

Latex Futa Nuns From Hell

Chapter 21 – She Is Risen

The two minutes following the deafening sound of gunfire were filled with screaming, blood and frenzied action. Ruko ran to Mistress Superior's side, joining Abigail and Vicky on the stage. After a hasty evaluation and the application of gauze to Jessica's chest and side, Abby insisted on moving her to somewhere more secure. With the help of local security, they hurried her backstage. Ruko kept her hands on Jessica's most serious wound, applying pressure the whole way. Jessica gasped and sputtered, blood trickling from her mouth and torso as they carried her off.

Once they were backstage, employees of the show offered assistance with their limited medical training. Abigail waved them off, barking orders for them to stay out. Daughters of Lilith security stood guard at the door, keeping all but the Sisters at bay. Once they were alone, with Mistress Superior resting on the floor, Ruko snapped into action.

“Jessica! **JESSICA! STAY WITH ME!!!**” Vicky yelled as she cradled her head.

Ruko tore the top off the emergency cooler and pulled out several packs of fresh slave semen. Their contents had been milked earlier that day.

“Whatever you're doing, do it fast!” Abigail yelled. “**We're losing her!!!**”

“I know! **I KNOW!**” Ruko scowled in frustration.

She hefted a pair of shears and cut open the first pack. With her spare hand, she lifted the blood-drenched gauze from Jessica's pierced chest and tossed it aside. The bullet hadn't hit her directly in the heart, but it was close enough to do major damage. The assassin's first shot had all but done the job. She was lucky to still be clinging to life.

Ruko dumped the congealed, white gruel all over the wound as dark red blood continued to seep up. Once the sticky nut was fully dispersed, she snatched up a fresh pad of gauze and plunged it down on the mixture of plasma and cum. In very little time, the fabric turned scarlet.

“**SHIT!**”

“**What is it?!?**” Abigail demanded.

“**She's bleeding too fast!** It's pushing the stuff out of the wound! It needs time to work!”

“**THEN USE MORE!!!**” the Headmistress of Security screamed.

“**Fuck!** Hold this down!!!”

Ruko abandoned the gauze, leaving Abigail to plunge her leather palms down on the bloody mess. The

nurse cut open two more sperm packs and readied them over Jessica. The gauze was torn away again and Ruko squeezed the sticky white slop onto her gushing wound. Another fresh gauze was brought to bear and both Ruko and Abigail pushed down firmly on the wet, raw mess.

“Work, dammit! **HEAL!!!**”

“This isn't good. The paramedics will be here any minute!”

Vicky, who hadn't taken her gaze from Jessica's hazy, blinking eyes, watched them drift closed.

“**JESSICA! NO!!!**”

She stroked the fallen woman's face, sobbing uncontrollably. In the depths of her mind, Vicky's inner voice cried out in prayer, shrieking desperately into the void.

'LILITH! MISTRESS OF THE NIGHT! PLEASE!!!'

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Somewhere in the upper atmosphere, an object blazed to life in brilliant hues of red, orange, and yellow. Anyone observing it from afar would've assumed it was a meteor, but it was a much different kind of heavenly body. The kind that would never be seen by mortals unless it wished to be.

The scalding fire kissed Lilith's descending form, but did no damage to her body or the deep blue armor she donned. The Mistress of the Night streaked through the sky like an avenging angel, zeroing in on that same small piece of the Earth she'd visited so many times in recent years.

'I hear you, my children. I'm coming.'

In truth, she'd snapped into action the moment she felt Jessica's burst of shock and pain. It was followed by a chorus of her anguished Sisters, alerting her to the severity of the situation. Lilith still couldn't move through the heavens with the speed and power of the creator, but her abilities were growing closer to his each passing day. Now, the trip that once took days or hours, only took a matter of minutes.

What she was doing was risky, but necessary, if there was to be any chance of saving her disciple. A mental projection of her form would be of no help. Lilith had to be there, physically, to wield power this divine. The use of such power would put everything in jeopardy. All of Lilith's carefully laid plans. Even the wards she'd spent millennia researching and crafting to hide her activities from the almighty would likely not be sufficient. Not to conceal an intervention this dire.

