

Latex Futa Nuns From Hell

Chapter 12 – A Fuckmas Carol

It was a cool morning in Austin and a light sheen of frost glazed the windows of Abigail's new condo. It would warm into the sixties later that day but right now it was barely above freezing and the unit's electric heat had been active all night. The frigid environment matched Abby's mood. It was Christmas Eve and she would be working tonight.

The thin, raven-haired Domina had dressed in more leather than usual to adapt to the cool conditions. Many women on campus would relent today, trading their fetish-wear for something more warm and comfy or wearing winter coats over their latex. Never Abigail. Leather was the law in her household and she took it upon herself to set an example for the community at all times.

The Headmistress of Security for the Daughters of Lilith sat at the table, scrolling through her phone, checking her morning notifications and waiting for breakfast. She looked up intermittently and her haughty gaze followed the leather-locked slave as he shuffled around the kitchen preparing her meal. The only part of him not covered in glossy black was the festive headband with reindeer antlers strapped to his head. It was no easy feat, making food and not dropping or breaking anything while layered head to toe in thick, black leather, but by this point, he'd been well trained.

Lyle, the pain slut. Abigail had found him online after a long search for the perfect slave. She needed someone who enjoyed enduring pain as much as she delighted in dishing it out. She wanted a true submissive; someone who was eager to serve, not just have their kinks fulfilled. Like many women, Abby liked her men tall, dark and handsome. He fit all the criteria, and while his features were almost always hidden under the sheen of leather and rubber, the important thing was Abigail knew she had a handsome devil locked below the surface of eternal, skin-tight bondage.

Their chemistry and rapport were instant upon meeting and it wasn't long before Abby dosed him, fucked him, collared him and claimed Lyle forever. They'd been a blissful couple on the Daughters of Lilith campus and perhaps never happier than they were right now. As a member of the Leadership Council, Abigail had been among the first to be granted new housing. No longer did they have to put up with the small, cramped dorm room of the old convent halls.

Many in the Sisterhood enjoyed keeping their male slaves in perpetual chastity. Not Abigail. All a cock cage did was get in the way of her fists and feet. She eyed the bulge in his gimp suit as he went about his work. The leather lioness was as hungry to deliver blunt force to his crotch as she was to sink her teeth into the morning meal.

Abby didn't have to wait long for the latter. Lyle finished his preparations, walked to her side and set down a porcelain plate, ceramic mug and metal spoon before the ravenous Domme. Abigail set her phone aside and beheld her breakfast. Fresh grapefruit, two pieces of golden brown toast with butter and a cup of dark roast coffee. He'd even placed a little green garnish on the plate beside the grapefruit for style. She inhaled deeply and perked up a bit, turning to her slave with a thankful smile.

“Well done, slut. And just in time. I'm starving!”

He bowed and took a step back. “I'm glad, Mistress.”

As Abby dove into her food and drink, Lyle knelt on the cold kitchen floor. He traced her shiny leather calves and thighs up and down with lustful eyes; dark coals peeking out of the small circular openings of his leather hood. “Mistress, may this slave clean your boots with his tongue?”

Abigail sipped her coffee, chuckled and answered him without so much as a glance downward. “He may.” In the past, he couldn't speak without being spoken to first, but their relationship had grown so strong that Abby had lifted that restriction. He knew better than to speak out of turn or ask impertinent questions. On the rare occasion he overstepped his bounds, it was just another convenient excuse to blister his bottom.

Lyle went to work, his tongue bathing her leather footwear up and down as she crunched on her toast and scooped the tasty fruit into her mouth. Halfway through her course, Abigail remembered she had something important to mention.

“Oh, I've been meaning to tell you... Sorry to say, I won't be going to the show tonight.”

His licking stopped and Lyle's leather-encased head darted back up, the antlers bouncing above his shiny, leather dome. “You're not going to the *Reindeer Rodeo*? But Mistress, why???”

“It's my own fault, I suppose. Being harsh with men comes easily to me, but I'm too soft on the girls. Damn near my entire team has opted to use their time off tonight. I'm lucky I have half a dozen guards left to patrol the campus. I'm gonna be in the office all night.”

Lyle sighed. “I was so looking forward to it...”

She turned to him and her tone grew frosty again. “Relax, slut. I'll hand you off to Vivian, Evelyn or someone else. You can still go and have your muddy fun.”

He smirked. “It won't be the same without you. And to make you work on Christmas Eve! It's not fair, Mistress.”

“Life isn't fair” she countered. “And someone needs to keep this kinky playground safe while everyone else is having a good time. It might as well be me.”

