

Latex Futa Nuns From Hell

Chapter 14 – Be Fruitful And Multiply

It was a late spring day and the dusk sky was a brilliant collage of orange, red and purple. As the sun dipped past the horizon, Greg marched along, his chains clinking and jingling as he shuffled across dirt and gravel. He was being escorted by two harpies in latex habits, women of the Sisterhood. The accursed Daughters of Lilith who'd laid low his parish, infiltrated the Holy See, and delivered him to the stern Vatican Dominatrix, Adriana Delucchi.

Gregory had traveled with her for over two months as she completed her lengthy tour of the United States. They'd wound up and down the east coast, dotted the plains and industrial base of the mid-west and visited all the shining cities lining the Pacific rim. In truth, it had been one of the most fun and exciting times of Greg's life. He'd experienced more travel, fine dining and cultural exposure in those two months than the rest of his life combined. And yet, the trip had a horrendous dark side.

Every morning and evening without fail, Gregory had sucked his Mistress' massive cum pipe, serviced her fat, fleshy sack, licked her taint and worshiped her curvy ass. He massaged her back and gave her foot rubs on command. Greg had carried her things through every airport and hotel. He'd bent over an endless series of beds, desks, counters and dressers to receive her phallus with startling frequency. He served as a willing errand boy and sexual slave at Adriana's beck and call.

It was some perverse magic, some hellish spell the woman had cast on him. He knew not how it worked, only that it was connected to his unnatural thirst. That damnable thirst which was only ever quenched by her thick, sticky emissions. His Domina's cum smelled most pungent and foul, yet tasted like sweet nectar on his tongue. It coated his throat and stomach in soothing warmth, a heavenly feeling of safety, comfort and belonging that he'd never known in his life until now. None of it made sense, yet he was powerless to do anything but follow Adriana's edicts when he was in her presence.

Even now, he missed her. It was a painful admission, given that she'd discarded him so suddenly after enjoying his service these many weeks. Their last stop had been in Austin and now Gregory found himself back where he started. He'd returned home, but it was no longer the same city. It was impossible not to notice several women in the airport leading men around by leashes. It was startling to see how many citizens now strutted around in leather and latex, making provocative spectacles of themselves as they went about their daily lives. When had that become commonplace? Had the world gone mad in such a short time?

Gregory's feet sunk into shallow mud as they approached a sprawling series of barns and stables. Some of them looked old, but most were newly constructed. The chain connecting his leg shackles dragged through the muck and Greg was careful to keep his balance. With his arms chained behind him, there was nothing preventing him from face-planting if he stumbled. Nothing, that is, but the two gossiping nuns on either side of him.

They wore shiny, red latex armbands around their left arms that read "DOL Security" in thick black lettering. If these were the sort of women that had seized the parish center, it's no wonder it fell so

easily. As they entered one of the barns, the guards friendly banter gave way to logistics and Gregory abandoned his musings to listen attentively.

“Hmmm... All the stalls are full, right?”

“Yeah, there's definitely no empty ones. We're packed with new slaves, right now.”

“Should we stick him with his old buddy?”

“Sure, why not? I'm sure they'll have a touching reunion.”

The nuns laughed as they seized his arms and dragged him down the hallway. The rubber hellion's boots squished in the mud as they passed many stalls. Most were closed, so Gregory couldn't see who was in them, but every few doors they passed, the sounds of raucous sex pierced the gloom. The grunting and moaning of nuns was ever present in the air, echoing lightly through the perverse stables as they fucked its bound residents into ever greater states of submission.

Just being in close proximity to these guards, women in scandalous latex who he'd never met, clouded Gregory's mind significantly. It wasn't nearly as powerful as the effect Adriana had on him. That bond had been formed and sealed over many weeks under her spell and endless lengthy fuckings. But Greg had no doubt he would drop to his knees and do whatever these women demanded if they chose to make use of him. For whatever reason, just being near them increased his desire to submit.

After a considerable trek, they came to the largest stall Greg had seen so far. One of the nuns abandoned his arm to unlock the gate and pull it open. They proceeded in and Gregory's eyes went wide with shock.

