

Latex Futa Nuns From Hell

Chapter 20 – Sweeping The Nation, Engulfing The Globe

“I don't like it” Abigail spoke in a harsh monotone.

Her arms were crossed below her leather wrapped bust. She looked out at the rest of the leadership council with narrowed eyes, unconvinced that this was a good idea.

“What are your concerns?” Mistress Superior asked from the head of the table. “Is it their security protocols?”

“No. They're a nationally syndicated talk show. They've had on many high profile guests. I have no doubt their security is sufficient for most celebrities. But you're not most celebrities. You're the head of a revolution. It's too risky.”

“Raising her profile is the whole point!” Vicky countered. “Abby, there are tens of thousands of women out there who weren't one of us last week. Next week, there'll be even more. They are, increasingly, outside of our sphere of influence. They don't read or watch Austin media. Many of them have never heard of the Daughters of Lilith. We have to let them know they're not alone! That they're part of something bigger.”

“There must be a better way than this.”

“If you can think of one, I'd love to hear it!” Vivian spoke up.

“That's not my job.”

“No, **your job** is to keep Mistress Superior safe wherever she goes! So why don't you focus on **that**?” the dark skinned diva shot back.

Abigail turned to her with furious eyes and clenched teeth. She was ready to engage in a battle of words, but was quickly cut off.

“**That's enough!**” Jessica shouted and silence fell over the room. Her eyes darted to Vivian, wide open in warning. She turned back to Abigail and her expression softened. “Abby... You can't hide me behind these walls forever. It won't be much longer and we'll be headed to Europe to seize the ultimate prize. We must be ready when that time comes. Think of this as a dry run for going to the Vatican.”

The blonde, leather clad enforcer sighed. Her arms dropped away from her bosom and she seized the riding crop laying on the table before her. She tightened her grip around it, the leather of her gloves creaking around its base. Finally, she nodded to Mistress Superior.

“It'll be a half hour. Maybe less” Jessica continued. “And they've agreed to host your security team, in addition to their own. You'll be right there with me the whole time. Surely, that's agreeable? I don't

know what more they could possibly do.”

“They could come here instead. Or they could empty the studio and agree to a private taping instead of a live-”

“That's not how it works!” Vivian piped up again. “We were invited on **their show!**”

“The *Ashley Rivers Show* reaches millions of women every day” Vicky noted. “We have to do this.”

Jessica nodded to the Headmistresses of Finance and Communications before looking back to her Headmistress of Security. “They're right, and my mind is made up. Do what you must to prepare, Abby. You have one week.”

Abigail wanted badly to protest further, but she bit her tongue. For better or worse, the decision had been made. “Yes, Mistress Superior.”

“Good. I think that's all for today” Jessica said before closing the laptop in front of her and rising from her executive chair. “This meeting is adjourned.”

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Fenton shuddered as he ascended the stairs from the parking garage up to the ground floor of the *Golden Goose Lounge*. He grasped the metal railing desperately, his body growing weaker and less reliable with every step. His black dress shoes scuffed and his dark blue suit creased and bunched around his body as he hobbled up the smooth cement stairway.

It was almost comical, the lowly state he'd fallen into. Fenton was a member of the United States Senate and therefore one of the most powerful one hundred people in the nation, if not the world. At least on paper. For generations, the Golden Goose had been a place for men of his elite stature to relax, enjoy a drink and a cigar, play pool, darts and cards, chat with his colleagues and sometimes enjoy the services of a discreet, high class escort. Now, the once fantastic club was nothing but a den of sin and debauchery, run by the most ruthless woman in the nation's capitol.

No one truly knew who Ms. Pamela Martin was. The details of how and why she'd ascended to her lofty position were unclear. The intelligence reports painted a picture of a completely normal, single working woman, until recently. She'd appeared out of nowhere just a year and a half ago and quickly seized control of DC's sexual underworld.

The questions surrounding her were no less vexing than the questions surrounding Senator Cosgrove himself. There were many mysteries to probe, these days. Like why both his wife and his favorite side piece both came into possession of a large penis. Why they'd suddenly embraced BDSM, sexual sadism and an unquenchable need to dominate. Why he so often found himself on his knees, sucking them off, in addition to the many women Headmistress Martin allocated to watch over him.

Topping had always been Fenton's preferred role, but he hadn't done anything like that in almost a year. In that time, he'd sucked more cock than most of the prostitutes that once serviced the wealthy and powerful in this very establishment, but those days were long gone. The world was changing rapidly

and even the best and brightest at the top of the US government's many alphabet agencies had no inkling as to why.

Fenton resented becoming a sex slave at first, but his resistance didn't last long. The longer he existed in the role, the more he'd grown to relish it. Soon, he was licking the ass of his wife, sucking the cock of his Mistress and getting dicked down by Pamela's numerous handlers while moans of pleasure escaped his lips. He grew to enjoy being put in his place as much as he craved the sweet nectar that only these well endowed Dommies could deliver.