“But what if--”

“Enough!” she cut him off. “There'll be no more talk of it.” Abigail stuffed the last of the grapefruit and toast in her mouth before licking her fingers. She glanced at her phone and checked the time before taking another big gulp of her coffee. Her chair groaned against the hardwood floor as she pushed it back and rose to her feet. “Clean this up and fetch my cloak while I brush my teeth.”

“Right away, Mistress” he replied, still on his knees and bowing his head to the floor.

Abby emerged from the bathroom a few minutes later and Lyle was waiting for her, holding her long, shiny leather cape. She turned her back to him and he immediately began hooking the clasps to the

small metal anchor points on the shoulders of her leather top.

“Just the usual chores today. Then you're free to do as you like. No touching yourself, though. You will remain chaste until Christmas morning or be punished severely.”

“Is that a command, or a dare?” he joked.

Her cloak firmly attached, she turned and peered into his eyes. Her muddy brown pools and his pale blue dots both smoldered with lust as they gazed at each other. “Get yourself on the naughty list and find out” she said with wink.

Lyle smiled knowingly. “What about lunch?”

“Ummm...” her eyes rolled up as she thought about it. “I don't know, make me a sandwich, I guess. Surprise me! You know the ones I like.”

“Yes, Mistress” he replied with a nod.

Abigail closed the distance and they entered a deep tongue kiss. She pushed him up against the wall and her hand began roaming below until she found his package. He was hard, his cock outlined in the front of his leather pants. She stroked it up and down as they swapped spit and hot breath. Lyle lost himself in his Goddess until the familiar kiss goodbye connected with his crotch in the form of her clenched fist.

SHOMP

His lips were ripped from hers as his nethers exploded in pain. A shock of torment wracked his body as he twisted to the side. He yelped and sucked in cool air, his body trying to adjust to the sudden agony as his brain lit up with dopamine.

Abigail cackled as he bent himself over and reflexively cradled his balls below. “So undisciplined. Some day you'll learn to take that without forsaking my kiss.”

“I'm sorry, Mistress...” he uttered through clenched teeth.

“I'm sure you are” she said while taking a few steps back. “Stand at attention and spread your legs. Now.”

Lyle rose apprehensively and straightened himself. He took a step forward from the wall and sucked in another deep breath as he pushed his legs apart. The experienced slave looked up at the ceiling, knowing what was coming next. He didn't want to flinch.

POOMMMFFF

The front of Abigail's thick leather boot flew up into his scrotum, devastating his cock and balls and blasting them against the rest of his anatomy. He grunted and yelled, much louder this time. Lyle saw stars as he fell back against the wall and slid to the floor. Overwhelming pain surged through his entire nervous system as he hit the floor with a thud. His hands flew to his bashed scrotum again, holding it gingerly as he rocked back and forth.

Abby put her hands on her hips and watched him squirm below. She laughed wickedly, drinking in the sight of her tormented submissive before heading out for a busy day. Abigail turned and her boot heels clacked down the hallway as she made her way back to the kitchen. "See you at lunch, slut."

She grabbed her leather bag and officer's cap from the counter, placing the latter neatly on her head before reaching for the door.

"Thank you, Mistress" he offered weakly, his vision still splotchy.

By the time the door clicked shut, endorphins were rushing through Lyle's body and the pain began folding into a rush of perverse pleasure. He reached for the zipper on the bottom his suit; the only zipper on his gimp attire that wasn't locked shut. It seemed he was eager to take that dare.

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"Allison! Good to hear from you! How's Italy?"

"It's wonderful, Mistress Superior. I'm having the time of my life! And thanks for sending Jeffrey along. He arrived three days ago."

Jessica swiveled around in her office chair and surveyed the Daughters of Lilith campus from her large, back window. It was late morning and while the temperature was steadily rising it was still colder than Austin natives were used to. Mistress Superior wasn't showing the slightest bit of skin today, her entire form clad in thick, clinging latex. Her face was covered by one of the stylish, porcelain masks she'd taken to wearing since *the incident*.

In truth, she didn't need to wear it anymore. What little scarring was left was light and increasingly indecipherable. But Jessica had grown proud of her beauty and didn't want to reveal her face in public until her skin was flawless again. Besides, the mask granted her a certain air of mystery and awe which she'd grown accustomed to.

Her body was warm in the succulent grip of tight rubber and her libido was increasing steadily. Jessica had already drained herself once in Matthew's warm throat earlier that morning. She looked forward to claiming her assistant's other tight hole as soon as this phone call was over.

"My pleasure, dear. Since your three week mission turned into a three month mission, I wasn't going to keep you from your lover boy any longer. I take it he won't be a hindrance to your mission?"

