

## Latex Futa Nuns From Hell

### Chapter 17 – The Anointed Of Lilith

It was a gorgeous night. The sky was full of glowing stars. A warm, gentle breeze blew across the grasslands. A soothing melody washed across the plain in the form of soft insect hums and chirps. Francis walked through luscious fields of green bathed in bright moonlight.

Plains? Grassland? Francis couldn't remember the last time he saw this much greenery. The thick scent of chlorophyll flowed through his nostrils and penetrated his very taste buds. It was a sensation he was unused to. He'd only experienced it when traveling to the eastern part of the state. Was this even Texas? It didn't look or feel like it.

*'Where am I? Is this—'*

A firefly flitted into Francis' field of vision. He stopped in his tracks, transfixed by the delicate, luminescent thing.

**“Francis. Come to me...”**

The strong, sultry, female voice flowed through his mind. It was a beautiful voice, one he'd heard only a few times before. It spoke in his dreams on occasion. The voice of a Goddess. No, **THE** Goddess.

“Lilith! Lead and I will follow.”

The bobbing firefly sailed away and Francis followed it at the only pace he could access. He plodded along slowly, his feet swishing through the grass. He willed himself to go faster, but Francis found he had no control. It was as if he was walking through mud. All he could do was watch the glowing insect get farther away as he pursued it unflinchingly.

Eventually, his tiny guide faded into a growing light on the horizon. He must have been walking to the east, because at the crest of the sky, the deep black of star lit night faded into purple; then dark blue and gradually brighter colors. Far away, the beginnings of red, orange and yellow outlined a thin ribbon of the heavens as dawn approached.

With sudden clarity, Francis realized he was marching toward a cliff. On the edge of the rocky embankment was the outline of a woman in dark robes. As soon as he saw her, all anxiety about his unusual predicament faded away. Francis drew closer and the wind picked up, howling as it whipped through his hair and smacked against his latex clad body. He hadn't realized it until now, but the former priest was wearing every piece of his gimp suit except the hood.

He slowed to a stop as he reached the edge of the strange, ethereal setting. The woman turned and pulled the hood of her robe back, unfurling long, luscious dark hair. Two horns the color of dark bronze sprouted from her temples, pointed upwards with dark circles tracing their length. Upon them rested the ends of a golden tiara. It decorated her forehead with several flourishes of curving metal and the

symbol of the crescent moon at its center.

Her eyes glowed a soft red; more inviting than menacing. It nearly matched the shade of her lips and the ample blush in her cheeks. Black shadow and liner drew even more attention to her gleaming portals. The spots of red and dark embellishments provided a lovely contrast with her otherwise pale skin.

As their eyes met and he beheld her full beauty, Francis was overwhelmed. He felt the urge to weep with joy. Every fiber of his being told him to look away in reflexive awe. If he had control of his body, he would've knelt at once. Francis felt utterly unworthy to be in her presence.

“Mistress of the Night...”

**“Greetings, noble servant of my cause. I have watched your good works from afar, Francis.”**

Her supple voice rippled through his mind. Lilith's shaded lips remained unmoving.

“You honor me, my Goddess.”

**“It is you who have honored me, so very well. That is why I am here tonight.”**

She looked to the horizon as the orange and yellow hues slowly grew in the distance.

**“Soon, I will hold dominion over the day as well as the night. I have many to thank for this. Jessica and you, first among them.”**

“The credit is all hers, Mistress. I follow her edicts gladly, as I follow yours.”

**“Well said, slave. A proper response. Exactly what I would expect from the first male to taste my gift. But good service must be rewarded. Tonight, I offer you the boon of a Goddess. Accept it, and become a symbol to which all men may aspire.”**

“What boon, Mistress?”

Lilith raised her hand. Her pale skin glowed faintly in the waning night. She brought her palm to Francis' cheek and warmth surged through his body. Giddiness flowed through his limbs as his head swam.

