

Latex Futa Nuns From Hell

Chapter 11 – Cumfirmation

It was a warm Friday evening and Vicky's room felt more cramped than usual. Even two people was a squeeze for her modest dorm room in the old residential wing of the convent. Space was hard to come by since Christopher moved in with her full time. Now that she had a second young man at her disposal, it was downright crowded. Thankfully, this wouldn't be the case for much longer. New housing projects were already underway on the Sisterhood's campus. As the Headmistress of Finance, Victoria was one of the first in line for a new luxury condo. She couldn't wait to upgrade and that sentiment applied to her sex life as much as her living space.

The trio had returned from dinner not long ago. After his long afternoon at Mistress Ruko's Rubber Clinic, Dylan had been retrieved by Evelyn and immediately handed off to Vicky. Realizing he needed a break from the onslaught of depravity, the fire-kissed Domina took Dylan and Christopher out for a night on the town.

With some comfort food and a couple hours at an old school arcade, Dylan's apprehensions had faded away. He'd found a new buddy in Chris and a gentler Domme in Victoria. He'd learned life at the convent wasn't just about bondage and sex. He was beginning to see the Daughters of Lilith weren't necessarily women to be feared. Most of these notions were completely naive and false, but Vicky allowed these assumptions to go unchecked in order to ease him into their new arrangement.

Vicky was an expert at reading people. She could often decipher the essence of a person, what truly made them tick, during their first encounter. The beautiful redhead was as piercingly analytical as she was bewitching. She could unveil and lay bare the hidden desires that men carried at their core. The lies they told themselves and the longings they stubbornly denied.

From the moment she'd locked eyes on Dylan, she saw sissy potential. It wasn't just his soft features. There was a pleading in those baby blues. An affection for a stern mother figure that had been nurtured over the years and never departed, even once he'd sexually matured. Vicky was glad it remained. She suspected it would be part of him forever and, in her eyes, that made him perfect. Just like Christopher.

Her new charge was sitting in a chair opposite her makeup table as Vicky applied various cosmetics to his face. She and Christopher had shaved off what little body hair he had. They'd dressed him in a satin corset, silky panties and clingy black stockings with garters. Victoria sensed he needed a break from leather and latex after his visit to the clinic. Rubber fetish-wear would come to define Dylan's future, but she wouldn't press him on it tonight. Vicky knew you caught more flies with honey and she continued to ease him in accordingly.

The Mommy Domme smiled as she swished the eyelash wand upward gently. The skillful Domina applied mascara to Dylan's lashes, curling them in thick, glossy strands.

“Be honest Dylan. Are you enjoying yourself?”

Dylan's cheeks turned a light shade of red. "Yes, Mistress Vicky. I'd be lying if I said otherwise."

"And so would your cock" she replied with a chuckle and a glance down. Dylan's erection bulged in the silky fabric. "Have you dressed up like this before?"

"Yes, a few times. I enjoy it, but when Mother catches me, she tells me not to."

Vicky finished her eyelash curling and capped the wand. Her eyebrows raised sternly. "Hmmm... that won't do. Thankfully she's not here right now. I'm in charge, and I say you're going to be a pretty little sissy-slut all weekend."

Dylan's blush deepened and he smiled. "Yes, Mistress..."

After several minutes of rummaging through the closet, Christopher walked back to Vicky's vanity. The latex of his deep blue body suit creaked as he slowed to a stop beside them. "Are these good, Mistress?"

Vicky turned to see him holding pink, latex arm-gloves. They were the same pair she'd dressed him in their first night together. They were lovely, but not what she was looking for. "Dylan was at the rubber clinic today. Let's go with something more silky."

"Yes, Mommy." He bowed and returned to the closet.

Victoria turned back to Dylan's face. There was nothing to be done with his hair for now, aside from a little glitter. She would grow it out until Dylan had a nice brunette pony tail for her to yank on. His eyes and cheeks were all done. All that remained was his lips. She reached for a nice shade of red lipstick and brought it to his waiting mouth.

"Pucker up, slut."

He pursed his lips and Vicky applied a thick coat to his waiting mouth. She couldn't wait to feel that scarlet red smearing all over her cock.

"You may have noticed red is my favorite color" she posited as she painted his lips. "I like to think it calls attention to all my best features." Vicky's tight, red, latex catsuit creaked audibly as she shifted on the small bench. Unlike Christopher and Dylan, she hadn't changed since they got back. Vicky had been wearing the luscious latex outfit all night. There were no undergarments separating her sweaty breasts and musty cock from the supple, clingy material.