"Not at all. In fact, I'm lending him out to some of our new converts while I continue to have my fun throughout Rome. He's going to be a very busy slut."

"A fine idea. I take it Adam remains compliant?"

"Thoroughly. He's done everything I and the other Sisters have asked. After helping with the initial seeding he has resigned his position at The Vatican. I believe his loyalty is absolute, now."

“Good. Then continue your work and we'll speak in the new year.”

“You can keep me here for another three months as far as I'm concerned. And after that, feel free to send us to France or Spain! I've always wanted to see more of Europe.”

“I'll keep that in mind” Jessica said with a grin. “Merry Fuckmas, Allison.”

“Fuckmas?” the leggy blonde giggled. “Is that what we're calling it now?”

“We are.”

“Well then, Merry Fuckmas to you too, Mistress Superior!”

Jessica ended the call, swerved her chair back around and set her phone on the desk. Looking up, she was surprised to see Vivian waiting in her doorway. The dark skinned beauty was, likewise, covered in glossy black, though her neck, upper arms and upper thighs were still exposed to the cool air. It seemed the Headmistress of Communications was fairly warm blooded and not afraid of the morning chill.

The designation had been bestowed on Vivian earlier that fall after much hard work on the Daughters of Lilith Leadership Council. Though the title implied something more specific, her duties were in fact rather general. She not only coordinated the Sisterhood's outreach and public relations efforts, but also filled in when help was needed at any of the campuses' many attractions. This took the strain off Vicky so she could focus on the Sisterhood's finances and many building projects. It also helped provide flex time for the other Headmistresses when they needed a break.

“Oh. Hey Viv! What's up?”

“A matter of small importance, Mistress Superior, if you have a moment.”

“Of course! Come in, sit down” she replied, motioning to the chairs in front of her desk.

Vivian waved her off. “This won't take long. I heard through the grapevine that Abigail won't be attending the show tonight.”

“What?” Jessica's eyebrows scrunched and annoyance flashed across her face. “Why?!?”

“It seems she's low on personnel. Her entire team wanted to go to the rodeo.”

“And she let them.” Jessica rolled her eyes and nodded. With only those details, she could surmise the rest of the story. Abigail was a taskmaster until you got to know her well. Then she loved you. She had a hard time saying no to anyone she got along with, and by now, most of her security team worshipped her. “How can someone who's so stern and implacable in most things be such a pushover in others?”

“I know, right?” Vivian folded her arms under her ample, gleaming bosom. “What do you wanna do?”

Jessica sighed, grabbed a pen from her desk and began tapping it on the wooden surface. Her gaze lifted as her mind raced and she quickly formulated a plan. A few moments later the tapping stopped and her lips widened into a grin. “I know what we'll do, but I'm gonna need you to clear your schedule for the rest of the day and help me prepare a few things.”

Vivian smiled back. “Not a problem. My duties were light today, anyway. It's Fuckmas Eve! So what's the plan?”

Jessica tossed the pen back on the desk and it clattered to a stop. She looked up at Vivian, her intense reddish-brown eyes peering through the holes of her mask. “We're going to teach her a lesson, in a manner appropriate to the holiday season.”

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Abigail sat comfortably, her leather-clad body meshing nicely with the plush leather office chair. She tilted back with her feet on the desk, sipping from a cup of hot cocoa and gazing over at the security monitors periodically. Normally she'd be in her own office, but there was no one else to man the front desk right now and it had access to all the video and radio equipment she needed.

The red lights on the radio flared to life as the captain of the guard announced herself. “This is Ashley reporting in for rotation C. All sectors clear. Over.”

Abby picked up her two-way and responded. “Roger that. It's dropped quite a bit in the last hour. Stay warm out there, girls. Over.”

“Hah! Like you need to tell **us**! Over and out.”

The Headmistress of Security chuckled and set the walkie-talkie back on the desk. As she did, the bells of the Tabernacle rang in the distance. It was six o'clock. It was pitch black outside and cold air rushed against the windows of the dimly lit station.

Abby picked up the latest edition of the *Austin Chronicle* from the desk and began thumbing through it lazily. It seemed like it was going to be a long, boring night. She had just settled into reading Allison's latest bit of gossip from Rome when...

“AbBbIiIiGgGaAaILL!!!”

The dark haired Domina jumped in her seat and looked up. There was Evelyn, her arms raised, standing in the middle of the entrance wearing a makeshift toga and a green, laurel wreath wrapped around her head. It was a far cry from her usual leather cowgirl outfits. She looked utterly ridiculous.

The buxom blonde was hardly known for sneaking up on people. On the contrary, you could normally hear her coming from a mile away, chatting and laughing boisterously. Abigail was immediately suspicious.