The stall was a makeshift sex dungeon. There were bondage devices scattered all over, jutting out of the muddy ground on sturdy metal and cement bases. The walls were lined with thick, anchor point steel bondage rings and racks of sex toys. Hooks and chains hung from the ceiling, ready to be used in a variety of ways.

In one corner of the giant stall sat a man in dirty black latex from head to toe. His arms were trapped behind his back, snared in some kind of cruel, leather device in the shape of a downward pointing triangle. The thick bondage sleeve started with straps that wrapped around his shoulders and ended in a sturdy metal ring that was fastened to one of the many chains hanging from the ceiling. His head was adorned by a leather hood with pointed canine ears.

As they grew closer, Gregory's brow furrowed in study, but once he could see the old man's eyes, his suspicion was confirmed. It was Bishop Everson! Not the proud, stocky man he once knew, but it was definitely him. How much weight he'd lost in so little time! His now thinner body, outlined in mud-smeared rubber, shined in the overhead lights as he knelt in the barnyard filth.

The nuns brought Greg to the same wall, not far from the former leader of the diocese. They pushed his shoulders down and Gregory lowered to the floor. He opted to stretch out his legs and drop his ass into the muck rather than kneel. Thankfully, the sinister looking nuns didn't seem to care. They chained his wrist shackles to the ring on the wall and sauntered off. The stall door swung shut and was re-locked with a series of metal groans and clanks. Soon, Greg and the former Bishop were alone.

"Hello Gregory" the old man said with a weak smile. "Quite a change since our last meeting, hmmm?"

"Your Excellency! Are you alright?"

"Never better" he responded with a dry laugh. His body shook and the chain connected to his arm-binder rattled behind him. "But honestly, do I look *excellent* right now?"

"I'm glad **you** can find humor in all this. I don't think it's very funny" the former Vicar spat as he scanned Thomas up and down. As the old man's head turned, the light caught his collar in just the right way and Greg was able to read it. The words on the thick leather band were metallic with encrusted jewels on each letter. Gregory spelled it out in disbelief. "**Bitch... Pup?**"

Thomas chuckled. "A play on words, based on my old title. The Daughters of Lilith have quite the sense of humor."

"The witches from Hell, you mean."

"Oh come now, Gregory. If you're here, that means you've succumbed to their charms as well."

"When I heard what happened, I contacted the Vatican. I tried to meet with someone who could do something, but it was all for naught. They already have people on the inside."

"I suspected as much, but by the time I was sure, they had their hooks in me."

"Why didn't you warn us?!?" Greg raised his voice.

"Warn you of **what** exactly? That leather clad sirens were coming to take us away? To enslave the men and transform the women? How insane would that have sounded? I think I would've been relieved of my position sooner if I had."

"But surely you had to do something? Ring the alarm bells!"

"I did. With the Vatican. And I met with just as much success as you."

Greg sighed. There was silence for a few moments before Thomas spoke again.

"Are you really still angry? Do you miss your old life so much?"

"What do you mean? Are you saying you're just going to accept this? We can't give up, your Excellency!"

"Stop calling me that. I'm not your Excellency or your Father. I'm not even **a** father. I could've had children. Could've lived a meaningful life. I chose not to. I decided to be part of something empty. To propagate a lie. The Daughters of Lilith are right."

"Bishop Everson! Now is not the time for a crisis of faith!"

"Oh, please! I had my crisis decades ago."

“Bishop... What are you saying?”

“Have you really been in the church this long and never had serious doubts? Never had another confide their doubts in you?”

“About the central tenants of our faith? About God? No. Never!”

“Then you're a fool. A stalwart fool, but a fool nonetheless. My doubts began as a young man, all the way back at seminary. A friend shared the argument, laid out by the Greek philosopher Epicurus so long ago. Eight sentences that were burned into my mind forever.”

Thomas paused briefly, then recited the passage.

