

## Latex Futa Nuns From Hell

### Chapter 19 – The Queen's Gambit

Jessica toweled herself off, wiping the warm moisture from her dark skin after a lengthy hot shower. Cleaning and drying off took longer than it had years ago, not only because of her considerable *third leg* of girthy flesh, but the buildup of sweat, grime and cum from regularly wearing layers of latex was unavoidable. Cleansing oneself of the rubbery stench and sticky feeling almost felt blasphemous; an act of heresy in an order of perverse fetish nuns, but it was necessary to maintain one's fashion and beauty. Mistress Superior, like all her Succubus brethren, loved the filth. She wanted to drown the world in it, one transformed woman and enslaved male at a time.

Plans to do so were well underway, and yet, Jessica had experienced less personal fulfillment than usual in recent weeks. She'd finally accepted that Francis was gone, forever replaced by her new sister Francine. There was great joy in that, but an emptiness still tugged at her heart and mind. She had yet to collar a new personal slave and the reasons for that were myriad.

Part of it was how ridiculously busy she was. Next was her convenient access to submissives all over the Daughters of Lilith's compound. She couldn't go anywhere without having one of her Sisters offer her the use of their favorite sub. This had always been the case to some degree, but there was greater emphasis on it since Francis' unique transformation.

And that was the next problem, the inevitably troublesome comparison. Who could possibly measure up to the one she'd started this project with? The man who'd help her conquer the convent; whom she'd molded into the world's finest bottom. He'd been a reasonably skilled cock sucker even before Jessica received the blessing of Lilith, but she'd taken him to the next level. Mistress Superior guided his evolution personally, fucking and beating the switch out of him until there was nothing left of Francis but submissive putty in her hands.

Jessica tossed her towel over the shower bar to dry. She moved to the sink, picked up her hair dryer and began the rest of her after-shower routine. The gorgeous Domina was lost in thought as she went through the hum-drum motions of bodily maintenance.

Finally, there was the paradox of choice; perhaps the biggest obstacle to selecting a new live-in slave. When choosing between six, eight or ten options, the choice is often easy. One that you prefer stands out and you pick it without hesitation. This is not the case when there are hundreds of alternatives. With so many options, the chooser can hypothetically always do better, but having so much choice inevitably results in paralysis and depression. More choice does not result in freedom, it creates heightened expectations, and when you put so much time and effort into a choice, those high expectations are rarely met.

This poorly understood phenomenon had already overtaken the world in grocery stores, clothing shops and, perhaps most nefariously, dating apps. It was no less true at the Daughters of Lilith's massive playground of flesh. Jessica had hundreds of available slaves to choose from and the mere thought of that daunting decision caused her to keep putting it off.

As she exited, completely nude, into the cool air of her bedroom, Jessica reflected on how silly the whole thing made her feel. She moved to the closet and began pulling shiny latex garments from the rack one by one. Mistress Superior muttered to herself as she yanked the thick, gripping rubber up her legs and inserted her arms into the luscious, clingy sleeves of her glossy top.

“You're the leader of the movement, dammit! Just **PICK SOMEONE ALREADY** so the girls can stop worrying about you! This has gotten ridiculous...”

She'd thought many times about keeping a harem of slutty submissives in her executive suite, but that simply wasn't her style. Besides, living with one man was enough of a chore. Multiple guys would be intolerable, no matter how well trained they were.

Having a male companion was trying at times, but also rewarding. The truth was, Jessica missed her quiet mornings with Francis. Of playing chess with him over breakfast. Having a permanent masseuse and expert listener on call. A warm body lying beside her whose gimp suit bottom could be unzipped and fucked at any time of the night. Someone who was a friend as much as a kinky lover.

The ripple of latex enclosed her curvy body and her confidence built. As shiny layers of rubber stretched and creaked over each other, concealing her dark flesh, Jessica's determination grew. At last, she placed the black and white veil over the top of her head and fixed it in place. Jessica closed her closet and gazed into the giant, full-body mirror exterior that covered its doors. She placed her hands on her hips and struck an elegant pose.

*'That's more like it.'*

She was feeling better already, now that her perfect form was re-ensconced in fetish shine. Jessica reached under her glossy skirt and unzipped herself, freeing her rapidly hardening cock. It sprang out and was instantly caressed by the wonderful, cool touch of her rubbery vestments.