“Hey Ev. Thanks for startling me! Is there a costume contest at the rodeo tonight?”

“Silence, woman! You speak with the Ghost of Fuckmas Past!” she yelled, placing her hands on her wide hips.

Abigail smirked. Now it all made sense. She'd gotten a mysterious voicemail from Vivian earlier that

day saying “You will be visited tonight by three spirits.” Abby had figured it was a joke, but she should've expected something this silly.

“Really? Because to me you look just like my friend Evelyn wearing a bed sheet.”

“Abigail! You have failed to keep the sacred tradition of Fuckmas in your heart!” she implored as she approached the front desk. “I've come on this blessed evening to instruct you!”

Abby tossed the newspaper on the desk and rolled her eyes. “Tradition? We literally just came up with *'Fuckmas'* to re-brand Christmas! What tradition could you possibly be talking about?”

Evelyn tsk-tsked and shook her finger at her. “Always the cynic. Dear Abigail, are you not aware that throughout the long history of humankind, women have bent men by the fireplace and spanked their bottoms raw? Truly, do you think holiday Femdom is a new thing?”

Abigail folded her arms and leaned back in her seat anew. “I hadn't really thought about it until now. You're probably right, though... I don't know what that has to do with the price of tea in China.”

Evelyn held her hands up and clapped twice in quick succession. “Get in here Robert!”

A collared man in head-to-toe black latex, a full leather body harness and rubber horse hooves on his hands and feet lumbered in from the hallway. He quickly strode to Evelyn's side, saliva dripping from the leather bit fixed in his mouth. Evelyn took hold of his leash, pulled him to the front desk and bent him over the side. She reached into her toga and produced a long wooden paddle with thick holes dotting its core.

“In the old days, they didn't have many of the toys and materials we enjoy in modern times, but they made do with what they had. The paddle, the whip, the flogger. Leather and metal used to bind and titillate in equal measure!”

Abby watched her Sister grow excited as she rubbed the slave's bottom. A thin smile spread across her face. “Yes, I'm sure it was a common practice, although mostly done in secret.”

SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK

Evelyn laced into the Robert's ass, the paddle whistling through the air and belting into his taut rubber cheeks forcefully. Each blow grew stronger than the last. Soon Robert's eyes went wide as he grunted and moaned into the thick, glossy gag between his teeth.

“Not always in secret!” Evelyn rebuffed, pausing in her exertions. “Did you know Roman women would force their servants to perform oral sex on them at will? No doubt they demanded other acts as well! Oh, and they often required their slaves to wear thecas; a type of chastity belt. It was common back then.”

Abigail snickered. “Someone spent their afternoon on Wikipedia.”

Evelyn ignored the jab. She placed one hand on Robert's back and leaned on him while offering Abigail the paddle with the other. “Come, Miss Abby. Wouldn't you like to take a turn?”

“Love to, but I'm on duty, and I really do need to keep an eye on things.”

The curvy blonde lowered the paddle to the desk and grimaced. “Do you really think someone's going to try to sneak in here on Fuckmas Eve?”

“If I was a Vatican spy or saboteur, that's exactly when I'd try.”

Evelyn's arms fell to her side. “Agggghhh! You're impossible!”

“And you're silly” Abby retorted with a grin. “But I did enjoy your little show.”

The big woman wound the leash around her arm, pulled Robert off the desk and ushered him toward the front door. “I'll see you at the Reindeer Rodeo, Abigail” she said with a wink before turning and prodding Robert's ass with the paddle.

“No, but you **will** see me **tomorrow**, Evelyn.”

“Whatever, Scrooge!” she shot over her shoulder.

“**BAH HUMBUG!**” Abby called after her, happy to play her new role.

Within moments they were gone, and the security station was quiet again. Abby shook her head and picked the newspaper back up.

'This place gets nuttier every day.'

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It was just after seven and Abby was famished. She waited on hold for the clerk at the pizzeria to pick the phone back up. Pizza places were always slammed on Christmas Eve and this year was no exception.

“Hi there, pickup or delivery?”

“Delivery.”

“And it's going to... The Sisters of Guadalupe?”

“We're The Daughters of Lilith now, but it's the same address. It's going to the security office in the administration building. Just follow the signs.”

“Alright, what do you want?”

“A large pepperoni pie, as fast as you can get it here.”

“Name?”

“Abigail Richards.”

“Ok, give us a half hour or so.”

“Thanks!”

Abigail hung up and set her phone aside before turning and taking a fresh look at the monitors. “Thank Lilith you can still get delivery on Christmas Eve.” As she scanned the monitors, the sound of jingle bells could be heard, faintly, from the hallway. It grew steadily louder until it was obvious someone was approaching.

