

Latex Futa Nuns From Hell

Chapter 9 – Queen Takes Knight

The cool recycled air slid across Jessica's bare arms as she exited her office. It was an early summer day and the Texas heat was already blistering. It was much too warm to wear a full latex habit. She'd forgone the traditional top, veil and her usual latex arm-gloves for today. Instead, she wore a lovely black leather corset with a long latex skirt below. Her luxurious, dark curls hung all around her head, complimenting her mocha skin perfectly.

Almost a year ago, Jessica swore the Sisterhood would have central air. It was arranged in the spring and installed just in time as the days grew longer and hotter. The temperature, however, was never allowed to approach *frigid*. Women had suffered for ages in freezing work environments where the AC was cranked to accommodate men. At the Daughters of Lilith, women dressed as they pleased and men dressed as their Mistresses commanded. Most were confined to full leather or latex gimp suits, regardless of the weather. Jessica's assistant was no exception.

“Hey Matthew” she spoke as she approached his desk from behind. She brought her curvy body to his sitting form and pressed herself against him. She loved teasing her assistant like this and the silky latex of her skirt felt heavenly smoothed against her cock. “What's the rest of my day look like?”

“Mistress Superior” he said, turning and nodding before shifting back to his monitor. He'd tried not to stare at her bulge and failed miserably. “Ummm, you have lunch with Mistress Abigail in an hour. After that, you're meeting with Mr. Heinlein at two.”

“Right... Isn't he the one that donated five thousand dollars?”

“Yes, and Mistress Vicky said he was prepared to give another fifteen thousand for fifteen minutes of your time.”

“A thousand dollars a minute. I suppose that's fair compensation to meet with me. Even for a complete stranger. What do you think, slut?”

She ran her right hand through his thick brown hair. Jessica had permitted him to remove his hood earlier that morning. The young man's head was the only part of him not encased in black rubber. She enjoyed making men squirm in fetish attire, but she wasn't cruel. Especially to the ones that pleased her.

“Your time is invaluable, Mistress Superior, but it will be as you say.”

Matthew swallowed involuntarily. His heartbeat ticked up the longer she pressed herself on him. Jessica could sense his anxiety and lust. He was thirsty.

“When was the last time you were fed?”

“Last night, Mistress.”

“Thirsty again already, hmmm? Whatever will we do?”

Jessica reached down and ran a finger along the thick piece of leather around his neck. He was collared property of the Sisterhood, but no woman had claimed him as their own. His collar tag was marked only “DOL” for “Daughters of Lilith.” He was no Mistresses' personal slave, yet. That meant any woman on campus could take him virtually any time they wished.

“What is it that you want more than anything, Matthew?”

She knew the answer, but loved making him say it.

“To be yours, Mistress Jessica...”

She gave his collar a firm tug, indicating that he should stand. Matthew followed her lead and she kicked his chair out of the way before applying firm pressure to his back. He bent over the desk like an obedient slave, only too eager to serve. Jessica's fleshy weapon was hardening, causing her shiny latex skirt to tent considerably. She reached down and massaged his ass hungrily through the thick, black latex of his bodysuit.

“And what if I prefer you as **public gimp property** that any of my Sisters can fuck as they please?”

“Then I will remain this way until someone claims me, Mistress.”

SMACK

She scorched his right ass cheek with her bare hand. “Good boy...”

The sound of two zippers unfurling followed one after the other. First Matthew's ass and then Jessica's skirt. She nudged his legs apart and stroked her dark, brown club of flesh before bringing the tip to his waiting vanilla pucker. She entered Matthew unceremoniously and they both moaned. He in yielding accommodation and Jessica in pure pleasure.

She felt his gleaming, latex-clad form up and down, tracing his back and sides with her hands as she began fucking him slowly. Matthew was medium build and trim. The thick rubber clung to his body handsomely. His pleasing form, baby blue eyes and eagerness to please had been the main reasons she'd chosen him as her assistant. Fucking him just before lunch had become a daily ritual she looked forward to.

Jessica picked up the pace. Her full, bulging length of dark cock-meat buried itself in his welcoming bottom. Her fat scrotum slapped against his ass. She grabbed his arm and pulled it behind his back, adding a dash of pain to go with the pleasure of getting filled over and over by his well hung Goddess. Matthew moaned again. This time he was begging for more.

