

Latex Futa Nuns From Hell

Chapter 16 – The Vicissitudes Of Virulent Vixens

Fiona turned the handle and was greeted by the familiar barking of Audrey, their Siberian husky. The well-groomed white and gray animal scampered to the front door, wagging its tail. She barked and howled away, eager to greet one of her returning masters.

“Hey Lucy, I'm home!” Fiona shouted, even though the commotion had probably alerted her.

The pretty, 5'6, long-haired redhead knelt down and began petting the dog; ruffling its thick fur.

“Hey girl! How you doin?”

Audrey licked her face with equal enthusiasm. The dog shuffled about in her grasp in between barks of happiness.

As Fiona rose back to her feet, she watched a man in full-body black latex crawl into the living room. He was collared and the long leash attached to his neck led up to the hand of Lucille. Fiona's partner followed him in, the heels of her leather boots striking the hardwood loudly. Lucy was 5'11, a bigger woman with short, blonde hair and substantial musculature. Her strong arms and thick thighs flexed, creating an impressive outline in her leather costume.

The gimp slave was named Jared. He was a fairly new addition to their household. The two women had never dreamed of keeping a kink slave in their home, let alone a man, until recently. So much had changed in recent months.

“You're back early!” Lucy noted.

“Yeah, the shoot was shorter than I expected. Good thing, too. It looks like you were about to get started without me!”

Lucy smirked. “Nothing too crazy. I was just going to milk this filthy bitch.” She nudged his ass with the toe of her boot. “The thirst is killing me.”

“Uh huh... As if *milking* doesn't lead to other things every time.”

Fiona opened her mouth to continue but was interrupted by Audrey's barking in the background. She turned and found the husky whining and pacing back and forth by the door.

“Looks like the fun will have to wait. Audrey needs to go.”

Lucille sighed. The big woman leaned down and unhooked the leash from Jared's collar.

“Get up, slave! Go take care of the dog. When you return, you'd best be back on your knees.”

The young man stood, turned and bowed to Lucy. “Right away, Mistress.”

The gimp-suited servant offered Fiona a smile and a respectful nod as he trotted by. “Welcome back, Mistress.” He opened the door and ushered Audrey into the yard. Seconds later it clicked shut and the two women were left alone.

“This works out nicely” Fiona began as she set her bags aside and took off her coat. Her tight, white top and orange skirt came into focus as she disrobed. “There's something I wanted to talk to you about.”

“Oh?” Lucy asked as she tossed the leash on the sofa and placed her hands on her wide hips. “Something serious?”

“Not too serious, I hope” Fiona replied as she strolled into the living room. She stopped just in front of Lucy, grabbed her waist and leaned in for a loving kiss with her girlfriend. Their lips smacked wetly as she pulled away. “You look great in all that leather, by the way.”

“Thank you” Lucille replied with a smirk. “Now, what exactly are you buttering me up for?”

“Bringing a fourth into our little family.”

“Ah- A fourth?!?” Lucy's eyes went wide in surprise.

A grin spread across Fiona's face as she released the big woman and stepped back. “Fifth if you count Audrey.”

“What do we need a fourth for?!? Isn't one **man** skulking around our home enough for you?” She spat the word like poison from her mouth.

“Interesting you would assume I meant a man” Fiona shot back with a toothy smile. “It's almost like you just told on yourself. Like you're not as attracted to women as you used to be. The same way I'm not.”

Lucy's teeth gritted. She looked increasingly furious for a few seconds before the anger in her eyes faded away. Fiery rage was replaced with cold acceptance. She folded her arms below her sizable breasts and turned her face from her partner of several years.

“Just because we've changed doesn't mean I want a bunch of guys living here.”

“Not a bunch, just one more. One for each of us. I'm going to be heading out on the road soon and I want to take Jared with me. What are you going to do in the mean time? Go to a sperm clinic and beg? Ask the few male friends you have for free samples?”

Lucy's gaze turned back to Fiona. She looked downright flustered. “I mean, I bet I know one or two who wouldn't mind...”

“Oh, I can't wait to hear that sales pitch!” Fiona laughed. “Hey, remember me, the **DYKE** you met years ago? Just so happens I have a big honking **COCK** now and sperm is part of my daily diet! Would

you kindly nut in a cup for me? By the way, as soon as I drink that, I'm gonna want to rail your asshole for the next twenty minutes. Do you mind?!?"