Abigail turned back around to see Vicky and her two femboy slaves waltz into the lobby. The feisty redhead was wearing red latex, as usual, but this time her bodysuit was accompanied by a Santa hat atop her lovely auburn tresses. Christopher donned a matching red latex outfit, but with cat ears propped up on his blonde locks. Dylan was dressed in glossy green with an elf cap cresting his dark hair. Both young men wore collars with jingle bells wound around them. The twin sissy sluts jingled their way to the front desk as Victoria reigned in their leashes.

“On your way to the rodeo?” Abigail asked.

“Yesssss!” Vicky answered excitedly. “But first! ABIGAIL! The Ghost of Fuckmas Present has come for you!”

“Ahhh, I should've known. You gals are really making a whole production out of this, huh?”

“Do not mock the spirits, o' leathery miser!” she shot back. “For our powers are terrible and those with wicked hearts fear our visitation!”

“Trust us, we know” said Dylan, massaging his bruised ass from a recent spanking.

“Great. Maybe I should put you guys on guard duty?” Abigail sat back down in her chair and prepared to endure another round of tom-foolery.

Vicky ignored her jabs. “Oh cold sentinel! Fuckmas Eve is upon us! It is this night that reminds us, more than any other, the value of family, friends, loved ones and living in the moment! Also, the importance of sharing! Have you nothing to offer your guests on this night?!?”

“Ummm...” Abigail looked around the room, wondering if anything could be turned into a makeshift gift on the fly. There was nothing that fit the bill. Food perhaps? “There's coffee and hot cocoa in the break room. And if you want to wait thirty minutes, you're welcome to some pepperoni pizza.”

“Oooh, that sounds good” Christopher sounded off. “Can we, Mistress?”

Vicky reached back and sent the business end of her crop flying into his shiny, red ass cheeks.

SNAP

“Owww!” The restrained sissy lurched at the unexpected swat, but didn't go far thanks to the tight grip on his leash.

“A generous offer! But we haven't the time. My visit is short and I have come to share with you a gift of my own.”

“And what would that be?” Abigail asked, genuinely curious.

Victoria grinned. “The gift of pleasure and sweet relief.” She released Dylan's leash and gave him a gentle push toward the entrance to Abby's work space. The young man took his cue, walking behind the desk and approaching her with a mischievous twinkle in his eye.

“Oh... That's really nice of you, but I shouldn't. I'm on duty right now.” She replied, holding up her hands as the young man drew closer.

“Dylan!” Vicky called out as she bent Christopher over the front of the desk. “Be a good slutty elf and make sure Mistress Abigail can see her monitors while you go about your work.”

“Yes, Mommy” he answered coyly, getting on hands and knees and crawling the rest of the way to her chair.

Vicky drew down the zipper on her Chrissy cat's bottom with practiced ease. Her own front zipper followed and her impressive cock sprang out, already at half mast. She began fisting it eagerly as she traced her slutboy's crack up and down with her other hand.

Abigail bit her lip as she watched the private show begin just a few feet in front of her. Dylan's head popped up between her legs moments later and she looked down at his glistening blue eyes and eager lips. Her legs parted, pushing to the sides almost reflexively.

“Well... It's true I haven't cum since this morning. And as long as I can see the monitors. I guess...”

Dylan grasped her thighs and gently raised his face up to her waist. He took hold of the zipper on her leather pants with his teeth and slowly pulled it down. Abigail's rapidly hardening unit flopped out, grazing the side of his face as it kissed cool air. It quickly straightened into a fleshy monument to lust, pointed at the ceiling and ripe with the stench of pre-cum and leather.

The young man decided to tease her. He buried his face in her crotch, licking and sucking away at her sweaty balls and moaned as he inhaled the scent of leather musk. Abigail's cock pressed against his forehead and elf hat, growing thicker and more rigid by the second as he worshiped her supple scrog.

“Naughty little bitch... “ she chided him. “You're only getting one gift this year.”

Dylan's mouth slid off her musty flesh with a wet pop. “It's the only one I want, Mistress.” He immediately resumed sucking and licking her scrotum as Abby sucked in deep breaths.

Christopher let out a long, low moan as Vicky fed her bulging cum pipe into his tight, peachy pucker. Abigail raised her gaze and got an excellent view of the cat-eared slut, clinging to the front of her desk as Victoria mounted him from behind. His eyes lulled upward as inch after inch of fat fuck-meat slid into his hungry hole.

“Mmmmm... **Yes!** More Mistress!”

SMACK

Vicky's latex palm collided with his half-exposed cheek.

“I mean, please! More **PLEASE** Mistress!” he corrected himself.

