

Latex Futa Nuns From Hell

Chapter 22 – A Day In The Life Of An Unclaimed Gimp

Issac groaned in relief as he dropped to his knees, turned and rested his back against a bale of hay. The stall door closed and locked behind him with a series of metallic shutters and clanks. He'd just been returned to the slave pens after another grueling day serving the *Daughters of Lilith*. His hands and legs were mercifully free of restraints and he relished the uncommon courtesy the guards had shown him.

Maybe it's because he'd been there for a while and adapted to the program. Perhaps it was because the Sisterhood's foundational base of operations was so well fortified and guarded, in light of recent events. Or it could be the nuns who ran the farm had simply taken a liking to him. Regardless, Issac no longer felt any compulsion to flee and attempt escape. Truthfully, the drive to do so had disappeared so quickly after coming here, it astonished him to this day.

Unlike most of the men residing on this compound and many of the women, Issac knew that this is where it had all began. This place is where the Daughters of Lilith had been born. The once small religious community that had grown into a fortress of sin and debauchery. It had expanded into a district of its own, a small, bustling self-contained enclave in orbit of the greater metropolis of Austin.

Issac had been sent here on mission. A final, desperate attempt to find answers and a potential solution to the crisis engulfing the nation and the world: the mental, physical and sexual transformation of every human being on the planet who'd undergone puberty. He knew the chances of success were slim from the outset, but the full futility of his doomed mission wasn't clear until he arrived here, the origin of the corruption.

Not long after the assassination attempt on Mistress Superior, most of Washington went dark. From that point on, her power and influence expanded rapidly. The legend of the Reverend Mother grew as her followers became legion around the country. Some believed that she'd come back from the dead. Others thought her to be immortal. Most now believed, with firm conviction, that she was leading us to the best of all possible worlds.

Issac had worked in one of the less prestigious field offices of the intelligence community. Few wanted to be stationed in the rust belt or flyover states, but in the face of this catastrophe, being posted in such a place had effectively buffered them from the spreading perversion a little bit longer.

However, in the grand scheme of things, their reprieve was fleeting. He and his superiors had watched the lesser field offices go dark, just like the major ones. When Issac and two other agents from his division were sent to investigate the Austin cell directly, it's possible their office was one of the last ones still loyal to uncorrupted citizens. Now, both he and his fellow agents were loyal servants of the Sisterhood.

Issac looked down and scanned his thoroughly ravaged form. He wore what was effectively the uniform of men in this community, a thick, black rubber gimp suit. Aside from the few holes in his bondage hood, every inch of his body was sealed in the tight, clinging latex. This morning it had shined

brilliantly with fresh polish, highlighting his medium build and well-toned frame. Now it was caked with impurities, from the incidental dust, dirt and mud to the much more insistent splotches of spit, splashes of piss and streaks of semen. The patches of cum were the most common by far, decorating his slave attire with the sticky remnants of a day's worth of pungent seed; the product of dozens of insatiable Futa Succubi.

*“I believe I can see the future.
Cause I repeat the same routine.
I think I used to have a purpose.
Then again, that might have been a dream...”*

Issac sang softly, reciting the lyrics to one of his favorite songs by the industrial rock group *Nine Inch Nails*.

*“I think I used to have a voice.
Now I never make a sound.
I just do what I've been told.
I really don't want them to come around, oh no...”*

*Every day is exactly the same.
Every day is exactly the same.
There is no love here and there is no pain.
Every day is exactly the same.”*

It was common to hear Nine Inch Nails in the once sacred halls of the convent. One ballad in particular; the quintessential fuck anthem 'Closer.' The 'I want to fuck you like an animal' song. The one men had thrust their cocks to, and women their strap-ons, for many years. Soon, though, it would only ever be women thrusting their mighty, mega-sized meat sticks to its grinding, sensual beat; filling the surrendered holes of submissive men until the end of days.

And that was fine with Issac. He'd downward spiraled through the stages of grief at blistering speed, charging through acceptance and arriving at the sinister gates of gratitude. Now, he welcomed the world-spanning role reversal. He looked forward to the Sisters delicious verbal and physical abuse with morbid fascination and quivering anticipation. Issac wanted nothing more than to be used by his female betters and bathed in their succulent spunk.