**“Let me show you.”**

Francis' senses barreled through tunnel vision as new possibilities were propelled through his mind. Images and sensations shot through his very being; windows into memories that didn't yet exist. He saw the leadership council of the Daughters of Lilith standing over him. Jessica, Vicky, Abigail, Evelyn and the rest. Behind them were even more Sisters. They stroked themselves and moaned blissfully as they chanted to Lilith.

He felt the slap of a hundred blasts of semen as the orgasmic nuns blasted his naked body with canon volleys of Succubus cum. When his entire being was drenched in their seed, he was sealed in rubber confinement and lost in sticky darkness. In his prison, more sticky fluids rained down on his body,

surrounding him in a bath of gelatinous jizzum. It surrounded his limbs and torso before creeping up around his head.

Just as Francis feared he might drown, his body buzzed with fresh pleasure. It grew in his groin and ass, a building climax much more powerful than any he had ever known. His body writhed in sticky confinement, the crescendo of bliss growing until his mind threatened to break. An explosion of ecstasy ten times more mighty than any orgasm he'd ever known was upon him.

The vision ended in a flash. He opened his eyes to find Lilith smiling at him sweetly. Francis took deep breaths, the tension and overwhelming sensations swept away as the Goddess released his face.

**“This blessing can be yours, but first you must undergo the trial. A final test of your faith. Francis, will you become the first of my anointed?”**

The former priest swallowed. His short brown hair waved in the breeze. He stared at Lilith in awe as they stood at the edge of the earth. He'd lived so much of his life hoping, some day, for his prayers to be answered directly. To have such an encounter with a divine being. How could he possibly deny her?

“If it pleases you, Mistress of the Night, I do it gladly.”

**“It would please me greatly”** she said with a fresh smile. Her head turned and her hand beckoned toward the growing sunrise. **“Now, child of Eden, look to the east and behold the shining future that awaits. The eternal garden that shall bloom here, once again...”**

His hesitancy to look upon the glowing Goddess now became reluctance to look away. Francis didn't want this moment to end. He didn't ever want to leave her heavenly aura. With great fortitude, he turned his head and gazed into the growing crest of orange and yellow radiance.

**“...AWAKEN!”**

A crack of thunder shattered the dream and Francis' eyes opened. He was back in Mistress Superior's bed chamber. The empyrean shivers of divinity faded away, leaving him with nothing but wonder and goosebumps. He sat up, wiping sweat from his brow as he pulled the rubber bedding from his warm body. It was then Francis realized he wasn't the only one stirring.

**“Mistress!”**

Jessica wasn't in bed beside him, but sitting in an armchair not far away. She was nude aside from an open bathrobe. Just like his, her body glistened with a light sheen of sweat. Her cock hung out lewdly as she relaxed, her dark skin absorbing the cool morning air. She was staring at Francis intently, as if she'd been waiting for him to wake up for some time.

“Good morning, slave.”

“Good morning, Mistress Superior. I feel obligated to report, I've just had the most intense, wonderful dream! In fact, I think it was more than a dream. Lilith—”

“I know” Jessica cut him off. “She came to me as well.” She reached to the table at her side, grasping the cigarettes she normally reserved for winding down marathon sessions of kinky sex. She extracted

one from the pack, brought it to her lips and lit up hastily. Mistress Superior took a long drag before exhaling a thick cloud of wispy smoke.

Francis said nothing until the cloud dispersed and he could see his beautiful owner and Mistress once again. “Did she explain this *trial* I’m to undergo? I was shown glimpses, but nothing more.”

“She did” Jessica answered curtly. Mistress Superior’s demeanor was plainly not enthused by the prospect. She raised the cig back to her lips, inhaled deeply and expelled another veil of ashen fog.

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Moans of pleasure, groans of pain and the loud slaps and smacks of discipline sang out as Jessica walked into the Rubber Clinic. She’d chosen the traditional black latex habit today and no mask to go with it. Jessica was far too exhausted to engage in high fashion. Her encounters with Lilith always sapped her energy and this one had been more stressful than usual. So drained was she that Jessica couldn’t enjoy the sights and sounds of endless debauchery as she normally would.