As the Headmistress of Finance began sawing in and out of her most precious asset, Abigail could take the delicious enticement no longer. She reached down and seized Dylan's leash. Abby pulled his face up sternly, seized the sides of his head and brought his pouty lips to the tip of her weapon. She pushed his head down and his lust filled eyes signaled total obedience. His wet, sucking mouth split wide as silky, warm suction enveloped Abigail's pulsing shaft, slowly.

She spared a look at the monitors, checking them briefly as the cock-hungry farm boy sank his lips all the way down to her base. Abby immediately turned back, amazed that he'd taken her full length so quickly. She allowed him to slide his face back up, but only a few inches. The sex-crazed Domina held him firm, informing him that he was expected to deepthroat her for the duration. She pushed his head back down and Dylan gurgled, pre-cum and saliva slurping from his lips as she demanded faithful service.

Vicky's hands were firmly on Christopher's hips as she shafted him fast and raw. Her pelvis slammed into his cheeks as she filled him with cock repeatedly. Her need to cum was eclipsed only by her desire to hear him squeal in delight. Chrissy loved just a bit of pain and degradation to go with his pleasure. She paused her fucking to give him what he needed.

SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK

Her hand lambasted the side of his ass over and over, making it turn red below the sheen of already crimson latex. She picked up his leash and pulled it back firmly before seizing his hips again and pounding his ass with renewed, fearsome thrusts. The motion jerked his collar back, tightly around his neck, with each frenzied entry and withdrawal.

“Ohhhhh.... **OHHHH YESSS!!!**” the catboy cried out. His eyes closed and his fingers clung to the desk for dear life.

Abby watched the wonderful display of debauchery before her as she forced Dylan's mouth up and down her rock hard python. His eyes watered and his mouth sputtered with every dive to the bottom of her swollen schwanz. Abigail didn't care. Not about his difficulty and not if fifty Vatican assassins were currently scaling the walls of the compound. This little slut was going to choke on her cock until she filled him like a human condom.

The deep blush on Victoria's cheeks and the moans slipping from her mouth indicated her climax was close as she shafted Christopher with abandon. Abigail's desk rattled and she watched in rapt attention as her Sister lost herself in rutting ecstasy. She took an even firmer grip on Dylan's head, knocking his elf hat off and gripping his hair fiercely. She shoved him up and down the bottom three inches of her cock, his vision a zoomed in and out blur of her sweaty pubis.

Dylan tapped her thighs, pleading for leniency, but Abigail was as close as her Sister in red. She pistoned his face up and down with incredible speed, the wet thwocking, sucking and glorming noises

driving her mad with giddy pleasure as her body tingled, her leather tightened around her skin and her heavy scrotum churned with a dire need for release.

Abby's wail pierced the air as she forced Dylan's lips to the hilt and locked his face to her body. A deluge of hot filth coursed down her sperm channel and began pouring into the back of the slut boy's mouth. He moaned around her shuddering shaft as globs of thick paste gushed from her tip like a fire hydrant. Dylan swallowed as fast as he could, but it was impossible to keep up and her copious emissions began backing up and filling his mouth.

Vicky's scream filled the room as she buried herself in her bitch boy's ass and a torrent of creamy filth flooded Chrissy's insides. He moaned and spoke gibberish as his Goddess blessed him with her sweet nectar. His prostate hummed harmoniously as thin strands of cum streamed from his own dangling dicklet. Victoria belted him with another round of swats to the ass as her balls unloaded ounce after liquid ounce of hot yogurt in his well packed innards. Soon the sticky sludge was seeping out from the seal of her cock and his pucker. The nougat nut slid down his taint and dripped from his scrotum, her fluids mixing with his own jizzum on the soiled floor.

Abigail looked down at her red-faced fuck-boy as the last of her thick cream hosed into his sucking face. With nowhere left to go, cum spurting from his nostrils and the elated Domme finally relented. She released Dylan's head and a loud, gagging slurp erupted as his mouth was pulled free from her prodigious erection. Her tip fired its last few spurts across his face and chest as the cum-packed elf sat back on his haunches.

Vicky uttered a giddy laugh as she pulled her shaft free from its slave-boy home. Abigail sat in stunned silence, groping her breasts with one hand and sliding the other up and down her slick pole. No sounds but those of labored breaths and exasperated moans were heard as they enjoyed the afterglow of intense orgasm.

“See, wasn't that nice?” Vicky asked with a cheeky grin.

Abby opened her eyes and gazed back at the cheerful Santa Nun. “Best haunting ever.”

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Abigail swallowed the last bite of her pizza, opened the box and tossed the crust inside with the leftovers. She didn't hate pizza crust, perse, but it was just extra carbs. Besides, the crusts always made a fine treat for Lyle in a dog dish.

