

## Latex Futa Nuns From Hell

### Chapter 3 – Seeding The Sisterhood

It was 3:58 AM and rain pitter-pattered steadily on the windows of the convent. Jessica awoke to almost pure darkness. There was no moonlight to illuminate her spartan room this evening. It had stormed on and off all night, but Jessica had slept like the dead. Her dreams had overwhelmed her with wanton Femdom lust.

*'What the hell!?!'*

She felt moisture on her breasts and her hands flew to them. Sure enough, her fingers were coated in milky discharge as she felt her areolas. Her nipples were lactating copiously.

*'Ugh... why?!?!'*

She wiped her fingers on the bedding. It was so dark in her room that Jessica couldn't decipher the long, black habit lying atop her office chair. She had discarded it immediately upon returning to her room, but kept on her red leather bondage brassiere. She had been too exhausted to remove the complex network of buckles, straps and zippers that made up her lingerie. If she was honest, she wanted to sleep in it.

Now that she was awake, her left hand found her long, fat cock instinctually. She could feel the red leather straps digging into her supple mocha skin and it heightened her desire as she began lewdly masturbating. Her morning wood needed little encouragement and her bulging brown sack ached with the need for release.

Jessica had heard the term “blue balls” when she was younger but could only guess what it felt like until now. She hadn't climaxed since getting her ass rimmed and receiving her first taste of sweet male nectar the night before. Her libido was through the roof and her need to cum was desperate.

She began moaning lightly as her hand glided back and forth, the pleasurable sensations intensifying rapidly as her smooth palm slipped up and down her slick, meaty cock. Had she been leaking pre-cum in her sleep? Or was this residual filth from her encounter with Francis? Jessica decided that it didn't matter. It felt amazing.

She plunged her right hand below her ass, lifted the leather strap that ran down her crack and began massaging her rosebud with her middle finger. She moved it around her pucker in slow circles and within minutes she was biting her lip to avoid crying out in elation.

*'Fuck! So good!!! But I better put a condom on or this is going to be a huge fucking mess...'*

She summoned every ounce of her will and released her rapidly stiffening rod. She reached over the bedside and fumbled around in the dark for her bag. Thankfully it was just within reach and she snatched one of the XXL magnum condoms she'd purchased.

Jessica tore the plastic tab open and rolled the rubbery sheath down her shaft; making sure to leave plenty of room at the head. Even the biggest condom Forbidden Fruit offered barely covered two thirds of her fully engorged length. The latex strained around her considerable girth and to her surprise, feeling latex tight around her cock only turned her on more.

*'Goddamn, I **must** have a latex fetish if I actually **like** condoms. Every guy I was ever with only complained about having to wear them. I don't know why... it feels so nice.'*

She laid back and resumed her long, needy strokes without delay. Her right hand found her back door once again and she probed it with increasing need. She plunged the tip of her finger into her ass and started making circles around the inside of her pucker. Her left hand pistoned up and down her latex covered shaft, her orgasm building rapidly.

*'OH FUCK! YESSSSSS!!! FUCK YESSSSSSSS!!!!!!!!!!'*

Jessica bit her tongue as her climax hit her like a mac truck. Her body convulsed in pleasure as thick ropes of hot nut shot out of her flesh hose and congealed in the top of the extra large condom. Her hand was a blur, gliding back and forth as gob after gob of sticky paste erupted from her tip; filling the condom and expanding it into a perverse balloon animal of tightly packed jizz.

Jessica could only watch the cum balloon grow as her balls emptied into the slick sheath. Her back lifted off the bed as she jacked herself furiously. Finally her eyes rolled back and her head hit the pillow as the final buttery spurts shot out of her cum cannon. The tension seeped out of her body in a relaxing wave leaving only endorphins and intense euphoria.

She lay in the dark groping her breasts through the leather harness; milking the orgasm for every ounce of pleasure before running her left hand through her hair. As morning rituals went, Jessica liked this much better than anything she'd ever done as a Sister of Guadalupe.

She gazed at the ceiling as she recovered, formulating her plans for Father Francis that day. Before long, a faint glow emerged in the center of the room and slowly grew in intensity. Jessica wasn't surprised this time. On the contrary, she had been expecting another visit.

The light gathered, dispersed and Lilith was given form once again. Jessica sat up and leaned back against her headboard, examining yet another guise her strange benefactor had taken on. This time she appeared in purple flesh from head to toe; black tribal tattoos scattered across her mostly naked body. She had no wings, but her tail and horns remained; sprouting from her temple and rear respectively. Silky, white, shoulder length hair framed her head and her eyes glowed the color of turquoise.