The deep red of embarrassment entered Lucille's cheeks. She'd been sufficiently humbled. "Okay, okay... I get your point."

Fiona knew this wasn't easy for her. Until three months ago, Lucy had been a proud *gold star lesbian*. Since then, she'd had sex with Jared more times than the two women had fucked in the entire preceding year. Lucy had taken the change hard at first, although you wouldn't know it now, based on how eagerly she led their slave around the house. Since she worked from home, Lucy made frequent use of Jared, both as a butler and sex slave.

Needless to say, waking up one morning after a party to discover they both had large penises had been the shock of a lifetime. The anonymous message informing them that male cum was the only thing that would quench their savage thirst was as unbelievable as their new organs. They ignored it at first, electing to sample each other's ample, milky white fluids instead. That experiment had ended in disaster; a vile, revolting taste beyond what either of them could've imagined.

The message had been accurate. Along with the physical change, they'd somehow been sexually reprogrammed over night. Denial of that reality was futile and it was time for Lucy to let go of the last vestige of her resistance.

"Look, this could really be good for us" Fiona imparted, stepping forward. "I like Jared. I want a masculine sub. But you'd prefer a feminine one, right? Let's stop arguing over what he should wear and just get one of each!"

Lucy's arms remained locked below her bosom obstinately. She knew Fiona was right, but she didn't want to admit it. She didn't want **any** of this to happen, but it **had** and there was likely no going back.

Lucille couldn't deny that she now enjoyed dominating men or that she'd had the best sex of her life since gaining the fat phallus bulging through her leather pants. It was also true that feminizing men was now her greatest fantasy. Lucy could only imagine how hard she would come the first time she got her hands on a genuine femboy. Or even better, if she could mold a guy into one at her leisure.

The whole ordeal had been so much easier on Fiona. The lanky redhead had always been a free-spirited bisexual. Or perhaps pansexual was the better term? Omnisexual? Fiona didn't care for labels. She would fuck anyone she found attractive and felt safe engaging with. That had been a source of tension in their relationship at times, but that was due to Lucy's own insecurities, if she was honest.

The two of them had made a perfect kinky couple in their early years. They were both switches, though Lucy had always leaned more to the dominant side and Fiona to the submissive. Now, in a flash, they were two hardcore Dommies trying to exist in the same space. Any desire either of them had to submit was long gone.

Both of them yearned to bury their cocks in fleshy holes, but they had lost all desire to be on the receiving end. They wanted only to flood another with their abundant seed. The two women were puzzle pieces that no longer fit together. Not unless significant changes were made. Taking in Jared had been the first attempt to salvage their relationship and it seemed he wouldn't be the last.

“Alright” Lucille said as she unfolded her arms. “I’ll start looking for another slut boy. It’s just... I have no idea where to start.”

“It’ll be a breeze. I’ll help you” Fiona said with a smile and a rub of Lucy’s shoulder. “Whatever’s going on, *the change* is spreading rapidly. I don’t think there will be any shortage of candidates.”

“I’ve never looked at a men’s personal section in my life.”

“Maybe we can skip that part. We could take a more direct approach. Remember what Jared told us about his life before? How he spent time at that freaky convent across town?”

“The Daughters of Lily?”

“Lilith.”

“Right. I don’t know... Those weird fetish nuns creep me out.”

Fiona studied her leather clad girlfriend up and down with a skeptical eye. “Seems to me like you have a fair amount in common.”

“Oh, whatever! Fine, we’ll go have a look! Not today, but some time soon.”

“You’re so cute when you’re flustered.”

“I’m **not** flustered.”

Their conversation was interrupted by the front door creaking open. The collared gimp walked in with a relieved and happy looking husky by his side. It wasn’t lost on Jared that he wore a leash more often than Audrey did. He wouldn’t have it any other way.

The dog scampered off to the kitchen for a drink of water. Jared closed the door before turning, lowering himself to the floor and getting back on his hands and knees. The young man crawled back into the living room, prostrating himself before his dual Mistresses. The two woman looked at each other and smiled before their lustful gazes shifted to him.

“We have a couple hours to kill before Jared makes dinner” Fiona noted. “How shall we spend it?”