His submission and thirst for their pungent semen had become a source of great joy in his life, but also the metaphorical collar around his neck. Even while in the halls of Congress, when he wasn't wearing an actual collar, the intangible restraint of thirst was always tight around his needy body. As their control over him grew, his voice and vote fell into their hands.

What really perplexed him was how quickly his wife and his former *friend with benefits* had synced up with Ms. Martin's faction. At first, they'd enjoyed their new anatomy and dominant role in a playful manner. Once Pamela got in contact with them, they became much more authoritative and the domination spread beyond their bedroom time. It was like the women in Fenton's life had synced up with some kind of hive mind.

The *DC Mistress*, as she'd come to be known on the hill, had hundreds of Congressmen and at least forty Senators under her thumb. That was just counting the male Senators, not the many women who'd likely already turned or would've voted in accordance with Ms. Martin's wishes regardless.

Pam and her many lieutenants made monitoring their enslaved lawmakers their full time job. With a single phone call or text, the Golden Goose girls could cut any of them off. Pamela could turn off the tap, so to speak, and leave any misbehaving Congressman or Senator in shambles.

That's how Fenton found himself shaking with need as he clawed his way up the stairs to the club. His wife and Mistress had denied him their essence for the better part of a week. He'd received plenty of discipline, but not a single drop of their luscious seed. They made it clear he'd get nothing until his next meeting with the Golden Goose herself.

Senator Cosgrove's mind reeled as his increasingly dizzy form lurched upward. He just had to hold on a little longer. He knew salvation awaited upstairs. All he had to do was submit, which he already wanted to anyway. Whatever demand Pamela made, he would accept. It was inevitable, and yet she seemed to love torturing him with days of sexual denial. The process was cruel, but it fed into Fenton's new masochism, so he could hardly complain.

After laboriously climbing three sets of stairs, he stopped and did his best to compose himself before opening the door to the club. Fenton smoothed out his disheveled suit and ran a hand through his hair before grasping the handle and pulling the door open. With his strength reduced by the brutal thirst wracking his body, it took more effort than usual.

Nevertheless, he stepped into the hallway of polished wood, fancy glowing wall sconces and immaculate marble flooring. After a short walk, he found himself at reception. Three of the DC Mistress' Dommies were staffing the front office in addition to one woman Fenton had never seen before. All were garbed in various, glossy fetish attire but his eyes were drawn most prominently to the stranger wearing a latex nun outfit. As he approached the front desk, a redhead in black leather

recognized him instantly.

“Welcome back, Senator. You're here for your three o'clock?”

“Thank you. That's right.”

“You're six minutes late” she noted with a stern look of admonishment.

“My apologies. I'm not feeling well and I had a hard time finding a place to-”

“You can explain yourself to the Headmistress” she cut him off. The woman stood, turned and selected a duffel bag tagged '*Sen Cosgrove*' from a large rack of similar bags. She glanced back at him and signaled for Fenton to follow her.

“This way.”

She headed further down the hallway and Fenton kept pace behind her. Her boot heels clicked off the extravagant floor as he watched her ass flex in leather the whole way. Soon, they were at the restrooms that now doubled as changing rooms. The woman turned and thrust the bag at his chest. Fenton accepted it sheepishly.

“Get dressed and then head directly to Madam Martin's office. Be quick about it! You've kept her waiting long enough.”

“Yes, Mistress. Thank you.”

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The fetishwear around Fenton's body creaked with every step as he made his way to Mistress Martin's domain. To some extent, he still felt ridiculous every time he dressed up like this, but it was all part of the perverse game they were playing. The capitol of the nation was slowly transforming into one big BDSM playground. Fenton wondered how much longer this depravity would remain behind closed doors. For that matter, he wondered how much longer he'd remain a senator once this new paradigm was out in the open.

For over two hundred and forty years the republic had stood and no external threat had come close to threatening its grandeur. The danger was always from within, though few would've guessed the form its greatest foe would take. At least, that was his knee jerk reaction to the growing power of the Futa Dommies. If he was honest with himself, Fenton had to acknowledge that was an uncharitable and somewhat backwards take.

Yes, things were changing rapidly, but who was to say it wasn't for the better? If people evolve and a nation changes, shouldn't its government? Is that not fitting? People often resist change, reflexively, and to their own detriment.

Submitting to these harsh, dominant women felt like the most natural thing in the world to him, but there were still lingering doubts in the back of his mind. Fenton only hoped they could beat and fuck

the misgivings out of him so he could completely and without reservation embrace his new life. With each new session, the truth was ingrained deeper upon him. He was beginning to understand that letting go was a beautiful thing.