*“Is God willing to prevent evil, but not able? Then he is not omnipotent.
Is he able, but not willing? Then he is malevolent.
Is he both able and willing? Then whence cometh evil?
Is he neither able nor willing? Then why call him God?”*

Silence hovered over the bound and muddled men. Gregory pondered a rebuttal, but could come up with nothing that didn't sound like a dodge. Before he could muster an adequate response, the ex-Bishop spoke again.

“After reading those words, my friend elbowed me and said *'Ridiculous, huh?'* I shook my head in agreement. But it wasn't ridiculous, and I knew it. Those words haunted me all the way through seminary. They followed me long into the priesthood. My faith died long ago and the arrival of these demonic nuns only confirms my worst suspicions. As I see it, there are only four possibilities in a world as wicked and corrupt as ours. Either God does not exist, he exists, but has abandoned us, he's been vanquished by the forces of evil, or, this is all his will and man is now receiving divine punishment for his sins.”

Gregory's mouth hung open. He looked like he'd just been punched in the face. The Vicar suddenly realized he'd never really known this man he'd spent so many mornings and afternoons with. That the person he'd confided in, conducted masses with and been such a key figure in his life, had been a stranger all along. The sting of betrayal was deep, yet that stabbing pain was overwhelmed by a tidal wave of sadness and despair.

“Then why remain in the church? Was it just the position you liked? Wearing robes and having your ring kissed?” The younger man's words dripped with bitterness.

Thomas smirked. He shrugged his shoulders to the extent he could while restrained in thick leather. The chain connecting his bound arms to the ceiling rattled again.

“What does a man do when he arrives at middle age and his faith has been shattered? When he's seen a hundred scandals in his church, but never known another profession? Does he abandon those who still believe? Stop giving them hope? Allow the institution to come under the full control of con artists and pedophiles? I've never misused church funds. I've never touched a child inappropriately. No, I stayed and did my job. I gave them hope, despite my growing confidence it was utterly false. In quiet moments of commiseration, you would find many high ranking church officials confess to such doubts and disbelief. I think you've never been party to those conversations because it was obvious to those

around you that you're still a true believer. But for how much longer, I wonder?"

"Pffft" Greg shook his head in disbelief. "So, what then? We watch the world fall to these... Pornographic Succubi?"

The former Bishop laughed again, his amusement trailing off before a sigh of contentment. "I tell you, Gregory, in all truthfulness, I've never felt more at peace than I do right now. My intentions were good, but we both know they pave the way to hell. Even as we strode to be beacons of justice within the church, we were part of something monstrous. For that, we must atone. I now believe the Daughters of Lilith have come to punish, cleanse and free us from the sins of our past. In the end, they may become our true saviors."

Gregory's eyes grew wider with each blasphemous word from his former leader. He was about to lash out verbally at the ex-Bishop when loud chatter began echoing from down the hallway. Several female voices could be heard in the distance. Greg's head turned, his gaze tracking the chorus of laughs and banter as it grew closer.

"It's quite possible that we're already in hell" the former Bishop said with a cheeky smile. Greg's face, now draped in fear, turned back to the old man. "But I promise you, the longer you're here, the more it feels like heaven."

KER-CHANK

The stall door unlatched and swung open. In walked four nuns layered in shiny black and red. Their curves gleamed in the overhead light as their boots squelched in the mud. Their glowing eyes burned with hunger. Their glossy lips were traced by eager, serpentine tongues. The bulges pressing through the front of their depraved costumes were full and fearsome.

"See, ladies? It pays to know someone on the security team! Alicia was right. Two high ranking Vatican sluts, ready to go!"

"Including the head honcho! And there's not even a line? Wow!"

"Isn't he pretty much always booked?"

"I guess we got lucky tonight."

The zippers on three sets of thick latex skirts and one pair of leather pants rippled down and out came four giant, jutting rods of meat. The women stroked their lengths lewdly with nimble latex digits. Their erections stiffened even more as pre-cum oozed from every glans. Their obscenely huge cocks bloated to even more menacing girth as they let out low moans and studied their helpless prey.

"Who's the blonde bitch boy?"

"One of his lieutenants, I think?"

"I am Vicar General Gregory Pearson of the Diocese of Austin and I would like to speak to someone in charge!" he spoke up obstinately. Their masturbation came to a brief halt as all four women stared at him.