Mistress Superior smiled at her own fetching image and made up her mind. She would head to the farm that afternoon and wouldn't leave until she had a new candidate collared and leashed. She'd trained Francis into the perfect sub and she would train another. If her first choice failed to exhibit the proper chemistry or disappointed her in other ways, she would send him back to the pens and claim another.

As a Succubus and the chosen of Lilith, time was on her side. She had all the time in the world to find her next prize slut boy. The important thing was to jump back into the process with both feet.

But first, the morning meetings and an important phone call...

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“Good morning, Mistress Superior! To what do I owe the pleasure of this call?”

Jessica leaned back in her plush leather office chair. Its shiny cushioning creaked and rippled around her ample, latex-locked curves. She swiveled around in her seat and turned to her back window, looking out at the Sisterhood's busy courtyard as she spoke.

“Good morning? It's almost dinner time over there, isn't it?”

“Well, yes. We're seven hours ahead of you, but I know it's still late morning in Austin. I hope your day is going well, so far.”

“It is, thank you. The purpose of my call is this singular question: Is the *Ivory Tower* ready to fall?”

“Yes, I believe it is, Mistress Superior. The final piece is moving into position as we speak.”

“Explain.”

“The pontiff's personal chef will be in our custody soon. His wife is now one of us and she's already laid the groundwork. He's scheduled to leave for vacation tomorrow, but he will soon learn his plans have changed. After spending the next week in our care, he will be as obedient as Adam, I assure you.”

“Excellent... Finally, we're within striking range. One degree from the top.”

“I'm sorry it took this long. Penetrating his inner circle without arousing suspicion has been slow work, but it's finally paying off. It won't be much longer now.”

“No, don't apologize. You've done well, Allison. Far more than I expected when I sent you out there. I look forward to seeing you again when we make our move on the Vatican.”

“As do I, Mistress Superior.”

“Take care. Either Vivian or I will call you in a few days to check on your progress.”

“Understood. Be well, Reverend Mother. **Glory to the Daughters of Lilith!**”

“Glory to the Sisterhood.”

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“What do you mean we're not going?” Niccolo asked incredulously. “Those tickets are non-refundable! I thought you wanted to see China?!?”

“I do... some day” Carmen answered casually. She smiled back at her frustrated husband. The passionate, medium build Italian was so adorable when he was flummoxed. It was a state she got to enjoy more frequently now that she'd seized full control of their relationship. “But I've made other arrangements. We're going to meet some of my friends for a stay at a luxury hotel in Rome.”

“Friends? What friends?” The dark haired chef asked with minor suspicion. Carmen was never this impulsive before her *big change*; a change he couldn't explain to this day. Not that it mattered. He knew he'd go along with whatever the beautiful blonde wanted.

“New friends that I've made in recent months. Ones that are just like me... down there” she answered

with a wide grin.

Niccolo's eyes widened as her meaning sunk in. "Oh... So, it's going to be **that** kind of vacation?"

"Mmmhmm" Carmen confirmed as she poured herself a glass of wine. "You'll be a very busy slut during our stay."

Niccolo blushed in spite of himself. He put his hands in his pockets and looked away as his wife took a deep sip of her red. His stomach winced and Niccolo started to get the jitters. The thirst was back, clawing away at his body and mind. Carmen had denied him her luscious essence for almost two full days now. It was becoming unbearable.

It wasn't fair. She could milk him and enjoy his seed at her leisure, but Carmen could easily withhold hers if she wished to tease or punish him. Her will was iron and Niccolo's crumbled like a sand castle on the shore when the waves of desire rolled over him. It was a building thirst that no tonic could quench. Only that which rested in the plump sack his wife now bore between her legs. His mouth watered and his stomach grumbled as he studied her elegant form up and down, searching with desperate eyes for a bulge in her chic, floral pattern dress.

"I'd prefer to be a busy slut right now" he advanced boldly. "If it would please you, Mistress."

"Uh uh" she said, holding up a single finger. "My cock is off limits until tomorrow. I want you as thirsty as possible for the first day of our little adventure."

Niccolo grimaced. He had a feeling that was her plan. The next eighteen hours were going to be pure hell.