His rubber boots squeaked to a stop at the heavy, cherry oak door. The leather bondage harness was tight around his latex locked body. His heart pounded in his chest as the thirst clawed at his stomach. He read the nameplate on the door: *'Pamela Martin, Headmistress of the Golden Goose Lounge.'* Fenton was nervous. Much more so than usual. She wouldn't have starved him for so long unless something big was brewing. At least he wouldn't have to suffer in suspense for much longer.

knock knock knock

“Come in!” her muffled words barely penetrated the hardwood.

Fenton opened the door, but didn't immediately step through. He knew better. The middle aged senator lowered himself until his rubberized hands and knees touched the cold, smooth floor. With a bowed head covered in black latex, Fenton crawled into her office. The O-ring on his collar jingled as he made his way in.

He turned and closed the door gently before resuming his slow advance toward Madam Martin's desk. He continued until he reached the arm chairs sitting in front of it. Fenton parked himself before her desk and stared at the floor obediently. He wanted badly to look up at and behold the gorgeous DC Mistress, but he hadn't been granted permission.

Pamela took a final sip of tea. Her cup clinked as she set it back in its porcelain base. Leather rippled as she rose from her chair. The stalking sound of high heels clamored across the floor as she sauntered around the desk. The tip of her boots and the bottom of her long, black leather trench coat came into view as the Headmistress took up position before him.

The imposing woman reached down, snagged the O-ring below his chin and clipped the metal end of a thick leather leash to it. She wrapped it around her hand and tugged it upward, the collar tightening around his throat as she guided his vision. Soon he was face to face with the beautiful blonde. Her dark blue eyes leveled him as he struggled to control his excitement. Her golden locks were tied up into a fashionable ponytail. She was every bit a leather Amazon; a Goddess among women.

“Hello, slave. Welcome back to the lounge.” She reached down and stroked his hooded head with her gloved hand. “How's my favorite little **thrall** been?”

“Thank you, Mistress. I've been well, mostly... It's just, I'm so-”

“I know. You don't need to say it, pup. Mistress will feed you soon, if you're a good doggie.”

Her affectionate rubs and those simple words of reassurance sent surges of oxytocin through Fenton's frenzied body. His hunger seemed to trail off, his body aware that he would be sated soon. His heartbeat would've steadied if weren't for the smells of leather, latex and musky arousal all around him. The bulge in Pamela's leather pants beckoned him with the promise of lustful domination and his own submissive salvation.

“Please, Headmistress, instruct me... I am at your service. Any wish you have is my command.”

Pam snickered and released his leash. She rested her hips on her hips and rolled her head back around her shoulders. Pamela's tower of golden hair twirled behind her as she leaned against the desk and relaxed. Her corseted frame was an hourglass of flesh cinched in striking glossy black. Her long coat draped all around her, adding even more shine to her wicked form. Her thick thighs and well toned calves were similarly locked in the cling of midnight leather.

“Kiss my boots” she ordered.

Fenton immediately bowed down and planted a long, wet, sucking kiss on both pieces of her glorious footwear. With the deed done, he looked back up at the DC Mistress. His glistening eyes betrayed an eagerness to serve bordering on desperation.

She stared at him for long moments, her grin growing as she realized how broken he truly was. Pamela had denied him the sweet nectar of her kind for so long. Of course he would do anything. A few more days of denial and his mental faculties would begin to fail. He would be nothing but a drooling gimp zombie, begging for cock.

“Where are we on the *FLR Act*?” she asked, pointedly.

Fenton had expected this. The *Female Leadership Reformation Act* had been in the works for some time, though it had gotten surprisingly little press coverage since it was widely expected to never become law. That was his expectation as well, though he'd done everything he could to build support for it behind the scenes.

The FLR Act was a large package of civil rights legislation and criminal reforms that mandated for no less than fifty percent of leadership positions to be staffed with women both in government and the corporate world in the next three years. At the seven and ten year marks, the expected percentage of female leadership grew even higher. It created powerful new monetary incentives for placing women in positions of power that would likely see the country zoom past those targets with time to spare. It also imposed harsh legal consequences on any that fought the new measures.

“We have the votes, Mistress. I've confirmed it beyond a doubt. At least enough to get past the filibuster.”

Pamela reached down and took hold of his rubberized chin. “That's very good, Fenton. But what if I told you that's not enough?”

The senator's eyebrows scrunched below his gimp hood. “Mistress???”

Her hand trailed upward and she placed a single, leather clad finger over his pursed lips. “I want sixty seven votes. No less.”

Fenton's eyes shot open wide. There it was. They were really going for it. Whoever these sinister women truly were, they weren't playing around. They wanted enough support to override a presidential veto. Even as the male members of the Senate fell, one by one, and began commiserating, they'd reassured each other that these hung, dominant Succubi would likely never penetrate the White House. That was to be the bulwark against things getting too out of hand. But as the speed of their political takeover increased, that was beginning to look more doubtful by the day.

“**Sixty seven**?!? Mistress, we're not there yet. Not even close! We need more time!”