One of the nuns dropped her cock, stalked forward and seized his hair in a death grip. “**WHAT THE FUCK** did you say, **little man**? **EVERY** woman here is in charge of you! Or was that not made clear? Do I need to slap some sense into you **with my cock**?!”

The woman stared daggers at him. Getting in his face might have been enough to put him back in line, but it wasn't her demeanor that prompted a rapid change in his behavior. Her pheromones washed over Gregory. The pungent smell of her thick erection, now just below his chin, filled his nostrils. Greg's stomach winced in thirst. His saliva ran freely. His head swam and his will instantly crumbled. He suddenly wanted nothing more than to please this wanton harlot.

“I-I'm sorry, Mistress. I spoke out of turn.”

She hefted her meat missile and gave him a few slaps for good measure, despite his sudden change of tune. Her pre-cum smeared across his face as her thick cock smacked him across the cheeks.

“That's what I thought! **GET UP**, slut!”

With one hand gripping his hair and another grasping his right arm, she brought Gregory to his feet and nudged him in the direction of a bondage bench. He was intercepted by a second nun and together, the two lowered him down and began strapping his legs to the bottom of the sturdy apparatus.

Greg had a clear view of Thomas across the room as he was accosted by the other two nuns. They got him to his feet rapidly. One nun bent him over while the other grabbed his chain and adjusted it. She pulled it taut through the hooks and rings in the ceiling, causing the arm binder to yank upward and pull his arms back into a tight stress position. Soon, he was perpendicular with the floor, his upper body supported only by the restraints and the harness that ran around his shoulders and chest.

The woman behind Thomas pulled off his crude, leather thong underwear and dropped it in the muck unceremoniously. The nuns stroked their hefty cocks a few more times before seizing him at both ends and entering his holes with their fat lengths. Soon, Thomas was slurping and glugging on one massive dong while the other speared into his back door aggressively.

They buried their cocks to the hilt in just a few thrusts. Gregory watched the former Bishop in shock. It was as if taking more than a foot of musty dick at both ends was the most natural thing in the world to him now. He moaned around the phallus pumping in and out of his mouth as his arms flexed in the thick leather binder and his ass was pounded with powerful thrusts.

The scene of debauchery was hidden from view as the woman who'd cock-slapped Gregory stepped into his field of vision. She raised her hefty dick to his face and pressed the oozing glans into his pursed lips. Greg yielded and sucked her in, knowing that whatever resistance he'd briefly harbored was long gone. His throat and stomach craved her nectar and every atom of his body screamed at him to submit.

She took a fierce grip of his hair with both hands as she speared into his mouth and let out a loud moan. As the nun in glossy black began fucking his face in earnest, Greg's pants were undone and roughly pulled down. The nun behind him cackled at the silky, black panties Adriana had left him in. She yanked them down with ease and began tracing his pucker with the tip of her massive schlong.

“What do you think girls? Should we take a turn at every hole?”

“Hell yeah! Let's keep going until another group shows up!”

“If we're lucky, we should have them for at least an hour.”

Gregory gagged on the gargantuan schwanz as its sputtering tip tried to push past his uvula. He gurgled on her cock and pulled uselessly on the shackles around his wrists as the second nun entered his sphincter with hungry glee. She grunted and moaned with pleasure as her twitching missile sank deep in his silky walls and pressed into his warm depths. As two thick cocks strummed further into his mouth and ass, Greg resigned himself to his fate. He had nothing but time to contemplate the ominous words of Thomas James Everson.

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Jessica strutted into the conference room feeling even more powerful and regal than usual. It was her new outfit that had caused her confidence and self-satisfaction to surge as she marched across the campus. Everywhere she went, the Sisters lavished her with compliments and every male knelt and bowed in her wake. This wasn't unusual for Mother Superior, but it had been more pronounced today. It was much deserved after the lengths she'd gone to up her fashion game.