Ruko was experiencing no such problem as she moved from station to station in the large central prep room. This was where the clinic staff got slaves started, regardless of the length of their visit. Some would stay here for public use by the Sisterhood and others would be wheeled off to private rooms for more elaborate forms of play.

The Japanese-American Domme had chosen a gorgeous one-piece suit of skin tight, light blue latex that molded perfectly to her sleek curves. It had a large red heart on her upper left breast with the classic symbol of the white medical cross at its center. Down the front of her shining bodice were metal buttons with white caps that held the rubber tight around her body. A matching, light blue nurse cap with another white cross sat atop her small tower of jet black hair.

The busy Headmistress checked off several items before returning a clipboard to its hanger on the wall. Ruko had marked the slave in question as ready for naughty play. She turned and was about to move to the next station when she saw Jessica standing in the center of the prep room.

“Mistress Superior! Good morning! I had a feeling you might be stopping by” she spoke over the sounds of grunting, moaning, impact play and electric zapping around them.

“Good morning, Ruko. Can we speak in private?”

“Of course. I wouldn’t ask you to chat here, with all this commotion. I was going to take a break soon, anyway.”

The dutiful latex nurse turned and looked for her assistant. She found her on the other side of the room. The woman’s back was turned as she loaded a massive butt plug into the ass of a gagged slave.

“Alice! Prep the rest of these sluts!” Ruko instructed, pointing to the last few she was going to handle herself. “I’ll be in my office.”

“Yes, Headmistress!” the woman called over her shoulder.

Ruko turned back to Jessica, smiled and gestured down the hall. “Right this way, Mistress Superior.”

Jessica followed her to the administrative office. As they entered, she surveyed the room and was immediately impressed with how much it had changed since her last visit. In addition to Ruko's desk and normal furnishings, there was an impressive amount of bondage furniture, toys and medical play equipment filling the large suite. There was also a large metal dog cage confining a man to his hands and knees.

He wore a rubber dog mask locked around his face. Other than the mask, the spiked collar around his neck and the shiny chastity device locked on his shriveled manhood, he was completely nude. As soon as they entered, he seized the bars of the cage and shook them eagerly.

**\*RATTLE RATTLE RATTLE\***

“Mistress! Thank god you're back!”

“Hey!” Ruko shouted. She seized a crop from her desk as she closed the distance to the sizable metal prison. She lashed it against the side of the cage, whipping thick leather into his exposed fingers.

**\*CLANG CLANG\***

“Show some manners, bitch! You're in the presence of Mistress Superior!”

“I'm sorry, Mistress Ruko! **PLEASE!** I need to go, right now!”

“**GO?** What does this look like? A fucking bus station? You're not going anywhere.”

“No! I mean **I HAVE TO GO!!!**” the man said, pointing frantically to Ruko's private bathroom.

“Oh...” The tone of her reply was still annoyed, but less aggressive. “Fine. One minute...”

She walked behind her desk and opened one of its many drawers. After withdrawing a ring of keys, she returned to the cage, selected the right one and unlocked the giant padlock on its front. Jessica watched the proceedings with a wry smile.

“I just checked on you twenty minutes ago” Ruko said as she slid the lock off and opened the metal housing. “You got a weak bladder or something?”

“Sorry, Mistress!” he answered as the slave shuffled out of the cage.

“Guess I'll have to start putting you in diapers. **Go!** Stay in the bathroom until I come get you and don't make a peep! I don't want you disturbing our chat.”

“Yes, Mistress!” the pale man squealed as he sprinted to the restroom.

**\*WHAP\***

Ruko gave his ass a stern lash with her crop as he streaked by. He groaned in pain before disappearing

into the lavatory. The door swung shut and the two women were alone again.

“Sorry about that” Ruko said while motioning to the chairs in front of her desk. “I’ve only begun to train my new pet.”