Strangers had eyeballed her all night as the Domina in shining red led two young men around town by their leashes. The gawkers weren't alone. Her submissives couldn't help but stare at her shiny, strutting legs and ample ass all night. Their stroll around the city was a delightfully perverse sight. It was also becoming more common as the Daughters of Lilith grew more numerous and spread throughout Austin.

By this point, Dylan wasn't the only one sporting wood. Vicky had a massive bulge that extended into the left leg of her shiny, form fitting latex. The young man's eyes were drawn to it, his thirst re-emerging as the devious Domina teased him. Vicky noticed his peeping and let out a devilish laugh as she withdrew the lipstick from his mouth. It seems he'd loved his feeding at the clinic earlier that day.

She tapped his deep red lips and gave him a wink. “Don't worry. You'll get a second helping before bed.”

Christopher reappeared and handed Vicky a pair of elbow-length fishnet gloves. She took Dylan's hands and slipped the long, fingerless fabrics over his hands. A single thick string looped over each middle finger to hold the garments in place. Dylan cooed pleasantly as another layer of silk was draped over his bare skin. He was in love with the sensation and so happy that Mistress Vicky was letting him enjoy it.

Victoria stood and hooked her fingers around the O-ring on Dylan's collar. She tugged on the sturdy leather device and Dylan followed suit, rising to his feet. Vicky could tell he was new to high heels from the way he awkwardly balanced himself. She studied him up and down. He had a long way to go, but it wasn't bad, at all, for the first time dolling him up.

“Let's get you nice and comfy” she purred, smiling at Dylan and nodding towards the bed. As she led him across the room, she turned to Christopher.

“Chrissy, get the head harness and the waist attachment to go with it. Oh, and a bottle of lube as well.”

“Right away, Mistress.”

Dylan slid onto the comfy duvet and began crawling up the length of the bed. Vicky jerked on his leash, halting him in his tracks. “Back that cute little ass right up to the edge, hun.” He complied and Victoria stroked his satin clad body. She trailed her hands down his silk encased legs and kneaded his lily-white ass. Her arousal spiked as she pulled the heels from his feet and tossed them aside.

Vicky pulled down his panties and Dylan's slutty little pucker was exposed. He would need no stretching to get him ready. Probably wouldn't need much lube. He'd had an inflatable plug up his ass during his visit to the clinic. The cruel device had stretched him wider each hour he was locked in his thick rubber prison.

The creaking of latex announced Christopher's return. He handed Mistress the items she'd requested and nodded respectfully. Anticipating his Domina's desires, he turned and held his arms behind his back. She grinned, admiring his lithe frame in the dark blue latex. Every inch of him was covered in the gleaming material from the neck down. The deep blue contrasted nicely with his blonde locks. His hair grew longer every month and was already well suited to tying in a thick ponytail. It was the perfect grip when she fucked his sissy mouth.

“Very good, Chrissy...” she said while retrieving a snaphook fastener from the end table and quickly locking his leather wrist cuffs together. “It pleases Mommy when I don't need to instruct you.”

She took the head harness and began wrapping the mass of metal rings, leather straps and buckles around Christopher's head. She secured it around his face and clicked the waist extension onto the metal restraints that now pressed firmly into his hair and flesh. She thought about adding a ring gag, but that seemed excessive. He'd been such a good boy all night.

“On your knees, slut. Behind me!”

Vicky turned, getting into position just behind Dylan's upturned ass at the edge of the bed. Christopher

lowered himself to the floor, gently, just behind her. His face was mere inches from her bulging, latex-clad booty.

The Red Goddess reached down with both hands; one in front and one in back. Two zippers peeled downward, generating the luscious rippling sound that so often signaled naughty fun was about to begin. Vicky's weighty cock and balls were freed from their latex prison, springing outward and glistening with sweat and pre-cum. Likewise, her ass cheeks erupted from their rubber confinement, shining with perspiration and reeking of musty latex as Christopher gazed upward, practically drooling.

Victoria's cock grew to fleshy steel as she grabbed the waist harness and hastily strapped it around her hips. As she pulled the straps tight, Christopher's face was pulled into her glistening ass. He extended his tongue and began bathing her crack up and down with loving affection.

Vicky's face softened as her nerve endings oozed pleasure. "Ohhhhh!!! YESSSS! Good boy!!!"

She pulled the straps even tighter and buckled them in place. They were firm enough to keep his face fixed in her bottom, but just stretchy enough that he could get air when he needed. Now she could enjoy her main course while Christopher worshiped her sweaty ass.