Her newest dress was fit for royalty. The Queens of old had never dressed in layered latex from the neck down, but they would've if the material existed and they'd seen this flashy ensemble. Purple rubber molded itself around Jessica's full curves. Her full length arm-gloves led up to a shiny robe that wrapped around her shoulders and flowed down her hourglass figure. It opened at the front, displaying a generous side view of her mocha mounds.

The sides of her robe, two thick blankets of purple latex, met at her waist and twisted into a sash. The curtain of glossy rubber extended down her left side, draping almost to the floor. Her long legs were likewise locked in purple rubber; long, glossy boots that started at the top of her thighs and ended in commanding heels. Her cock hung out in front of her, bulging in the tight, purple latex sleeve that covered her mighty weapon from base to tip.

Finally, her face was hidden by one her trademark porcelain masks. She didn't need to wear one anymore, now that her face was fully healed, but she still chose to often. Over time, Jessica realized that it added an element of intrigue and awe to her well established authority. The colorful pastel swirls and floral flourishes outlining the glamorous mask complimented her new attire.

Walking in these garments was heaven. The way it all hugged, kissed and groped her body as she moved about was fetish nirvana. As she made her way from the living quarters to the administration building, it had taken every drop of her will not to stop, bend over her Sister's slaves and fuck them into oblivion. None would have objected. It was the highest honor to have Mistress Superior, Prophetess of Lilith and Reverend Mother to all Succubi, fill your collared male with her most coveted seed.

Jessica was a latex Goddess and she knew it. So did her command staff. They stood from their chairs as she strode into the room and watched her proceed to the head of the table. As she approached the executive chair, her officers greeted her warmly.

“Reverend Mother” Vicky spoke gently. She bowed her head, her bright red latex headdress falling around her flawless face in a rubber wave.

“Good morning, Mistress Superior!” Abigail called out with her usual loud enthusiasm. Her chief enforcer was, as ever, completely covered in black leather. Her face was the only part of her body where her pale white skin was visible.

“Mistress Superior” Evelyn, Vivian and Ruko acknowledged, practically greeting her in unison. They offered their own respectful bows.

Jessica looked from side to side. She studied her leadership council, a murderer's row of Femdom beauties. Seeing the Mommy Domme in red, the blonde in leather SS gear, the curvy cowgirl, the proud, dark-skinned debutante and the traditional Japanese Dominatrix together always put a smile on her face. She had chosen her lieutenants well.

All were present except Allison. For her tireless efforts, the blonde go-getter had been granted the title Headmistress of International Relations. Her important work in Rome was ongoing. She was planting the seeds for the final phase. The full infiltration, undermining and seizure of the world's largest church.

But there were other churches, other faiths and other institutions to consider, and that was the purpose of their meeting today. Jessica removed her mask and set it on the table gently.

“Good morning, Sisters! Please, be seated” she said with a smile and a nod. Jessica settled into the high back, premium leather office chair and the others followed her lead. “Let's get right to it, shall we? Abby, a progress report on our DC operation, if you please?”

“We're sending a new team of five Sisters to take up residence every two weeks. We've started seeding Congress and the courts, but it's a slow process thanks to Washington being such an insular place. The Sisterhood has begun to make friends with the established, high class sex worker ops in the capitol to make the transition a bit smoother.”

“Any big wins, yet?”

“We have three US Senators and one Supreme Court Justice under our thumb. More will take time. They tend to be older, have better security, are extremely busy and stick to the Beltway crowd, so even finding chances to meet them is more difficult.”

Jessica nodded thoughtfully, then fixed her eyes on Abigail. “Don't worry about Congress for now. I have no doubt it will fall in time. Tell your agents to focus intensely on the courts. The higher the justice, the better. If the government gives us any trouble in the next two years, they're going to come after us legally. That means we need influence in the judiciary more than anything. That will prevent most of the complications that might arise if the feds choose to meddle.”

“I agree. Sound strategy, Mistress Superior.”

“Have you drawn up a list of candidates for Headmistress of Intelligence yet?”

“Don't you mean Headmistress of Spies?” Vivian perked up.

“Same difference” Evelyn noted with a shrug.

“Not yet, Mistress Superior, but I have my eyes on a number of candidates. I'll have a list prepared for our next meeting.”