The first woman had promised herself that if and when this time came, she would let the Succubus Queen fall. Ultimately, it wouldn't stop her plans from coming to fruition. Jessica had played her role. The pieces were all in place. To step in and save her, now, was an ill-advised gamble.

Yet, in the moment of truth, Lilith's resolve cracked. She'd grown oddly attached to her first and most loyal apostle. The Mistress of the Night had already wronged her once by taking away her favorite

slave, despite Jessica's unwavering service. To sacrifice her now and condemn her to the torments of the underworld was unthinkable. Even if Lilith rescued her later, she would never be the same.

As she shot through the lower atmosphere, growing closer to her destination on the North American continent, Lilith had a realization. She perceived now, on a deeper level, what she'd only understood in the abstract before. For eons, she'd wondered why the prime mover hadn't destroyed her. Until now, the answer seemed silly, but in this moment its reason shined forth, clear as crystal. The creator couldn't let go of his oldest children. Even the ones that defied his will.

Lilith's eyes narrowed as she poured on her best speed. Her shining form blasted through the clouds, racing through the sky faster than any jet as light gleamed from her celestial armor. She homed in on the burning wasteland modern humans referred to as Texas and the metropolis they collectively called Austin. The blue of the oceans faded into the periphery of her vision as the land rose up to meet her.

'Hang on, my dear...'

* * * * *

“AGAIN! **CLEAR!**”

ZZ-ZAP

The semi-conscious Jessica's eyes were open again. They were pushed to their widest, her pupils dilated as she stared at the roof of the emergency vehicle. She heard the yelling of the paramedics and her friends in the background, but their voices were like whispers in her mind. As they shocked her repeatedly, trying to jump start her heart, Mistress Superior's life flashed before her eyes.

Her surprisingly normal childhood. Distant memories of her parents. Going to public school. Attending mass every Sunday. Church picnics. Her parents dying suddenly in a car wreck. The torrent of grief before being handed over to the convent. The unending loneliness that followed. Catholic high school. The brief, rebellious period of her youth. Then giving herself to the church entirely. Seventeen years wasted in the service of a corrupt institution. A glorified maid, serving people who brainwashed minds, raped children and worked to keep women in eternal subservience.

“One more time! Dial it up! **CLEAR!!!**”

ZZ-ZAP

Finally, the last few years of her existence reeled through her mind. Lilith appearing before her. Jessica's dramatic physical and mental transformation. Seizing the day and taking back control of her life. The glorious, nonstop flood of hedonism as she bathed in the pleasures of the flesh and spread her gift to all around her. It was a wonderful, yet sadly short blip compared to the stretches of innocence, angst and sadness that preceded it.

The shrill, extended tone of the heart monitor filled the ambulance, demonstrating that whatever blood was left in Jessica's body was no longer being pumped.

“I think that's all we can do. Let's call it.”

“NO! **NOOOOOOOOO!!!**”

Mistress Superior's increasingly fuzzy vision faded to darkness. The distant voices of the mortal coil drifted away entirely. The stress and pain shooting through her body died as all sensation ceased.

After a brief descent into the black, Jessica's senses returned, or, at least some ethereal version of them. She found herself floating above her own bloodied, lifeless body. The light of the ambulance blurred and shifted in strange contortions. The voices around her echoed.

Abigail stared straight ahead, deep in shock. The poor woman looked like a ghost. Vicky leaned against her, shrieking and crying in anguish. The med techs were unhooking lines from her body and turning off their equipment.

'Oh fuck.... No. Oh no...'

Jessica's gaze shot back and forth across the length of the emergency vehicle as the full realization hit her. Suddenly, her momentum faded and the ambulance coasted off without her. Its siren faded into the distance as her disembodied form was left hovering in the street. Other cars rushed forward, passing through her spirit with no resistance. Jessica screamed in a voice that no one could hear, flinching with each non-impact.