Vicky grabbed the lube, stuck the end of the bottle in Dylan's waiting pucker and squeezed. A stream of cold, wet grease poured into his asshole. She pulled it back out and tossed it aside, her breath growing ragged. One red, latex-covered hand flew up and down her steaming length as she lined her fleshy weapon up with his defenseless hole. She couldn't wait another second. Victoria brought the head of her bulging cock to his waiting rim and pushed it through his soft, stretchy ring.

"Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!"

"UUUUUUNNNNNHHHHHHHHH!"

Dylan's cry of sudden, intense pressure mingled with Vicky's moan of bliss as their yells filled the room. Her long, fat fuck-stick tunneled its way inward, slowly but surely. Pleasure centers exploded like fireworks through her body as every inch of her hot, pulsing cum pipe buried itself to the hilt in his exquisite ass. The inflatable plug truly had done its work. She'd have to thank Ruko for that later.

Christopher inched forward as his Goddess went balls deep in Dylan. He shimmied forth on his knees, his hands rendered useless behind him in the tight leather cuffs. His hot breath blew across Vicky's crack as his thick, sloppy appendage glided up and down her sucking cheeks. He painted her crevice with a hungry tongue, his wet, hot flesh slurping over her tight rosebud with fervor.

Vicky's face was a portrait of ecstasy as she withdrew herself from Dylan's sucking anus and thrust herself deeper. Her journey into fresh, succulent boy pussy combined with Chrissy's nonstop rimming was sending her to another world. The thick red latex clung to her breasts, torso and legs with exquisite tightness as she fucked her new sissy slave and her first femboy slut ate her ass obediently.

Her only concern was cumming too quickly. She wanted this to go on forever. The fire-kissed Mistress knew, in that moment, that this was what she needed every day for the rest of her life. One collared sissy simply wouldn't be enough, ever again.

As her thrusting slowly picked up speed, she took hold of Dylan's leash and yanked it sternly. Her hips

smacked into him moistly as her fat scrotum pummeled his smaller orbs below. Chrissy's face was a gasping, gurgling mess in her ass, his head shoved back and forth by each eager fuck. Dylan's mouth mewled and moaned in low tones as Vicky railed his sissy ass and shook his silk-encased body. He grabbed the covers; clumps of duvet balled in his fists as he hung on for dear life.

“What's your name, slut?”

“Mistress...?”

SMACK

She scorched his ass with a strong, loud slap. A faint redness rushed to the area she'd struck.

“I asked, WHAT'S YOUR NAME?!?”

“Dylan, Mistress!”

“I don't know if that's a good name for a cock-hungry sissy. A sissy bitch like you should have a sissy name! You look more like a **Mindy** to me.”

“Mistress?”

SMACK

“**SAY YOUR NEW NAME, SLUT!**”

“Mindy! My name is Mindy!!!”

Vicky snickered. It was so damn easy. Whatever plans Mrs. Stedman had for her son were about to be erased. Dylan was a femboy to the core and Victoria would give him everything he ever craved.

“Which do you like more, your new name or my thick cock up your slutty asshole?!?”

“Your cock, Mistress!

SMACK

“Prove it, then! **BEG!!!**”

“**MORE Mistress! PLEASE! Fuck my sissy ass into the ground!!! DRESS ME LIKE YOUR DOLL AND FUCK ME!!!**”

Vicky moaned loudly and increased the pace and force of her fucking. She couldn't continue the teasing after those words. Her libido was cranked and she needed to nut. Her sticky cock plunged in and out of his welcoming sphincter. Her ball-sack slapped him with wet smacks. Chrissy had wormed his tongue deep into her pucker, slithering his hot flesh in and out of her succulent rim even as his body was rag-dolled back and forth. His hands pulled on their bindings as his face remained trapped in her hot, sweat drenched ass-cheeks.

The over-stimulated Domina began muttering gibberish as she fucked Dylan with abandon. Her pounding sent him over the edge, his prostate exploding in bliss just before his penis spat its sticky load all over Vicky's bed. Victoria grunted and yelled like an animal, hiltng her cock in his ass over and over as every bit of tension, desire, pressure and lust were channeled into her rock-hard phallus.

The red-head screamed; a wail of pleasure that echoed through the room, pierced the walls and traveled faintly down the hall. Her cum cannon exploded in Dylan's ass, a river of hot cream bursting into his depths as her scrotum twitched, her body shuddered and Chrissy continued to suck her rim and tongue-fuck her pucker. Vicky lost all control of herself as the mightiest orgasm of her life coursed through her body. Dylan's ass backed up with her prodigious emissions, her jizzum spurting out around the seal of her cock and splattering all over her red latex and her shiny blue Chrissy cat below.