“Good. I don't want you stretched thin anymore. You have enough on your plate between campus security and all these events we have planned. It's time to delegate that responsibility to someone well suited.”

“As you wish.”

Jessica turned to Evelyn, eyebrows raised. “Speaking of which... Headmistress of Personnel. How is our campus doing?”

“We're bursting at the seams. We can't build new housing fast enough and we're running out of room. Many new sisters and slaves are staying at hotels in the city and coming here during the day. Even with the retrofits we have planned to the properties owned by the diocese, it won't be enough. We need to start investing in land and build new facilities elsewhere.”

“Can we afford it?” Jessica asked, her gaze shifting to Vicky.

“Easily” the Headmistress of Finance answered. “With the tithes we have flowing in, it's all I can do to find places to deposit it all. I keep opening new accounts with different banks. Each time, we surpass the FDIC limit in days.”

“Very well. I don't know how much longer we're going to need separate playgrounds, since the whole damn city will be ours in time, but for now, you may begin setting up new locations for the Daughters of Lilith. There's never enough affordable housing, so let's focus on building that. It doesn't have to be just for Sisters, either. We can welcome the public in and each new tenant will be a convert in no time. Also, let's buy up any reasonably priced farms on the market. We can expand our pony play operations and create a storage network for new slaves in training.”

“It will be done” Vicky replied with a smile and a nod.

“Love it!” Evelyn followed up, flashing the 'OK' sign.

“We'll need new leaders for all these new locations, will we not?” Ruko inquired.

“No doubt” Vivian noted with a nod.

“Of course, but one thing at a time” Jessica answered. She leaned back in her chair and crossed her legs before switching topics. “Now, let's talk about our inter-faith initiative. As you know, we'll be hosting a little going away party for our 'Good Faith Ambassadors' in two days. We'll be sending each of them off with a nice little surprise, which should free up some space around here; circling back to your concern” she said, pointing to Evelyn.

“That will definitely help! The stables are so crowded right now.”

“Good. Now, in regards to assignments, I'd like Vicky and Ruko to attend this event with me. In

addition to Abigail, of course.”

“Awww! I wanted in on this one!” Evelyn pouted, her arms crossing below her sizable bust.

Jessica flashed her a knowing grin. “Worry not, Stablemistress! You'll have your fun soon enough. You may have noticed in the announcements that there will be a second event next week. An inter-faith gathering welcoming diplomats from religious sects all across the country. They'll be arriving here in Austin to meet us and learn what the Daughters of Lilith are all about. That gathering will require a more **hands on** approach, and that's the one I want you and Vivian at.”

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The chatter in the banquet hall was loud as Jessica strode into the den of opulence. Golden light radiated from above, reflecting off crystal chandeliers and bathing the cavernous room in a lustrous glow. Abigail and two of the Sisterhood's guards followed on her heels. The Headmistress of Security held her crop behind her back, forever scanning the horizon for signs of trouble.

The room was packed; clearly at or beyond its maximum occupancy. Twenty five round tables with eight seats each were filled, leaving standing room only for anyone without an assigned place. When the one hundred Sisters who'd been chosen to be *Good Faith Ambassadors* arrived, they found the tables dotted with large white envelopes. They were labeled in elegant cursive scrawl, indicating which seat was theirs. One hundred gagged slaves sat in the adjacent seats.

All of the bound and waiting men were ensconced in thick latex suits and outfitted with leather wrist and ankle cuffs for easy binding. Many were adorned with extra bondage gear from double hoods and leather body harnesses to horse-tail butt plugs. Each slave was collared and their leashes were tied to the assigned Ambassador seat on their left.

Many of the latex nuns were chatting with each other, while others inspected, groped and teased their new companions. No formal announcement had been made, but most of the Sisters could guess where this was leading.

Jessica and her contingent marched up the short staircase to the stage at the front of the hall. Mother Superior was donning the traditional black latex habit in solidarity with her Sisters who would soon be leaving. Following behind Jessica and Abigail was a second group comprised of Vicky, Ruko and several other honored Sisters who were in training for leadership roles.

