

Latex Futa Nuns From Hell

Chapter 4 – The Fall Of St. Michael's

Sunlight streamed through the open window of Francis' kitchen on a beautiful, early autumn day. The temperature was mild and a light breeze streamed through the room, carrying the scents of fresh fruit and warm oatmeal throughout the humble abode. Classic “big band” jazz music blared from a radio on the counter as Jessica and Francis sat at the kitchen table with a chess board in between them.

The pair were freshly showered after a long morning romp that had satisfied both of their thirsts. Jessica had a white bathrobe wrapped around her curvy mocha body and a light blue towel around her drying hair. Francis sat in a plain t-shirt, a fresh pair of boxers and nothing else.

The self-satisfied succubus fed herself fruit medley piece by piece as she watched him mull over his next move. It had been several years since she enjoyed a game of chess and Francis had a wonderful stonework set that looked like it had never been used before.

“Do you we need to get a game clock? You're taking way too long.”

“Give me a break! I haven't played since I was a boy.”

“You're very good at making excuses, I'll give you that. Why not just be decisive and take your beating like a man? You already do it in the bedroom.”

“Believe it or not, I still have a smidgen of pride.”

“Until I claim that as well.”

Francis chuckled. “You're cruel.”

“Mmmhmm... and you love it.”

Much had changed in the three weeks since the pair had visited “The Rubber Room.” Was this even still Francis' home? One could rightfully argue it was her house now. She was spending most nights there and making virtually all the decisions in the household.

The convent and church were coming under her control more rapidly than Jessica had envisioned. Victoria and Evelyn had taken their new circumstances surprisingly well after the initial shock wore off. Abigail had needed more time to process things and a bit more convincing, but she had fallen in line as well and was now a loyal devotee to their cause.

More than half the sisters have already been “gifted.” That was the term Jessica and her immediate circle had agreed upon for now. Mother Superior had gone into isolation since receiving her gift. She ate little and refused to speak with anyone most days.

As she waited for Francis to decide on a course of action, Jessica pulled a compact mirror from her handbag and opened it to have look at herself. She checked to make sure her towel was still wrapped properly atop her head and then inspected her face. Her eyes lit up and her eyebrows raised as she noted improvements with glee.

The “first signs of aging” that she had seen only a month ago were gone now. The beginnings of wrinkles had completely disappeared. Her eyelashes looked longer and fuller. Her skin shone with healthy vibrancy, and she wasn't even using a regiment of creams.

Ever since Jessica had claimed her gift and started dominating Francis she found that she looked a little better every day. Each time she drank his essence, or the cum or any male she'd since enslaved, she could feel her body grow more youthful, attractive and strong. It was a powerful, rapturous sensation and she couldn't get enough of it.

“Alright then” Francis muttered after downing a spoon of oatmeal and setting his bowl to the side. He reached for his queen and slid her into an offensive position.

Jessica waited until he had removed his hand from the piece before letting out a mocking laugh. She reached for one of her knights, zig zagged it sideways and took away his most powerful weapon.

“Wait... no!”

“Haha, too late!”

“Whatever! At least I got yours first.”

Jessica smirked. She had sacrificed her queen earlier in a gambit that had taken three of his pieces. Francis was still completely oblivious to how hopeless his situation was.

It was an odd relationship they'd formed. A nun and a priest, now Mistress and slave. The longer they were together, the more Jessica liked it. From what she could tell, the more he liked it as well. Was it just her succubus cum, making him ever more addicted and submissive to her? It was definitely a factor, but she was confident that wasn't the totality of their relationship.

Francis seemed at ease for the first time since she'd met him. Ironically, in sexual slavery he was finally free to be who he really was. He was no longer spending every hour of his day worrying about his parishioners, his church, the diocese and what other people thought of him. Jessica had taken control of his life and put him through the most aggressive stress relief program one could imagine.

No longer did he need to sneak away to some seedy club or far flung location just to find some companionship. No more did he have to hide who he was at all hours of the day. The shame that had been ingrained in him by the church was beginning to fade away. Jessica was fucking it out of him on the daily.

Francis sighed and crossed his arms over his chest. He thought for a few moments before taking hold of his remaining rook and moving it forward slightly to take a defensive position in front of his king. He released the piece and then motioned that it was her turn.