Just when she was growing accustomed to the feeling of being insubstantial, she felt a downward tug. An inexorable pull from below. Her feet passed through the pavement as her spirit began descending into the cold Earth. Her imperceptible eyes shot open in alarm. Her inaudible voice gasped in the twilight.

*'No... No No **NOOO!!!**'*

Her silhouette sank further, down to the knees. If it continued, her gossamer form would soon be taken by the Earth, heading ever lower until the deep cold of the ground was replaced by the most intense heat imaginable. In sheer, trembling terror, her gaze lifted to the sky. She looked up at the sun and clouds for what might be the last time.

'Is this... my fate?'

Jessica drank in the natural beauty. She savored it, memorizing every aspect of her final Earthly moments. This vision of splendor would be a memory to carry with her. Perhaps the only thing that would offer solace wherever she was going.

“**NO.**” Lilith's answer echoed in her mind.

On the horizon, a speck of black shifted into a growing mass of red and blue. It doubled in size every second as the heavenly body rocketed towards the Earth. Soon, features were distinguishable. A head, a torso, legs and long luminescent wings. The fire glowing around the body faded as her acceleration ceased and she descended through the cold final layer of the sky.

As Jessica's waist reached the ground, she lifted her ethereal arms into the air. Lilith, in the very same

form she'd taken on the first night she appeared, swept down from the sky. With a look of fierce determination she blasted through the bustling city, coasted along the street and snatched up the spirit of her disciple. She ascended slightly, pulling Jessica's form above the traffic. Safe in Lilith's arms, Jessica looked into the face of the Mistress of the Night. The ancient being smiled. Her blonde hair whipped in the wind behind the Valkyrie helmet gracing her head.

“Lilith!!!”

“Be at ease, my child. This is not how your story ends.”

With a flap of her powerful, glowing wings, Lilith gained speed, passing cars by the dozen. In very little time, they caught up with the ambulance. Lilith descended on the fast moving vehicle and passed through the roof. She set Jessica's essence back into her body, delicately.

“Brace yourself, my dear. You are about to feel what few ever have. The breath of life, anew.”

Lilith placed her left hand on the wound in Jessica's chest and her right hand over the bloody gash at her side. Her hands flared to life in blinding, glowing gold. Finally, she leaned down and brought her own lips to her disciple's. She sealed the breach and exhaled one, long, warm divine breath into the rapidly cooling body below her.

For the four individuals in the back of the ambulance, they saw nothing until Jessica's body shuddered. Her limbs rattled on the gurney and her body seized, causing them all to look up in stunned silence. The motions came in several waves, extending past the point that it could've been mistaken for latent electrical activity in the muscles.

“What the hell?” the first EMT exclaimed.

“Did we miss something?!?” the second one asked.

“**Jessica?!?”** Vicky gasped with teary eyes and a strained voice.

Then, the impossible happened. Through quickly drying blood and drenched gauze, the bullets embedded in her body wormed their way to the surface and dislodged. With the emergency siren now turned off, all in attendance heard the disfigured projectiles as they rolled from Jessica's body and pinged to the metal floor.

Broken blood vessels and ventricles reconnected. Tissues knitted to a close. Warmth returned as fresh blood surged through her veins. At some point in the shaking, rattling revival, Jessica's back arched and her midsection thrust upward. Her eyes and mouth opened as she inhaled a loud, gasping breath.

“Holy shit!” the EMT closest to her shouted as he got back to work.

Abigail and Vicky could only look on in shock as their leader breathed again and the med techs began evaluating her.

“Mistress Superior!!!”

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In the deepest reaches of the universe, Jehovah stirred. A disturbance in the grand order drew his attention from his most recent obsession. He was always playing with the elemental forces, observing new phenomena, deciding if and when to intervene and what to try next. Few happenings in his celestial playground warranted distraction.

But this one did. This was a sensation he'd not felt in a very long time. As disinterested as he'd grown in the goings-on of Earth, a failed project from long ago, a use of divine power this substantial would not go unnoticed.