Vicky continued to moan and thrust into her soiled sissy as her climax wound down. Smaller webs of cum continued shooting from her tip, gunking up her new slave and oozing from his packed asshole. When her ejaculations finally ceased, she slumped forward; a sticky, sweaty heap on Dylan's feminized body. Christopher's licking and kissing slowed to a crawl, his gentle ass worship easing her back to Earth.

Even as the powerful orgasm ebbed, Victoria was planning numbers two, three and four. Christopher would be thirsty by now. If he wanted his nightcap, he could drink it straight from the tap and clean Dylan's musk from her cock. Then she would plow Chrissy's boy pussy and offer Dylan the same opportunity. These sissy sluts would be spending a lot of time together. It was only fitting they get a taste of each other tonight.

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Allison crossed her legs, waiting patiently as Mistress Superior took a sip of her tea. She found herself in the administrative wing of the Daughters of Lilith, sitting before Jessica's desk yet again. It was starting to feel like being called to the principal's office. This didn't seem like a social call, though. There had been something urgent in Jessica's voice during their brief conversation on the phone.

The leader of the Daughters of Lilith looked even more decadent and pleased with herself than usual. She wasn't wearing the customary latex habit of their order today. Jessica donned a black latex bodysuit with her scarlet rubber gloves and shiny red boots being the only stand-out color. Her face was covered by a porcelain Venetian mask decorated with colorful spirals and beaming jewels. Only her eyes and lips could be seen through holes her second face. Her dark hair flowed in curly waves all around her.

Jessica set her tea cup on a metal tray to her left. The tray was strapped to the head of a gimp slave that knelt at the side of her desk. He was blindfolded, his arms and legs were bound behind him and the soft whirring of a sex toy could be heard buzzing away in his ass. The barrel chested gimp was so layered in leather and rubber that no feature but his mouth was visible.

“Thank you for coming in on such short notice. Especially on a Saturday. I hope I didn't interrupt any plans.”

“Not at all” Allison answered, shaking her head. “I still don't know what I'm doing tonight. I thought a trip to my favorite nun-operated fetish dungeon might sort that out for me!”

Jessica smiled. "I've kept up with your work in *The Chronicle*. As I suspected, you've been very helpful. Many curious readers have come knocking at our gates. Superb work, Allison."

"Thank you. In truth, I'm not doing much different than I normally do. Investigating the bizarre and dropping salacious hints has always been half my shtick."

The gimp murmured and his body wobbled slightly. Both women looked his way as he barely prevented the drink from tipping over. The vibrating cock continued to buzz away, sealed in his ass by his shiny second skin.

"Slave, what's the highest number of lashes I've given you in one punishment?" an annoyed Jessica asked.

"One hundred and forty, Mistress Superior!" he answered in a strained voice.

"Spill that tea and you'll find out what a hundred and sixty feels like." She watched him for a few more seconds before turning back to Allison. "Do you know who this is?"

"Nope" she stated flatly.

"This is Adam, the man who attacked me."

Allison's eyes went wide. "Oh! So this is the scumbag, huh? I meant to say, I was very sorry to hear about the attack..."

Jessica raised a hand in reassurance. "It's alright. I have a habit of dominating conversations just as harshly as I do men. As you can see, he's no longer scum. Adam is a member of our family now. He's very well behaved. I'm telling you all this for a reason. If you accept my offer, you and Adam will be spending some time together."

The young reporter's eyebrows lifted in curiosity. "Offer?"

"We're sending a team to Rome. Four sisters who speak Italian, Adam and you, if you agree. Officially they'll be on vacation, you'll be there to write articles for your paper and Adam needs to report in with his people. He's been sending vague messages back about being "undercover" and investigating us but they're not going to buy that forever. Eventually, they'll send someone to check on him, if they haven't already."

"Ok. And what's the real mission?"

"To seed Rome and the Vatican. I want a foothold inside the enemy camp. Adam will handle the Vatican, itself, of course. You and the other sisters won't be allowed anywhere but the tourist areas. But you can provide Adam with the *materials* he needs to do his work and you can sow your wild oats all over Rome for the three weeks you're there."

"Hmmm, interesting." A grin slowly spread over Allison's face. "That **does** sound like fun and I **have** always wanted to see Rome..."

“You don't have to decide today, but the flight leaves Thursday, so if you could let me know...”