“I’m still **very** thirsty” Lucy relayed.

“And I’m dying to nut. Guess that settles it!”

As Fiona moved to the couch, she undid her skirt, pulled it down and tossed it aside. Her pantyhose followed directly. The silky nylons had been driving her crazy all afternoon, clinging to her lower body and keeping her weighty cock hidden below. As the stretchy garment slipped over her warm, growing member, she sighed in relief. Fiona lowered herself into the sensual leather, its glossy grip embracing her ass and balls lovingly. She stroked herself up and down as she made eyes at Jared and beckoned him with one crooked finger.

The young man moved to obey and Lucille was right behind him.

of creamy custard rushed down her quaking cum pipe. Steaming hot spunk funneled into the bound, kneeling fuck-toy at her feet.

The pleasure-wracked Afro-Latina kept a fierce grip on Reggie's head as her cock throbbed in his mouth and throat. Rope after rope of congealed jizzum ejected into his strained maw, flooding into his warm anatomy. Reggie swallowed as fast as he could, but her thick emissions backed up into his mouth, threatening to splatter from his stretched lips.

As her long climax continued, Crystal pulled his mouth even closer to her body, sliding his lips right up against her bare pubis. Reggie's chin pressed into her fat, twitching scrotum as he drank the river of filth it unleashed. Even as he glugged fresh cum, Crystal's semen leaked from his asshole, a product of their first engagement that night.

Reggie gagged, struggled and strained. His hands pulled on the tight handcuffs behind him. His knees ached on the cheap hotel carpet. His eyes were wide as they'd ever been, yet all he could see was the dark, sweaty flesh millimeters from his face. He felt Crystal's balls convulse against his Adam's apple as he labored to breath. White sludge was beginning to seep up his nasal passages, threatening to cut off his only access to air.

“DRINK IT! Every drop you disgusting whore! Don't you dare waste my nectar!”

Nectar was indeed the right word. Reginald couldn't deny it. Her sticky fluids were amazingly sweet. Already, they were settling in his stomach and spreading the warm glow of satisfaction throughout his abused body.

Until a month ago, Reggie had never even thought about sucking a cock. Now, he thirsted for Crystal every day. He couldn't go more than a couple days without growing jittery and obsessive. He needed what she had.

Despite swallowing at his best clip, her stream of white gunk proved to be too much. With a wet, exasperated splutter, a glossy sheet of clingy cum ran from his bottom lip and slid down his chest and thighs. Annoyed, Crystal took a fresh grip of his head and resumed fucking his face. If there was going to be a mess, she might as well enjoy it. She focused on spearing the dazed cum-guzzler as her cascading climax neared its end.

Reggie's vision zoomed in and out of her body as more cum erupted from his lips in sloppy waves. He continued to chug warm slime even as his stomach began to fill. He simultaneously hoped she was almost done **and** that her river of filth never ended. It was a strange act of cognitive dissonance he was becoming increasingly familiar with. It had taken up root in his psyche, dominating his waking thoughts as surely as she dominated his body.

“Ahhhhh...” Crystal sighed in contented triumph as she pulled her glistening rod of dark meat from his packed mouth. She grabbed her shaft and stroked it up and down, pointing it at the well-built black man's face. She shot her last few webs of jizzum all over his shaved head and strong chest, covering his face in ribbons of sticky paste.

Reggie closed his eyes as his face was splattered. He coughed and gulped in fresh air as his body was decorated like a cake.

When her balls were empty and Reggie was breathing freely again, Crystal's right hand streaked out and open-palm slapped him in his soiled mouth.

SMACK

“One of these days you're going to drink it all! But not today I guess... What do you have to say?”

“I'm sorry, Madam Crystal!”

“Is that all?” she asked, her head cocking to the side as her eyes narrowed.

“Thank you for all the delicious cum, my Goddess!”

“Hmph.”

Crystal stalked off to freshen herself up, leaving Reggie a spunk drenched mess on the floor. He watched her saunter off to the bathroom, admiring her sultry curves as she moved. The bathroom door closed. Reggie breathed deep as he began to recover. His ravaged throat and stretched asshole ached in equal measure. He looked down at the creamy mess all over his chest, thighs and flaccid penis. He tested the cuffs locking his wrists together, for some stupid reason.