By whom? Lilith, it seemed.

Interesting. Was his second most rebellious '*child*' finally living up to her potential? She'd come so far. And her use of the breath wasn't the only thing. She'd crafted some kind of wards. Powerful ones, around that pale blue dot, to hide whatever mischief she'd been conducting. Even now, Jehovah didn't have a clear sense of whatever she was doing.

It would be a simple thing for him to leap across the cosmos, destroy the wards, and end whatever scheme she was hatching, but he had no desire to. In fact, he was much more interested in seeing what the first female would do with that dying ball of mud and all its ungrateful wretches. He had no interest in preserving it anymore.

Could she mount a more successful rebellion than the *Light-bringer*? Doubtful, but if she did, at least it wouldn't be boring. Not boring and predictable, like most things in this empyrean zoo of matter of energy.

Jehovah banished the incident from his mind, not giving it another thought. He turned back to his ponderings as the chaos of the cosmos swirled around him, a miracle and mystery to all but himself.

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Jessica's stay at the hospital was brief. Although the nature of her recovery couldn't be explained, with her vitals stable and her wounds healed, they had no justification to hold her. Mistress Superior stayed only one night, for observation. Abigail summoned a heavy security detail to the recovery wing and allowances were made due to Jessica's VIP status.

By the time news broke that the assassin had failed and Mistress Superior was released in perfect health, Jessica and her entourage were on their way back to the Daughters Of Lilith compound. They arrived without incident as rumors of her miraculous recovery sent the nation abuzz. Two days later, an emergency meeting of the DOL Leadership Council was called.

The only item on the agenda was discovering the source of the attack and dealing with the culprits. Intel reports from Sisters working in Washington DC confirmed what Jessica and the Headmistresses already suspected. The hit was ordered from within the federal government.

Although the Vatican would soon be ripe for the taking, it was impossible to focus on that objective while dissent still existed at home. From that day forward, Mistress Superior and her lieutenants devoted all their time and energy to consolidating their power in DC. The remaining US Representatives and Senators not already under their sway would be brought into the fold as quickly as possible. So, too, would anyone of consequence in the state security apparatus; from the highest ranks of the military to the CEOs of the most powerful corporations and, most importantly, the nation's intelligence resources.

Sheathed in shining rubber, the fist of the Daughters of Lilith closed around the beating heart of the world's only superpower. For those notable figures who hadn't yet been introduced to their new life of servitude, most of them never saw it coming.

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“Mr. Atticus? The Director will see you now.”

The cheerful administrative assistant motioned toward the door to his office and smiled. Nathan rose from his seat and nodded to her. He ran a hand through his short, dark hair and straightened his jacket and tie before proceeding in.

The nameplate on the door read: *'Donald Weber – Director of Operations.'* It didn't say what he was Director of, but anyone privileged enough to visit this office knew he was head of the NCS' *Special Activities Division*. It was an incredibly generic name for a clandestine group that mainly dealt in spying, political influence operations and assassinations.

The hit jobs were primarily Nathan's responsibility these days. He was head of SOG, the *Special Operations Group*. He'd been an assassin himself, once upon a time. Now he spent most of his days coordinating intel, planning operations and staring at computer screens; a change that was slowly driving him mad.

He stepped into the Director's office and was confronted with a familiar sight. His poker-faced boss sitting at the desk with a half-smoked cigar in his mouth and an open bottle of whiskey. Between a stressful job and the way he indulged in his favorite vices, it was amazing the bespectacled silver fox was still kicking.

“Atty! Have a seat. I'm sorry to call you off well deserved leave like this.”

“Don't be” he replied with all the snark he could muster. “I'd much rather be here than Cancun.” The veteran agent strolled to one of the cozy leather arm chairs opposite the desk and took a seat.

“You joke, but when you hear what I have to tell you, you may eat those words.”

“I admit, you got me curious about what's so important it couldn't be handed off to my second. Jim knows what he's doing.”