The words of 'Every Day Is Exactly The Same' were mostly, if not entirely, apropos to the world the Daughters of Lilith were building. Every day **was** the same. His routine of sexual servitude **was** the future. His voice was silenced daily with cocks and gags. He willingly and gladly did what he was told. And there was no love in the new world; at least not romantic love.

Where his new reality departed from the song was the absence of pain. There was plenty of pain to be had. Its application came randomly, at the sadistic whim of his captors. Whether it was spanking, slapping, brutal bondage or the pain of rough, aggressive fucking, he welcomed every contemptuous act of female domination.

Issac had no interest in BDSM before his final mission brought him here, but now he couldn't imagine sex without it. Every forceful infliction on his body was an aphrodisiac, heightening the sexual thrill for himself and whichever woman held his leash. 'Don't want them to come around?' That was a lie.

Sure, there was still some minor twinge of fear that coursed up his spine whenever he heard the clacking heels of his oppressor's boots closing in. But that was part of the fun. And then they came into view, curvy flesh garbed in latex glory. Their pheromones entered Issac's nostrils and he was their obedient whipping boy, butler and cum dump.

Deep down, he **did** want them to come around. To come around and come inside him, often and repeatedly. At both ends of his body, Issac's lips waited in shivering reverence for the nuns arrival. And come they did, every day and night without fail. Multiple times in every session. A cycle of lust and carnal indulgence without end.

*"I can feel their eyes are watching.
In case I lose myself again.
Sometimes, I think I'm happy here.
Sometimes, yet I still pretend..."*

A commotion sparked in the distance as voices rose and echoed through the hall of holding pens. As the familiar clacking footfalls of high-heeled boots grew louder, so did the yells following them. Every slave that wasn't held back by chains or tied down in some other form of bondage leapt to their feet. They pressed their bodies into the steel gates at the front of each stall, grasped at its bars and pleaded with the nuns as they passed.

"Please, Mistress! Pick me! I'm so thirsty!"

"Stable Mistress! I love you! Take me with you!!!"

"My Queen! I beg you! Sit on my face once more! I'll pleasure you into the night!"

'Ah... It's that time already? She must be heading home early, tonight.'

The chorus of begging grew to such a cacophony that you could scarcely distinguish one voice from all the others. Bars rattled and clanged as slaves tried their best to garner the women's attention. Issac wasn't sure why the others got so excited. Even if they weren't selected for any *special duty*, the guards would enjoy them periodically throughout the night. Each slave would get his fill of Futa cum and enthusiastic abuse. There was no need to beg.

Then again, Issac hadn't been here nearly as long as most of the other slaves. Were they a portrait of his future? Was it simply a matter of being in the Sisters presence long enough? Of being bathed in their semen and inhaling their pheromones enough times until one became a mindless, cock-craving thrall? It did feel that way. Issac felt a little more of his old self slip away every day as he become shockingly comfortable with his new life.

CA-CLACK

CRRREEEAACCKK

The young man looked to the front of his pen to see guards removing the lock and unlatching the front gate of his cell. He'd been so lost in thought, Issac hadn't even noticed they'd stopped at his stall. When the armed guards in latex habits were done, they stepped aside, revealing the Headmistress of

Personnel. It was hardly a surprise. The Headmistress was taller than any of her subordinates and her brown leather Stetson hat stood well above the collection of shiny rubber headdresses around her.

Stable Mistress Evelyn stepped into the stall and placed her hands on her wide hips. The busty blonde was a leather Goddess, her fulsome curves covered in the shine of brown and black hide from her shoulders to her gleaming thigh-highs. Her trusty bull whip hung from her side. A leather loincloth draped down from her belt, its singular fat pocket providing a stimulating sheath for her mighty appendage. The slight curve in the front of the gaudy garment showed off her endowment proudly, while the open zipper of her jacket gave onlookers an enticing preview of her other weighty assets.

The slaves who'd been on the ranch the longest had made some incredible claims about the woman standing before Issac. In the years since the arrival of Mistress Superior and the evolution of the Sisterhood, it was said that Mistress Evelyn had transformed considerably. Once a stout, pudgy woman in her late forties, the blessings of Lilith had given her the ultimate makeover.

Over time, she'd grown almost a foot taller than her original height. Her once flabby arms now featured well toned muscle that formed visible contours in the leather of her costume. She remained a stocky specimen, but her thicc figure was now more voluptuous than rotund. Most notably, her face and skin had reverse-aged some fifteen years, resulting in a gorgeous cowgirl in her prime; a beauty that would never fade again.