CLINK CLINK

As if they'd suddenly be less effective. All he could do now was contemplate the last few weeks of his life as he waited for her to return. What a turning of the tables it had been.

By all accounts, Reggie had a fantastic life. He was a successful business owner, the proprietor of a gym and fitness center that provided him with a good living and the means to stay in shape. He was happily single, having decided many years ago that he was content being a bachelor forever. Reggie had no difficulty attracting women, but he had no desire for a wife or children. He found it much more gratifying to focus on his career and *play hard* in his free time.

Crystal had called him a disgusting whore. The irony was delicious. She'd always been Reggie's favorite among the rotating cast of women whose company he paid for. Reggie had no interest in run-of-the-mill prostitutes. He liked high class call girls who went the extra mile.

For the right price, Crystal had allowed him to rough her up, spank her and call her every degrading name in the book. He didn't know if she enjoyed submitting or not, but in all honesty, he'd never really cared. As long as all three of her holes were available to him and she called him *Master* or *Daddy*, he was happy to pay her. It was so much more convenient than pursuing a relationship and all the drama that came with it.

Then, one day, she had a dick. By the time he learned this, it was already too late. His head felt strangely light and his body was giddy. Her touch and smell had intoxicated him. And although it went against every urge he'd ever known and every piece of cultural conditioning he'd internalized since his youth, when Crystal told him to get on his knees and suck her cock, he complied. Not only did he obey, but he did so gladly, as if in a trance. After his first taste of her seed, life was never the same again.

These days, he was still paying to see Crystal, but their erotic dalliances were very different. Reggie

was being charged a premium rate to get fucked up the ass. Without exception, he was expected to clean her cock after the act. She loved going ass-to-mouth and finishing a second time in his throat.

This was the new routine, in addition to whatever else Crystal might want to do. Whether or not her kinkiness had been an act before, it was clear, now, that her desire to dominate was authentic. Madam Crystal brought new toys to each appointment. Her sex drive and ferocity only seemed to grow with time. Oddly, Reggie found this the most appealing aspect of their new arrangement. It planted a seed of fear in him, never knowing what she'd try next or how far she'd take things.

Reggie was a submissive now and his mind craved more play and degradation just as his body begged for the uniquely sweet filth that could only come from a woman's weighty appendage. It had been role reversal in the truest sense and the dark-skinned weight lifter, now in the prime of his life, was shocked to discover how much he loved it.

The bathroom door opened, snapping Reggie from his musings. He looked up to find Crystal closing in on him, her boots stomping across the room. She had a full head of kinky curls, wild dark hair that pushed out in every direction around her face. Other than the leather thigh-highs and a glossy, black latex bra, she was naked. Her cock swung lewdly as she walked about. It was heavy and impressively thick even in its soft state.

Crystal proceeded to his side, grabbed him by the cuffs and yanked on them harshly.

“**Get up!** Move it!” she ordered. Her other hand took hold of one arm as she guided him to his feet.

Reggie was more impressed by her strength with every session they had together. She was no bodybuilder, but it seemed like she was a bit stronger every time she man-handled him. Was that possible or just his newly submissive mind playing tricks on him? Either way, he couldn't deny it was a turn-on.

Madam Crystal marched him to the bedside and shoved him onto the neatly made king-size with ease. Reggie fell face first into the duvet, his sticky body soaking the blanket and gluing him to the covers on impact. He squirmed on the bed as he waited for the inevitable, his pucker still leaking small trails of semen from her first invasion.

“My my, look at the mess we're leaving for the maid. I almost feel bad” she quipped.

Crystal climbed onto the bed behind him and took hold of her weighty weapon. She slapped it against his ass a few times before laying it down the middle of his crack. The insatiable escort slid it back and forth in his flesh, teasing him delightfully. She cracked her palm against his right ass cheek, sending it jiggling.

SMACK

“Ready for round three, you **fucking faggot?**”

“Yes, Madam Crystal!”

She stroked herself between his ass cheeks until her python hardened to fleshy steel. Crystal brought the glans of her cock to his cum-packed pucker and prepared to thrust it home. Just as she was about to

enjoy her third conquest, the excited courtesan noticed the clock on the opposite wall.

“Oh, shit! I gotta get going” she announced, backing off the bed.