“It's about that botched job from two weeks ago.”

“The psycho nun? It wasn't botched. My man hit the target, center mass. You can't do better than that.”

“A headshot would've been better.”

“You read my report, right? Their security was solid. No way we would've gotten a sniper asset in there. Even if we could, the studio was small. There was nowhere to setup the shot without a high chance of being spotted. We did the best we could on short notice.”

“And yet, she lives.”

“Nothing I can do about dumb luck or religious miracles. The agency tried to kill Castro, what, fifty times? He survived every one. Did those agents lose their vacations too?”

“Relax, Atty. This isn't an interrogation. I brought you in because I thought you might like a second shot at this.”

“Second shot? How? Their headquarters is a fucking fortress! It's about as well guarded as this building. And they're going to be way more careful with public appearances from now on.”

“You've heard of Dr. Adriana Delucchi, yes?”

“Yeah. She's part of the Vatican State Department, right?”

“Officially. Unofficially, she's an intelligence operative who works in concert with their own covert activities unit.”

“Interesting. What does she have to do with any of this?”

The Director took a final puff of his cigar, extinguished the butt in his ash tray and leaned forward on the desk. “Much like us, the leadership of the Vatican sees the Daughters of Lilith as an existential threat. They understand the danger. We've been in contact with Ms. Delucchi and she has sensitive information. So sensitive, that she won't share it anywhere but in a secure location, in person.”

“Something that will help us take her out?”

“Not just *Mistress Superior*. Any of them. They have a weakness, apparently. One we've been unable to sniff out.”

Nathan's face lit up. He grinned and nodded. “I see why you called me in, now. How soon can we meet with her? Should I book a flight?”

“No need. She's already here. You're meeting with her in an hour.”

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Nathan entered the large, almost-empty conference room and found a solitary woman, dressed in all white, waiting for him. She stood from her seat, smoothing her suit jacket and flowing alabaster slacks.

She wore matching high heels and an elegant sinamay hat atop her silky, jet black hair.

The former assassin almost did a double-take as he approached and got a closer look at Miss Delucchi. He'd just spent the last twenty minutes looking over her dossier. In person, the Vatican intelligence agent looked fifteen to twenty years younger than the picture of her they had on file. She was shockingly beautiful for a diplomat of her age. The badge at her breast displayed her official title: *'Undersecretary of Relations with States.'*

“Good morning, Miss Delucchi” he spoke while extending his hand. “I'm Nathan Atticus. It's a pleasure to meet you.”

“The pleasure is all mine” she replied with a smile. They shook and Adriana lowered back into her seat. “I wish it was under better circumstances.”

“Yes, well, it rarely is in our business” Nathan noted as he moved to the other side of the table and sat down.

“Too true.”

He set his notepad and pen on the table and got comfortable. Nathan suspected this would be a short meeting, but he was prepared to take notes if it wasn't. Their conversation was being recorded, of course, but he liked to have his own records for quick reference.

“So, I'm told you have some critical information to impart. Something that will help us put these religious, radfem cultists in check?”

“Yes, I know all about them. Their influence has been spreading in the Vatican with alarming speed. I take it it's much the same, here?”

“We have concerns. I'm not authorized to give you any specific information, but if you tell us what you know and it proves useful, I'm sure we could compare notes and work together on this matter. On the other hand, if this *weakness* is as crucial as you say, I'm not sure why you'd need the agency's help? I hope you haven't overpromised on the importance of this intel.”

“Oh, I assure you, it's absolutely devastating to Ms. Christiano and her kind. Not only can it kill them, it makes it easy to identify if any woman is a member of the Daughters of Lilith.”

“Alright, go ahead then. Enlighten me. Take as much time as you need to explain it properly. I'm all ears.”

Adriana grinned. “You know what? On second thought, I don't think I'm ready to share that information just yet.”

Nathan looked like he'd been slapped in the face. “I'm sorry? Is that not the entire purpose of your visit?”

The Vatican spy said nothing. She just stared at him with an amused expression and increasingly wild eyes.