Her purple breasts were massive with metal studs piercing both nipples prominently. An absurdly large cock hung from Lilith's pelvis and was sheathed in shiny black latex. Jessica had never even imagined a cock that huge. It looked like it belonged on a horse more than a humanoid. Matching her massive cock sleeve were shoulder length gloves and thigh high boots; the latex gleaming in the glow surrounding the demonic shemale.

Lilith placed her hands on her hips and cocked her head, proudly displaying her endowments to Jessica.

***"Greetings my disciple."***

“Good evening Mistress” Jessica said, bowing her head slightly. “If I may be so bold, how many forms do you have?”

***“As many as I please.”***

Lilith offered a throaty chuckle, her haughty expression highlighted by a Cheshire grin. Her fleshy purple tail swayed behind her as she spoke.

***“You did very well last night my little Felicita. I am pleased.”***

“Thank you Mistress. I mainly followed your advice. My impulses drove me. I can't remember the last time I felt that alive!”

***“Good. That was but a small taste of the joys that await you.”***

“I do wish you had told me the pheromones and my touch wouldn't work on a gay man.”

Lilith snickered.

***“What did you expect? You can't magnify an attraction that doesn't exist. Zero times a thousand is still zero.”***

Jessica smirked. In retrospect, it did seem obvious.

***“No matter. You adapted and overcame. He is yours now and as his hunger grows you will find that he is *\*very\** attracted to you. He will crave your essence until the end of his days.”***

Jessica pulled the condom off her softening member and tied it at the end. She lifted the weighty cum balloon, examining it in the faint light that radiated from Lilith. There must have been half a pint of semen bulging at the end of the latex sleeve. She tossed it over the bed and it rolled across the floor with a faint sloshing sound.

“But isn't that cruel? To deny someone their true sexual nature?”

***“You are denying nothing. You have *\*exposed\** his true nature. Men have always needed the guiding hand of a strong woman. Throughout most of history, they have not received it. Thus, the horrendous state of your world. We are going to change that and set the world on a better path.”***

“Hmmm...” Jessica brought one hand to her chin, lost in contemplation.

Being desperate for sexual liberation and release, Jessica had taken the first step, but Lilith could tell she wasn't yet fully convinced of the righteousness of their cause.

***“Sex is perhaps the most profound of Yahweh's designs. But like so many things, he dogmatically boxed it in. He demanded its potential go unexplored. This has done incalculable damage to the development of your kind. Jessica, you have to start thinking of sex as a weapon, because it's been used as one against women since the beginning. We are going to change that and give women their turn at the helm. An opportunity which they are long overdue.”***

Lilith hovered closer to the bed, the light shifting more strongly on Jessica as Lilith demanded her eyes turn back to the well hung Demoness.

***“And, if Francis serves you well, there's no reason you can't let him play with another male pet. Under your guidance, of course. So worry not about your new slave. Under your heel, he will find more sexual fulfillment than he ever dreamed of. The new world will be a better one for all, and we are only just beginning. The possibilities are limitless.”***

Jessica perked up at that thought. Mischief and arousal entered her eyes, her mind already churning on the endless opportunities her new life would offer.

“As you say, but what comes next? Enslaving men is useful, but I can't play overseer to all of them! And what about the sisters?”

***“Yes, you need allies and the ideal place to start is right here.”***

“How do I do that?”

Lilith held out her right hand and a leather crop materialized in her grip. She pointed it at Jessica, first down at her flaccid ten inches and then raised it to her ample breasts.

***“You have two weapons. You've learned to use one. Now use the other.”***

Jessica's hands went to her breasts. They were still moist with milky secretion.

“You mean... the lactation? How do I use that?”

***“Don't you remember our first meeting?”***

Jessica thought back. Lilith had appeared and made her the offer. She had drank from the chalice and then... of course! Lilith's breasts had been lactating.

“Alright, so I dose one of the sisters with this...” she said wiping her fingers across her left breast “...and then what happens?”

***“They become like you.”***

Jessica's eyes opened wide.

*'Holy fuck! No... UNHOLY fuck!'*

The scope of Lilith's plan was beginning to sink in. This was Gremlins, only with cock wielding Succubi instead of toothy little goblins. This was an outbreak of female domination and Jessica was patient zero. In a few months St. Michael's would be unrecognizable. In a couple years, it could be a very different world.