Issac initially cast doubt on these stories, but in light of what had happened with Mistress Superior and the rapid spread of their kind across the nation and the globe, it no longer seemed far-fetched. If women could suddenly wield massive cocks, why couldn't they grow taller, stronger and more buxom? It felt only too appropriate, giving them all the tools to indulge their rapacious sexual appetites.

"Hello, slave" Evelyn greeted him. "How nice to find you unengaged at this hour! I was hoping my favorite new toy was available."

Issac sat up and hurriedly shifted to his knees as she spoke. He bowed his upper body in proper respect. "I am at your service, Stable Mistress Evelyn."

"Good golly!" she remarked as she studied his soiled state. The woman's southern drawl was the one aspect of her being that hadn't changed in recent years. "They made a fine mess of you, didn't they?"

"It was a busy day, Mistress."

Evelyn snickered. "Always is, round here. You look precious in all that filth. I've half a mind to take you right here and now. But lucky for you, I'm ready to hit the bricks. You're not the only one who had a long day. I'm taking you home for the night. We'll get you fixed up in a jiff."

Issac sat up just long enough to listen to her words and nod. He bowed again. "As you wish, my Queen! **Thank you!**"

Evelyn flashed him a grin before turning and exiting the cell. She stopped to issue instructions to the two closest guards. "Strip him, clean him up and give him an enema. Then put him in a fresh suit and bring him to my quarters. No fun and games along the way. Don't keep me waiting."

"**Yes, Headmistress!**" they replied in unison.

The Stable Mistress sauntered off with the rest of her complement of guards. As they moved down the hall, the cries and pleas to be chosen rose again. The Sisters brought crops and floggers to bear, smacking at slaves hands and ordering them to silence as they passed.

“C'mon **bitch!** Let's go!” the remaining rubber-clad enforcers shouted as they grabbed Issac by the arms and got him up.

As they marched him out of the pens and to the sanitation stalls where slaves were showered off and scrubbed down in the least gentle way possible, Issac's mind wandered. Was this what the future had in store for him and all other men? What had become of his friends and family? Would he ever see them again? Were his male friends and colleagues all in the same predicament? Were his mother, sister and ex-wife now members of the Daughters of Lilith?

The more he pondered these questions, the more a combination of anxiety and sexual excitement swelled at his core. Issac hoped that, should he ever encounter the women of his former life again, he remained anonymous below the lustrous shine of his gimp attire.

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The former fed felt the relief of a clean body for a laughably short period of time after being sponged and brushed like a human toilet and hosed down. Why Mistress Evelyn insisted on an enema, he didn't know, given that he'd eaten little but his captors seed for the last two days, but her instructions were followed to the letter. As soon as he was dry, Issac was re-encased in the familiar grip and smell of black latex, bound, and taken to the *Sublime Sanctuary* where Evelyn and the other Headmistresses resided.

The cocky cowgirl demanded a long, luxurious session of oral servitude before dinner was delivered. Issac sucked her fat, warm length of fuck meat in half a dozen positions, but he spent the most of the time on his knees as she relaxed in a vinyl beanbag and forced his mouth up and down her rock hard mega-prick. Evelyn fed him a hearty liquid lunch before enjoying a rack of ribs and a couple tall boys. Issac waited on the floor, by her side, where she occasionally dropped morsels of real food for him to gobble off the floor.

After dinner, the Headmistress of Personnel bent him over the side of her sofa for an equally long doggy-style deep fucking. She occasionally looked to the TV as it streamed one of her favorite shows in the background, but most of the early evening was compromised of deep moans and guttural grunts of pure, rutting pleasure as Evelyn thrashed his ass with her powerful body. Her eyelids fluttered from half-open to closed and back again as she thrust deep, mining her slave's soft, gripping cavern for extended ecstasy.

The moist slapping sounds of flesh on flesh clapped out as the Stable Mistress punished his ass cheeks, wrenched an arm behind his back and her colossal scrotum battered Issac's limp cock and small, defenseless sack. When she finally unloaded her second titanic torrent of sticky seed into his body, she pushed his face into the leather cushions so fiercely and for so long, Issac nearly passed out from lack of air. When she let go and he could breathe again, the last few jets of hot semen were still firing into his depths.