“I'm in!” she announced cheerfully.

Jessica smirked. She loved the woman's devil-may-care attitude. It's the one thing they had in common apart from being insatiable Succubi. “Very good. Due to the nature of your work, you would need to leave Jeffrey here. How's that handsome man doing, by the way?”

“He's good. One of the sisters is enjoying him right now, in fact. A woman named Morgan who was led here by one of my articles. She sought me out after and we became good friends.”

“Excellent! Well, you could leave him with Morgan, or if you like, the stables would be happy to have him while you're gone. If you prefer, you could even leave him in my hands. I've become used to having two full time slaves, and you'll be taking Adam away, so...” Jessica raised her hands innocently.

“What goes on at the stables? That's the one area I haven't wandered over to see, yet.”

“Many things! Our guests are fucked and disciplined in barn stalls. Walked and ridden through the mud. Fucked in the mud. Pony play. Locked in stocks. Some are even branded if their owner's want! They have all kinds of fun over at the farm.”

“Ahhh!” Adam wobbled again and the tea came even closer to spilling. He was barely able to prevent a mess this time. His body shook visibly, his core strength depleted after being forced to sit up straight on his haunches and remain perfectly still for so long.

Jessica rolled her eyes before reaching out and grabbing her tea. She took another sip before setting the cup on one of the coasters on her desk. Mistress Superior reached over and unstrapped the tray from the shuddering gimp's head.

“You may rest, **slave**.”

Adam immediately fell forward, his rubber-wrapped face and chest hitting the ground with a thud and a groan. His cuffed hands and feet flipped up in the air. All four of his limbs were chained together snugly behind him. Jessica shook her head at his pathetic state.

“For your **half-ass efforts**, you will receive eighty lashes tonight.”

“Yes, Mistress” he mumbled into the floor.

Allison picked up where they left off. “I think I'll leave Jeffrey in your capable hands, Mistress Superior. And if you see fit to send him to the farm for a few days... be my guest.”

“Splendid!” Jessica replied. “I'll have all the travel details sent to you on Monday. Before you go, there is one more thing you should know...”

“What's that?” Allison's expression turned quizzical.

Jessica reached up, took hold of her elegant mask and gently lifted it from her face. Allison's breath caught in her throat as she got her first look at Mistress Superior since the attack. The scarring wasn't

brutal, but it was still noticeable. Her beauty had been marred by whatever Adam had done.

“You should have seen me three weeks ago” Jessica remarked. “It was much worse.”

“What happened? If you don't mind sharing, that is.”

“Holy water” she answered plainly. “I don't think you'll be in any danger, because it's not likely anyone will know who you really are. But since you're going to Rome, you have the right to know. Holy water burns us. The seed of man heals us. Remember this well.”

“Fuck...” Allison muttered in awe. “This is some crazy mythological horror shit going on!”

“It's no laughing matter, certainly. The reason I haven't made this public is because I don't want our vulnerability broadcast to the world. So please, keep it to yourself, for now.”

“Of course” she replied with a nod. Silence permeated the room for long moments before Allison spoke again. “This trip. It's kind of a big deal, isn't it?”

Jessica lifted the mask from her desk and carefully strapped it back on. Her reddish-brown eyes peered through holes in the porcelain visage. “It is. Imagine what Adam can with just an ounce of your breast milk and a vial of your cum. One dose in the communion wine and an ordinary service at the highest levels of the Catholic Church becomes a super spreader event for the Daughters of Lilith.”

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11:44 AM

VICKY

Hey, Wonder Woman! You busy?

Wonder Woman? What does that make you? Poison Ivy?

No, I'm definitely Cat Woman.

Haha! Not busy. Was about to head out for lunch. What's up?

You know how we've been planning more “sacrament” fun?

Of course. What about it?

I know it's kind of last minute, but I was hoping to do a test run of *Cumfirmation* tomorrow night.

Really? Why the urgency?

I've got the Stedman boy this weekend and it turns out he's a thirsty sissy. I was thinking we could do an **all sissy** ritual to help cement him in his new role!

I don't see why not. We have the pools on hand. After that it's just a matter of corralling participants, which would be your responsibility.

Hell yes! I'll start reaching out to Sisters with sissy sluts and anyone else who wants to join in. You'll be there too, right? It wouldn't be the same without Mistress Superior!

I can spare a couple hours, sure.

Awesome! I'm on it! See you tomorrow night!

Get cracking that whip, Miss Kitty.