"But since you're so eager to please me..." she continued. Carmen set her glass down on the counter and turned her back to him. "You can get on your knees, right now."

The eager man-slut obeyed without hesitation. He lowered himself down and his knees felt the harsh hardwood through his chinos. He looked up to find Carmen hiking up her dress. Her statuesque legs, clad in clingy pantyhose, trailed up to her lovely, round ass.

"Pull them down and get to work, Nicky." she commanded.

Niccolo reached up and took gentle hold of her silky undergarment. He pulled them down slowly, savoring the anticipation as her plump derriere and well toned thighs were revealed. Once the stretchy fabric was loose around her ankles, he moved in, pressing his face into her buxom mounds of pale flesh. He moaned as his lips met her ass cheeks and his nose was enveloped by her warm cleft. His tongue extended and dove into her succulent crack, sliding up and down between her glorious globes.

He paused in his ministrations only briefly to ask a single question. "Mistress, may I touch your ass?"

"You may."

Carmen spread her legs a little further and waited for Niccolo to fully embrace the roll of tongue slave. He grabbed her cheeks in warm, hungry hands and spread them apart gently, the better to service her. With her pucker fully exposed, his tongue returned to basting her crack. Its soft, wet length ran across

her tight, fleshy ring. Now it was Carmen's turn to moan. One hand remained on her hip while the other was poised behind her, clinging to the back of her dress.

She closed her eyes and enjoyed the exquisite sensations as her slutty property licked her ass and probed his tongue around her supple rim. Carmen could feel the edges of his leather collar brushing against her thighs and hear the jingle of its O-rings as he dragged his slutty face up and down her delectable bottom. Her cock twitched in the front of her dress, lengthening and thickening quickly as the rest of her body relaxed and the blood rushed to her nethers.

The temptation to reach below and stroke herself was strong, but she held off. Once she got going, the urge to fuck Nicky's face or plow his ass would be overpowering. She'd have plenty of chances to do that in the coming days. For now, she would wait until he was done tonguing her ass, go into the bathroom and lock the door. Niccolo could listen outside as she yelled in climax and fired her abundant semen into the toilet. The sound of the flush would be especially painful for him as he contended with his thirst and remained in a state of anxious subjugation.

“Deeper, Nicky! **GET THAT TONGUE IN MY ASS!**”

“Mmmppphhhhh! Yes, Mistress!”

Carmen dropped the back of her dress over his head and cast Niccolo into darkness. He licked, kissed and tongued away, murmuring in her warm flesh as he painted her crack in ever warmer, wetter waves. He groaned in sensual servitude as his eager tongue speared deeper into her hot, spongy hole.

The haughty blonde lifted her drink from the counter and savored another sip. She let out a long, contented sigh as the gentle buzz of alcohol merged with the growing bliss of enthusiastic rimming. Their upcoming getaway was going to be a wonderful week of sexual excess.

\* \* \* \* \*

**\*KA-CHINK\***

The lock was undone, the latch pulled up and the large stall door swung open. Jessica marched from the muddy hallway into the sizable lair of stone, dirt and straw. She was followed by two guards, decked out in shiny, black latex just as she was. Their recently updated red armbands displayed a hawk insignia along with the standard label of *DOL Security*. The women's firearms were holstered at their sides.

Jessica made a quick scan of the barnyard cell and frowned. She wasn't too surprised to find Bishop Everson missing, but it was still somewhat disappointing.

“Where's the **bitch pup**?” she queried.

One of the guards moved to the wall adjacent to the open door and lifted a clipboard from its hanger. She scanned the attached form before responding. “Looks like a few of the Sisters signed him out to have some fun. They could be anywhere on the farm, but they're probably in the training yard.”

“Would you like us to fetch him, Mistress Superior?” The other guard asked. “It would be no trouble.”

Jessica thought about it, briefly. As fun as it would be to have a former Bishop as her personal plaything, Thomas was still an older man. His wrinkles had started to smooth and his youth would slowly return to him, but it would be months or perhaps even years before he was back in his prime. Succubus semen worked magic, but the effects took time, especially for one who'd reached the age of a senior citizen. She could always enjoy him later, when the process was done.