She checked the digital clock on the desk and noticed, with some concern, that it had just turned eight o'clock. No one from the squad had reported in yet. She picked up the radio and held down the send button.

“Hey girls, what's going on out there? Talk to me.”

She released the button and waited a few seconds. No response. She held it down again.

“Is rotation E done yet? Hello?!?”

She waited, but still nothing.

KER-CHUNK

Every light in the office blinked out and Abby was cast into total darkness.

“Oh fuck! Seriously?” she asked the pitch black.

She held up the walk-talkie once more and tried again. “Does anyone know **what the fuck** is going on???”

There was no storm tonight. No reason power should suddenly be out, unless someone hit a power pole close by. And now no one was answering the radio?

“Goddammit” she cursed as she fumbled about, shuffling through drawers and looking for where a flashlight might be. This wasn't her office and she had no idea where they kept them at the front desk.

Abigail's eyes went wide as she realized the sound of jingle bells could be heard in the distance once more. Her head peaked above the desk as she stared into the blackness. “Hello?” Seconds later, the ominous sounds of owls, howling wind and wolf cries joined the bells and became a chorus. It was coming from the hallway. The strange cacophony sounded like someone was mixing Christmas sounds with one of those Halloween spook tapes people played on their front porch.

“**ABIGAIL!**” a familiar voice cried out from the abyss.

Abby looked about frightfully. “M-Mistress Superior? Is that you? What's going on???”

A single light flared into being in the distance. It was held just below a porcelain mask, appearing like a demonic face in the distant black.

“I am the Ghost of Fuckmas Future.”

The light blinked off and the dark was total once again.

“Jessica!” Abby yelled toward the lobby entrance. “This isn't funny!”

Footfalls could be heard as the clack of heeled boots approached.

“This is going a little far don't you think? I **REALLY** don't like the dark!!!”

Her voiced echoed in the lobby, somewhat closer now. “I have come to teach you a lesson, Abigail...”

The footfalls grew closer. And closer. And then they stopped.

Abigail breathed heavily, peering around in the black. “J-Jessica???”

CLICK

The light flashed back on, just a few feet ahead of her. “**BOO!!!**”

Abby screamed and fell back into her chair, almost toppling over.

The light illuminating Mistress Superior's mask flicked off again and she brought a walkie-talkie to her lips. “Hit it” she spoke into the receiver.

KER-PLAM

The lights all came back on. The computers began booting up and the security monitors all blinked back to life. Mistress Superior was standing on the other side of the desk.

“And the lesson is... lighten up, girl.”

Abigail stood and looked at her her, incredulously, one hand on her heart. “Oh, right! Come scare me to death and then tell me to loosen up. Nice!”

Jessica chortled and placed her hands on her hips. “Why aren't you going to the rodeo?”

“You know why! We don't have enough people!”

“And who allowed that to happen?”

“Well, yeah, ok... but--”

“**FRANCIS!**” Jessica called out, interrupting her. “Get in here.”

The former priest came strutting around the corner, dressed in glossy black from head to toe, as usual. He marched to her side and stood at attention. Jessica turned to him.

“You will stay at this station and fill in for Abigail until someone comes to relieve you later. Understood?”

“With pleasure, Mistress Superior.”

Francis moved behind the desk, plopped down in the office chair behind Abby and immediately began inspecting the monitors and the rest of the equipment at his disposal. Abigail watched him with a smirk on her face before turning back to Jessica.

“But how is this fair? Now Francis can't go!”

“I have decided” Mistress Superior began as she tapped a crop in her hands. “That there will be an encore performance of the Reindeer Rodeo tomorrow. Francis, your guards and anyone else who couldn't make it tonight can attend then, along with anyone who wishes to participate a second time.”

Abby was flabbergasted. Her arms flailed about in frustration as she demanded answers. “But... Why all the ghost stuff then?!? If you had an easy solution, why didn't you just **SAY THAT???**”

“My dear Abigail...” Jessica leaned forward and offered her lieutenant a wink. “That wouldn't have

been nearly as fun.”

* * * * *

Mistress Superior led Abigail into the cold night air as they exited the administration building. Just outside the front door, a wagon was parked. Eight gimp slaves in full horse tack were strapped into the reigns, each with reindeer antlers strapped to their leather hoods.

“I wanted a slay” Jessica explained. “But there's no snow, so this will have to do.”

Abigail laughed. “That'll work.”

As they approached the front of wagon, a voice called out. “Hi, Mistress!” Lyle waved to his owner, letting her know that he was in the team.

“Hey, slut! I'm guessing this was partially your doing, so you can expect harsh punishment later.”