* * * * *

The sound of industrial grade air conditioning hummed through the Tabernacle of Divine Women. The cathedral was hardly packed for the hastily planned event, but there were four dozen sisters sitting in the front rows before the altar, their leather and latex outfits shining in the dim candle light around them. Many of their non-sissy slaves were seated behind them or tied up to the back pews by their leashes.

The main lights of the cathedral were turned off, save for the ones directed at the stage. Jessica had just walked out to the podium in a classic black latex habit and her bejeweled mask. She stood below the wondrous statue of Lilith, the dark Goddess and her masked avatar a striking combination in vertical alignment.

On the stage, to Mistress Superior's left and right, were two groups of sissy slaves. They formed two

lines of six each, the young men staring out at the darkened crowd with anxious eyes. Each was dressed in a different sissy outfit, from maids and cheerleaders to latex bimbos. Christopher was dressed as a “pink rider” motorcycle slut, adorned in pink latex from head to toe. His blonde hair sprouted in two pigtails from his tight latex mask. Dylan was right next to him, dressed as a latex maid. The classic french maid outfit covered all his body in glossy rubber, his latex skirt ending where high heel leather boots began.

Each sissy was ball-gagged and their arms were forced backward in tight leather arm-binders. Thick leather ankle cuffs were wrapped around each pair of sissy legs. Although some were more visible than others, each sissy's cock was housed in a chastity cage. The cruel plastic and metal devices would prevent their penises from achieving anything close to full erection.

Behind each group of sissies was a large, light-blue plastic wading pool. Both pools were pumped full of air, their rubbery contours gleaming in the bright ceiling lights.

At the ceremony to rename their order and the church, Jessica had proclaimed the Daughters of Lilith had only one sacrament. Officially, this would remain true. Mistress Superior recognized the importance of not establishing too much orthodoxy. She did not want her order to become like their enemy; to make the same mistakes and shackle themselves to a system that couldn't evolve.

However, in the spirit of that principle, the sisters here and at other chapters of the Daughters of Lilith which were beginning to rise across the country, were free to invent and carry out whatever kinky rituals they wished. Ultimately, these unofficial sacraments would be an extension of the Sacrament of Bliss. One such unofficial sacrament was about to take place for the first time.

Jessica looked from right to left and back again. A wide smile spread across her lips as she studied the rows of rubberized sissy sluts.

“My my...” she began, speaking into the microphone as she looked out at the crowd. “We must do these last minute gatherings more often!”

Chortles spread through the modest audience and bounced off the cathedral walls.

“Good evening. We are gathered here tonight because there is a special kind of slave that many of our sisters love. They're the type that can't get their little dicklets hard unless they're granted the honor of dressing as the superior sex! You see twelve of them here before you. Silly creatures, all, but it must be said, they don't look bad!”

Snickers and laughs erupted from the crowd. A smattering of applause broke out as the sissies wiggled on stage and drool flowed from their phlegmy ball-gags.

Mistress Superior chuckled and continued. “They will never be us, of course. Especially not in our new and improved form! But to honor their sissy submission, we grant them a sissy name! We are happy to give them what they desire more than anything... To experience life as women did for the first five thousand years of recorded history!”

Many cheers and more fulsome applause arose this time. A few whoops and whistles echoed through the cathedral as the Sisters sensed the fun was drawing near.

“I will now read off their names and each sissy will say 'Thank you' as much as they are able. This is an expression of gratitude for their sissy name, their bondage and the wonderful initiation they are about to experience!”

Jessica pulled a piece of paper from her pocket and unfolded it. She didn't need it for the first name, but most of these slaves were unknown to her.

“Christine! Or, as many of you have come to know him, Chrissy Cat!”

“TTHHHAAANNNNFFF YOOUUUUUUGGHHH!” He voiced the muffled words as loudly as he could around the thick rubber ball. Spittle slid from his lips and leaked onto the glossy pink latex of his bimbo bodysuit. There were several catcalls and yells of approval in between light applause.

“You may have seen him on the farm, but he's recently taken a liking to our convent. Dylan is now Mindy!!!”

“THHANNNNNGG YUUUUUUUUUEEEE!” Dylan did a small curtsy as a hail of whistles, salacious jeers and clapping followed his presentation.

Jessica went down the line, introducing the other ten sissies in turn. Anticipation built throughout the cavernous room as she neared the end of the line. The scene was set to explode in unchecked lust and sexual fury any second.

“Alright ladies, you can come up now! These naughty sluts are all yours!!!”