The seriousness of the situation hit her full force and yet, she couldn't help but find wisdom in Lilith's words. Was lust overwhelming her reason? No, this was about justice as well. This was the chance to

change the power dynamics between men and women. This would be a first in thousands of years of human history.

“Very well. I'll begin tomorrow then.”

***“Excellent. I know you will not disappoint me.”***

Lilith floated back towards the center of the room. Her cock had stiffened; straining against the thick latex of the shiny, jet black sleeve. Jessica could only imagine the thoughts that were pulsing through her mind. Perhaps visions of Earth as a Femdom paradise were the cause of her arousal.

***“Dawn approaches. I take my leave. Some day, with your help, I will be stronger than I am now. Perhaps I will claim dominion over the day... and many other things.”***

Jessica raised a hand as Lilith prepared to depart.

“Mistress! One more thing, if I may?”

***“Quickly.”***

“God. You spoke his Hebrew name... is he not watching as we do all this? Will he not be angry? Should we not fear his vengeance?”

Lilith's laugh started as a low, throaty rumble before erupting into a sustained gale. She threw her head back and her curvy body shook for several long moments as she chortled with glee, her massive dong now at full, rigid attention.

***“My child... If Yahweh cared what happened here, do you think I would have gotten this far? No, he's forsaken humanity. I think he's forsaken this plane of existence entirely. He's off in some other corner of the great beyond doing who knows what. He has as much regard for this world as the ant you crush beneath your boot. When our work is done, he may finally take notice, but by then it will be too late.”***

Lilith's disdainful laughter sang out once more and within seconds her form evaporated into the darkness. Her cackles echoed briefly before the room settled back into pitch black silence.

Jessica slipped back down into the bed sheets and tried to get comfortable. She tossed and turned a bit before finding the right position, her mind reeling from the enormity of the task before her. Jessica pined to have someone, anyone, by her side in that moment. She had spent many lonely nights in the convent, but had never felt quite so alone as she did now.

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It was just after noon and Jessica was in the kitchen preparing a gallon of sweet tea. Nobody could call her a cook with a straight face, but sweet tea had been a staple in the Christiano household and her mother's recipe was one of the few staples Jessica had learned before she passed away. The sisters had grown to love it, especially during the hot Texas summers when such drinks were needed to stay

refreshed. Jessica had been only too happy to whip up a fresh batch today.

She finished stirring the amber liquid and then poured it from the pitcher into three drinking glasses on a tray. She looked over her shoulder in both directions to ensure no one was nearby before reaching into her habit and retrieving a small glass bottle and a dropper. She carefully drew the liquid into the dropper before depositing several beads of her breast milk into each glass and stirring each drink.

She quickly pocketed the bottle and dropper back in her habit before moving to the freezer and retrieving an ice tray. She dropped a few cubes into each glass before putting the ice back and carefully lifting the tray. Jessica took a deep breath as she exited the kitchen and strode through the hallways that led back to the courtyard.

A few lingering doubts assailed her consciousness, but she swatted them away like insects. Jessica was committed now. The world had to change and she would be a coward not to use the power she'd been given. How many billions of women had lived, suffered and died without that opportunity? How many millions of children had been raped by the clergy? How many women like Jessica and the Sisters of Guadalupe had lived lives of quiet desperation, brainwashed into thinking it was proper and normal?

*'No more.'*

She exited the back door into the brilliant light and searing temperature of Austin midday. Her thick robe began soaking in the heat immediately, a predicament she'd become sadly accustomed to over the years. Jessica wasted no time making her way back to the picnic table where sisters Victoria, Abigail and Evelyn were sitting. The table was under a tall oak tree and she sighed with relief as she entered the shade and set the tray down before them.

“Thank god!” Evelyn announced, wasting no time grabbing one of the glasses and taking her first swig. “And thank **you** sister!” She said with a nod to Jessica.

Evelyn was a plump, busty blonde in her late 40s with a thick southern accent. The habit could do nothing to hide her wide hips and considerable curves. She was definitely one of the most opinionated of the sisters but also one of the friendliest. She was a hard worker and always the first to volunteer for new assignments.

“Yes, thank you” said sister Abigail as she reached for her drink as well.

If Evelyn had an opposite it was definitely Abigail, which was amusing since they were good friends. Seeing them together was like watching a Laurel and Hardy routine. Abigail was a little older than Evelyn, but shorter, slender and much more poised. Although she spoke up less, the raven haired sister had a quiet confidence and a subtle beauty to her thin features.