As Mistress Superior reached the top of the stage and became visible to the whole crowd, the chatter died down. Whistles and applause went up as the women realized their leader had arrived and the festivities were about to begin. Jessica smiled and waved to them as she made her way to center stage.

Waiting there was a podium beset on both sides by long tables and rows of chairs. The tables on stage were decorated just like all the others in the hall; draped with the finest white linens, lined with magnificent china, silverware and glassware, and furnished with a beautiful centerpiece of expensive flowers.

A small party of hotel staff waited near the back of the stage and clapped as the nuns approached. They

were mostly chefs and lead members of the concierge team, but one man stood out. The hotel manager wore a light blue blazer and slacks, a white button-down and a classic set of black dress shoes. His short, wavy hair was light brown, while his solid white goatee matched his shirt. This had to be Mark Rubin, who Jessica had spoken to on the phone.

She greeted him and shook his hand as the applause and cheering grew louder. Jessica then motioned for her leadership staff to take their seats and the Sisters fanned out, filling out both tables at the top of the stage. The hotel staff remained in the background under Abigail's watchful eye as Mistress Superior walked to the podium. She turned the microphone on and signaled the crowd for silence. The applause and excitement faded away gradually.

“Good evening Sisters! I'm told our dinner is just about ready, so I'll make this quick. Whether you grew up here or not, Austin and the Daughters of Lilith have become your home. In the next few days, you'll be leaving that home and embarking on an incredible journey that will allow us to take root in every corner of the nation. **You are the new vanguard of the Sisterhood!**”

The audience burst into a fresh round of applause and cheers. Those slaves whose hands were free enough to do so clapped and nodded following the proclamation. After a while, Jessica raised her hand again and continued.

“Our foothold within the Catholic church is firm and growing by the day, but you will expand our sphere of influence farther. You'll be going to the Baptists, the Methodists, the Lutherans, the Mormons, the Orthodox Christians and many other denominations. I understand one of you is even going to live among the Amish? I don't envy that task, but you have my greatest respect.”

There was a ripple of laughter through the crowd followed by a light round of applause as the Sister headed for Amish country stood and pointed to herself.

“You've been well trained by our Ambassador program. I have no doubt every one of you will succeed. No matter which faith you find yourself among, you will, in time, turn them to devoted Daughters of Lilith and willing submissives to the Sisterhood. For your hard work and dedication, it is my pleasure to announce that the slave sitting to your right is now your very own property!”

The most raucous cheering yet erupted, echoing off the tall walls and vaulted ceiling of the banquet hall. The Sisters all stood again as they applauded, excited by the official announcement.

“In the envelope before you, you will find two plane tickets, a certificate of ownership for your new slave and a key to his chastity cage. May he serve you well on your journey. Furthermore, until your upcoming flight, you are invited to stay here and enjoy the lavish amenities of the Fairmont hotel. Here to talk about that is Mr. Rubin.”

Jessica turned and waved him forward. Mark walked to the podium and took up position beside Mistress Superior. She reached below the dais, grabbed a second microphone and turned it on before handing it to the suited gentleman. They gazed at each other as they spoke into their respective mics and occasionally looked out at the audience.

“Please, introduce yourself.”

“Hi there! I'm Mark Rubin, manager of the Fairmont. It's a pleasure to have you and the Sisters at our

fine establishment, Mistress Superior.”

“Why, thank you! I have to admit, I was surprised how eager you were to entertain our little gathering.”

“The owners of the Fairmont have become big fans of yours, so they jumped at the chance.”

“How fortunate! But at such an extravagant hotel, I must confess, I'm a bit concerned... The bill for over two hundred people, some staying for up to three days, is going to be astronomical!”

“Not at all, Mistress Superior. There will be no bill to the Daughters of Lilith. We wouldn't dream of charging a religious organization doing such excellent work as yours.”

“You're too kind. Speaking of excellent work, do tell us about what's going on in the Fairmont's kitchen tonight!”

“With pleasure. Our staff will be adding the *special ingredients* you're providing us to every meal served in the hotel, going forward.”

“Marvelous! And how many rooms does the Fairmont have?”