“Yes, Mistress” he answered coyly, trying to suppress his mile-wide grin.

Jessica waited until Abigail had climbed into the driver's seat with her to hand her a long, thick leather whip. The leather Goddess presented a toothy grin as she took up her favorite motivational implement and prepared to put it to work.

“Let's head out” Jessica said with a smile. “Wouldn't want to be late for the show!”

“Certainly not” Abby agreed. She uncoiled the corded length, braced herself and made ready to strike.

“**HEEEYAAAAHHHHH!!!**”

WHIPCRACK

“**HEEEYAAAAHHHHH!!!**”

WHIPCRACK WHIPCRACK WHIPCRACK

The pony slaves trotted off into the frosty evening, snug in their thick leather bindings. Abigail whipped them up and down the line, making sure each padded back and ass felt the sting of her lashes all the way to the farm.

In the years to come, Abby would be the most forthright advocate and celebrant of Fuckmas. She was the first to gift, the most eager to laugh and the most likely to invade your workplace and bring all productive activity to a halt with elicited sex. Truly, the reason for the season had been engraved on her heart forever.

* * * * *

It was two days after Christmas and a meeting of the Bishop's council had been hastily convened in the Pastoral Center of Austin. Among the participants were many of Bishop Everson's most trusted advisors including the Vicar General, the Judicial Vicar, the Chancellor, and the Secretariat Directors of Administration, Finance and Development.

The assembled heads of the diocese were chatting when Bishop Everson strode into the room. His white cassock clung to his body loosely, creating a stark contrast to the marble statues, dark wood fixtures and ornate paintings that outlined the walls of the conference room. Everyone immediately stood and waited reverently for the Bishop to take his seat at the head of the large, round table.

“Good morning” he spoke before pulling his chair up behind him.

“Good morning your Excellency” the refrain came from six different voices, almost simultaneously. The gathered clergy and administrators hastily retook their seats.

“I believe you called this meeting, Gregory?” the old patriarch said, looking toward the Vicar General, his second in command.

“I did, your reverence.”

“And what was so important that it couldn't wait for our first meeting in January?”

“I'm afraid we've lost three more parishes, your eminence.”

“Lost them? During Christmas?”

“Yes, I'm sorry to say.”

“I suppose I don't have to ask who's responsible.”

“I thought we tabled this issue until next year?” the Judicial Vicar asked.

“At the rate our tithes and attendance are disappearing, we're not going to **have** a next year if we're not careful” the Director of Finance rebuked.

“Those satanic harlots are eating us away!” the Chancellor spoke up. “Do we have a plan to deal with this yet?”

“I wish I could say we do” the Vicar General responded dryly.

“Has our surveillance turned up anything?”

“Nothing that we didn't already know. That they're a sex cult of some kind. And, somehow, many of these women seem to have--” the Vicar General looked uncomfortable. “Large endowments displayed in their robes. Some of whom we can be certain did not have them before.”

“**Can** we be certain of that?” the Director of Administration inquired.

“Robes? Pffft--” the Chancellor added. “These fiends all dress like prostitutes.”

Bishop Everson raised his hands, suing for calm. When all were silent, he lowered them back to the table, clasped them together and addressed the Vicar General once more. “Have we learned anything else from The Vatican? The man they sent in?”

“I’m afraid not, your holiness. Last we heard, he’d learned nothing of import. And there has been no update since then.”

The old man sighed. He gazed at the table for a few moments before speaking again. “This is insane. Something has to be done.” He looked up and began turning to his advisors, glaring at them one by one. “Call in whatever favors you need to. Hire more investigators. Think of something! Do your jobs, before we’re all out of one!”

The Bishop stood abruptly, his chair raking back across the floor with a dull scrape.

“I AM NOT GOING TO LOSE THE ENTIRE DIOCESE TO THESE... LATEX FUTA NUNS FROM HELL!!!”

The head of the entire Catholic hierarchy of Austin stormed out of the room and slammed the door behind him. It was the first time anyone had seen the old man angry in ages. Everyone sat in stunned silence for a while.

“Hey, what the hell is a *Futa*?” the Chancellor asked, breaking the tension.

“Good question” the Director of Finance said with a nod. The thin, middle aged woman pulled out her phone and unlocked it.

Everyone else at the table followed suit, whipping out their phones and entering the search term to see what they could find. After a short spell of key punching and finger scrolling, gasps and groans began to pierce the room.

“Oh my god!”

“Is this for real?”

“Who draws this kind of filth???”

The Vicar General set his phone on the table and surveyed his colleagues. “Better question” he interjected and all eyes turned to him. “How did the Bishop know what they were?”