“Thank youuuuuuuuu” Vicky exclaimed with an eager smile before taking up her glass. She started downing the cool beverage without hesitation. Wisps of her auburn hair seeped out of her veil, as usual. Both her face and the bathing habit she was wearing were smudged brown, indicating that she'd been working in the fields.

“Aren't you having any?” Abigail inquired.

“Oh, I had a glass before I left the kitchen. Couldn't wait.”

“Don't blame ya hun” Evelyn interjected “but what about lunch? Are you girls gonna make me eat by my lonesome again?”

Vicky groaned, tilting her head to the sky. “Ugh... it's too hot to eat.”

“I'll wait for supper, thank you” Abigail replied.

Jessica shrugged and offered Evelyn a thin smile, implying that she wasn't particularly hungry either.

“Fine, suit yourselves! I'm not shy” she proclaimed before biting into an apple and unwrapping the sandwich she'd brought.

“How's the garden coming along?” Jessica asked.

“Good!” Victoria responded cheerfully. “We're just about ready for fall planting. What's Momma Soups got you doing today?”

“Well, I was on laundry duty this morning, but I'm headed off campus in a bit. Won't be back until after dinner.”

“You're excused for the day? What holy miracle is this?” Abigail asked, one eyebrow raised.

“Well, I'm not yet, but I will be after Father Francis talks to Helen. He's starting a new outreach program and he's chosen me to help out.”

“Ooooh, lucky you!” Vicky exclaimed.

“She has a title, you know! You shouldn't call Mother Superior by her first name” Evelyn chided in between bites of her lunch.

“If the program has anything to do with kids, I'd rather stay here and scrub floors” Abigail stated flatly.

“Aw, cmon! Kids aren't so bad!” Vicky voiced enthusiastically. “Children or not, if Father Francis wants more help with the program, let me know! I'd love to get out of here more often.”

“I'll keep that in mind” Jessica replied, collecting the tray from the table. “Speaking of which, I have to meet up with him soon. You ladies enjoy the rest of your break.”

“Ladies? Hah! That's a good one” Evelyn snickered, nudging Abigail in the ribs.

Vicky giggled. Abigail simply rolled her eyes.

The sisters said their goodbyes and Jessica turned and trudged back to the main building. She paused once to look over her shoulder, observing her fellow nuns as they chatted away.

Tomorrow would be a new beginning for them as well. They would be frightened and even less aware of what was happening then Jessica was on her first morning. In the coming days she would observe them carefully and approach them one at a time in secret. She would reveal only that the same thing

had happened to her, not how or why. It would have to be that way, for now.

Jessica would guide them slowly into their new roles. If all went as planned, they would serve as the Succubus vanguard in her takeover of St. Michael's and the convent.

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It was just a half hour later when Jessica and Francis met up. They leisurely made their way from his home back to the other side of the campus where the convent was located. Francis was dressed in his usual black from neck to toe and carried a backpack containing the items Jessica had instructed him to bring. She had called him earlier that morning and outlined her plan to get them off church grounds more often.

There was a strong breeze sailing through the trees and walkways that surrounded St. Michael's. It made the walk almost pleasant despite the hot summer conditions. As they passed before the church, Mother Superior could be seen in the distance walking toward them. Francis and Jessica both stopped and waited for her at the large water fountain that rested between the dual stairs leading up to the church's front doors.

“Reverend Mother!” Francis called out with a wave. “What good luck! We were just on our way to see you.”

“Is that right?” Mother Superior replied as she came to a stop before them. She eyed Jessica suspiciously, but put on a warm smile for Francis. “Always a pleasure, Father.”

Reverend Mother Helen Louise Delarosa was exactly the kind of person you'd expect, based on her title. A medium build woman entering her sunset years wearing a thin pair of glasses and a perpetual scowl. She was tough as nails and ran the Sisters of Guadalupe with strictness bordering on cruelty.

Jessica had not developed a good relationship with her over the years, but they had managed to live together in the convent despite many tense encounters. Until now, that had involved Jessica doing whatever Helen told her to, an arrangement the younger woman couldn't wait to upend.

“Good afternoon Revered Mother” Jessica said with a slight bow. She was rarely so formal, especially with the old crone, but she wanted Helen in as good a mood as possible.

“Yes!” said Francis “I needed to speak with you on a matter of some importance and it concerns Sister Jessica as well.”

“Oh? Do tell.”