“What, already?” Reggie asked. He tried to turn, but it was impossible with his hands bound and his torso stuck to the bed.

“You're not my only client” Crystal reminded him as she began gathering her things.

“Of course. Are you booked tomorrow night?”

Crystal chuckled as she fetched the keys to his cuffs and returned to the bedside. “Can't get enough, huh, slut?”

crick crick

Reggie's hands were freed and he sighed in relief. His aching wrists were happy to be released from the long-held stress position.

“You know I can't!” he said before turning on his side; peeling his gunk greased body from the bedding. “No need to rub it in.”

“As a matter of fact, I **am** booked tomorrow” she informed him as she grabbed her pants and stepped into them. “But I bring good news! You won't have to wait between dates anymore.”

“How's that?” he asked, propping his head up on one elbow.

Crystal turned and put one hand on her hip. The outline of her cock was still visible in one leg of her fashionable white dress pants. “It's happened to everyone I work with. They're just like me, now.”

Reggie's eyes grew as big as silver dollars as her meaning took hold.

'Every woman? Holy shit!'

“Also, I've added your name to the agency's list of *premium clients*.”

“What does that mean? Premium clients?”

“It means all the girls know you got plenty of money and love to suck dick.”

Reggie winced. He was glad to have other opportunities, but Crystal worked for a big escort service. If his name was now on a list for all of them, that might be taking it too far.

“I bet you've got a number of calls and texts already” she said pointing to his powered-down phone on the end table.

“Oh, god...” he muttered as he reached for the device and turned it back on.

“You **will** respond to each message you get from one of our hosts. If I find out you haven't been

replying, you'll be punished later. Severely.”

“Yes, Madam Crystal” he said nervously as the phone booted back up.

“Have a nice night, slut” she added with a cruel grin and a wave. Crystal grabbed her suit-jacket, handbag and the last of her toys before heading for the door.

Reggie's gaze was wistful as he watched her go and waited to see how much trouble he was in. Not long after the door clicked shut, his phone began buzzing and dinging with notifications. He picked it up and looked at the sea of flashing red on his landing screen.

Not only did he have many replies to make, but Reggie suspected his phone would start ringing any second.

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BZZZZT BZZZZT

The guitar solo of **The Eagles' *Hotel California*** belted out as Brent's phone rattled on the dash. A quick glance at the screen revealed it was his wife, Carole, who was calling. He smiled and hit the accept button before returning his attention to the road.

“Hi, honey!”

“Hey! You're on your way back?”

“Yeah, I'm almost home.”

“Perfect. I was hoping to catch you before you got there.”

“Oh? Want me to pick something up?”

“No. I just wanted you to know there's a surprise waiting for you.”

“Ooooh, something naughty?” Brent asked with a grin.

“It's the last thing you'll expect, but it will definitely lead to naughty fun” she confided with an amused giggle.

Unexpected but naughty... Hmmm, what could that mean? His wife was so good at playing these games. She'd surprised him many times before with new fetish outfits, new toys and new types of bondage. She was always looking for ways to add more *zing* to their sex life.

Carole and Brent had enjoyed a Femdom dynamic even before *the change*, though their play had been restricted to the bedroom and only when they had mutual down time. Now their kinky antics were constant and Carole's domination was slipping ever deeper into their day-to-day lives. Her libido had gone through the roof since gaining her mysterious new endowment. It had been a sea change for them

both, but they'd heard rumors of it happening to other women in recent months, so when it happened to her, they were at least somewhat mentally prepared.

Their strong relationship and the spirit of kink made embracing the transformation more easy for Brent and Carole than most. As a couple in their mid 40's who were often looking for new ways to spice things up, they'd found what was, perhaps, the ultimate spice. If anything, it had brought them closer together and now they were having sex more frequently than they ever had.

“You're such a tease, Mistress.”

“Uh huh. And you love it.”

“I cannot tell a lie!”

“Be a good boy and do what you're told until I get back. I'll be home in a half hour. Maybe sooner.”

“Yes, Mistress!”

They both made an exaggerated, lip-smacking kissy noise before hanging up. It was the kind of corny custom all good couples had once inhibition and pride had been cast to the wind in favor of true love.

'Do what you're told? She must have left a note with instructions. Oh boy!'