The amorous Amazon then took him to bed, where he was laid down with his head hanging off the edge. Evelyn stripped out of what was left of her cowgirl leather and lowered her plus-sized body on top of him. She held down his feet with her hands, while the bulk of her breasts, torso and mighty legs handled the rest of his helpless form. Once her sticky glans was back in Issac's mouth, her cock rapidly inflated back to its most daunting dimensions and she launched a full assault on his gagging face.

Issac silently thanked Mistress for the enema as she went ass-to-mouth with no warning, fucking his slobbering, retching maw into the night. Her massive fleshly cum factories smacked his face nonstop, filling his senses with her hot, musty scent and smearing his features with grime and sticky pre. He struggled to breathe as she thrust into his throat smoothly, contending not only with her prodigious penis, but her heavy weight rocking up and down on his sprawled out form.

After more than a half hour of sucking and slurping around her unrelenting thrusts, Evelyn screamed, buried herself to the hilt and funneled a second helping of hot custard directly down Issac's throat. She felt his very stomach gurgle and bulge below her as her weighty discharge siphoned into her obedient gimp cock-sleeve. He patted his hands on her hips, pleading for relief, but the Stable Mistress didn't pull out until every liquid ounce of her love had emptied her twitching sack. Issac swallowed for all he was worth, trying in vain to breath around the sweaty scrotum mashed into his nose and eyes.

After three rounds of marathon fucking, Evelyn was ready to bed down for the night, but that didn't mean the depravity was at an end. Far from it. Issac was gagged and chained to the bed; left in a weary heap as Evelyn wandered off to refresh herself and brush her teeth. He took deep breaths through his nose and tried to get comfortable, his body smoldering in warm perspiration and the clingy rubber of his locked second skin.

When the Stable Mistress returned, she downed what little was remaining of her spring water and set the empty bottle aside. Her naked body was almost as warm as her slave's, still glistening with beads of sweat that glistened in the low light. Her mighty phallus drooped between her strong thighs, stiffening slightly as Evelyn drank in the sight of her chained-up bottom bitch.

“How do you like the taste?” the Headmistress teased as she crossed back to the bed and slid onto its surface. “I've been told my semen is savory.”

“**Vhheww Ghhom!** Thhammm yuhhhh Mithhhrethhh!”

“Good boy...” She crawled next to Issac and grabbed the end of the red rubber ball protruding from his mouth. She jostled it playfully, rocking his face back and forth with the web of leather strapping it to his head. “Since you love it so much, we'll just keep this in all night! To lock in the flavor.”

“Lights out” Evelyn instructed the room's smart control panel and the low light dimmed to nothing. The curvy cowgirl adjusted Issac, pushing him up on his left side. She spread herself out comfortably, getting closer and pressing her ample assets into the welcoming latex of her slave-boy's suit. Evelyn groped him up and down, exploring his bound body and unzipping him below. Blood rushed to her fleshy fuck-log, it's girth expanding as it pressed into Issac's captive cheeks.

“That gag isn't the only thing that's gonna be **in you** all night” she spoke into his ear with playful mirth and maximum lust.

She sawed her burgeoning cock between his ass and thighs, its steadily thickening shaft gliding through flesh and sensual rubber alike. Her fat glans wept trails of pre that slid down her cock and added sticky moisture to the mix. With each stroke, her cock couldn't help but glide along the bottom of Issac's balls, massaging him in a blissful manor he'd never imagined. Soft squeaks and ripples of wet latex creaked out as Evelyn ground her lower body into his. At some point, despite his helpless predicament, Issac began to grind back and soft moans were muffled by his gag.

“Hhhhhmmmm!”

“Oh yeah... That's it. Tell Mommy how much you want it...”

Not satisfied with teasing him below, Evelyn reached up and undid the zippers at his nipples. She grabbed at them hungrily, caressing, kneading and pinching one before releasing it and shifting to the other.

“Mmmhhhhmmmm! Hhhhhmmmmggghhdd!”

The Stable Mistress grinned wickedly. She continued to torture him exquisitely until Issac's own penis stiffened like a board and started to leak. His fluids flowed down his rigid tool, seeped around his scrotum and leaked onto Evelyn's meaty schwanz each time it passed below. It combined with the cowgirl's pre, forming an extra thick mix of silken lube that squelched each time she thrust through his rubbery thighs.