“As I'm sure you're aware, Bishop Everson has made outreach our top priority. If we don't start filling these pews again, St. Michael's isn't long for this world. To that end, I'm beginning a new program to extend our reach into the city. Businesses, sports leagues, community centers and whichever schools will have us! We're going to see what we can do for them in exchange for word-of-mouth and a chance to leave our materials where people can find them.”



“I see. And what is this new program called?” the Reverend Mother asked skeptically.

“We don't have an official title just yet. I was thinking of calling it “Bridges to Christ”, but Sister Jessica made an excellent point...” Francis answered, gesturing to her.

“It's just, a less overtly religious title might be better. Many people hear “Christ” and immediately run in the other direction” Jessica stated cautiously.

“Yes, there's some truth to that, I suppose” Mother Superior nodded solemnly. “A sad state of affairs indeed.”

“So, as you see” Francis continued “Sister Jessica has already shown great insight and I think her aid would really propel this effort! In addition, I'm drowning in paperwork and the church can scarcely afford to hire me an assistant, so with your permission...”

“Say no more Father. You have no idea how many headaches this one has caused me, but perhaps this will be good for her. Maybe she'll even learn some manners in your company! Sister Jessica may assist you in the afternoons and evenings until further notice.” Helen held up her index finger as she made her final point, her stony gaze fixed on the young woman. “As long as she keeps up with her morning duties, that is.”

Jessica forced herself into a thin smile and another slight nod, desperately trying to look grateful.

“Splendid! Thank you so much Reverend Mother” Francis replied as he placed his hands over hers and they shared a mutual bow of respect.

“Don't mention it, Father. Good luck to you.”

“Yes, well, I guess we'll be going then! We have a lot of work to do.”

“And I'm off to pray” the Abbess replied. “I'll see you later.”

Jessica and Francis walked toward the parking lot, both silent until they were well out of ear shot.

“That woman has never seen a dick in her life.”

Francis snickered. “Oh cmon, she's not that bad. She's put up with you for this long, hasn't she?”

“Yeah, because she had to” Jessica responded dryly. “You bring everything I told you?”

“I did” he answered plainly.

“Good. I can't wait to get out of here!”

They continued on in silence for a few moments, their shoes clacking on the hot pavement. Then Francis decided it was his turn to be a bit mischievous.

“I wonder what would happen if you pulled up that habit and showed her your true self?”

“She'd have a heart attack and drop dead. Don't tempt me.”

Francis belted out a loud laugh, his voice echoing across the church campus with mirth for the first time in months.

“So where are we **actually** going?”

Jessica turned and looked at him, this time with a genuine smile. “Somewhere fun.”

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The mocha skinned nun tugged on Francis' leash as she led him through the parking lot in one of Austin's red light districts. They were headed toward the back entrance of a large building. A sign proudly displayed the name of the establishment in shiny black: “The Rubber Room.” Jessica had traded the priest collar for his slave collar before they got out of the car and Francis was oozing apprehension.

“What if someone from the parish recognizes us?!?”

Jessica sighed, stopping briefly and turning to him.

“One of your 500 parishioners? In a city of 900,000? Here? In the middle of a week day? Chill, Frankie.”

She yanked his leash more harshly, eager to get inside and complete her conquest of her newly minted slave. They walked up some crude concrete steps and slipped in the back door of the dimly lit club. Booming techno music with highly suggestive lyrics assaulted their senses immediately. The thunderous sounds thrummed through the dark hallway as they made their way to reception.

They reached a wide counter area with a woman standing behind it. The sides of her head were completely shaved and a single column of thick, jet black hair ran up her scalp and trailed behind her. Her face was pale white, which made the rings of black mascara and midnight lipstick stand out even more. Her ears, nose and tongue were all pierced.

“Hey! I'm Claire. Welcome to The Rubber Room.” The plucky goth woman seemed amused as she scanned the couple. “You guys doing a religious role play thing?”

“Not anymore” Jessica answered as she lifted the veil off her head; her long brown locks tumbling free. “How much for one of your dungeon suites?”

“A hundred and fifty for two hours” Claire responded before blowing and popping a bubble with her bright pink gum.

“Fully equipped?”

“Every toy and device you could want.”

“What about clothes?”

“This your first time here?” Claire inquired.

Jessica nodded.

“Normally there's a separate fee, but since this is your first visit, we'll waive it.”

“Awesome. You got a catsuit in my size? Maybe some leather boots in 7 1/2 or 8?”