“No apology needed” Jessica replied as both women took their seats. “It’s the first bit of levity I’ve had today.”

Ruko smiled and nodded. “I have an idea of why you’re here, but I’ll let you explain. This is all very new to me.”

“You had the dream too?”

“The most vivid dream of my life. And when Lilith came to me... **wow!** What a moment! I’ll never forget that as long as I live.”

“She told you what’s to be done to Francis?”

“Yes, she showed me the ritual, in detail. It was like looking into the future.”

“How long will it take to prepare?”

“A few days. We’ll need to modify one of our thickest sleep sacks. There are a few parts we don’t have on hand. I’ll need to make a trip into town and do some shopping.”

“Naturally. Procure whatever you need. As for the safety of this procedure, what’s your opinion?”

Ruko’s eyebrows raised and her smile faded as she leaned back in the tall leather office chair. “Well, if you’re asking for my medical opinion... Under normal circumstances I would not advise this. Thirty days and nights is a long time to be sealed in rubber and immersed in semen.”

“One full cycle of the moon” Jessica confirmed with a nod. “As you say, under normal circumstances... But these are anything but normal. If Lilith wills it, it shall be done.”

“I’m going to rig the proper tubing so he can breathe freely. With the right gear, he’ll also be able to drink from the fluid around him. It will only enter his body if he deliberately sips.”

“No sustenance but the seed of the Sisterhood” Jessica repeated Lilith’s words.

“As long as everything is fitted properly, there’s little risk of drowning.”

“But there **is** a risk?” Jessica asked, leaning forward.

Ruko’s eyes squinted. The Headmistress of Health and Wellness was taken aback. “There would be, if not for the divine protection of our Goddess. She didn’t say as much, but I could sense Lilith’s intent as we spoke. I have every confidence Francis will be shielded from harm, even if something were to go wrong. Don’t you, Mistress Superior?”

The disquieted nun stared at her a few moments before leaning back in her chair and nodding.

“Of course.”

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The fated day arrived. To most members of the Daughters of Lilith, the time passed as quickly as it usually does to those focused on hedonistic revelry. To Jessica, it was the longest three days of her life. She'd avoided Francis as much as possible during that time, a decision she was already regretting.

They found themselves in a small side-room of the basement below the cathedral. Down the hallway, the main room for the ritual was being prepped and more Sisters were arriving by the minute. Jessica unhooked the leash from Francis' collar and unlocked the tiny padlock sealing him in his gimp suit. After setting it aside, she pulled the zipper down slowly and began helping him out of his second skin of latex.

“I have to go in nude? Is that it?”

“It was stipulated.”

Francis laughed. “She told you a lot more than she told me.”

With his rubber suit fully stripped down, Francis stepped out of it. He was about to turn, when Jessica held him steady.

“Wait.”

She reached up and undid the buckle and strap securing the collar around his neck.

“I can't even wear that?” he asked incredulously.

“Nude means nude” she answered. The long piece of black, metal studded leather labeled *Puto Padre* was pulled free. “Besides, I don't think it would be very comfortable to wear for thirty days.”

Francis turned to face her, a smile on his face. “Comfort was never the point, Mistress.”

She set the collar down on the table beside the lock before meeting him with her gaze. He radiated cool confidence. Jessica wished she could match it.

“I'll visit twice a day. Once in the morning and once in the early evening. When I do, I'll press down on the top of the sack. I want you to press your hand back to let me know you're alright.”

“Of course, Mistress. Assuming I'm able to.”

“This sack won't be as tight as the ones you've spent time in before. Extra room is needed, for all the...”

“Ah, yes. My sacramental bath!”

Francis grinned again. Mistress Superior did not reciprocate. She studied his naked form up and down with sullen eyes.

“Jessica. Why are you so anxious?”

Normally, she would admonish him for being so informal, but not today. Her reddish-brown eyes leveled with his orbs of brown and green. “Better question. Why are you so damn calm?”