“No, we don't” she re-assured him. “That's the good news I bring today, pup. We've already done the hard work for you. When you leave here today, you will be given a list of eight more senators who've been converted to our cause in the last three weeks.”

'EIGHT MORE?!? And so quickly?!?'

If she spoke the truth, and Fenton had little reason to believe she wasn't, that upended things completely. In private negotiations, the White House had threatened to veto the act, but once it became public knowledge that the House and Senate held enough votes to override it, that changed the calculus. Few presidents were willing to take that principled stand and be seen as existing opposite the wishes of the people and their legislators. It would be embarrassing for him to veto and then be overridden. The president would look weak and his popularity would nosedive. Once the news of a veto-proof Senate got out, opposition to the bill would crumble.

“Eight more? Then I suppose the bill will pass in dramatic fashion. Congratulations, Headmistress.”

This was a genuine surprise to Fenton. His assessment of how fast the power dynamics were shifting in Washington was crumbling in real time. Every month presented a new wakeup call. There was some weak, all-but-silenced voice of resistance still left in the back of his mind, trying to raise the alarm, but its cries of warning echoed in the abyss. It was no match for the beauty and power that stood before the senator, taunting him with all he desperately craved.

“That's right, and all you have to do is make sure no one gets cold feet at the last minute. I know *whipping* is normally my job, but I've selected you for this important task. You won't let me down, will you slut?”

“No, Mistress. Never.”

Pamela reached below and seized the zipper at her crotch. It rippled down, opening a large hole in the luxurious leather pants that, until now, had restrained her sizable cock. It sprang out, its heat radiating as she seized the fat phallus and stroked it up and down. The smell of leather polish and pungent musk washed over Fenton like a cloud of intoxicants. His already drooling mouth turned into a basin of syrupy desire at the sight of her colossal dick.

“That's what I like to hear. Time for your feeding, Fenton. The first of many you'll receive today. Let it never be said that the women of the Golden Goose don't reward our slaves ten fold for their loyal service.”

She stroked her meaty python several more times until it was a fully formed, fat erection of fleshy steel. Pamela pushed herself off the desk and stepped forward, her massive fuck-stick and heavy, hairless scrotum pushing right into Fenton's face as she seized his head with her left hand. She slapped her cock against his rubberized face multiple times as pre-cum oozed out and decorated his shiny hood. When the anticipation had built to a fever pitch, she brought her tip to his eager lips and shoved her schwanz home.

The smooth, hot, thick erection speared through his sucking lips, plunged past his uvula and flowed

into his well-trained throat. He moaned around her invasion as Pamela placed her other hand on the back of his head and guided her full length inside. The Headmistress let out a pleasurable groan as she pushed deep, never stopping until his soft lips were flat against her pubis and her pendulous balls were lodged below his rubber chin.

She held herself deep inside of him, forcing Fenton to accommodate her full length and girth. He sucked and muttered around her lovingly, reveling in her domination until he began to gag on Mistress' meaty column of flesh. His hands raised to push against her thighs, begging for a reprieve, if only a brief one. Pam held him fast, forcing him to choke and wretch on her fleshy spear several times before she finally released her grip and pulled back.

Half of her cock exited his mouth, covered in dripping, gooey phlegm and frothy pre-cum. The enraptured blonde looked down at the glorious sight as she poked his face repeatedly. More slimy goo ran from his glossy lips and coated her twitching flesh. She fucked his mouth in short, choppy strokes, enjoying the tight seal of his lips as her balls lurched back and forth. Finally, she pulled herself from his sucking maw completely, giving him but a moment to re-oxygenate and clear his clogged throat.

SMACK

She removed one hand from the back of his head just long enough to blast him across the face. Pam jabbed two fingers into his filthy fuck hole, running her digits up and down his tongue as he slurped on the smooth leather.

“You've been waiting **days** for this, you **cum dump bitch!** Open up that throat and let Mommy in! **Gag** if you must, but don't you **DARE** touch my thighs again without permission!”

Fenton, realizing his mistake, quickly pulled his hands away and locked them behind his back. The DC Mistress lined herself back up with his drooling mouth and plunged her column of cock back into his murmuring face. She pulled his head harshly with both hands until her girthy monster slid all the way down his gullet a second time. Pamela entered a steady mouth-fucking rhythm, swaying her hips back and forth as her ball sack smacked his chin.

The filthy gimp fuck toy gurgled and sputtered around her thrusting erection. The frenzied action sent waves of spittle and thick pre streaming down her cumpipe and drizzling all over her weighty balls. Pamela let out a wail of pleasure as she fucked his face full force. The sloppy, clogging sounds of cock filling throat grew louder as she bucked into him with dire need.

Years ago, in another lifetime, Pam had been a sex worker herself. Not in DC, but another major city. She'd been subject to the very same oral abuse that Fenton was now receiving. She'd experienced it many times. Her life in the sexual underworld had killed all hope for a better future, until one day when she awoke and both her anatomy and sexual drive had changed completely.