“Easy peasy” she replied.

“What about him?” Jessica asked, pulling on Francis' leash and bringing him to the forefront.  
“Something full-body in his size? Preferably latex?”

Claire looked him up and down, studying his proportions.

“Yeah, we got a suit in his size, but it was just used. It's still drying out. Haven't had a chance to spot clean it yet.”

“That's fine, we'll take it” Jessica said, a glimmer of excitement in her voice.

Claire looked puzzled. “You want a dirty gimp suit that a stranger just wore?”

“The dirtier the better” Jessica responded with a toothy smile.

Francis winced, his face sinking into a noticeable cringe.

\* \* \* \* \*

“This is so gross.” Francis grumbled.

He was hooded and sealed in the black gimp suit, lying face down on a rubber padded bondage horse. His arms and legs had been pulled down and secured to each leg of the sturdy device by the wrist and ankle cuffs Jessica had applied. She had chosen this device out of many in the dungeon because it was already at the perfect height to accommodate her, but there were many more pieces of bondage furniture she looked forward to trying in the future.

“Shut up!” Jessica admonished as she pulled a pair of black latex gloves over her hands. She was similarly sealed from neck to toe in a pale yellow cat suit. She purred in delight as she smoothed the second layer of rubber over her digits. The black leather thigh highs Claire had brought her were a tight fit, but Jessica didn't mind. The gripping sensation just made it even hotter.

As soon as she'd zipped him up in the back, Francis had been sealed in the sweat and filth of some other submissive. Who knows how long that stranger had been in the suit before him, getting fucked, abused and shooting his seed all over. He couldn't think of another time in his life that he'd felt so utterly soiled.

“What if I catch some...”

“Stop complaining or I'll gag you” she cut him off.

“You're going to gag me anyway.”

Jessica chuckled; her throaty laughter and footsteps echoing in the cool dungeon. The clacking of stilettos marked her path as she walked around the fuck horse, examining her immobilized slut. Francis eyed the wall before him lined with crops, floggers, ropes, chains, strapons and other toys. He studied the impressive collection until his Mistress strode into view. Jessica's impressive endowment jutted from the opening in her latex suit, her heavy brown sack hanging below it.

She seized her member and began stroking it up and down eagerly, the cool latex gloves feeling heavenly on her hot, naked flesh. She approached him, bringing the tip of her weapon ever closer to his mouth as she leisurely masturbated herself.

“Feeling thirsty yet?”

“Thirsty, Mistress?”

“Hmmm, I guess it hasn't been long enough. You will be soon! And then you'll be begging for it.”

She gave his hooded face a playful pat and then turned, making her way to the wall of toys. Jessica examined the trove of naughty implements before selecting a flexible 10 inch cock from the wall. She also fetched a length of chain with clips on each end and the longest strapon harness she could find. The excited Domina made her way back to Francis with a wicked grin, the assortment of toys dangling from her hands.

“This is better anyway. You need training before you take me in your throat again. I didn't even come close to bottoming out. I expect you to do better next time.”

“Yes Mistress” he replied, his nervousness building along with his curiosity.

Francis didn't have to wonder what she planning for very long. She inserted the lengthy black dildo into the strapon harness and installed it, base down, just below his face. The fleshy length bent to one side as Jessica pulled the straps around the bottom of the bondage horse; buckling it securely in place. She adjusted the base so it was exactly below his mouth before seizing the shiny shaft and giving his face a few slaps with the cock.

“Alright bitch, I think you know where this goes.”

She brought the tip to his mouth and pushed his head down. Six inches of slick rubber dong glided into his maw.

“Keep it in your mouth until I say otherwise.”

Francis held still, his saliva already starting to build up along the thick, rubbery shaft as Jessica clicked the length of chain onto the O ring of his collar. She then wound the chain below the horse, brought it

back up to his collar, looped it through the O ring and pulled it almost all the way through before clicking it secure. She examined the chain carefully, making sure he had no more than two inches of slack.

“Ok, you may take your mouth off.”

Francis pulled his face upward, the phlegmy length beginning to exit his lips until the chain rattled and he was jolted to a stop. There was still four inches of cock lodged in his mouth and he could go no further.

“Perfect!”

Jessica placed her left hand on the top of his head and pushed his latex clad face down firmly. Francis sputtered, grunted and emitted moist gagging sounds as she pressed his lips all the way to the base of the long cock. His eyes bulged and his throat revolted, closing around the rubbery shaft and trying to expel it.