“What's there to fear?” His hands raised at his sides with the open question.

“I can think of a few things.”

“Oh ye, of little faith” Francis replied with a raised finger and a wink.

Jessica sighed and crossed her arms below her latex cinched bust. “You were always better at faith than I was. You and pretty much everyone else on campus. I was just a scared little girl who happened to be a skilled actress.”

“Hah! Indeed. You certainly had us fooled for years. Though, in truth, I think there's a lot of acting that occurs on the grounds of every church and convent. More so than genuine faith, in fact. Faith is difficult. It requires trust and vulnerability. In that way, it's not so different than being a submissive.”

For the first time since her visit to Ruko's office, a thin smile spread across Jessica's face. Francis' grin widened. Putting her at ease was his only goal before submitting himself to the trial.

“Shall we get going?”

“Yes” she agreed. “We shouldn't keep everyone waiting.”

Francis beckoned to the door. “Lead on, Mistress Superior.”

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Rows of flickering candles lined the walls and ringed the support pillars of the large, cool chamber below the Tabernacle of Divine Women. It bathed the room in eerie light, gleaming off the leather and latex outfits of all the gathered nuns. They chatted with each other in whispers as they waited for the ritual to begin. No one present had been told the full details of what would occur. Only that it was the will of Lilith and they would be witness to something truly special.

Francis knelt on a large plastic mat at the center of the room. He smiled bashfully as over seventy nuns eyed him like a piece of meat. His average cock hung out, soft in the cool air below the temple. It was a sad emulation of the fat bulges he saw in many women's shiny latex gowns and robes, but that was nothing new. He could only blush at being the center of attention for so many oversexed Succubi.

The clock on the wall struck noon and Vicky moved to the center of the gathering, placing herself just in front of Francis. The jubilant Mommy Domme was wearing black latex, for once. Everyone knew she preferred red, but she wore black to the most formal of occasions and it was evident this one



qualified. She raised her hands and waited for calm as the chattering voices all around them slowed to a stop.

“Sisters! We are gathered here in accordance with divine will! Very recently, Mistress Superior, Headmistress Ruko and Francis were all blessed by a visit from the Goddess. She walked through their dreams on the very same night and made her wishes clear. Today, we honor those wishes as Francis undergoes a test of faith!”

She stepped aside and swept one hand back. Her open palm pointed to the kneeling, naked man on the glossy mat.

“For thirty days and thirty nights this humble slave shall be entombed in rubber and the nectar of our order! He will have no food or water. Only the holy seed of our Sisters will nourish him. For his loyalty and good works, the first male slave ever blessed by the gift of Lilith is being offered the chance to become her first *anointed!*”

Vicky turned on her boot heels, her latex gown swishing as she faced him.

“Francis Paul Sullivan. Do you enter this trial willingly?”

“I do” he replied, bowing his head to the crowd.

Vicky grinned and turned back to the crowd. “Then let the anointing ritual begin!”

Jessica, Abigail, Evelyn, Vivian and Ruko stepped forward. They joined Vicky in a circle around Francis, fanning out around the tarp where he knelt at its center. Aside from Allison, who was still in Italy, the former priest was surrounded by the entire leadership council of the Daughters of Lilith. One by one, they unzipped their robes and brought their long, girthy cocks to bear. Soon, six pairs of latex gloves were stroking six lengths of fat futa fuckmeat up and down.

The whispering and chattering in the background resumed as the other nuns watched and waited their turn. Their musings remained at a respectable volume, not wishing to disturb the glorious spectacle that was about to unfold.

The six masturbating Headmistresses grew closer to the kneeling slave. The quiet banter of the other nuns was drowned out by the moist sounds of lewd fapping. Pre-cum ran freely from every tip as each cum cannon took aim at Francis, their shafts growing thicker and meaner by the second. Francis locked his arms behind his back and closed his eyes, waiting for the first volley of succulent semen to anoint his body and prepare him for confinement.