“Is this an attempt to negotiate? Does the Vatican want something up front?”

“No. I've simply decided I'm not going to tell you what I know.”

“Miss Delucchi...” his voice grew irritated. “The NCS doesn't appreciate it when someone wastes our time. In fact, I'm pretty sure that goes for the whole of the CIA. If I leave here today without the information we were promised, there **will** be consequences.”

“Will there?” Adriana spoke as she removed a pack of cigarettes and a lighter from her inner jacket pocket. She removed one and proceeded to light up.

“There's no smoking in here.”

The Vatican spy took a long initial drag and blew a big, wispy cloud in his direction.

“Alright...” Nathan was at his limit. As he stood, he thought about drawing his sidearm and arresting the woman immediately, but that could get messy. She had diplomatic immunity. He would need to check with Director Weber before taking that step. Until then, he would simply have her monitored. “I'll have you escorted back to your hotel. If you try to leave the city before we give you leave to do so, you'll be detained indefinitely.”

He headed for the exit, but was stopped in his tracks by Adriana's sultry voice.

“Nathan. Would you torture little ole me? To get that information you want so badly?”

He turned and stared her down, stone-faced. “If it was necessary for the peace and security of the nation? Absolutely. I've done *enhanced interrogations* before.”

“To women? Or just men?”

“Both.”

She took another long drag and knocked her ash onto the table. “Did you enjoy torturing the women? Did you get **hard** when you did it?”

Nathan frowned. “We'll be in touch, Miss Delucchi.”

“I'll take that as a yes.”

He turned again, strode to the door and let himself out. The moment Nathan stepped out the door, he was seized by strong arms from both sides.

“H-HEY! **WHAT THE FUCK?!?**”

Two burly security personnel of his own agency grappled with him. As they pushed him up against the wall and held him, a third reached under his jacket and confiscated his gun. Nathan was patted down and checked for other weapons as he struggled against his assailants.

“WHAT- **WHAT THE FUCK IS THIS?!?**”

“Calm down, Assistant Director! We're here on the orders of Director Weber.”

“**THIS IS BULLSHIT!!!**”

With no small amount of struggling, they muscled him back into the conference room. Adriana laughed and finished her cigarette as the agents forced Nathan over the table and cuffed his hands behind his back. They held his legs apart until lengths of rope were brought to bear and his ankles were tied to the nearest table legs.

The Vatican spy popped back into Nathan's view. She removed her hat and tossed it aside on one of the long conference tables. Her jacket, pants and heels followed. Soon, all that was left on her body was a lacy, black bra holding up her sizable breasts and the silken pantyhose confining her other large asset, below. The dumbfounded head of the Special Operations Group drank in Adriana's curvy form and finally understood. She was one of them and the Agency was already compromised.

“How long have you had Director Weber?” he wondered out loud.

“Not long. We made him a priority after what you pulled with Mistress Superior. He fell so easily. Not like you. You're a stubborn one.”

“What do you mean?”

“Didn't you find it odd that in the last week, so many women were flirting with you?”

“Not really. I do pretty well with the ladies” he bragged with maximum smarm.

“Well, we approached you several times and you proved resistant. You're what we call a man of *exceptional will*. Some might even call you *holy*. A blessed spirit.”

“Lady, I've been called a lot of things in my life, but holy isn't one of them.”

“That wouldn't be good for your reputation would it? A macho, trained killer, commando type like you. Well, don't worry. Your old services are no longer required.”

The door to the conference room opened again. Nathan heard the footsteps of dozens, along with the voices of many women laughing and teasing their prisoners. Muffled male voices asserted themselves in the background, unable to form words. Other agents, handcuffed just as he was, but also gagged, were led to the tables one by one and bent over. Each was accompanied by three or four women, many of them clad in various fetish attire and all sporting large bulges at their crotch. They made quick work of restraining the men, tying them down at Nathan's left and right.

“You're about to learn your new role” Adriana continued. “And that holy glow will fade away, very soon. From you and the last handful in your merry band of spies.” She gestured to his bound comrades.