“And that's not all!” Jessica announced cheerfully as she seized her furthest pawn and advanced it to

Francis' end of the board. "I'll be taking my queen back now, thank you."

"What?!?"

"Promotion."

"Promotion?"

"If you advance a pawn all the way to the end of the board, it is substituted for the fallen piece of your choice."

"Dammit! I forgot all about that! If I had known, I wouldn't have sacrificed so many pawns!"

Francis groaned and then handed the piece back to her grudgingly. Jessica's grin grew toothy as she placed it back on the board.

"The white queen dies. The black queen lives again" she said triumphantly.

Francis returned her smile at first, but after a few moments it began to fade and he looked downcast. Jessica slipped into solemnity once she realized the impact of her words.

"You're going to talk to her, right?"

"Yes. I will try... for all the good it will do."

"Thank you, Mistress. I know you two don't get along, but..."

"I have no desire to see her go mad" she cut him off with a scowl. "The only thing keeping her from health and happiness at this moment is her own stubbornness."

"As you say. I could go with you, if you like?"

"No. I don't think that would help. She already knows your mine. It would just look like we were ganging up on her. The new world has come for the Reverend Mother and she needs to choose between it and the old. I will meet her alone."

Francis sighed and nodded.

Jessica rose from her chair, her hands gesturing down at the chess board. "I take it we don't need to continue this?"

"No. I concede" Francis replied with a thin smile.

"Good" Jessica said as she reached for her bag and rummaged through it. "You want to help? Give me another dose before I go."

She tossed the condom at his chest and Francis caught it as it tumbled down.

"I know I drained you pretty good, but you've had two hours to recover and I need something to feed

the old biddy.”

“Of course, my Queen” he replied with only a hint of irony.

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The heavy aromas of incense and wood polish filled Jessica's nostrils as she strolled into the nave of St. Michael's. The heavy wooden doors sealed behind her, sounding off as they clanked shut. The cavernous room would've been pitch black but for scattered candles and the bright sun outside illuminating the many stained glass windows.

The church was almost entirely empty, but Jessica could see Vick, Abigail and Evelyn sitting in the pews just beside the giant glass rendering of St. Michael. Like her, they were wearing their standard Catholic nun attire. The cooler temperatures of early fall made the thick wool garments more bearable, but Jessica decided this would be the last time any of them felt compelled to wear them. No matter how things went with Mother Superior today, changes were coming.

Her footsteps echoed on the floor as she approached her new lieutenants. The women gabbed away as they waited for her to begin their little meeting.

“Don't you think it's odd that they call him Saint Michael?” Victoria inquired. “I mean, he's not actually a saint...”

“Yeah, that's a weird one” Evelyn agreed. “But how much of this stuff ever made sense?”

“As an archangel and commander of the armies of God, his station is at least as high as the saints” Abigail remarked. “However, calling him “Commander” or “Archangel” during services would highlight the fantastical elements of his persona. I imagine the church switched to “Saint” as a matter of practicality.”

“In other words, they paper over parts of the mythology which are inconvenient” Jessica added as she came to a stop by her Sisters. “Like they do so many other things.”

“Sounds bout right!” Evelyn admitted.

“Good day Sisters!” Jessica said with a smile. “How's it going?”

“Things are awwweesoommmeee” Vicky lilted, clearly happy about some new development.

“Good” Abigail began “But I'm worried about Mother Superior. I peeked in on her yesterday and she wouldn't talk to me. She does not look well.”

“I'm heading to see her right after this” Jessica replied, folding her arms below her breasts.

“What's the plan?” Evelyn asked.

“I will try to reason with her. Give her every opportunity to be part of our new arrangement.”

“And if that don't work?” Evelyn followed up, concern in her eyes.

“Then I'll be making a call to social services soon. If she's not willing to listen, she doesn't belong here anymore. I'm not going to force feed her anything. Not food and water and certainly not this.” Jessica patted her pocket where Francis' seed resided in a small glass vial.

Abigail nodded. “The wisest course of action.”

Evelyn's eyebrows slanted up and she looked down sadly as she considered the possibility. Vicky seemed not to care one way or the other.

“What about our operations?” Jessica questioned. “Report.”

“We have several new thirsty male recruits that Evelyn and I will be initiating tonight” Abigail said with a grin. “You're welcome to join us, of course.”