As wonderful as the sensations were, even a woman as disciplined as Evelyn could only hold back for so long. Her desire to be inside his tight, gripping anus surged with each second that passed. There was no angel sitting on the libidinous nun's shoulder. Just a she-devil on each side chanting '*Fuck him! FUCK HIM!*' into both the buxom blonde's ears.

With urgency evident in her longing breaths, Evelyn released his tortured nipple and instead grabbed Issac's single unchained limb below. She lifted up his right leg and pulled back her hips, lining up the tip of her rock hard, pungent pipe with his soft pucker. She pressed her glans through his soft ring and enjoyed the last few seconds of giddy anticipation before thrusting hard and deep.

“MMRRRGHHHMMM!”

“Ahhhhhhhhhhhh!!!”

The Stable Mistress' stallion member dove into warm, spongy nirvana and she gasped in exhilaration. As wonderful as doggy-style was, there was something incomparable about having your tits mashed into the warm rubber of a gimp slave's back. Something amazing about having him close enough for your hands to wander and grope at his upper body while you filled him with your love.

Evelyn's right hand snaked upward yet again, this time passing Issac's exposed nipples and climbing higher. Her fingers didn't stop until they felt his collar. She reached just above the band of leather and metal, closing her grip softly around Issac's neck. Her left hand crept up even farther, not stopping until she'd seized the gag harness strapped tightly around his head.

With everything she could possibly want at her fingertips, Headmistress Evelyn backed out of his sucking rosebud slowly and thrust back in with the force of bucking she-bull. Her hips entered a steady

rhythm, sliding her bloated python in and out of his velvet flesh like a well-lubed oil derrick. The cowgirl's moans came regularly as her eyes closed and she lost herself in the rapture of deep anal pounding.

“Mmmmmmm! **YES!!!** Good slut! You're taking it so well!”

Issac muttered around the phlegm-soaked rubber ball as he was throttled from below. His pucker was painfully stretched open, still growing accustomed to taking Evelyn's full, fearsome erection on his side. His wrists were chained to the steel fittings of the headboard with snug leather cuffs. His left leg was, likewise, chained below, but his right one was left free. This allowed the rowdy cowgirl to lift his right leg when she wished, granting herself more leverage and direct access to thrust her gargantuan fuck-stick deep in Issac's silken hole.

But that wasn't her wish right now. That was evident by her fingers closing more sternly around the circumference of Issac's throat. Evelyn was using some tiny percentage of her full strength, but the effect was very noticeable. Issac's face went red below his rubber hood. His eyes watered and his vision went blurry. A light dizziness descended on him as Evelyn thrust into him powerfully.

“Yeah, you like that! Don't you **bitch?!?**”

“Mmmggghmm... Yphhhh...”

“Sounds like a yes to me! **TAKE IT WHORE!!!**”

The Stable Queen's hips flew into overdrive, battering at Issac's back door until the last few inches of her behemoth schlong slid into his ass. She released his neck mercifully, allowing Issac to breathe again as she reached down and scooped his leg up at the knee. She lifted it like it weighed nothing and grunted loudly as she thrust especially deep in his sultry man cunt. Evelyn's weighty balls slapped into his bottom, punishing him for some imagined offense, known only to the rutting Domina.

“Mmmmmmm! Yeah! **FUCK YEAH!!! THAT'S SO GOOD!!!**”

Evelyn's frenzied fucking continued for the next half hour. Her right hand oscillated between more nipple torture, choking, and yanking Issac's leg upward like she wanted to tear it off. At no point did her piston-like pounding or the slap of wet flesh cease as the amorous Amazon edged herself in his accommodating ass. Issac could only lie there in hot, sweaty bondage as the feisty Futa fucked him into oblivion.

The moment of truth came when he moaned into his gag and Issac's half-hard cock spat its load involuntarily. Evelyn cackled, as delighted by his prostate orgasm as she was by the prospect of a night-time snack. She reached over and grasped his twitching dicklet, milking out the rest of his creamy sludge into her eager hand.

She licked the semen from her palm and fingers in long, hungry swaths. The sex-crazed Succubus murmured pleased nothings around her digits as she sucked them clean. Her hips never stopped plowing Issac's reddened bottom, though they did slow as she finished her impromptu meal.

Infused with fresh energy, lust and the growing need for climax, Headmistress Evelyn squeezed Issac's neck firmly and began slamming her cock in his blown-out shit chute. She growled and groaned like an

animal as her fucking reached a fever peak. Her cum cannon convulsed as it rammed and withdrew at lightning speed. The Stable Queen's cum-sack twitched and bulged as it readied a river of filth. The smack of hips and scrotum on bitch made bottom clapped out fast and loud as Evelyn reached the point of no return.