She held his head down for fifteen seconds, forcing him to accept all 10 inches of rubber cock meat as delicious slobbering noises emitted from his cheeks and nose. Finally, she released him and his face slid up the shaft, a small river of viscous phlegm drooling down the shiny latex cock. He gasped for air, his mouth still contending with several inches of gagging penis.

Jessica's cheeks became rosy with giddiness and her cock grew as hard as a steel beam. She said nothing as she walked off, grabbing Francis' bag and rifling through it.

“Ah, there's my snack.”

She opened a small plastic bag and extracted the weighty condom. It wasn't full by any means, but it had a nice little bulge, fresh with his seed. She untied the end, rolled it down and dumped its contents into her mouth, devouring the creamy load in seconds.

The rush followed, a combination of soothing balm to her throat and stomach, but a warm, pulsing lust growing through the rest of her body. Her cock, breasts and ass tingled with need and she crossed back to the fuck horse, empty condom in hand. She could feel the latex wrapped around her body even more profoundly now that she'd partaken of male cum. Her only appendage that wasn't trapped in slick warm smoothness was her rock hard fourteen inches and she wanted it in his ass immediately.

She pulled down the zipper at his back passage with excited haste, extracting his cock and balls from the thick gimp suit and sliding the used condom back over his semi-hard prick. Jessica inserted two gloved fingers into his pucker, his pale white flesh ringed with a slight redness. She swirled them around, digging in and out several times before pulling her fingers free and examining them.

“Good. You followed my instructions. You will do that EACH TIME you evacuate yourself. You will be clean as a whistle and ready to be fucked at all times. **IS THAT CLEAR?**”

“Yeth mithreth” he intoned around the slick rubber invader.

Jessica couldn't wait a second longer. Her body was aching with need as she stepped in behind him and lined her thick brown missile up with his small vanilla rosebud. She pressed in firmly, her fat cock

gliding in inch after warm inch with unyielding pressure. As her massive member sank to the halfway mark, Francis started groaning and pulling at his bonds in futility.

**\*MMMMLLGGOOOLLMMPPHHH!!!\***

Jessica's eyes narrowed and she leaned forward, grabbing the back his hood and pushing fiercely. She plummeted his slut mouth back down all ten inches of slimy latex dick as her own cock burrowed ever deeper into his moist, fleshy tunnel.

“Don't just gag on it, bitch, **SUCK IT!**”

Francis' arm and wrist cuffs rattled as he pulled on them uselessly, his throat glomming and sputtering as Jessica allowed him to bob upward slightly, then plunged his sucking face back down to the base of the strapon.

“Do you know what this is Frankie? This is YOUR LIFE, NOW. **COCK 24/7!**”

She released his head and his mouth glided upward, globs of sticky filth running down the spit shined shaft as he slobbered and retched.

“And you love it, don't you?”

**\*SMACK\***

The sudden painful swat to his ass caught Francis by surprise; so focused he'd been on trying to inhale oxygen around ten inches of spongy rubber dick.

“YETH MITHRETH.”

“**SAY YOU LOVE IT!!!**”

“**IILUUBBIIIIIIII!**”

Jessica delivered several more stinging swats to his latex covered cheeks, then grabbed his hips forcefully and began pumping her fat phallus into him hard and fast. She plowed him with increasing hunger, a bit more of her impossibly thick length sinking in deeper with each thrust.

His asshole stretched painfully around her girth, the sex crazed shemale determined to bury every inch of her glistening rod into his warm, welcoming hole. Jessica closed her eyes and began moaning loudly as she tunneled ever deeper. Every inch of her shaft tingled with growing pleasure as she took her slave brutally.

After a long stretch of frenzied fucking Jessica finally sank her cock all the way home, her fat brown orbs pressing harshly against his smaller white sack. Her bucking came to a stop as she sighed gleefully. She kept her staff buried in him as his tormented pucker slowly grew used to her full insertion. She grabbed his head once more and pushed his face down the increasingly sloppy rubber length.

**\*GHHHMMMMPLLLLMMMIIBILLLUUUUKKK\***

Jessica held his face down, her enormous rubber clad breasts pressed into his back as she made small circular motions with her hips; stretching his ass further with her considerable girth.

“How's that feel Frankie? I think this is what they call “air tight.” This is your first time, but it sure as hell won't be your last!”

She released his hood and began sawing in and out of his well abused asshole with extreme need. Wet gagging noises spurted from Francis' throat and mouth; his neck muscles tiring from the exertion of trying to hold his head at the top of the sizable dong.