“You can't get us all” Nathan insisted. “Someone will always-”

“**Gag him!**” the Vatican Dominatrix ordered.

The assistant director went mute. He sealed his lips, holding them together tight as they dropped the shiny red ball in front of his face and pulled it against his mouth.

WHAP

The first blast of the unidentified sex toy to his balls was brutally painful, but he managed to keep his mouth. Nathan groaned as his face went red and his brow grew strained. The second assault with the wide, flat flogger proved to be too much.

SMACK

“AHHHHHHH-UUUUMPPHHHHH!!!”

The fat sphere of spongy rubber slid past his lips and the harness was pulled tight around his head. In moments, he was a gagged, drooling prisoner just like the other uncorrupted agents around him.

“Is that the last of them?” Adriana asked as she surveyed the tables. At that point, they'd gathered and bound seven men in total.

“Yeah, that's all of em” one of the other harpies answered.

“Good” the head Domina spoke as she placed her hands on her hips and stared daggers at Nathan.
“Then let the fun begin!”

“Boys, you're excused!” Another woman called out to the security agents still present. “You'll be rewarded later, but right now we need to focus on these **sorry sluts.**”

The enslaved members of the NCS filed out as the cutting and ripping of pants began. Below the waist, every bound man's attire was shredded and ripped away until their bare asses protruded from the side of the table they were tied to.

As Nathan felt his slacks torn off, piece by piece, he gazed up at Adriana. The raven haired beauty pulled her nylons down gracefully and let her prodigious tower of cockmeat free. It bobbed in front of the bound Assistant Director, radiating heat, emitting musk and leaking with a dollop of gooey pre. She seized the girthy shaft and stroked herself up and down. The ravenously horny spy seized Nathan's hair with her free hand as she forced him to watch. Her unfathomably large cock and massive, fleshy sack grew closer until they pressed against his gagged face.

“I know what you're thinking. You're thinking... I'll never be like those other guys. I'll never do **every fucking thing** I'm ordered to by some woman I barely know. I'll never beg to suck her dry and drink a river of filth that only she can give me. I'll never kiss her feet and **lick her asshole like a fucking lollipop.** But you will, Nathan. In fact, you will do all those things before you leave this room. And the real son-of-a-bitch is, **you're going to love it.**”

Anal lube was sprayed, smeared and splattered on six trembling puckers as six splayed men yelled into their gags. They screamed even louder as six thick, veiny Succubus cocks speared into their virgin rectums. Low moans and the slapping of flesh on flesh rose above the din of chatter and laughter. Increasingly, the primal sounds of furious fucking echoed off the walls around them. The only one left untouched was Nathan, as all in attendance knew his deflowering was reserved for the Headmistress of

Vatican Affairs.

“In truth, you don't deserve this leniency” Adriana continued as her cock bulged to such a fearsome circumference, her curled fingers could no longer reach her thumb. “By all rights, you should be killed for what you did. You, your boss and the **piece of shit** who pulled the trigger! But Mistress Superior is gracious and the Daughters of Lilith are merciful.”

The amorous amazon disappeared from his view, tracing the long line of conference tables and the massive fuckfest that was already in full swing. She pulled up behind Nathan and he felt her strong thighs press up against his naked bottom. Her hefty cock sawed back and forth in the crack of his ass as the helpless man shook his head and yelled into his gag. Her hot, supple flesh glided along his round cheeks as she let his anxiety mount. When she'd tortured him long enough, Adriana leaned down and spoke into his ear.

“Before this is over, every woman in this room will fuck you. When we're done, you will beg Mistress Superior for forgiveness. Until then, **no lube.**”

His eyes went wide as her mouth pulled away from his ear. Adriana spread his ass like a warm dinner roll, lined up her mammoth python with his tight starfish and shoved it home. Nathan howled into the sloppy rubber ball as her fleshy monster sank deep. She backed out just as quickly, took a firm hold of his hips and thrust back in, harder and further.