SLAP SLAP SLAP SLAP SLAP SLAP SLAP SLAP SLAP SLAP

“NNNNNGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!”

The Headmistress' deep, throaty bellow of pleasure filled the room as nougat sludge raced down her cum pipe and flooded Issac's fleshy tunnels. Second, third and fourth long streams of luscious nut jettisoned in his depths, each accompanied by a long moan from the bliss-wracked Goddess. Issac felt her diamond-hard nipples press into his back fiercely as Evelyn wrapped him in her arms and shuddered with each subsequent ejaculation.

His halls filled with her seed, the excess sperm splattered from Issac's cock-packed ass, leaking out in creamy waves and making an utter mess of both their lower bodies. The mammoth woman's emissions eventually tapered off and the volume of her moans faded with it. She grunted in relief and massaged Issac's chest for a brief spell before her arm went dead and her breathing signaled the steady whistle of deep sleep.

Evelyn's cock slowly deflated to a less stressful girth, but her impressive rod remained lodged up Issac's bottom as she hugged the bound and gagged slave like a body pillow. Thick semen continued to leak from his pucker as the cum-packed gimp started to doze off.

He knew, from experience, what to expect for the rest of the night. If he was lucky, Issac would get an hour or two of sleep before the oversexed Succubus started again. She might enjoy a pleasant dream and fuck him in her sleep. Or she might wake up to piss and decide the best way to get back to sleep was another powerful climax.

One thing was for sure. They weren't done. The Daughters of Lilith were never done.

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After a morning routine that was almost as rigorous as their evening escapades, Issac was released from Evelyn's service. Two guards came to retrieve him and escorted him out of the luxury living complex. The two nuns rightfully noted that Issac was more of a cum-soaked mess than they'd ever seen in his time here. There wasn't a square inch of his gimp attire that wasn't streaked on encrusted with the milky white essence of the Headmistress.

They could've taken him to be cleaned, but the guards found Issac's predicament amusing. Instead, they opted to take him to *Lilith's Refuge*, the quad residing between all the most prominent buildings in the modernized community. It was a beautiful day and he would be of much use there. Issac spent the next hour and a half chained up at one of the park's many boot licking stations.

The stations were scattered around the park, except for the eight that ringed the water fountain in the main square. Each one was a slab of marble with the symbol of a high-heeled boot on the outward

facing placard and a tongue brushing up against it. Each slab had several fixtures that could be used to chain or leash a slave to them. The guards bound Issac to one such station, chaining his collar to the steel ring embedded in the pavement. He waited on hands and knees as the sound of running water gushed behind him and the warm sun caused his rubber prison to flood with dripping sweat yet again.

Throughout the late morning, random nuns, guards and visitors would approach the slab and plant their boot on its smooth surface. It was Issac's job to crawl forward and lick the presented footwear until the Sister was satisfied. It was usually dirt or cum that he was expected to lap off shiny thigh highs and shorter lengths of musty leather, but occasionally a nun forced him to slobber across the full outsoles of their boots purely for the power trip.

When the guards returned, he hoped it was time to head back to the pens and get some real rest, but there was no such luck. The gun-toting nuns had checked in with the farm and discovered he had an appointment. Nobody had bothered to tell Issac that he was scheduled to serve at the rubber clinic today.

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Issac's neck strained as his face was crushed by the prodigious weight and width of Mistress Francine's massive ass. He tongued her silky rosebud with great relish, his senses lodged in her dark folds. As he struggled to breathe something other than her musky fumes, Issac's muscles tensed and flexed in total futility. The thick, all-encompassing sleep sack held him fast, making it impossible to call upon his limbs for any lift or pull.

The only portal to the outside was the one his hooded head stuck out from, but that avenue to fresh air was eclipsed by the glorious moon of Sister Francine. She sighed in satisfaction and wiggled her hips from side to side, enjoying the luxurious rimming as she forces Issac's face even deeper in her fleshy crevasse.

The semen extractor kept stroking away at Issac's cock. It's automatic pump mechanisms provided constant stimulation as the built-in fleshlight slid up and down his rod. It forever worked toward the slave's next orgasm, seeking to collect another dose of male semen for the ever thirsty Sisters. It was usually after the fourth climax that the slave started to chafe and the milking became painful. Milkings would continue until every slave reached his quota for the Sisterhood. Those were the rules of Mistress Ruko's clinic.