There was a stampede of movement as fifty women rose from their seats at once. Their boots stomped across the stonework, echoing loudly as they made their way towards the altar. They chatted with each other as they worked their way around the pews and ascended onto the stage. The sissies eyes grew wide as a phalanx of Futa nuns, all with prominent bulges, beset them from all sides.

Each sissy was grabbed by at least two women and hastily guided over to one of the swimming pools. Each pool had a large, thick metal ring at its center, the purpose of which was about to be made clear. The sissy sluts were arranged in a circle around the perimeter of both pools. Their bodies faced outward as they were set in place and then pushed to their knees, where they would remain for most of the night.

Short lengths of chain with snap-hook fasteners were brought to bear by the dozen and each sissy's armbinder and ankle cuffs were secured to the metal ring at the center. Soon there were six rubber sissies, kneeling in each pool, facing outward as their arm-binders formed the perverse petals of a bondage flower.

Dozens of zippers unfurled and massive cocks were unleashed from their musty, hot, latex prisons. The Sisters stroked themselves as they lined up at the sissy of their choice. The debauchery began at once, with no further ceremony.

“Hey Chrissy! Remember me?” Abigail asked as she unbuckled his gag and tossed it in the pool. “I've been dying for another crack at those slutty lips!”

Christopher could never forget the severe looking Headmistress of Security. He'd never sucked a cock that tasted so much of leather. Before he could offer any kind of response, Abigail brought her bulbous

glans to his mouth and shoved it between his glossy, pink lips. She grabbed onto his blonde pigtails and pressed her cock as deep as it would go. Abigail guided his mouth down onto her shaft, forcing him to lean forward as his eyes bulged and the sounds of slurping and gagging emerged around him.

“Hi Mindy!” Vicky said cheerfully, the first in line at her soon-to-be collared submissive. She unbuckled his ball-gag and leaned down to speak into his ear. “I wanted to be your first and break you in gently. Enjoy your special night, slutty boy!”

“Thank you, Mistress Vicky.”

The words barely escaped his lips before her cock was brought to bear and Victoria pulled his mouth onto her supple shaft. She and Dylan moaned together, her from pure pleasure and he from the texture and taste of his Goddess' fleshy pole. The hungry young slave needed little encouragement. He glided his mouth up and down her length eagerly. Vicky guided him kindly, but forced him to go a little bit deeper with each slurping dive on her cock.

The chains rattled as each sissy's head dipped over the side of the pool and their restraints were pulled taut. The metal rings lifted off the ground as they were tugged on by arm-binders from all sides. Loud moans, sloppy sucks and the sounds of saliva and pre-cum choked gagging echoed from both rubbery circles of nonstop fellatio. The latex costumes of nuns and slaves alike brushed up against the bulging sides of the PVC pools, adding delicious stretching and creaking noises to the symphony of perversion.

Many nuns grew impatient, refusing to wait for their first orgasm. Fisting their mighty cocks, they pushed their way into the orgy of sloppy mouth fucking and aimed their pulsing schlongs at the pool. Ribbons of thick, sludge-like nut began shooting into the giant rubbery cum receptacles. Ropes of jizzum decorated the sissies' sides and arm-binders. The thick batter drizzled down their bodies, slowly congealing in the bottom of the pools as more women made their way forward and fired their first cumshots into the circles of sin.

Abigail and Vicky screamed in climax, sending volleys of hot spunk down Christopher and Dylan's stretched throats. They gulped it down eagerly, their thirst for Succubus cum quenched by the lust-crazed Headmistresses. But this event was not about **their** thirst, a fact made evident when they received no reprieve whatsoever.

As soon as Victoria and Abby pulled their cocks free with wet slurps, they disappeared into the crowd and two more women stepped forth. Two more fat, throbbing cocks, drooling with pre-cum, were pressed to the sissy's lips and immediately shoved home in their waiting mouths. Sisters the slut-boys didn't even know went balls deep in their throats, face-fucking them powerfully with dire need.

Dylan could hear Mistresses Vivian and Evelyn grunting and shouting in orgasm all the way from the other pool. More fat ropes of creamy custard spat onto the side of Chrissy's face and plastered all over his shiny pink bodysuit. Pungent white yogurt was slung all over the black latex of Dylan's maid uniform from three directions as women wailed in bliss.

A layer of cum was quickly forming in the bottom of each pool. The sissies began sliding around on their knees, the gunky filth making it impossible for them to maintain their positions. The arm-binders and lengths of chain rattled as they slipped around in the giant rubber bathtubs of jizz. This just made the Futa nuns grab their faces more forcefully to keep sucking sissy mouths locked on their erections. The Sisters moaned and grunted in ecstasy as each sissy maintained an open mouth and glomring throat

for their voracious captors. The entire tabernacle echoed with the sounds of sloppy face-fucking, gagging, torrents of cum being unleashed down sissy maws and nuns screaming in climax.