Low moans and pleasurable grunts sounded out as each Sister grew closer to release. They fisted themselves aggressively, egged on by the sounds of every other woman in the firing squad. The fapping sounds of fists against cum-slick pelvises slapped out as their stroking became more rapid and frenzied. Their moans built to a crescendo as six fat sacks seized and prepared to jettison their loads.

“NNNNNNGGGGGGGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!”

Vivian came first, groaning out her climax mightily. Her thick hose of dark flesh twitched, firing a cannon blast of semen into the side of Francis' face. Her body shook as the thunderous orgasm shot

through her. Her subsequent ropes of jizzum were less targeted, slapping all over Francis' chest, thighs and the mat below.

After Vivian, the leaders of the latex nuns popped off one after the other. Three more volleys of semen shot from three different directions, spraying hot, clingy glue all over the waiting submissive. Two more blasts of warm custard followed as Vicky and Ruko concluded the bukkake. By the time all six women had stroked their cocks to completion and emptied their ample cum tanks, Francis was already half-covered in Succubus jizz.

The leadership council stepped back and eight women were selected to conduct the next wave. They circled Francis and moved in, drawing closer as eight fresh cocks were stroked to full erection and the next cycle of blissful blessing began. The hall echoed with orgasmic wails as another round of hot, thick spurts slapped into his flesh and drizzled down his soiled body. It didn't seem like more than three rounds would be necessary to completely bathe and prepare him, but there was little doubt every nun in the hall wanted a turn.

Jessica and the other Headmistresses watched as Francis was sanctified repeatedly. As the the nonstop bukkake continued, the smell and taste of Succubus cum hung in the air strongly. This only reinvigorated the nuns who had already gone, leaving them hungry for another climax. Ruko had wisely set up large receptacles in three different locations where the libidinous nuns could stand and shoot their excess loads. The extra seed would soon be put to good use.

Once every woman in the hall had her chance to decorate the obedient slave, the ritual moved into its second phase. The dripping Francis was helped up and led to his new home for the next full month. The massive rubber sleep sack with several custom openings and connected parts was unzipped and he was helped into the fetish prison carefully.

His cum-slick body made slipping into the latex coffin relatively easy. It was not slipping on the floor or over the altar that was the hard part. But with four pairs of hands on him, he was guided, delicately, into the luscious tomb.

Ruko stepped in and went to work, hooking up the various tubes to his mouth and nose and making sure they were fixed firmly. Each was connected to a special opening on the outside of the sack, ensuring that he would be able to breathe while immersed. She double checked that everything was working properly before checking with Francis and being given the thumbs up.

Then came the final step. Each of the large metal receptacles into which the Sisters had shot their subsequent blasts of semen was carried to the altar. With great care, two Sisters poured each one into the open sack, unleashing a mudslide of cake batter filth. With each dump of congealed cum, the rubber sack filled up further and Francis' body disappeared below the tide.

Once all three cisterns of fresh nut were empty, another five gallon container of backup jizzum was dumped into the ballooning sack, its contents having been collected recently from the various attractions all over campus. Over the course of the next thirty days, more would be pumped into the sack, periodically, using another special tube Ruko had installed. It would be necessary, as Francis gradually drank from the ocean of filth around him to maintain himself in the coming weeks.

Jessica watched as his face and hands disappeared below the viscous slime. With the sack full, Ruko zipped up the thick, black, glossy tomb and Francis was fully sealed in rubber and filth. A round of

cheers and applause went up as Jessica strode to the altar and bent over the long, bulging latex prison.

She placed her ear to the oxygen hole, connected to the tubes at Francis' mouth and nose. Jessica could hear him breathing steadily. She placed her palm over his torso and pressed down across the zipper-locked rubber gently. Within seconds, she felt his hand press back.

Many of the women filed out, chatting among themselves about the newest ritual and wondering what it meant for the future. Jessica made her way back to Abigail and pulled her aside from the rest of the remaining crowd.

“I want two guards stationed here, around the clock until this is over.”