Jessica's moans transformed into wails of pleasure. She fucked her bound slave so hard that the bondage horse began jolting and inching across the floor. Her bloated sack smacked into Francis' scrotum with each powerful thrust.

“Gonna fill you up slut! Take it!!! OH GOD! **YESSSSSSS!!!**”

Jessica screamed in orgasm as her throbbing member exploded in his ass. Francis grunted loudly as copious streams of hot yogurt blasted into his depths with each impassioned thrust. The climax crazed Domina groped, clawed and spanked him furiously, assaulting his back and flanks as she continued thrusting and cumming into her immobilized cock sleeve. Thick jizzum spurted from his ass, coating Jessica's lower body and drizzling all over the floor.

As she continued spearing his well stretched fuck hole, Francis felt his own body betray him. His prostate tingled with each sloppy thrust until his body shook in orgasm. Francis quivered in his latex prison and pulled at his leather bonds. He moaned around the cock still lodged in his throat as his rock hard member shot gobs of thick paste into the greasy pre-used condom. His pleasurable muffles grew louder as Jessica fired the last of her god-like load into his blown out bottom.

Jessica's thrusts slowly came to a stop, the mocha Dominatrix panting slightly from her long exertion. She was still glowing with orgasm as she pulled her swollen cock from his cum slathered hole. She felt herself all over, groping her breasts, thighs and ass through the lovely cat suit and savoring the wave of ecstasy channeling through her latex wrapped body.

As her high began to fade, she reached down and stroked Francis' cock, giving him some small relief from the pounding he'd just taken. She trailed her hand downward and felt the warm pocket of spunk in the bottom of the condom.

“Mmmmm, you just came with me Frankie... You really are just a little butt slut, aren't you?”

Francis bellowed a series of affirmative grunts around his cock gag.

“I bet you want me to come unhook that thing from your mouth, don't you?”

“Yeth miththreth!”

“Just one problem...” she proclaimed as she pulled the warm, cream filled sleeve from his shrinking dick. “As soon as I drink this, I'll be ready to go again.”

\* \* \* \* \*

After a long hour of debauchery Jessica sat on the “royal throne”, a luxury chair that was another fixture of the dungeon. It had a trap door that allowed one to bind their submissive below the chair and sit on their face, but Francis wasn't under it. He had earned his rest and Jessica had parked him on a leather ottoman at the base of her lofty seat.

She had removed his hood but left him locked in the gimp suit for now. They would have to undress and get ready to leave soon, but for the moment they could relax and enjoy the afterglow. His leash rested on the side of the throne as Jessica pulled a pack of cigarettes from her bag and lit one up. She hadn't enjoyed the soothing rush of nicotine in many years.

Francis looked up at his commanding, cat-suited Goddess. Her expression was one of pure satisfaction as she crossed her booted legs. She inhaled deeply and gazed down at her collared slut.

“Cigarettes now too? You certainly have gone from obedient nun to avatar of sin in a hurry.”

“I'm making up for lost time. And I no longer believe hedonism is a sin. Not sure I believe in sin at all, anymore.”

“You know how bad those are for you, right?”

“They're just for after a romp. I'm not planning to develop a habit.”

“Indeed, you seem intent on discarding all your habits.”

Jessica laughed. It was a cheesy pun, but she enjoyed that kind of cheeky humor.

“You want to grab a burger or something?” Francis invited. “I don't know about you, but I'm starving.”

“Hell yes! If I have to eat vegetable stew and hard rolls one more time, I'm gonna lose it!”

It was Francis' turn to chuckle, but then the room fell silent for a few moments.

“How long do you think we'll get away with this? Before they kick us both out, I mean.”

Jessica took another drag and held it for a few seconds before exhaling a cloud of wispy smoke.

“I don't see why it ever needs to end.”

“Really? And how is that going to work?”

“Don't you worry about a thing *puta padre*. I have a plan.”

“I bet you do” Francis replied as he folded his arms over his latex clad chest. “You know, I used to think Helen was the most formidable woman I'd ever met, but those days are over. You are, by far, the most fearsome woman in our parish.”



Jessica knocked the ash from her cigarette and leaned down from her chair, her face drawing closer to his. Her stare was cold and impassive.

“Is that what you think?”

Francis' hands dropped to his sides and he leaned back slightly.

“Y-yeah...”

She reached out and tapped his nose gently with a single gloved finger.

“Good.”

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