Aside from the liaisons they'd sent to the capitol, Pam had never met the Daughters of Lilith in person. She only had occasional conversations over the phone with Vivian, other members of the leadership council and once with Mistress Superior herself. Yet she felt an unbreakable kinship and unfathomable gratitude to them all for the total turnaround her life had taken.

Now, she fucked the mouths and asses of rich and powerful men to her heart's content. Men that had once paid for her to perform the most debased and despicable acts for them. Not a day went by when

she didn't drain her balls in the fleshy holes of gimp slaves at least a dozen times. It was a dream come true and one that she was determined to help the Sisters build upon until it engulfed the entire world.

Her experience as a prostitute gave her unique insight into the men she now dominated. Pamela knew at least half of these guys would've dropped to their knees and sucked her fat cock even without the supernatural charms she now possessed. So many of them were hiding their desire to submit and their hunger for dick behind a laughably thin veneer of bullshit machismo and outdated social norms. And the ones that wouldn't have gladly sucked her off? They deserved a cock in their throat even more. If altering their desires with a few drops of magic semen was what it took, so be it.

These were the thoughts that spun through Pam's mind each time she was balls deep in a slave's mouth or bottom. The idea that her depraved actions were advancing this Femdom revolution and ensuring that even more men would be subjugated and fucked into oblivion turned her on more than all the fetish clothing in the world. The glossy second skin Fenton was wearing definitely pleased her, though. The shiny black surrounding his body, keeping him sweaty and tight in its confines as she fucked his faggot mouth, only added to her growing pleasure.

The flustered fuck toy sucked air through half-clogged nostrils during the brief spaces when Pam's cock wasn't crammed all the way down his esophagus. He clasped his hands behind his back, desperately trying to hang on as she railed his mouth with nonstop thrusts. Her glazed scrotum, covered in their mutual juices, smacked into the bottom of his chin relentlessly as she growled and moaned. Pamela's hands tightened around his head, her fingers digging into the latex as she lost all control to the mounting sensation of bliss throughout her lower body..

“Here it comes **cock sucker! DRINK IT ALL YOU FILTHY SLUG!!!**”

With a loud, guttural grunt that filled her regal office, Pamela hilted in his mouth. Her yogurt slinger pulsed three times, growing slightly bigger and forcing Fenton's lips open wider before her river of creamy sludge unleashed in his mouth and throat. The hot, congealed jizzum spewed forth, blasting from her glans like a fire hose as she howled in glorious climax.

Fenton's face grew red below his tight rubber hood as he contested with her powerful stream of pungent paste. He swallowed down the delicious seed as quickly as he could, but as usual, it was too much. Her thick ejaculate backed up into his already overstuffed mouth and defenseless nasal passages. With several desperate clogging sounds, her wondrous batter began to slip from Fenton's bottom lip and trickle from his nose.

Headmistress Martin remained perched above, her back arched as her balls heaved and every thick strand of rich cream jettisoned into her obedient slave. Her body shook as she emptied herself, breasts heaving and lips contorting as she groaned and shot load after load.

When her emissions finally tapered off and the last of her heavy slime ejected past her tip, she opened her eyes and slowly pulled her girthy tool from Fenton's still sucking lips. She looked down at her submissive with a hazy expression as a huge dollop of cum exited his mouth and hit the floor with a wet thud.

“Mmmmm.... that was lovely” she spoke while reaching down and stroking his shiny, cum-glazed face. The nougat filth smeared across the black latex of his hood, adding its scent to his club garments permanently. “A fine start, but this is only the beginning of your feast. There are many more courses to

come...”

Pamela released him and stood back. She pointed to the floor behind him.

“You may rest while I freshen up. I'll be back in a few.”

Fenton immediately fell back on his haunches before tipping over and collapsing on his side. He then rolled over and breathed deep as he stretched out on the floor. The weighty pocket of white sludge in his stomach radiated deep calm and a low level blissful euphoria through his entire body. The feeling was pure nirvana, especially after long days of pining for his next depraved meal.

The DC Mistress strode to her private bathroom and washed herself off. She tucked her deflated dong back into her glossy pants and zipped herself back up. After some spot cleaning to ensure her fetishwear looked its finest, she exited and walked directly to her office's mini fridge. She extracted a large bottled water, uncapped it and began downing the chilled beverage in large gulps as she watched the Senator writhe in harmonious relief on the floor.

“I'd love to play some more, Senator, but I have another appointment coming up. My girls will be happy to look after you until you've had your fill.”

“Yes, Mistress Martin! Thank you!”

“Of course, dear.”

She took another long swig, almost polishing off the bottle completely, before capping it and setting what was left on her desk. Pamela walked to Fenton's side, leaned down and grabbed hold of his waiting leash.

“Let's go, slave. Off to the feeding rooms!”