Brent switched his radio back on so he could enjoy classic rock for the last few minutes of his drive. He gave himself a quick inspection in the mirror, running a hand through his short, brown hair. His day job at a small accounting firm wasn't too demanding in terms of dressing up, but he made an effort to look his best.

The work, itself, wasn't too demanding these days either. There were fewer people than ever who needed accounting services thanks to all the free online tax-filing websites which made the bulk of their money from data mining. Most of his clients were small businesses and local companies with fifty employees or less. His days were short and he wasn't making as much money as he had fifteen years ago.

Carole, on the other hand, was doing fabulous as a team lead for a much larger advertising firm. Her days were longer, but they provided her a good work / life balance and great benefits. She made significantly more money than Brent and he found himself utilizing her health insurance since it had much better coverage.

For many couples, this might have been a source of friction, but it wasn't for them. Since they'd already embraced a female-led relationship, there were no hang-ups that Carole brought home most of the bacon. For his part, Brent was happy to pick up the slack at home. He did almost all of the household chores and had taken up an interest in cooking. It was a skill he was acquiring late in life, but as the saying went, *better late than never*.

Brent sang along with **The Who** as he entered their housing development and turned the corners slowly. He and Carole had opted not to have children and instead focus on their careers and each other, but there were lots of kids in the neighborhood which mandated a low speed limit.

*I'll tip my hat to the new constitution
Take a bow for the new revolution
Smile and grin at the change all around
Pick up my guitar and play
Just like yesterday
Then I'll get on my knees and pray
We don't get fooled again!*

As the song neared the end, Brent pulled into their idyllic home. It was a snapshot of the *American dream*, at least when viewed from the outside. A two floor McMansion with entirely too many rooms for two people and one cat. Three floors if you counted the basement, which had been converted into their private dungeon of Femdom delights. A two car garage and a basketball hoop Brent barely ever used. A vegetable garden and swimming pool in the back yard.

*Meet the new boss!
Same as the old boss!*

Brent pulled into the garage, killed the engine and hit the remote bringing the automatic door down behind him. He grabbed his briefcase and sport coat before exiting the vehicle and heading inside. Seeing nothing unusual waiting for him in the kitchen, he proceeded down the hallway to the stairs.

“Hello, Brenton.”

The electric jolt that accompanies being completely startled lurched through Brent's body. He jumped, nearly dropping his briefcase in the process. His hand flew to his heart as his breath caught in his chest. His gaze shot to the living room. He'd nearly walked by without even noticing the woman sitting on the sofa. The voice was familiar, but as he examined her, Brent became deeply confused.

“Marge?!? Is that you?”

“In the flesh.”

“Jesus, you scared me!”

“Sorry, dear.”

It was Carole's mother. He couldn't imagine what she was doing in their living room on a week day afternoon. Still, her surprise visit wasn't the greatest oddity. As Brent walked into the living room and drew closer, he tried to wrap his mind around what he was seeing. It was Marge alright, but she looked nothing like the last time he'd seen her for the holidays. Marjorie somehow looked twenty years younger.

Gone were most of the wrinkles and creases of a senior citizen. Her shoulder length blonde hair was full and lush, like he imagined it must have been before they met. Marge's flesh was taut and vibrant again. Her breasts no longer sagged. Her figure had slimmed while her curves were more pronounced. He was looking at a woman in her mid seventies who didn't look a day past her early fifties. It was unreal.

The most disturbing aspect, however, was how similar she now looked to Carole. They'd always shared

certain facial features and other assorted traits, but now looking at his mother-in-law was like gazing at some supernatural clone of his significant other. Marge now appeared something like he figured Carole would look in another seven or eight years.

“It’s... good to see you. How did you get in?”

“Carole told me about the hidden key” she said while leaning down. She lifted a tea cup from the coffee table and took a sip. “Don’t worry, I put it back.”

“I see. And to what do we owe the pleasure?”

“Brenton, set down your things and come have a seat. We need to talk.”

‘Oh shit! Marge is the surprise, isn’t she?’

“Sure.”

Carole had said to do what he was told. He was starting to piece it all together, though Brent wasn’t sure he liked where it was going. He set his briefcase aside and hung his jacket on the coat rack before advancing back into the living room and taking a seat in an arm chair.