“No, let the Sisters have their fun” she answered. Jessica's gaze honed in on the room's only other occupant, a thin, middle aged man with a still-full head of short, golden hair. He sat with his back to the wall, his bottom half clad in black leather pants and his torso snug in a thick leather body harness. His resting form was smeared with mud and cum. A dirty ball-gag protruded from his mouth.

“Who's this slut?”

“That's Gregory, the former Vicar General of Austin. The one that made a run for it” the first guard replied.

Jessica's brow lifted. “Ah, yes. Subdued and returned to us by Miss Delucchi, if I'm not mistaken?”

“Yes, Mistress Superior.”

Her interest grew as Jessica grasped her chin and studied him up and down. This slave would be back to his prime years much quicker. He was in reasonably good shape and, aside from the color of his hair, his bearing was remarkably similar to the Francis of years ago.

With how much time she'd spent around clergy, it was surprising, even to Jessica, how she hadn't grown tired of dominating them yet. Whether that was a product of existing under their thumb for so long, the taboo nature of corrupting and desecrating a *holy man*, or both, she couldn't say. Regardless, it was undeniable that subjugating a former member of the cloth was extra thrilling to her.

It was a matter of some concern for Jessica that as the gift of Lilith spread across the globe, she would eventually run out of such men to turn into cock-sucking servants of the Sisterhood. She was already in talks with Vicky to get a new line of latex clothing made; rubber priest frocks and latex pastor suits to dress her favorite slaves in. Even if there were no new clergy left to deflower and enslave, she could dress any man she wished in such garb and train them to play the part; a perverse form of role play that would forever re-enact her conquest of the church.

Jessica lifted a riding crop from her side and pointed it at Gregory. “Clean him up. Then take him to Ruko's clinic and get him outfitted with a fresh gimp suit. Full body rubber. The finest and thickest we have. After that, re-gag him and bring him to my suite. As of today, he's off limits to any other Sisters until further notice.”

The armed women entered a short bow as they answered in unison. “Yes, Mistress Superior!”

Gregory's eyes widened in growing realization as the rubber-clad nun enforcers strode forth and grabbed him by the arms. He stared back at the smiling leader of the Daughters of Lilith as her guards dragged him to his feet. It seemed he was to be the new, personal slave of the apex Succubus.

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How quickly things can change.

Until now, Greg had spent the last several weeks of his life in a maze of wretched barns and being whipped through muddy fields. Suddenly, he found himself in the lap of luxury. The leader of the sex-crazed demon nuns lived in an upscale housing complex comparable to a five star hotel. No longer were the heavy smells of earth, dung and metal ever present in Gregory's nose. The air was pure in woman's climate controlled suite; crystal clear aside from the inviting aroma of incense wafting through the air. The sweet, lingering scent reminded him of years spent in the naves, sanctuaries and vestibules of many a church.

The smell was familiar, but the former Vicar was far from anywhere that could be described as *holy*. He was in the lair of the devil herself. The walls around him were covered in fiendish artwork depicting acts of savage sodomy and sadomasochism, all with dominant women disciplining and defiling subservient men. Even the sculptures the Reverend Mother kept scattered through her well furnished home were of the lewd variety, depicting the power and all-consuming sexuality of the feminine.

After being hosed down like an animal, Gregory had been taken to another facility and garbed in more latex and leather than he could've imagined. Every inch of his body was now wrapped, strapped and locked in glossy black. The only exception was the shiny red ball plugged in his mouth. At least they'd inserted a fresh one.

He knelt on the living room floor, his wrists locked together behind him. The leather cuffs tightened around his rubber second skin were locked together with a short chain. He stared ahead as *Mistress Superior* lifted the veil from her head, tossed it aside and adjusted her long, dark hair. She'd barely spoken to him since Gregory arrived. A fat bulge was featured in the front of her rubbery robes, growing larger by the minute as she looked down at him contemptuously.

Greg had taken his share of cocks in the mouth and ass, starting with the lovely Adriana Delucchi. Since being remanded to the custody of the Sisterhood, he'd endured many an anonymous nun defiling his throat and probing the depths of his back passage. Still, he'd never been the main attraction until now.

It seemed every one of the libidinous latex Succubi wanted a piece of the former Bishop. It was a point of pride for them to say that they'd railed the highest ranking clergyman in Austin. Gregory had been an afterthought; a set of holes to abuse if the line to fuck Bishop Everson was too long. Now, for whatever reason, he'd caught the eye of their leader.

