiles spreading across their lips. They set down their weapons and gear as they approached him; already rubbing the fearsome erections that had formed in their leather pants. Zippers unfurled and the two Sisters took up position on either side of Thomas. Jessica and Vivian stepped into the background, finding comfortable seats from which to enjoy the show.

As the cum-drenched slave was packed with two fresh, meaty cocks, Jessica planned out the rest of the afternoon and beyond. Once all four guards had a turn, she'd collar Thomas, leash him and fit him with an arm binder. Mistress Superior would parade him through the building, making a spectacle of the fallen leader in full view of his former flock.

He and the rest of his leadership staff would remain here, for now, with a sizable contingent of the Sisterhood watching over them. “Bishop” Thomas James Everson would do everything he was told, including filing false reports to the Vatican and helping to infiltrate the surrounding parishes. When he was no longer useful in those roles, he'd be taken to his permanent residence: a muddy, well equipped barn stall on Stedman Farms.

* * * * *

Greg rapped his fingers against the arm rest nervously. He lifted his arm and checked his watch for the

sixth time in ten minutes. He'd been waiting in the hotel lobby for almost half an hour. The woman he was meeting should've been here by now, but he wasn't about to get up. Not even to go to the vending machine and fetch another drink for his parched throat.

No, this was too important. He would remain fixed in this chair until his contact arrived or hell froze over.

"Gregory Pearson?" a soft voice called out from behind him.

He turned in his seat to find a stunning Italian woman looming over him. She was middle aged, but in fantastic shape. A woman who'd taken care of herself while climbing the ranks of the Vatican. She had long dark hair, scarlet lips and a red top to match. The close fitting v-neck garment exposed an absurd amount of cleavage for a woman representing the Holy See.

That was on top of the leather skirt wrapped around her lower body and the black high heels adorning her feet. The woman carried a leather briefcase in one hand and a stylish handbag was slung over her shoulder.

"Hi! Yes!" he answered, rising from his seat and composing himself. "I'm Greg, Vicar General of Austin. You must be Miss Delucchi?"

"Call me Adriana" she insisted. The gorgeous woman closed the distance and extended her hand.

Even before Gregory reached out to accept it, he felt odd. As a man of the church, he never acted on his attractions, but he did have them, of course. He couldn't deny she was beautiful. Her fashion sense and flowing accent only added to the total package. She was a refined woman; classy and sultry in equal measure. He felt irresistibly drawn to her and the feeling went beyond any fleeting crush or admiration of a woman's charms he'd felt before in passing.

Their hands met in a friendly grasp and time stopped. Her warm, hazel eyes leveled him. The world spun around Gregory, a blur of shapes and colors. Only the woman standing before him stood out. Adriana stroked his hand gently and he felt a passionate longing well up within him. It might have been hours he stood there, lost in the pull of her magnetic gaze.

She released his hand and waltzed past him. "Follow me. We'll go up to my room for a drink and you can tell me about this grave threat to the church."

Greg shook his head and brushed away the mental fog before turning to follow her. "I hope you don't mind, but this might take a while. I have a long story to tell with many sordid details."

Adriana chuckled as they reached the elevators. "No trouble at all, Reverend." She pressed the call button and they stepped onto the platform. "I have all night. We'll go over the whole affair, top to bottom."

Under normal circumstances her suggestive smile would've made Gregory uneasy, but these were anything but normal times. He felt oddly comfortable with her. Greg smiled back and nodded as the elevator doors closed.

Minutes later, the door shut behind them as they strode into Adriana's hotel room. She set her briefcase

and bag aside before leading him further in. As they approached the large bed that took up most of the main room, Adriana began stripping out of her clothes.

“Have a seat on the edge of the bed, Gregory” she said, slipping out of her silky red top and tossing it on a nearby chair. A zipper rustled downward and her leather skirt followed.

Greg did as he was told, as if in a trance. Somewhere in the recesses of his mind, a voice was yelling at him; asking what the fuck he was doing and imploring him to leave immediately. The voice grew weaker and more indiscernible with each passing second.

The Vicar sat there on a hotel bed, dressed in the traditional casual wear of priests. A dress coat, shirt and pants, all jet black. The signature white collar was coiled around his neck, a reminder of who he was supposed to be.

With Adriana's back to him, she untied her hair and shook her luscious locks loose. There was no underwear for her to discard. Just a set of silken pantyhose covering her long, supple legs and ample ass.

She fixed herself a drink of scotch and downed it before turning to him. The outline of a long, thick, erect cock was present in her silky leggings. Gregory swallowed. His stomach groaned with a thirst he was only now beginning to understand.

“You were so careful. Much smarter and more cautious than your peers. But it didn't matter in the end. The Daughters of Lilith are everywhere now.”

“I suspected as much” he replied, looking down. He couldn't maintain the downward gaze for more than a few moments. His eyes were drawn back up to her radiant form. “But I had to try. Old loyalties and all.”

Adriana made a throaty giggle as she walked closer. She didn't stop until her weighty bulge was only inches from his face. Greg's heartbeat quickened. His palms were sweating.

“You're thirsty. I know you are” she ran her fingers through his hair as she spoke from above. “And I have what you need.”

Gregory kept his hands at his sides, trying in vain to resist what he knew what was about to happen, but then the order came.

“Be a dear and pull those down for me.”

He reached up and peeled away the silky fabric. Her cock sprang free, its oozing tip pointed directly at his mouth. It was well over a foot long. Its fat head and plump, veiny girth called out to him. His stomach growled again.

“Open your mouth.”

Greg did as he was bade and what happened next felt only natural. Adriana pressed her cockhead to his lips, seized fistfuls of his hair and gave him a lengthy first taste of his new life.

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