“Mmmmmm... I could do this all day” Francine purred in pure contentment.

“What's stopping you?” asked Ruko from the next medical bay.

“I get antsy if I sit too long. I need more action than this.”

“They say the best things come to those who wait” the Headmistress of Health and Wellness remarked.

“Pffft. Well, that's obviously a lie. I've never gone balls deep in a slave and blown my load by waiting.”

Ruko laughed and shook her head. “Touche.”

As much as Francine enjoyed getting her ass licked and tongued, the constant fiddling of Ruko, next door, was starting to interest her. Mistress Ruko was always cooking up some remarkable new gadget, drug or piece of bondage furniture. It was only a matter of time before curiosity got the better of the *Herald of Redemption*.

Francine lifted her giant glutes from Issac's face and took a few steps towards the tinkering Asian temptress. The spluttering slave coughed and gasped behind her, sucking in fresh air from his fetish entombment. The Fem Pope of Porn crossed her arms below her enormous bust and studied Ruko's latest contraption with growing fascination.

The tangled web of leather, rubber, straps, cords and tubes seemed to combine elements from several other BDSM activities and gear. It started with a heavy duty suspension harness, hanging from the ceiling, and extended into what looked like a bondage suit, but much thicker than any Francine had ever laid eyes on it. In addition, there were several medical monitors waiting to be connected to whoever was sealed in the unusual setup.

“Hey, Ruko! What's all that stuff for?”

“My crowning achievement, hopefully. I'm still working out the logistics.”

“Okay, but what's it for?”

The doctor paused in her calibrations and turned to her intrigued Sister. “It's essentially a more versatile form of latex encasement. Sleep sacks are great, but the problem is they only allow for one position. I want a system that offers the same immobilizing bondage of sleep sacks, but allows us to mold and bind the slave in any position we please. This is the prototype.”

Francine nodded. “So, that suit thing is...”

“It's a secondary layer of gimp bondage, but with the rubber thickness of a sleep sack. Once the subject is sealed inside, you attach the harness, suspend them, and you can lock the limbs into whatever position you want.”

“What about the tubes?”

Ruko reached for the standard IV kit and held it up. “This feeds them intravenous nutrition so they don't dehydrate, along with drugs to up their semen production and treat their blood, so they can endure the bondage long term without worry of blood clots.”

“Wow. So you're shooting for a system you can leave them in for days?”

“Days? No. We can already do days with the sleep sacks. I want weeks” she replied with a haughty grin. “And I want both their holes open to whoever wants to use them for the entire duration.”

Francine lowered her arms and broke into a round of solo applause. “Nice! Any idea when it'll be ready?”

Ruko went back to her work. “Soon. And when it's ready, I'm calling it *The Subjugator*.”

“Awesome!” Francine cheered, genuine excitement twinkling in her mischievous green eyes. She seized her weighty club of flesh and stroked it lewdly. “Any chance I can get one installed in my place?”

“Not at first. It'll only be available here until beta testing is done” Ruko answered with a chuckle.

Francine sighed. She turned and walked back to the waiting sack slave behind her. The horny Herald fisted her cock smoothly until it stood at full, raging attention. “Guess I'll be spending a lot of time at the clinic, then.” She seized Issac's head and drove her bulbous bitch breaker into his waiting maw.

* * * * *

After his session in the clinic, Issac's day was still far from over. As it turned out, help was urgently needed in the dungeon below the old administration building, where a birthday party was being held. There were too many Sisters and not enough slaves for the festivities to be in full swing. Even after he arrived, there still weren't enough slaves, but the dozen or so nuns made do. They took turns and made full use of the few collared cock suckers and butt slut bottoms they had.

The wooden pillory rocked and clattered as Issac's bent over body was railed at both ends. He gagged and retched around the fat length of cock invading his throat; the same meaty pole that had just spent twenty minutes violating his rectum. Behind him, the foul woman's friend pumped away at his pucker and moaned in triumph. Every few minutes, she'd reach down and grab his balls, gripping them tight and twisting them for good measure. The sadistic nuns laughed and chatted as they fucked his unguarded orifices without a care in the world.

“Why isn't this one caged?”