“Mmmm, that sounds like fun... I'd love to, but it will depend on how things go with Helen. It's good that we'll have some new bottoms to milk. Our ranks grow! What about that horse farm down the road, Evelyn? Did you look into it?”

“I'm putting the moves on the owner right now” she replied smoothly, placing one hand on her hip. “He seems very agreeable. The farm will be ours in no time.”

“Excellent” Jessica said with a nod. “And what about you Vick? Not getting in on this?”

Vicky's face lit up happily. “I have a date!”

“Oh really? That young man you've been after?” Jessica asked, her eyebrows raising.

“Yup! A beautiful boy named Christopher with the deepest blue eyes. He's getting thirstier every day since I spiked his drink. Not sure I even needed to. He's already crazy about me! I'm making him mine tonight.”

“Good for you!” Jessica exclaimed.

“Thanks! If it all works out I'm going to tell him to quit the seminary. Then I should have my first live-in slave!”

“Look at you robbin the cradle!” Evelyn chuckled.

“He's 19... even if he doesn't look it” Victoria said with mischief in her eyes. “And he very much needs a strong woman to guide him.”

“Alright then” Jessica said with a nod “I won't keep you. Have fun ladies!”

“Ya know I will!” Evelyn said before heading for the front.

“Good times indeed!” Abigail said excitedly before following her out.

“Aren't you coming?” Victoria inquired, stopping beside Jessica. “We could get some lunch if you're in the mood?”

“I need some time to think before I see Helen. She's going to be a pain, even in her current state. You go ahead, Vick.”

“Hey, you can call me Vicky from now on!” the redhead chirped.

“Oh? I thought you didn't like that nickname?”

“I used to think it was kind of sleazy, ya know? But now... I'm very okay with it” she said with a wink. “See you later!”

As she listened to Vicky's steps echo across the floor followed by the great doors opening and creaking shut, Jessica gazed up at the giant stained glass depiction of Michael. A crown of light ringed his head and his white wings jutted outward gracefully. Over his armor and toga wrapped form he carried a large broadsword and a metal shield. On the shield was engraved the Latin words “Quis ut Deus” meaning “Who is like God?” A rhetorical question.

Jessica's eyed narrowed as she studied the glowing window panes. It wasn't just Michael that was “like God.” It was most men. Petty. Vengeful. Conceited. Overbearing. Foolish. Convinced of their own wisdom and righteousness in spite of all evidence.

'By the time I'm done, none of you will be “like God” ever again.'

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The door to Helen's quarters creaked open and Jessica stepped through. Dirty clothes. Body odor. Untouched food spoiling on a table near her bedside. Jessica almost gagged as she made her way to the center of the room. She covered her mouth and nose, standing still as she let herself acclimate to the squalid conditions.

“Oh... it's you. My **favorite** has come to check on me.”

Helen's voice dripped with sarcasm as she awoke from her nap to find the young woman in her room. She was lying on her bed with a light blanket over her, her hair visible to Jessica for the first time. It must have been jet black many years ago, but now it was equal parts gray and white. Her face had noticeably more wrinkles than the last time Jessica had seen her. Her dark eyes looked tired.

Jessica decided she would ignore her jabs for now.

“How are you feeling Reverend Mother?”

“Like a woman being tested” she answered with all the stoicism she could muster.

“Tested?” Jessica probed. “And who was it that decided you should barely eat or drink?”

“I did, when I realized some members of my order are no longer trustworthy.”

“Not trustworthy? What exactly do you-”

“Enough!” Helen cut her off. She sat up slowly, her steely stare directed at her old subordinate. “I’m old. I’m not stupid! I know some evil stalks these halls and I have a good idea who brought it here! I knew you were trouble the day I laid eyes on you! You never should have been a member of this convent!”

“On that much, we agree” Jessica replied smugly. A silence fell over the room for a few moments.

‘Probably shouldn’t have said that.’ Jessica chided herself, but she couldn’t help it. She’d been taking this woman’s crap for over a decade and she was through with it.

“Helen, whatever you may think of me, I am here today out of concern for your well being.”

“Is that so?”

“Yes. I know that you’ve undergone... certain changes, recently.”

“Oh, ‘certain changes’ is it? Like what?”