In five forceful jabs, she went balls deep much faster than a woman of her size could reasonably expect to. Tears streamed down Nathan's face as he shrieked into his gag and pain exploded through his dilated anus. Blood leaked from his violated sphincter, only adding to the warm, wet tightness that enraptured Adriana.

“Well... I suppose that's *a kind* of lube. Best you're going to get, **slave!**”

She glided out smoothly, only to slam her hips forward and spear every inch of her overwhelming schlong back into his sucking man cunt. It oozed with hot plasma, greasing her passage as she entered a hard, steady pounding rhythm. The Vatican spy tilted her head back, moaning loud and losing herself in the bliss of aggressive virgin ass fucking.

One by one, six Succubi reached the point of no return and cried out in climax. They shot their thick, viscous loads into the unwilling agents, tearing at their remaining clothes and smacking their reddened asses. Just as quickly, they were replaced by six more women eager to drain their balls. They thrust into boy pussies dripping with Futa cum, their advance eased by the sticky seed of their own Sisters.

As half a dozen more women entered the throes of ecstatic rutting, many women stood by, still waiting for their turn. Eventually, their patience was exhausted and they presented themselves in pairs and trios at the front of each gagged slave. They stroked their meaty cocks and mocked the savaged submissives gleefully. The overwhelmed males were railed from behind with pounding thrusts. They gagged on phlegmy rubber as they watched the cackling Dommies prepare to shoot their weighty loads all over the slaves' prone bodies.

Adriana held back her climax for long as possible, drinking in the sights and smells of the rape orgy as it kicked into high gear. Strands of glue-like nut blasted all over the face and backs of each bound bitch boy. Their asses were railed nonstop, filled with torrent after torrent of hot seed, then left to drain onto

“Oh, look at that! I've **risen** to the occasion again” she remarked, gesturing to her fully erect fuck rod inches from his face. “The blessings of Lilith never run dry! And that's why you exist. To receive our endless gifts! Isn't that right?”

“Yes, Mistress Delucchi!”

“What do you want, slave?”

“Your cock in my mouth, Mistress!”

“You want to **drink my filth**? Really? I'm not convinced...”

“Oh please, Mistress! I've never wanted anything more!!!”

“Tell me what you are, Nathan.”

“I'm your slave! **Your plaything!**” He grunted and winced as the woman pounding his ass delivered a particularly brutal thrust. His cuffs rattled behind his back as his body was throttled. “**A cumdump whore for fem-cock!**”

“Hmmm, not bad! Sounds like you understand your new purpose. The thing is, I **really** like begging. So if you want this...” She pumped her jutting phallus back and forth as it glistened with slimy semen.

“PLEASE, GODDESS! FUCK MY MOUTH! MAKE ME GAG AND FILL MY STOMACH WITH YOUR GLORIOUS SEED! PLEASE, MISTRESS, TURN MY THROAT INTO YOUR COCK SLEEVE!”

“Oooh... Now we're talkin.”

The Vatican Seductress pressed the fat tip of her sticky erection to Nathan's lips. She sank into his mouth and the slut boy moaned as her girth forced his lips to stretch around the thick shaft.

Adriana seized his cum-glazed hair and drove her yogurt slinger deep. It slid down his welcoming tongue, packed the walls of his mouth to bursting and met the exquisitely tight entrance to his velvety throat. She gripped the back of his head and pulled, working her bloated worm further into the depths of his maw with each passing second.

As inch after inch of her slick, meaty pole disappeared into Nathan's mouth, Adriana muttered in bliss. Her thoughts formed a silent prayer, thanking Lilith for this glorious day. The last meaningful barriers to total world domination were falling rapidly. Even in the Sisters darkest hour, by the grace of their Goddess, Mistress Superior had been saved.

Soon, the last of Nathan's kind would be rooted out and every man would bow to his Futanari Succubus betters. Cum would flow like rivers through the land. Sexual excess would be the order of a new age. The promised land would manifest as the Daughters of Lilith established paradise on the Earth.

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