“Who knows. Maybe it's a reward for good behavior.”

“I love the way his ass squeezes my cock. He's surprisingly well trained for a newbie.”

“I know, right? I came so fucking hard! And I'm about to do the same thing in his sissy meat toilet of a mouth...”

The women said nothing for a while, rutting into Issac with abandon. Their breathing and moaning grew louder as they bathed in the ecstatic high of synchronized spitroasting. Their hips and weighty scrotums slapped him in unison, their pork swords stabbing and retreating in perfect harmony. The latex of their habits stretched and creaked around their undulating curves. The stimulating sounds joined the rattle of wooden stocks, the clang of metal bindings and the increasingly sloppy rutting in a symphony of sin.

“Why don't we claim this one for ourselves? Then we could take him home tonight.”

“Can't.”

“Why not?”

“Red collar.”

“Oh... Yeah, I was gonna ask about that. What's a red collar mean?”

“It means they can't be claimed. They belong to the organization. For a limited time, anyway.”

“Why?”

“Usually because of something they did. They wronged the Sisterhood or they're being punished for not serving their Mistress well.” The nun fucking his mouth slowed her pace and pulled her phlegm-drenched prick from his sucking lips. “Hey, slut! Why'd they give you a red collar?”

Issac thought about making up something less incriminating, but he quickly banished the idea. The Succubus pheromones flooding his senses made him wish to speak nothing but the full truth to these gorgeous, praise-worthy hedonists.

“I... I was a spy.”

“Ah. A fed, right?”

“Yes, Mistress.”

“That makes sense. And how long did they give you?”

“Six months.”

“Six months if you're lucky” she reminded him. “That's the earliest you'll be released from being public, cum-dump property. Don't count on it, bitch!”

“As you say, Mistress.”

She took a fresh, firm grip of his hood and plunged her dripping schlong back into his welcoming mouth.

“But why is it necessary to take them off the market?” her ass-fucking companion inquired.

“Because, for a while, slaves were being claimed too fast and there were barely any left to do chores, milk in the clinic, or keep available for gigs like this. The red collars are the only reason we're having a good time right now.”

“That's lame. Was it because of greedy Sisters claiming more than one slave?”

“I guess? They're gonna need to institute a one-slave policy or something. I'm sure the leadership council will figure it out.”

“Fuck, I hope so. I want a slave too.”

“Yeah. You and me both...”

The nuns said nothing more as their climaxes built like roaring fires. They spoke only in the language of moans and grunts. The nuns spanked, groped and tore at his latex-locked body as they crammed their bulging cocks into his thoroughly ravaged holes. After an extended session of rough, demanding double penetration, the Sisters screamed in bliss and flooded Issac's holes with dual tidal waves of unholy spunk.

How many waves did that make today? Never mind. Issac had stopped counting long ago.

* * * * *

THWOP

The guards dropped Issac back in his cell where he'd begun the journey almost exactly twenty four prior. As they exited and re-locked his pen, his weary, cum-slathered form crawled to the nearby rectangular bales of hay, the one semi-comfortable accommodation in his barn domicile. He leaned back against one of the bales and sighed in relief.

He was too tired to think. Too exhausted to process. Too drained to contemplate the future or the past. Too fatigued to do anything but recite the lyrics to one of his favorite songs. The song that felt like it was written about this incomprehensible pit of deviance and perversion.

*“Every day is exactly the same.
Every day is exactly the same.
There is no love here and there is no pain.
Every day is exactly the same...”*

And just like the previous night, his private karaoke session was interrupted by the wailing and clatter of lost souls. The desperate pleas of corrupted men echoed throughout the pens. They called out to their infernal jailers, begging to be taken away and made to star in the next depraved spectacle.

“**Mistress Vivian!** Pick me!”

“Please! Headmistress! **Fill me with your cum and rain your piss upon me!!!**”

“**My Goddess!** Take me with you! I am your willing footstool!”

“Headmistress! **Trample me below your boots!!!**”

Each one wanted nothing less than to be dragged down into the next circle of greater obscenity and wickedness. But unlike *Dante's Inferno*, the Daughters of Lilith had no limits. There was a ninth circle and a ninety ninth circle and undoubtedly a nine hundred and ninety ninth circle. And they would all be there, together, in due time, writhing in the lake of cum.

Every day was exactly the same. And with each day that passed, Issac grew closer to accepting this as a good and glorious thing.

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