“Like the thirst” Jessica answered, her reddish-brown eyes locking on Helen’s dark pools.

“Yes, the thirst. And why is it that I’m thirsty no matter how much I drink, Sister Jessica? How would you know anything about it? Unless you had something to do with it, that is.”

Jessica had rightfully anticipated that this wouldn’t be easy. The old bat was surprisingly sharp for someone who was slowly starving herself and combating her new urges. It was time to take a different tact.

“I know because the same thing happened to me.”

That gave Helen pause and Jessica could tell she believed her. The Reverend Mother thought for a moment before responding. “Alright. And what else do you know, Jessica?”

“I know that God has granted us these gifts” the dark skinned woman spoke as she crossed to the table by Helen’s bed. “I know that we are meant to use our gifts to combat corruption in the church.” She spoke with authority as she picked up a metal spoon from the dining set. “And I know that this...” she extracted the vial from her pocket and poured the milky white substance into the spoon “...will make you feel much better, if you allow it to.”

There it was. That was as good as Jessica could possibly bait the hook. As she turned to the withering old woman in her bed, a groaning pang of thirst gnawed at Helen’s stomach. She gazed at the spoon with crazed eyes and temptation clearly written on her face.

“It’s just one spoon. Think of it as medicine.”

Jessica ducked down and presented it to her. She began moving the spoon slowly toward her mouth , but within seconds Helen's arm shot up and she slapped it away violently. The metal implement clanged across the floor and Francis' essence splattered all over. Jessica turned and looked upon the mess, her anger beginning to bubble up along with her own thirst. The waste was shameful.

The Reverend Mother pulled the blanket off her body and the outline of a sizable cock was visible through her nightgown. “This!” she said, grabbing her crotch with one hand “Is in no way the work of of the lord! Be gone **WITCH!** I will take no part in your perversions!”

Jessica turned her gaze back to Mother Superior, her eyes a pair of cold steel daggers piercing through the old bitch.

“Have it your way.”

Jessica raised back to her full height, turned and strolled past the splatter of spunk. She stopped near the doorway and pulled the veil off her head, freeing her full bodied brunette locks and giving the Reverend Mother a look at the youth and vitality she had just denied herself.

“You know, this is fitting. You've spent your whole life spreading fairy tail nonsense and the lies of men; using them to shackle people. Now you meet your end because you're shackled to them.”

“GET! **OUT!**” the old woman shrieked before falling back on her pillow, her emotions taking their toll on her already weak frame.

Jessica offered no reply. There was nothing left to say. She exited the smelly room and slammed the door behind her.

As she walked down the convent corridors, Jessica was already adapting her plans and plotting several moves forward. Helen's sanity would begin to slip in the coming days and they'd be rid of her soon. It would sadden Francis and some of the sisters briefly, but perhaps this was for the best. Now she could **really** accelerate her plans.

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The wind howled outside as Vicky opened the door to the dark hotel room and flicked the lights on. The room lit up to reveal a luxurious king size bed, an entertainment center and other assorted furnishings. Victoria stopped by the bed to drop off the bags she'd been carrying. Christopher followed her in and the two examined the room in between lustful glances at one another.

The young man was wearing a light blue button down shirt and khaki pants. At 5'7” he was the same height as Vicky and slight of build. He had medium length dirty blonde hair that tumbled down the sides of his head to just below chin level. She couldn't help but think he looked like some combination of a young Kurt Cobain and the stereotypical “white Jesus” archetype.

Vicky was wearing a sleek, black one-piece dress that hugged her curves all the way down to her knees. Her long red hair was done up in a high ponytail; falling behind her in a thick, fiery wave. Her dress and the dark liner around her eyes were complimented by her black leather boots which granted her a

couple inches of height on her young suitor.

It was so liberating to wear clothes and makeup of her own choice again. Victoria had made several purchases recently in an effort to begin rebuilding her wardrobe; not to mention a few choice items for Christopher. She reveled in her new found freedom, showing off her curves as she sauntered back and forth before the room's large windows. They provided a nice view of the well-lit city below and the atmosphere it created was downright romantic.

“So, is this what you wanted to show me?” Christopher asked with a sheepish smile.

“Hardly, but it's a nice spot to get to know each other better, don't you think?”