On hands and knees, Fenton followed her down several hallways. He never rose to feet, even as they ascended two staircases and his knees began to ache from the abuse. The happily short trip brought them to one of the building's many elegant lounge rooms. It was a place men used to drink, watch sports and tell crude jokes. Now **they** were the joke and the big screen televisions all played a constant stream of female domination porn.

As Fenton followed her into the expensive suite, the sounds of grunting and moaning grew louder. The smell of futa cum filled his nose and a brief look up showed nearly two dozen of the Golden Goose Dommies having their way with various slaves and lounging about, enjoying gossip and fine drink.

Half of them were garbed in glossy fetishwear, like their leader. The rest were naked, either stroking their meaty shafts as they waited for their next rut or busy in the act, cramming their giant cocks into the vulnerable holes of other lawmakers and capitol hill staff. Fenton recognized a few of his colleagues, despite the layers of leather and latex almost all of them wore. Sometimes a quick glimpse of their eyes was all he needed to identify a fellow Senator or one of his lower classmen from the House.

“Ladies, attention please!” The DC Mistress called out before circling to Fenton's rear. “Senator Cosgrove has done good work for us and plans to see the FLR Act through to its final passage! Let's

reward him by making sure his *passages* are packed to the gills before he leaves today!”

There was a ripple of snickers and laughs throughout the gathered Futa Dommes before most of them went back to their impassioned rutting. One large, dark skinned, naked amazon sitting not far away dropped her gargantuan erection and walked directly to Pamela. Her hand extended and beckoned for Fenton's leash.

“We'll take good care of him, Headmistress.”

“Thank you, Janelle. I'm sure you will...”

Once the leash was handed over, the fearsome femme wasted no time pulling Fenton to his feet. She led him over to a grand piano at the far side of the room. The amazon pushed him down over the back of the fancy instrument and kicked his legs apart hungrily. Janelle pulled the zipper at his ass down without ceremony and brought the head of her girthy weapon to his supple pucker. She thrust forward, burying half of her girthy tool in his yielding man cunt. Fenton smacked into the glossy surface repeatedly as she speared into his warm depths and withdrew just as swiftly.

The DC Mistress watched from the door with a smile as Fenton groaned and whimpered from Janelle's fierce pounding. His giddy muttering didn't last long, as another woman soon came over to join in the fun. She grabbed Fenton's leash and pulled his upper half from the back of the piano, lining his still cum-smear'd lips up with her own girthy phallus. She thrust into his mouth with lustful enthusiasm and Fenton found himself the center of a frenzied Futa spit-roast.

Pamela laughed at the delightfully perverse scene and closed the door. Her cock was already rising to the occasion, straining against her pants as she strutted back to the office.

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The most nerve-wracking week of Abigail's life passed surprisingly swiftly. She thought it would drag on forever, but before she knew it, she was in the motorcade with Mistress Superior, Vicky and Ruko. They were headed to the Ashley Rivers set for what would be Jessica's biggest media exposure yet. The procession from the limousine to the dressing rooms went by without incident, but that did little to lessen Abby's worries.

The security team of the talk show seemed capable, but they were relatively small and it was clear they didn't understand the unique nature of Mistress Superior's celebrity. Abby's enforcers were only allowed to bring small arms with them. While it was better than nothing, she still felt woefully unprepared. While Jessica was getting ready for the interview, Abigail marched around the studio getting the lay of the land and posting her DOL guards where she thought they were most needed.

The studio audience had been pre-screened with background checks and would have to go through a metal detector before taking their seats, but Abigail knew that was no guarantee of safety. Things could still be smuggled in, there were 3D printed guns and someone with the right resources or connections would find other ways. There was no doubt this was a new level of vulnerability.

As fast as the previous week had felt, the next hour flew by at a speed that practically made her head

spin. The studio audience filed in and the show began taping. From that point on, Abby could do little but watch and wait. The first half hour passed by with little fanfare, leading up to Mistress Superior's interview. With butterflies in her stomach, Abby stood backstage next to Jessica as she prepared to walk out for her public debut.

“If you see anything unusual out there, don't be afraid to end the interview early” Abigail advised.

“Abby... relax. Everything is going to be fine. Lilith watches over us.”

“That didn't stop someone from trying to kill you in your own office.”

Jessica shot her an annoyed glance. Abigail sighed and backed down. They both looked towards the stage as Ms. Rivers began the next segment. The thin, cheerful, middle aged blonde wore a pink business jacket over her black top and stylish slacks. She looked at the camera with a beaming smile as she launched into her introduction.

“Our next guest is a woman of some controversy! Her organization has been making noise in Austin for the last couple years. Personally, I've become a big fan after being introduced to their ways by a close personal friend. Whether you've heard of her or not, her movement is sweeping the nation! Let's give their leader a warm welcome. Ms. Jessica Christiano, Mistress Superior of the Daughters of Lilith!”