The second nun unloaded her hot nectar in Dylan's gullet. Then a third. The fourth, mercifully, came quickly and gave his tortured throat a break, but his mouth and nose were backed up with pungent sperm. The fifth Domina glided into his messy mouth as cum poured from his holes and he fought for air. She plowed his face long and hard until her thick stream of hot paste shot down his throat. Dylan's overfed stomach began to take on a slight bulge.

All twelve sissies were beginning to display that bulge. Their arms were pulled behind them in the leather binders as their cum-filled bellies pressed through the latex of their costumes below. Each sissy was now up to his thighs in creamy jizz and the nuns showed no signs of slowing down. The insatiable Daughters of Lilith were limited only by hydration and nutrition. Many were enjoying bottled water and zinc-fortified semen-replenishment snacks in between turns emptying their scrotums in tight sissy throats.

The night was far from over.

* * * * *

By the time Evelyn and Vivian found their way to Dylan's front, his entire body was slathered in futa filth. One could barely make out which sissy was which anymore. Evelyn and Vivian, however, would know those baby blue eyes anywhere. They belonged to the farm boy. The succulent little cocksucker they hadn't taken a turn with yet.

As Evelyn stepped up and brought her considerable cum pipe to bear, Dylan spoke weakly.

“Please, Mistress... my knees hurt. Please, let me stand up...”

Evelyn dropped her cock, the club of flesh swinging below as she put her hands on her hips. She turned and looked back at Vivian with a fiendish look on her face. “What do you say Viv, should we grant that request?”

“I think it's a fine idea” Vivian answered with a wink.

Evelyn reached into the pool and unhooked Dylan from the bondage ring as Vivian grabbed him by the arm and helped him to his feet. Rivulets of thick jizzum slid down his sides and legs as he stood for the first time in hours. Barely any of his black latex outfit could be seen anymore. His maid attire was thoroughly cob-webbed with futanari nut.

His upright position didn't last long. Evelyn rejoined them and immediately bent him over with Vivian's help. The Stablemistress pushed her stallion-like cock into his sloppy, cum-slathered mouth. Vivian pulled aside his latex panties and fed her fat, dark-meat python into his slutty pucker. They proceeded to spit-roast him hard and fast. Their bulging hoses of cockmeat slurped in and out of his welcoming holes as their latex and leather body-suits slapped into him wetly.

More cum was shaken loose from his defiled body as they held him in strong grips and pounded him

from both ends. The grunts and moans of all three came continuously, though Dylan's moans were half in pleasure and half out of brain-broken desperation.

Vicky smiled wickedly, filming the spectacle from fifteen feet away. She kept the focus frame of her recording app trained squarely on Dylan as he was plowed by two of the biggest cocks on campus. It was a delight for her to watch 'Mindy' get his first true taste of sissy slavery. He looked overwhelmed, but it was obvious he was enjoying himself.

After several minutes of slimy, air-tight fucking, Vivian and Evelyn's voices sang in euphoria and two rivers of hot tapioca rushed into Dylan's packed holes. His eyes bulged and thick nut dribbled from the seals of his mouth and asshole; his body unable to house any more thick futa batter.

Victoria ended the recording and walked off stage. She went down to the first row of pews and took a seat. The industrious Domina opened her email application and quickly attached the video file.

FROM: Headmistress Vicky <vdurant@dol.org>

TO: Margaret Stedman <mstedman@dol.org>

Dear Margaret,

I hope you and Harold are enjoying your vacation. From what Ruko tells me it was badly needed!

As you can see from the video I've attached, we've been very busy in the short time you've been away. Under my guidance, Dylan has not only embraced the lifestyle of the Daughters of Lilith, but discovered his true self!

Your son's sissy name is "Mindy." He has eagerly embraced his new life as a sissy slave. Perhaps that's not what you wanted, but it's true to the mission of the Sisterhood. We help people discover their true nature and liberate them to be who they truly are!

Once he moves in with me, I promise I'll bring Dylan back to the farm regularly. In a way, we're both mothers to him now, but I would never deny the special bond you have. If you like, we could enjoy him together at times. What could be better than the love of two mothers at once?

Enjoy the rest of your trip! We'll talk again soon.

With affection,

Vicky Durant
Headmistress of Finance
The Daughters of Lilith

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