Brent studied his transformed mother-in-law up and down. She wore a tight cheetah-print top and a leather-look skirt hugged her legs. Black high heels to match. He hadn’t seen her wear anything that provocative as long as he’d known her. It truly felt like he’d stepped into the twilight zone.

“Did you have a nice day?” she asked while taking another sip of her tea.

“Yes, thank you. I take it you’ll be staying for dinner tonight?”

“Oh, I’ll be staying for much longer than that. I’m sure this must be confusing for you. Allow me to explain and I won’t keep you in suspense” she replied while setting her cup back down. “I know what happened to Carole. We’ve talked about it. It happened to me too.”

Brent’s eyebrows rose. So, *the change* had effects other than what happened *down there*. Come to think of it, Carole had looked her absolute best lately. And he’d noticed certain little flaws of his own suddenly missing when he checked in the mirror. Brent wasn’t sure what to attribute it to, until now. That implied the process was more dramatic and fast-acting the more age there was to reverse. But all of this meant that Marge also now had...

‘Oh god.’

“That’s... wow! You look incredible, by the way.”

“Why, thank you! I haven’t felt this good in a long time. I don’t know what’s going on anymore than you or Carole. All I know is, I’m certainly not moving to Candlebrook Commons! Why would I? Look at me!”

“Yeah, I suppose that only makes sense” Brent agreed with a nod.

Marge had been planning to move into a senior retirement center recently. Not a nursing home, but one of those single apartment communities for elders with all kinds of group facilities and activities. Brent didn't know all the details since Carole had been handling it, but it seemed those plans were canceled.

“Precisely” she said, rising from her seat.

She walked towards Brent, her heels clacking on the floor as she looked down at him. Marge placed her hands on her hips as a knowing smile spread across her face. Now that she was standing, the bulge in her leather skirt became obvious. He tried not to stare at it, but it was an impossible task. It drew Brent's eyes like the sirens of Greek mythology called sailors to their deaths.

“I've decided to stay with my daughter and her loving husband for a while. Someone needs to make sure you're earning your keep around here! Besides, I've been rather lonely since Walter passed away. You don't want me to be lonely, do you Brenton?”

“No Ma'am” he said with a gulp. He looked up at his mother-in-law who now only looked slightly older than himself. Her scent washed over him and his desire to yield grew steadily. When she reached down and grabbed his chin, his urge to submit spiked and his cock hardened in his pants.

“Go lay down on the couch. Face up with your hands behind your back.”

She released him and stepped aside. Brent leapt to obey her, his body seemingly on autopilot. He kicked off his shoes and laid down, straight as an arrow, on the sofa. He tucked his hands and forearms behind his back without hesitation.

Brent's saliva ran freely and his penis stiffened to a tent pole as he watched the older woman undo her skirt and pull it down. Her full, round ass cheeks were revealed along with a cock that was at least as big as Carole's. Marge stroked her meaty monster as she strolled back to the couch. She stood directly over him; her weighty balls, throbbing shaft, and massive mounds framing the view up to her deceptively youthful face.

“I'm pretty thirsty, so you'll get to come first on this rare occasion” she announced. “You'd better put that tongue of yours to work or I'll slap your balls like a pair of bongos.”

Without another word, she turned and lowered her massive dumper on his prone face. Giant, fleshy ass cheeks descended on him until they were mashing him into the couch cushions. Suddenly, Brent knew nothing but doughy pressure and darkness. He extended his tongue hastily, lapping up and down her crack. He could smell and taste nothing but ass and leather as she shimmied on his head, forcing him as deep into her cheeks as he could go.

As he focused on pleasuring the depraved Domina, she reached over and undid Brent's pants. She pulled his briefs down and seized his cock. Marge stroked it up and down in over-hand fashion. She worked it like a joystick in her left hand as she fisted her own cock with her right.

“Oh my! I had no idea my son-in-law was such a healthy specimen.”

Brent's erection was above average at a sizable seven and half inches. Still, he had nothing on the length and girth that his wife and Marjorie displayed. Her glans dripped with abundant natural lube as the eager slut boy tongued her soft pucker. In between hungry dips into her rosebud, he slurped up and

down the fleshy canal clamped around his face.

“Can you hear me down there?” she asked, raising her voice. “I'm not getting up until you come! Take as long as you like.”