Jessica walked into the spotlight to eager applause and enthusiastic cheers. The latex of her all-encompassing habit shined in the lights of the stage, highlighting her curvy frame as she strode forth. For the first time, a signal that would be broadcast across the country got a full look at the rubber robes, thigh high black boots and glossy black and white veil of the Latex Futa Nuns. Jessica waved to the crowd and the camera as she sauntered forth, eventually stopping and turning to Ashley. They shook hands and greeted each other warmly before Ms. Rivers gestured to the seat and walked back behind her desk to sit down.

“Well now! You made quite the entrance, Jessica! I suspect anyone who didn't know about you and the Daughters of Lilith before today will be looking into you now. Especially any men who might be watching, once they catch a glimpse of that outfit!”

“Good. I hope they do” Jessica responded with a wink and a laugh. “There's a lot more pics of me on our website. Many of the other women in our order, as well.”

Ashley grinned and shook her head. “Why don't you tell us a little about the Daughters of Lilith. You were previously part of the Catholic church, isn't that right?”

“Yes, we were originally called the Sisters of Guadalupe. A few years ago, we grew tired of the stagnation and corruption in our faith, and began to develop our own ideas. You could say we branched out and found new inspiration in some of the oldest Hebrew stories and teachings. After that we just kinda... took over the church!”

The audience laughed, prompting a Cheshire grin from Jessica.

“I think that's wonderful. You don't see many religious institutions evolving with the times. I don't think anyone who's heard of you could claim that you haven't evolved. Your order is all about female empowerment, yes?”

“That's right.”

“Nuns have always been fetishized to a certain degree in... adult entertainment, shall we say? But you and your Sisters seem to embrace that and take it to a new extreme. I'm not overstating the case, am I?”

“Oh, not at all. We revel in fashion, power dynamics and pleasure. The Daughters of Lilith fully embrace hedonism in a way that only woman who've denied their sexual urges for so long, can. The basis of our movement is, as you say, female empowerment, but the end result is that it frees everyone to live their best life. That's one of our core beliefs.”

“I see this, and I don't mind telling you, I've become a big believer myself! As I mentioned in the intro, a friend of mine introduced me to your group and my life has experienced some big changes ever since. My relationship with my husband is totally different now. It's really brought a spark back into our marriage and expanded our sex lives in ways I never would've imagined possible. I've never felt better or more fulfilled!”

“I am **so** glad to hear that, Ashley. I suspect there's a lot of women out there who've begun to experience the changes you have, recently. That's why I was eager to come on the show, today.”

“What would you like to say to all those women out there? Some, who may not be lucky enough to have a good friend or mentor to help guide them into this new way of life?”

Jessica turned and looked directly at the camera. “Ladies... there's nothing to fear. The changes you're experiencing are completely natural. It may feel odd at the beginning. Your first instinct may be fear or shame, but that's the old world trying to hold you back. Embrace the new you! Join me on this journey of self empowerment. Whether you're old or young, whatever trauma you may have suffered, regardless of the expectations or lack thereof you had for your life, things are about to get better. Much better!”

Ashley began a round of applause and the audience quickly joined in. Hoots of approval and rowdy cheers shot through the rows of eager guests. Their gazes were all locked on the dark-skinned beauty in shiny black.

“And what about all the men out there? I have a feeling many of them may be feeling some of that fear and shame, as well. What advice would you offer them?”

“I would say many of the same things to them, but worded somewhat differently. Again, don't be afraid. It may feel like you're losing something, as we enter this bold new world, but I promise you, you're not. The authority, the responsibilities, the social stigmas, the needlessly overbearing nature of it all... You've been carrying these burdens a long time. These antiquated ideas and expectations have oppressed women, but whether you realize it or not, they've held men back as well. The Daughters of Lilith have come to relieve you of these burdens. A wonderful new life awaits you under the divine guidance of humanity's better half.”

BLAM

Abigail's breath caught in her throat as the gunshot rang out and she watched a projectile rip into the torso of the seated Jessica. Mistress Superior's expression faded from a haughty smile to an open mouth

of shock and disbelief. Time slowed to a crawl. Screams went up throughout the audience. Ashley nearly fell from her chair as she gripped the desk and dove behind it in panic.

Abigail scanned the audience frantically. She found the shooter standing in the third row from the front. A completely ordinary looking man with a hand gun taking careful aim for his next shot.

“GUN!!! SECURITY!!!!”

BLAM BLAM BLAM

More shots rang out as Mistress Superior dove to the side and covered her head. Two missed her, but the first of the three shots struck her in the side. As Abigail charged onto the stage and raised her weapon, she saw two audience members grappling with the assailant. She didn't have a clear shot, but they were keeping him busy as most of the audience screamed and fled. Security agents, both local and DOL, closed in on the struggling trio from all sides.

Abigail scanned the chaotic scene, ensuring there wasn't a second assassin waiting for the opportunity to do more damage. Her heart pounded in her chest like a taiko drum as she aimed her gun all over, checking every angle of attack as her people took down the shooter and secured his arrest.