“It is. Although if I stay much longer, I'll be breaking curfew.”

“Even if you left right now, you wouldn't make it back in time.” She closed the distance to him, her shimmering sapphire eyes locked on his. Her boot heels sank into the carpet as her shapely legs criss-crossed with each suggestive step forward. “So it doesn't really matter if you leave in an hour or tomorrow morning, does it?”

“I suppose not” he admitted, his cheeks turning a deep shade of red.

“Have you ever had a girlfriend, Christopher?”

“No.”

“A crush then?”

“Yeah, but I never told her. I was always too shy.”

Vicky stalked around him in a circle, groping him gently here and there.

“So, you're a virgin then?”

“Yeah...” he stammered.

“What about porn, Christopher? Surely you've watched some by your age. Found something you fancied?”

“Not really... At home, our only computer was in the family room. My parents didn't get me a phone until I left for seminary. We're not supposed to look at stuff like that.”

She stopped in front of him. “Do you always do what your told?”

“Most of the time” he admitted, clearly embarrassed.

Vicky had chosen wisely. She suspected he'd been heavily sheltered, but only in her wildest dreams had she hoped he was this inexperienced. He was perfect. Clay to be molded as she wished.

“I think that's a fine trait in a young man” she assured him as she reached for his collar and began

undoing the buttons of his shirt one by one. "Lack of experience isn't necessarily a bad thing. In fact, it's often better when a knowledgeable woman shows you the ropes."

"The ropes?" he inquired, apparently unfamiliar with the term.

"Normally just an expression" she teased him as she tugged down the top half of his shirt, trapping his arms at his sides. "But for you... there will be **actual** ropes, later."

Vicky dove inward and kissed him full on the lips, her tongue tunneling into his mouth as her hands clawed at his chest and back. He was already under the influence of her pheromones and her touch, but she wanted to give him a fresh dose to make him compliant as possible.

She kissed him long and deep before breaking away, moving her head to the side and giving his ear a gentle bite. She then slid her tongue into his ear as she grabbed his ass with both hands, squeezing his cheeks hungrily. Christopher began breathing loudly as low moans escaped his lips. He was so distracted by her attentions and his own growing erection that he hadn't noticed the bulge growing in the front of Vicky's black dress.

A loud gurgling sound emitted from Christopher's stomach and Vicky paused.

"Still hungry?" she asked, feigning surprise. "We just had dinner."

"No. It's strange... I've been so thirsty lately. No matter how much I drink, it doesn't seem to go away."

"Mmmm, I like thirsty boys" she spoke directly into his ear. "And I promise you... in just a little while, you won't even notice it anymore."

She gave his ear another bite and his neck a long lick before turning and striding to the bedside. She rummaged through her bags before picking one up, strategically placing it in front of her crotch, and returning to her horny new submissive.

"I bought a few things for you while I was out yesterday. I'd really like you to try them on."

"Sure..." he replied in a lust-filled daze. His expression was dreamy as he gazed at Vicky. He might have jumped out the window at that moment if she asked.

Christopher took the bag and looked inside. He saw what appeared to be a pair of elbow length arm gloves, thigh high stockings and panties, all made of shiny pink latex. Even in his stupor, this took him by surprise.

"You want me to wear... these?!?"

She grabbed his chin and brought her mouth close to his. "Yes, I do." She sealed the deal with another kiss, spearing her tongue into his mouth until he yielded completely. He followed her lead, feeding his own tongue back at her beckoning. After another long, sensual kiss she pulled her lips from his.

"Now be a good boy and get dressed. You will wear nothing but what's in that bag! And while you're changing, I will be too." She winked and flashed him a seductive smile as she trailed her hand up the bulge in his pants.

She nodded towards the bathroom and Christopher needed no further coaxing. He tore his eyes from her only to obey her commands; hurrying to the bathroom and closing the door behind him. He unbuttoned the bottom half of his shirt and tore it off. He quickly unbuckled his pants and left his clothes hanging over the shower curtain.

Christopher pulled off his briefs and tossed them aside before retrieving the latex panties and slowly pulling them up his slender legs. His cock was a turgid six inches as he pulled the cool latex over them, trapping it against his body. He then went to work on the rest of the garments.