Her reddish-brown eyes gazed down at him as she reached below and unzipped herself. Her spell-binding gaze was accompanied by a growing smile as her colossal hose of dark meat was unleashed. Its hot length sprang forth, radiating heat and hardening in the air before him. The curvy, rubber-clad Domina seized her weapon with a latex hand and stroked it leisurely. Eager fingers slid up and down her ballooning girth. Squelching sounds grew as pre-cum dribbled from the engorged glans and made her slow masturbation increasingly sticky.

He'd seen some supersized cocks since his descent into sexual slavery began, but Mistress Superior's gargantuan, mocha fuck-stick and the enormous fleshy sack below them were the first organs that

induced light panic in him. He murmured into his ball-gag and leaned back as her impressive penis lengthened further, its gluey tip coming dangerously close to touching the thick rubber ball between his lips. He had a hard time imagining such a fearsome specimen could fit in either of his holes without doing lasting damage.

Perhaps he'd taken a cock that size before and just didn't know it. Between blindfolds and bondage predicaments that allowed many of his assailants to remain anonymous, he hadn't seen most of the fat cum cannons that deposited their heavy loads in his helpless body. He hoped that was the case and their wanton leader wasn't the biggest of them all.

At last, her thick, bulging missile of sticky flesh stopped growing and Jessica ceased stroking her rock hard erection. She reached into a pocket in her glossy robes and extracted two collars. The first was an elegant piece of craftsmanship made from premium leather, steel studs and inlaid gold. It featured three diamonds separating the two words at its front: '*PUTA PADRE.*'

Unfortunately, Gregory recognized those Spanish words. It meant '*father bitch*' or '*father whore.*'

“You're not worthy to wear this, yet” she spoke, her words simultaneously disdainful and demanding.

Jessica put the first collar away and displayed the second one. It was a humble piece of black leather with a simple buckle and a D-ring at its front. It had barely registered in his mind when the Demoneess stepped forward and her fat cock slapped Gregory in the face. She stepped around him, her massive schlong and balls pressed into his face until she ducked down to wrap the small belt of leather around his rubberized throat. She adjusted it until the D-ring was properly front-facing and tightened it harshly around his neck.

Before he knew what was happening, she grabbed him by the left bicep and tugged at his bound arms.

“**Up!** Let's go!”

Gregory stood on shaky legs, the sheer command in her voice making him quake with giddy anticipation. He was steered quickly towards a classy, painted black pillory conveniently kept in Mistress Superior's living room for casual use. She opened the top with skillful ease and shoved his head down into the largest hole in the center. The bondage ring of his collar was swiftly padlocked to the bottom of the stockade, rendering him immobile in his bent forward position.

She unlocked his hands only long enough to shove each wrist into the two adjacent holes. The D-rings that had previously been connected were quickly locked into the cruel device. The top portion of the stockade came swinging down and snapped into place with a loud clack. Gregory was left to mumble into his gag. He was capable only of flexing his hands to encourage blood flow and shuffling his feet below, trying to find a comfortable stance.

Jessica gave him little time adjust to his new stress position. Without ceremony, she unzipped the bottom of his gimp suit and brought the inflated tip of her cock to his woefully small pucker. She gripped his hips fiercely and thrust herself deep into his warm, gripping anus.

“**MMMMMMPPPPGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!**”

“Mmmmmmm...”



Greg's eyes bulged and frothy saliva slide from his gagged mouth as he endured the fullness and hot, snug pressure of Jessica's tunneling tool. She pulled out a few inches and plowed in a little deeper, wasting no time as she buried more than half her mighty schwanz in his painfully stretched rectum.

The former Vicar's face went red below his rubber hood. His hands yanked on their impervious bindings as Mistress Superior began to saw in and out of his ass without relent. She pushed his legs apart farther with her powerful thighs and pressed herself into him fully. With each powerful thrust, she plowed into his luscious hole a little deeper. Her world-splitting schlong crept into his guts a little further with each joyous jab. Her pre-cum oozed throughout his insides as Jessica ran her hands over his back and cooed.