She worked her increasingly slick fingers around his cock like a seasoned pro. Her palm glided up and down his foreskin, driving him insane as he continued to lick, tongue and kiss at her delightfully plump bottom. Brent's erection grew hard to an almost uncomfortable point. It felt like it might burst with something other than semen. Yet Marge's hand, now slick with his own pre-cum, sailed up and down in fluid strokes, bringing him ever closer to the point of no return.

“Give it to me you **filthy ass licker!** I'll sit on your face all day if you like it so much!”

Brent's body quivered and his rock hard penis erupted with a thick load of hot cream. It spat upwards before raining down on Marge's hand and Brent's pelvis. Subsequent blasts of thick sperm seeped out of his tip and ran all over Marjorie's pistoning fist. Even as he quaked in orgasm, Brent continued tongue bathing her succulent crack. His nostrils inhaled her musk as he sucked in the only air he was allowed while ensconced in her massive derriere.

The hungry Succubus pumped his straining penis until he'd given every drop he could. She brought her dripping hand to her mouth and licked it eagerly, moaning in relief between lustful swaths of her tongue. She cleaned her hand completely, sucking up every dollop and rivulet of sticky semen with longing moans. When her feast was finished, she rose from the couch and turned.

Brent looked up in a daze, breathing deeply as he watched Marjorie aim her massive python directly at his face. She'd planned to make use of his holes, but her arousal had already reached a fever pitch. Her right hand flew up and down her long, sticky length as her left groped at her breasts.

A canon blast of hot semen slapped Brent in the face. Her first weighty ejaculation put his entire orgasm to shame. He was covered in ropey strands of thick paste as the woman groaned and her fat scrotum clenched. Brent opened his mouth, welcoming her abundant seed. Line after line of pungent cream shot all over his upper body with more than a few landing in his waiting mouth. By the time her wails of climax ended, his dress shirt and much of the sofa were drenched in her emissions.

clap clap clap clap clap

They both looked over to see Carole standing on the other side of the coffee table.

“Sorry to be a voyeur, but I didn't want to interrupt the fun. That was something else!”

“Hardly, dear” Marge spoke. She stepped back and released her spent cock. “I was just showing Brenton how things are going to be from now on.”

“I see this. And here I was worried there might be friction.”

“Welcome home” Brent spoke up with a weak wave of his hand.

“Hello, slut” she replied with a smile. Then her expression turned serious. “Tomorrow, you'll quit the firm, effective immediately. I want your efforts focused here. In addition to your household duties,

you'll be taking care of Mom.”

“**What?!?**” his eyes widened as the finality of her decision sank in. She wasn't asking, she was making a decree as his Mistress and owner. “What about the house? Our other loans?”

“Your income is no longer needed” Marge spoke up. Brent's gaze shifted back to the half-naked woman with the still-dripping cock. “The funds that would've gone to the vultures at Candlebrook Commons, along with the rest of my estate, will be more than enough to pay off the mortgage. Like you, they can be put to better use **here**.”

“From now on, you will obey mother's every command. You belong to her as much as you belong to me” Carole followed up. “Is that understood?”

Brent's mouth hung open. Even after his wife's transformation, his life had never felt *upended* until this moment. This was taking it to another level. Also, this likely meant *the change* went beyond the physical. The woman he married would never have considered some bizarre live-in kink polycule with her own mother. Marjorie wouldn't have either. Hell, **he** wouldn't have agreed to it.

But everything was different now. He was different. They were different. Brent had no desire to say no. In fact, the whole affair was turning him on more by the minute. As he sat up on the cum-strewn mess of a couch, his penis twitched at the opening of his pants.

Was lust eclipsing love? Would there be room for anything but rutting, power games and depraved sex in the new world that was consuming the old? Somehow, all at once, it felt wrong and **oh so very right**.

“**Hey!** Are you listening? I asked you a question!” Carole demanded.

Both women looked at him harshly, waiting for his reply.

Despite the echoes of some old, dying ethos and the remnants of withering cultural baggage rattling around his mind, Brent's needs and desires were clear. It didn't matter that he had no real options, because he longer wanted them. Brent would embrace his new life of domestic and sexual servitude with grace. The same tranquility that Marge's semen had just delivered him when he ravenously swallowed it down.

“Yes, Mistress. I obey gladly.”