The arm length gloves and latex leggings were tight and difficult to squeeze into, but over the next fifteen minutes Christopher stubbornly pulled them over his limbs. The latex felt nice on his bare skin and he examined himself in the mirror, noting immediately how strikingly feminine he looked. Was this what Vicky wanted?

knock knock knock

“Cmon out when you're ready!” he heard Vicky call from behind the door. Christopher checked himself again in the mirror before taking a deep breath, grasping the handle and walking out.

There stood Vicky in a latex catsuit, covered from neck to toe in gleaming red, but for an opening in her chest where her cleavage showed prominently. Christopher couldn't think straight. His brain short circuited. The bulge in the front of her suit didn't even concern him. He wanted to touch and taste her now. **Badly.**

“My my, aren't you a treat” Vicky purred as she reached out and stroked him up and down. Christopher had almost no body hair. What little he did have she would remove later. Vicky grew increasingly aroused as it became apparent he was the perfect candidate to be her first sissy slut.

She took him by the hand and led him back to the center of the room. She embraced him once again and they began kissing deeply. This time Christopher returned her gropes, his latex clad arms sliding around her rubber curves and feeling her all over.

After several long moments Vicky stopped and pulled something from her cleavage. “Put your lips together, hun.”

Christopher obeyed her immediately; doing his best to keep still as she applied a thick coat of pink lipstick. The glossy substance accentuated the fullness of his lips and matched his shiny attire perfectly.

She tossed the cosmetic behind her and pushed his head down gently. “On your knees, Chrissy.”

He lowered himself down gently onto the soft carpet and was confronted directly by the large bulge in her latex suit. Vicky began pulling his hair back into two thick pigtails and wrapping hair ties around them as he stared at her straining member. His thirst intensified along with his libido. His thoughts became scattered and lustful. She was directing his every action and he wanted more of it. **Needed it.**

“Now then, you're going to make Mommy feel good” Vicky said as she unzipped the front of her suit; her enormous cock and ample balls plopping into view. “And then Mommy is going to make you feel good. Won't that be nice?”

“Mommy?” he asked, staring at her fat twelve inches of rapidly stiffening cock; the warmth and mustiness radiating from it strongly as it twitched before his face.

“That's right” she replied as she stared down at her femboy slave. “From now on you will address me as Mommy, Mistress or Mistress Vicky. You will alternate between them because it pleases me. Do you understand, Chrissy?”

“Yes Mommy” he answered in earnest.

“Good, now suck me off you little slutty little tart.”

She pressed her tip to his mouth, pushed it through his pink, painted lips and deep into his mouth as she seized his pigtales with both hands. Vicky was careful not to go too deep at first, happily sawing half of her length in and out of his moist mouth as Christopher learned to accommodate her considerable girth.

His lips smacked delightfully around her shaft as Vicky gripped his head tightly and began fucking his face in steady rhythm. Christopher found the smell and taste of her cock irresistible, sucking and slurping away with abandon.

“Yeah... get that lipstick all over my cock like a good little whore!”

As she began pushing deeper into his throat, Christopher gagged and his survival instincts kicked in. He raised his hands to her legs, pressing on them in panic. Vicky ignored him at first, plowing through his feeble protest and enjoying the lovely sounds his cock stuffed throat was producing. As he pressed back harder, she sighed and withdrew from his mouth momentarily.

“Chrissy... place your hands behind your back. You will hold them together until I cum, or you will be punished. Do you understand?”

Christopher took several deep breaths before answering. “Yes Mistress!” He placed his hands behind his back and locked them firmly, determined to do as she instructed.

“Good boy. Now suck! More tongue this time.”

Vicky re-entered his phlegm drenched mouth and pressed deeper, her cock slowly disappearing down his throat as his eyes watered. She backed out and pressed forward again, slowly rebuilding her rhythm as pockets of air and spittle erupted from his puffy lips with each thrust. Her fleshy sack swung back and forth, inching ever closer to his chin as she crammed more of her thick cock down his waiting gullet.

Christopher did his best to ignore the gagging sensation and focus on pleasing his new Mistress. He wagged his tongue along the bottom of her cock, applying suction to her shaft each time she pulled back and opening his mouth slightly wider for each thrust. The familiar thirst clawed at his stomach, and he realized, instinctually, that only his well hung Goddess could give him what he needed.