This was how Mistress Superior liked to break in fresh slaves. As few words as possible before the first ass fucking. She'd learned, over time, that this was best to make them fully understand their role. To embed in their mind forever the new, singular purpose of their life.

“You will cook. You will clean. You will do whatever I say” she mouthed breathlessly as she plowed into his delicate folds and forced his boy-pussy open wider. “But first and foremost, you exist to **PLEASE. MY. COCK.** Any time! Day or night! Your holes are mine! **UNDERSTOOD SLAVE?!?”**

“MMPPPPGGHH! **YYPPHHHH!!** AGHHHHMMMMMM!!!”

Jessica re-doubled her efforts, burying her fingers into the creaking black latex of his hips and thrusting her steely erection three quarters of the way home. Her massive cum-sack swung back and forth, her balls pulsing with a growing load that would soon be unleashed in her new cum-dump gimp. The stocks rattled as she battered his body and filled him with every inch of dark meat his sissy, white hole could take.

“What was that, slave? You'll need to use your words better than that. I don't speak *bitch-boy*.”

The overwhelmed submissive groaned around his gag, his entire body lighting up with pain and pleasure in growing measure. He sweat profusely in his new latex prison. The leather harness tightened around his body as he writhed in her grasp. Gregory choked on the rubber ball, slippery spit sliding from his bottom lip as mucus ran from the nose holes of his hood.

With every beat of Greg's heart, Jessica's colossal cum cannon sank back into his ass and penetrated deeper. It felt like her invasion would never end; that no matter how much cock he accepted, the fiendish nun had another six inches to give. Gregory sputtered and moaned as he was fucked mercilessly. So distracted was he by Jessica's probing penis that he failed to answer her question. The haughty Headmistress reached up and grasped the back of his collar, pulling it tighter around his neck in reminder.

“**ANSWER ME SLUT!** You want this cock, isn't that right? You accept your new mission in life as my personal cock sleeve! **DON'T YOU?!?”**

“**YEPPPHHHHHH! YEPPPH YEPPHH YEPPPHHHHHH!!!**”

She released his collar and delivered a resounding blow to his ass before re-seizing his hips.

**\*SMACK\***

“That's more like it!”

Jessica's pounding proceeded for twenty minutes as Gregory got his first taste of her godlike stamina. The last few inches of her cock took longer to burrow their way into his blown-out bottom, but the haughty harlot was determined to go balls-deep in their first encounter. Her hairless pubis grew ever closer to his stretched-wide cheeks. Her column of cock sailed back and forth with ever louder, more sloppy insertions. Soon, Mistress Superior's hips were slapping into his ass. Her rubber robes creaked and smacked into the flaps of his open suit as her moist flesh slammed into his glistening glutes.

“Oh yeah... There we go! **TAKE IT ALL, SLAVE!!!!**”

Jessica balls battered the bottom of his ass and the tops of his latex thighs as her body overflowed with the tingling sensation of impending climax. She held it off as long as possible, savoring the bliss of animalistic rutting. Jessica gripped fistfuls of his flesh through stretchy rubber and pulled him onto her twitching pole of flesh. She inched her legs outward, pushing Gregory's limbs even further apart and forcing his asshole open wider in the moment of deepest penetration.

Unable to hold back another second, Mistress Superior buried herself to the hilt. Her eyes rolled up and her lips parted in a loud, guttural grunt.

“NNNNNNNNNNNNGGGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!”

Wave after luscious wave of warm, liquid nut spat into Greg's packed body as Jessica's form convulsed in spasming waves of ecstasy. With what little control she had left of her frame, she released one hip and reached up, grabbing Greg's simple leather collar and pulling it tight.

Gregory's moans turned to phlegmy chokes as his body tensed in the stocks. He gurgled around his gag and the constricting collar. His hands grasped aimlessly as his insides were flooded rippling rushes of Jessica's hot, buttery blasts. Despite the many times he'd been fucked, spanked and otherwise dominated since falling into the Sisterhood's clutches, he'd never felt so defeated as he did now.

It wasn't just that he was enjoying her brutal sodomy. Or that he was grateful to be gifted new purpose now that he'd fallen so far from his faith. It was that Gregory wished, more than anything, that she'd unloaded her wondrous gift deep in his thirsty maw.