“Yes, Mistress Superior. I was already planning to—“

“They will not look at their phones. They will not take a nap or listen to the radio. No distractions. They may chat with each other as they maintain a watchful vigil. Nothing more.”

Abigail could see how concerned she was. “Of course. I'll make sure they understand the importance of this assignment. I'll be checking in on them regularly myself.”

Jessica nodded, then looked back at the altar. “Also, there's a chance that zipper could rust or become glued shut. In case something goes wrong, I want a sharp object on hand to cut through the sack.”

Abigail chuckled. “I'm not sure we have a knife that can cut through rubber that thick.”

“**THEN GET ONE!**” Jessica snapped.

The Headmistress of Security jumped and several of the remaining nuns looked their way. Abigail studied Mistress Superior up and down with wide eyes. She knew their leader had been somewhat stressed lately, but she'd never seen her like this before.

Jessica didn't apologize, but her eyelids sank and she looked down. It was clear she hadn't meant to be cross.

Abigail lifted a hand to her shoulder, touching her gently. “Mistress Superior, are you alright?”

The woman's eyes flashed with fresh anger. She'd been asked the same question a dozen times in the last three days and she was utterly sick of it. She pulled away from Abigail.

“**I'm fine**” she spat coldly before turning and striding off.

Jessica's boots clacked across the stone floor as she made a hasty exit from the candlelit chamber. Apprehension settled on the normally cheerful leadership group as Abigail and the other Headmistresses watched her stalk off.

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Time passed with painful latency for Jessica Felicita Christiano. The sun rose and fell. The moon arced across the night sky and disappeared over the horizon. Mistress Superior barely ate. She attended no gatherings of the Sisterhood except for official meetings of the leadership council. Even those, she often left with great haste, returning directly to her residence.

The other Headmistresses approached her several times to see if they could offer assistance. They wished to better understand what she was going through. She brushed them off each time, thanking them for their concern and giving assurances she'd be better once the trial was over.

Jessica rarely left her quarters except for meetings, to check on Francis or when her Succubus lust grew so overwhelmingly powerful she could ignore it no longer. During those times, she would visit the farm, the cumfessionals, the dungeon or one of the other locations where male slaves could be enjoyed by any Sister. Each submissive she took was fucked and flayed savagely. Her desire to dominate mingled with the intense helplessness she felt and the resulting frustration was unleashed in the harshest possible ways.

After such a session, Mistress Superior would often stop by the old cottage; the small guest house that was once Francis' as head priest. It had served as their home for the first two years since the Daughters of Lilith took over. They'd since moved into one of the new condos on campus, but Jessica had many fond memories of their life in the small house.

It was mostly empty now, with only a few sparse furnishings left after moving out. Re-purposing it had been proposed, but Jessica denied the motion. She wasn't ready to let it go and it served as an important reminder of how far they'd come. Mistress Superior would sit in the living room or bedroom for an hour or so, looking out the window and reminiscing before heading back to her swanky new loft.

Each day, without fail, she descended into the cathedral basement to check on Francis. She once again put her ear to the circular output attached to the breathing tube and listened. His breath came and went without fail. She placed her hand on the prison of rubber and cum and pressed gently. Each time, he pressed back eagerly.

The Daughters of Lilith had never enjoyed more membership and such quickly growing fame. Its grounds were never busier for Mistress and slave alike. Their order thrived, but Jessica had never felt so alone since it all began. At a snail's pace, time crept forward for Mistress Superior. And so it was for thirty days and thirty nights.

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The chatter was much louder the second time the Sisterhood gathered in the large chamber below the temple. This was in part due to their being more Sisters present and also become rumors and speculation of what would happen ran wild.

Mistress Superior stood beside Vicky and Abigail, nervously looking from the altar to the clock on the wall and back again. The minutes ticked down slowly. Soon it would be noon and the trial would officially be over.

Vicky reached down and took Jessica's hand in her own. She squeezed it gently. The cheerful nun

ducked her face into their leader's field of vision.