“One thousand and forty eight, Mistress.”

“Oh my! It sounds like our organization will see significant growth tonight. I'm experiencing some *significant growth* myself just thinking about it!”

A wave of giggles and snickers rippled through the crowd. Mark's face went red with embarrassment and giddy anticipation.

“We're glad to help. Is there anything else we can do before we bring out the food?”

“Not a thing, Mark. In fact, I think it's time that we show you and the heads of your staff our thanks. Step forward and receive your heart's desire.”

You could hear a pin drop in the room as the manager walked forward sheepishly. He turned off his mic and set it below the dais. As Jessica set hers back in the holster atop the podium, Mark removed his jacket and began unbuckling his pants.

Ruko, Vicky and the other sisters at the front followed Jessica's lead, getting up from their seats and walking back to each claim a member of the hotel staff. They barked orders at the waiting men, hurrying them to the table and quickly snapping them into various states of undress.

Mistress Superior pushed Mark down on the top of the podium and pointed the microphone at his head. She ripped his boxer briefs down to where his pants lay around his ankles. Within moments, she'd freed her cock from her latex robes, stroking it up and down with a shiny, gloved hand as she prepared to invade him. Jessica brought her fat glans to the target of his soft pucker and shoved it home with no pretense.

Mark's initial, pained groan reverberated through the hall's speakers as Mistress Superior's monster glided in. She sank her fat, dark member halfway into his silky cavern before encountering any

resistance. She built a steady fucking rhythm as she pushed more of her length in. His grunts and guttural moans echoed through the cavernous room.

Realizing the rest were waiting for her command, Jessica grabbed the mic, leaned her head down and brought it to her lips. **“CLAIM WHAT IS YOURS MY SISTERS! FEAST AND FUCK INTO THE NIGHT!!!”**

With that, Ruko slammed the head chef down on the right table and Vicky followed suit with the lead concierge on the left. The rest of the Sisters on stage joined in at once. Soon both tables featured rows of bent-over hotel staff, groaning and yelling as Succubus cocks jammed their waiting puckers.

It didn't take long for the wave of debauchery to roll through the crowd of hung and horny nuns. One by one, they took their new slaves and put their submissive gimp bodies to work for their pleasure. Every man was introduced to his new Mistress swiftly, yielding under her stern command and ferocious appetite. The slaves were either bent over the round dining tables, rattling the cutlery and glasses as their assholes were entered harshly, or pushed to their knees and un-gagged before having their mouths crammed with sweaty, rubber-tinged cock.

The hall filled with the sounds of fucking, grunting, slurping, and jolting tables as the Daughters of Lilith made a mess of the carefully decorated dining hall. Animalistic moans of pleasure carried through the air as more than a hundred latex nuns stuffed the holes of every male with their pulsing, pungent lengths of rock hard dick.

Ten minutes into the relentless, rutting orgy, more hotel staff arrived to deliver the first of the evening's many courses. They were greeted by the sight of a writhing, moaning fetish fuck-fest. The knocked-down chairs and thrusting bodies made the delivery of food to each table difficult.

The waiters did their best to bring each tray to its intended seat, tip-toeing around the festival of fucking as Sister after Sister popped off in explosive climax. The power drunk nuns screamed in euphoric glee as their fat scrotums and bulging cocks twitched in powerful release. Glue-like semen clogged over a hundred asses and mouths, sputtering out of each packed hole and drizzling down on the hotel's upscale seating, luxurious carpets and fancy table covers.

Without exception the Sisters ignored their waiting dinners, opting for at least two blissful orgasms before they'd take a break to enjoy their food and drink. The smell of thick Succubus cum filled the hall, easily overpowering the scent of untouched gourmet meals.

Over the next three days, the Fairmont hotel would be covered in a tidal wave of jizzum. Every room would be defiled. Every unsuspecting guest would awaken to find their bodies and sexual drives had been irrevocably altered forever. Slaves and hotel staff alike would be passed around like party favors and soiled at the Sister's slightest whims.

The Daughters of Lilith's Interfaith Initiative was off to a grand ole start.