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Adriana laughed merrily in between sips of her champagne and enjoyed the incredible spectacle around her. The orgy was in full swing and dozens of meaty Succubus cocks were pistoning in and out of the holes of collared males. The willing slaves were each drenched in cum and sucking off their futanari betters eagerly. None was more filthy, fatigued and brutally worked over than Niccolo, the reason for their happy gathering. The line to invade his holes was never ending, constantly replenished by horny nuns and recent converts who weren't yet formally Sisters, but were enjoying their fat endowments nonetheless.

The Vatican Domina chatted with Sisters on her left and right. The three women sat on one of the few pieces of furniture that wasn't currently being utilized for raucous sex. The entire penthouse floor had been rented for their one week party and the massive room was full of writhing bodies and wails of climactic bliss. The air was filled with the smells of Succubus cum, marijuana and alcohol. The floor and much of the furniture were smeared with jizz, sweat and the residue of harder drugs than weed.

The cleanup bill for this fuckfest would be massive, but no one cared, least of all the leaders of the Sisterhood's Vatican faction. Allison and Adriana were enjoying the endless orgasms as much as the knowledge that over a year of hard work was about to pay off. The pontiff's personal chef was in their pocket already, but there was no better way to cement his loyalty to the Sisterhood than the massive, nonstop dosing he was taking from the procession of big-dicked Succubi.

Adriana was mid-sip when her phone vibrated in her pocket. She pulled the device free from her leather pants, unlocked the screen and glanced at her caller ID. Her eyebrows lifted when she saw who it was.

“Excuse me, Sisters. I have to take this” she announced, setting her drink on the coffee table and rising from her seat. “I'll be right back.”

She strode to a quiet corner of the room where the music, grunting, moans and screams of orgasm wouldn't intrude. Adriana hit the accept button and brought the phone to her ear.

“Viv! Good to hear from you!”

“Hello Adriana. How goes?”

“Amazing! The party is in full swing. I hope you're having a good morning, across the pond.”

“Same as ever in the hot mess of Austin.”

“What can I do for the Headmistress of Communications today?”

“I'm just calling to check in. I tried Allison first, but she isn't answering. I called three times!”

“Ah, yes. She's rather... *indisposed* at the moment.”

Adriana peered across the room to where Allison stood between two bound slaves. One was Adam, the former spy and now loyal henchman, locked on a bondage bench. The other was her personal slave, Jeffrey, hanging in a suspension harness. Both were being mouth-fucked as Allison stood behind them, wielding a thick bullwhip with skilled precision. She took turns painting their asses red with brutal lashes in between yells of encouragement for both men to suck harder.

“You might hear her efforts in the background.”

“I hear lots of wonderful noises” Vivian responded with a chuckle. “It sounds delightful. Don't worry, I won't keep you. Just wanted to confirm everything is on track.”

“Absolutely!” Adriana answered with conviction. “Ignazio's favorite cook is getting dosed out of his mind dozens of times a day. He'd do anything we asked right now, and it's still only day four! We got three more days to go.”

“So we'll be ready to move forward soon, then?”

“Once *his Dopiness* develops the thirst, we have people in place ready to recommend *treatment*. After he starts taking his *medicine*, whatever resistance is left in the hierarchy will fade. I don't think there's much left at this point, anyway. We're just being cautious.”

“Excellent. Honestly, I wish Mistress Superior practiced your level of caution.”

Adriana laughed. “The leader of a movement must be bold. It's our job to advise restraint when we see her pushing too hard.”

“Don't I know it.”

“Is there anything else?”

“No. Just let us know when the the package has been delivered so we know to begin preparing for the big trip out there.”

“Of course. Have a great day, Vivian.”

“You too, Miss Delucchi. Enjoy!”

Adriana pocketed her phone and strode back into the sexual frenzy just in time to see Carmen blow a fresh load in Niccolo's throat. A woman in full-body red rubber shuddered, discharging streams of searing semen into his overflowing ass. The plush, black leather sofa they were fucking him on was splattered with nougat filth, its shine glossy with caked cum.

The amorous Amazon reached below and felt a growing erection throbbing in her tight leather pants. The line for Niccolo's mouth had grown surprisingly short. It was time for some early evening delight. More drinking and banter could wait. Her Sisters would understand.