She hurried to Jessica's side, holstered her weapon and bent down to check on their wounded leader. Mistress Superior rolled onto her back. She was bleeding from two wounds in her latex wrapped torso. Blood also seeped from her mouth. Vicky rushed onto the stage with tears in her eyes.

“Gonna... learn to listen to you. One of these days...” Jessica sputtered. She gazed up at Abigail with fearful eyes as she convulsed on the ground.

“Don't talk! RUKO! WHERE THE FUCK IS RUKO?!?”

* * * * *

“Welcome back, Senator.”

“Thank you, Winston. Is Jacob here?”

“Yes, Senator Statler is waiting for you. I'll take you to his table, now.”

Fenton followed the greeter in the fancy white tuxedo through the luxurious restaurant. Members of his and Jacob's caliber were offered private booths in spaces sequestered off from the main dining room so they could chat in privacy. Winston led him to one of those dimly lit spaces and Fenton thanked him before handing the man his coat and sliding into the cushy leather seating opposite his oldest congressional friend and colleague.

“Hey, Jake.”

“Evening, Fent.”

The dark haired senior senator was smoking a cigar. That was illegal in almost all restaurants these days, but in a beltway club like this, a US Senator could still get away with certain indiscretions, if he really wanted to. He knocked his ash into a half empty water glass, for lack of a real ashtray.

“Cigars, really? I thought you quit?”

“I did, until yesterday. My doctor won't be happy, but I really don't give a shit. Hard to care about your health when everything else is going to hell.”

Somehow, his old friend Jake still hadn't fallen prey to the charms of the latex nuns and DC Dommes. Fenton wasn't sure why he was able to hold out for so long. Maybe it was because he was more careful about what he ate and drank. Or maybe he just had some kind of natural resistance to their supernatural charms.

Fenton heard the DC Mistress mention that certain troublesome men required a more direct approach to convert. For whatever reason, Jacob hadn't been turned and he was still committed to maintaining business as usual in the capitol and beyond. He was in for a big surprise, because the status quo was about to be crushed under the stiletto heel of modernity, whether he liked it or not.

“Anything new?”

“I was about to ask you the same thing. What's the roll call on FLR look like?”

“It'll pass the chamber, but should die after that. No way the President lets it pass” Fenton lied.

“That's not what I hear” Jacob said between puffs of his stogie. “I hear there might be enough votes in both houses to force it through. Any truth to those rumors?”

“You're asking me?” he feigned ignorance. “You're the one with all the friends in high places. Not to mention being on the Intelligence Committee. If there's a chance to override, it's news to me.”

“I wonder about you sometimes, Fent. Some of the votes you've cast in the last year...”

“Hey! I vote the way I need to, to get re-elected. You think I like every measure I've put my 'Aye' to? C'mon, Jake. You've been around long enough to know how this works.”

“Maybe, but I don't like the feeling of inevitability around this bonkers bill.”

“Times are changing. Faster than many of us like. We do what we can to reign it in, but you can only stem the tide for so long.”

“We'll see about that” Statler replied as he inhaled what was left of his cigar. He dropped the remaining, fire-kissed stump into his glass and it hissed to a cold, wispy death.

“What do you mean?” Fenton asked with genuine concern.

“I mean, we're finally taking action against these harpies.”

“Action? **What action?** What do you know, Jake?”

Senator Statler chuckled. “See for yourself” he answered, pointing to the TV in the upper corner of the room.

Fenton turned and looked up at the screen. A headline was scrawled across the bottom, below the yammering anchor: *'Shooting on Ashley Rivers set. Leader of Daughters of Lilith shot by unknown assailant.'*

“Oh, Jesus!” Fenton exhaled in utter exasperation. He turned back to his colleague. “Who's bright fuckin idea was that?”

Jacob shrugged. “Something had to be done. Things are getting out of hand. A call was made to cut off the head of the snake.”

“Yeah, and what if it's not a snake? What if it's a giant fucking hydra that you just pissed off?”

“You're having a more emotional reaction to this than I would've imagined.”

“Because it's moronic!”

“Or maybe, because you welcome our new female overlords.”

“They want the same thing that everyone in this town wants. **POWER**. Is that really such a shock?”

“What's shocking to me is how much you seem to be playing into their hands.”

Fenton slid out of the booth and stood. He leaned down and stared daggers at Jacob, his index finger pointed directly at the man's face. “If she dies, you just created a martyr. Whatever happens next is on you and your buddies at The Agency.”

“Not gonna stay for dinner?”

“I'm not hungry” Fenton spat before walking off in huff.

Senator Statler reached into his jacket and pulled another cigar from his inside pocket. He reached for his lighter and ignited it. The sweet smelling stogie blazed to life and he took his first puff. “Yeah, I bet you're not... After your latest trip to The Goose.”