“Hey. I'm sure he's going to be fine.”

“I wish I was as certain as you” she replied with an anxious look. “But thanks.”

“He's still breathing right? So unless he's like a drooling vegetable or something...”

Jessica released her hand, pushed it away and swatted the Headmistress of Finance in the arm.

**\*slap\***

“Ow!”

“Not funny.”

“Sorry! Bad joke! Just trying to lighten the mood.”

“That's a horrible way to do it.”

“It's time!” Abigail interjected. The leather clad enforcer pointed at the clock, which had just struck noon. “Mistress Ruko! You can proceed.”

Ruko broke off the conversation she was having with Evelyn and Vivian. She looked to the clock before gazing back at Jessica, Vicky and Abigail. She nodded before turning and striding to the altar.

The first thing she did was pull the plug on the large tube near the bottom of the sack. Until now it had been used for pumping more semen in, but it would now serve as a drain. All the excess cum that remained in the rubber sack began siphoning out into a large tub that had been positioned to catch the leftover cum.

Once gallons of the creamy filth leaked out and the sack deflated significantly, Ruko moved to the center and took hold of the zipper at the top. She grunted as she tugged on the thing, finding it difficult to get the apparatus moving through all the sticky glaze.

“Need a hand?” Abigail shouted to her. “I got just the thing.” The crafty Domme patted the large, industrial grade utility knife on her gun belt.

“No, that's ok... Think I got it!” Ruko said with exasperated breaths as the slider began rippling through its metal teeth. It slowly wound down until it reached the bottom of the long rubber column and the oversized sleep sack opened at the center.

Ruko peered inside and was immediately taken aback. “**Oh!** Oh my...”

Fearful adrenaline coursed through Jessica as she stepped forward. “**What is it?!?**”

The Headmistress of Health waved her off. “Nothing! It's alright. Sisters, give me a hand!”

The two closest security guards closed in to assist. Ruko removed the breathing tubes and checked for a

solid pulse and proper vision. She asked a few basic questions and was answered by a voice that sounded unfamiliar.

Jessica's brow furrowed as she grew closer to the scene. As they all waited with baited breath, you could hear a pin drop in the hall.

“Alright, up you go!” Ruko said. With the help of both guards, the anointed one was lifted from the slimy casket of latex and cum.

Gasps went up from the crowd of nuns as a new face appeared. Gone was the short brown hair, now replaced by long, brunette locks plastered in viscous semen. The brown eyes with green highlights had been banished. In their place were orbs of deep, full, shimmering green. Not far below the line of a much smaller jaw and higher cheekbones, two giant E-cup breasts hung free, glistening in concentrated semen. Her skin radiated luscious vitality as nougat filth slid from her body.

They helped her stand, and the woman's full glory was unveiled to the crowd of astounded onlookers. An hourglass figure proceeded down to full, curvy thighs and a prominent, round ass. Between her legs sprouted a cock that was truly massive despite its flaccid state. It dangled down four times longer than the one they'd seen on Francis just thirty days ago. It's sheer girth competed with some of the biggest the nuns had to offer.

As the guards and Ruko helped her down, excited banter grew from the gathering of shocked Succubi. Vicky and Abigail looked to Jessica, unsure of what to say. Jessica just stared ahead blankly. She appeared less surprised than her Sisters, if still in a daze. It was as if something she'd only suspected had just been confirmed.

Once the mystery woman found her footing, she stepped forward and presented herself proudly to the group. She placed her hands on her hips and smiled to the crowd. Her striking beauty and impressive endowments announced to the world what it meant to be an anointed of the Goddess. To be a former male fortunate enough to receive the boon of Lilith.

“Fr- Francis?” Evelyn was the first to vocalize everyone's confusion and awe. The leather cowgirl's eyes remained wide as saucers as she studied the brunette vixen up and down.

“Not Francis” came the voice of a young woman in the full bloom of her youth. “From this day forward, I am Sister Francine.”