“Ohhh fuck! That's it Chrissy! Good boy!!!”

Vicky became more aggressive and needy, forcefully pulling his face into each of her thrusts. She sank

home nearly all of her glistening rod and began spearing it back and forth quickly. Her latex catsuit became increasingly warm, tight and clammy on her skin, creaking audibly as she fucked her slut boy's face needily. Glugging sounds slipped from Christopher's mouth and nose with each frenzied fuck, saliva and pre-cum backing up heavily in his throat and nasal passage. His hands barely held together as she pressed him to take her full, throbbing, length of hot beef.

“OH YEAH!!! MOMMY'S GOT WHAT YOU NEED SLUT!!! HERE IT COMES!!!”

Vicky face fucked him frantically for several moments before moaning loudly as she bottomed out in his throat. Her balls clenched below his chin as a river of warm goo fired into his sucking cheeks. Christopher could feel her hot flesh pulsing against the walls of his mouth and throat as she dug her gloved hands into his hair and locked his face to her body.

Vicky resumed her face fucking after the first few spurts. Her scrotum slapped his chin wetly as glob after glob of warm, slimy filth slid down his maw like hot tapioca. Her cum was a soothing balm to Christopher's throat and stomach. His thirst began to fade for the first time in days and a feeling of intense satisfaction settled over him as her bucking came to a stop and he sucked down as much of her sweet filth as he could.

The Domina in shiny red sighed happily as she pulled her spit shined weapon from his glossy lips. It exited his mouth with a wet pop, indicating his reluctance to let it go. To her pleasant surprise his hands remained clasped behind his back. She ran her fingers through his blonde locks before grasping his chin and tilting his head up to meet her gaze.

“VERY good Chrissy... You're a natural. And don't you feel better now?”

“Yes Mistress Vicky” he admitted with a bashful grin.

Vicky eyed him up and down, enjoying the sight of her bitch boy property on his knees. Thick cum and viscous drool glazed his face and chest, making a delightful mess of her new slave. She couldn't wait to dress him in other outfits, but the pink latex accessories were a good start. Vicky could tell he was overwhelmed by his first sexual experience, but it wouldn't be his last tonight. Christopher had no idea the depths of perversion that awaited him or how they would consume his life.

“Soon it will be your turn to feel good!” Vicky announced as she crossed back to her bags, her cock bobbing before her. “Mommy gets thirsty too.” She retrieved a condom and a thick leather paddle before turning and placing her hands on her hips. “But first, it's time for a spanking!”

Christopher looked puzzled. “Mistress? I did what you asked...”

“Oh, it's not a punishment” Vicky replied as her smile grew wicked. “I'm just in the mood.”

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Father Francis Paul Sullivan
The Church of St. Michael
Austin, TX 78732

To His Excellency, the Most Reverend Thomas James Everson, Bishop of Austin

Dear Bishop Everson,

It was with great sadness that I must report the status of Reverend Mother Helen Louise Delarosa of the Sisters of Guadalupe. The Reverend Mother took ill some two weeks ago and both her physical and mental state have been in steady decline since.

The Reverend Mother refused to eat for days at a time and began to grow paranoid, expressing distrust of many of the Sisters and even myself. We did all that we could to tend to her in her hour of need, but alas, we could not help her. Finally, we were compelled to contact Adult Protective Services out of concern for her health.

When they arrived to check on her, she became manic and hostile. The Reverend Mother ranted about demons, witches and male genitalia as they took her to the hospital. She is currently being cared for at St. David's Medical Center. I am told that once she's in better health, she will be transferred to a state mental ward for long term evaluation.

Helen's only living relative is an estranged nephew, but I have written to inform him of her situation.

In the days since the Reverend Mother left us, the Sisters of Guadalupe have held a vote to determine their new Mother Superior. By overwhelming majority in a secret ballot, Sister Jessica Felicita Christiano has been chosen to lead the Sisterhood.

While Sister Jessica is a few years younger than is typically allowed for a Reverend Mother, she meets all other requirements and I can think of no one better to lead the Sisters in this difficult time. I give her my highest recommendation and I hope you will grant her your blessing in her new role.

Let us pray for our Reverend Mothers, old and new, and ask that God grant them strength in the coming days.

Sincerely,

Father Francis