One of the Sisters walking through the hallway heard the two of them and stopped to peer into the reception area. She watched Jessica pounding Matthew against the desk for a few seconds before smiling and walking off. Jessica's libido launched into second gear as she plowed him even harder.

She loved that the Sisterhood had built a place where this was common. Jessica regularly took unbound slaves all over campus, at will. It was useful not only to sate her hunger, but to remind her new Sisters that they had the right and should exercise it as much as they liked. It didn't hurt that the longer she'd been a Succubus, the more she found exhibition to be a turn-on.

Jessica gazed down at her shiny, gimp slave secretary as she railed him into oblivion. She released his arm and grabbed the back of his collar instead. The insatiable Domina pulled on it sternly, tugging his head back as she spoke.

“Alright **slut boy**, let's play a game!” she said between forceful fucks into his gripping man-cunt. “The game is called: How thirsty are you?!? I'm going to cum, either in your ass or your mouth. Which one is up to you, but if you want it in your mouth, there are conditions.”

“Yes, Mistress!” he replied in a weak, raspy voice. The leather collar was tight around his throat.

“If you wish to drink my essence, you will report to my office after lunch for thirty lashes with the whip! You will crawl on your hands and knees for the rest of the day. And you will report to the **anal only cumfessional** for two hours of service when your shift is over.”

Matthew grunted as she slammed into his hips with extra force. The dirty talk and full control she was exerting drove Jessica wild.

“Remember, this is not a command. It is your choice. Where do you want it?”

“In my mouth! Please, Mistress!”

“Are you **sure?!?**” she demanded. Sweat beaded on her face as she pounded him nonstop. She smiled wickedly as she waited for his response. This was another answer she already knew.

“...yes, Mistress! I'll do anything! Please, feed me your cum!!!”

Jessica stopped her aggressive fucking and pulled out of his battered sphincter with a wet slurch. Strands of pre-cum stretched from her glans to his pucker as she released his collar and grabbed him by the hair instead.

“Of course you will, **bitch!** Now, get on your knees.”

Matthew slid to the floor as she yanked his hair and re-positioned herself in front of him. She waved her long, fat, dripping cock in front of his face before slapping it against his cheek a few times. Jessica brought the oozing tip to his mouth and shoved it home between eager lips. His moans quickly faded into a half-gag as she pressed herself deeper into the wet, warm cavern of his mouth.

“Get the musky taste of your **ass** off my cock, slut! **SUCK IT GOOD!!!**”

Her left hand joined her right, digging into Matthew's brown locks. She established a firm grip on his head as she began sawing back and forth in his heavenly tunnel of sucking flesh. Her cock inched further down his throat with each smooth thrust as her twitching scrotum grew closer to his chin. Loud slurps and the occasional pocket of escaped air smacked from the young man's lips as he fellated Mistress Superior with every bit of skill his tongue and cheeks could muster.

Minutes flew by as she she face-fucked him into a bleary eyed, drooling mess. Jessica's low, guttural moans could be heard from far down the hall. It wouldn't be long until they both had what they craved.

* * * * *

BZZZZT

“Yes?”

“Mistress Superior. Mr. Heinlein is here to see you.”

“Very good, Matthew. Send him in. Tell him there's no need to knock.”

A few moments later her door opened and a large, bald man poked his head through the door. His eyes found Jessica and he smiled. The stranger walked in and closed the door behind him. He was at least six feet tall; bulky and broad shouldered. The man was dressed in black from his button down shirt to his suit jacket, slacks and dress shoes below. The only part of his ensemble that differed was the sharp red tie, flowing down the center of his shirt in stark contrast to the rest of his outfit.

The big man wore shades, but he removed them and placed them in his front pocket as he drew close to the desk. Jessica stood and extended her hand. He reached out and shook it earnestly. His grip was strong; his hand rough.

“Greetings, Mr. Heinlein.”

“A pleasure to meet you, Miss Christiano. Please, call me Adam.”

“Very well. Have a seat, Adam” she said, gesturing to the chair beside him.

The big man sat down and his frame filled the chair completely. Jessica was surprised it didn't split in two as he settled into it. He looked to be well into middle age, but still very healthy and vibrant. He had a slashing scar over his left eye, evidenced by both lacerated skin and a small section of his eyebrow that would never grow back. He had a thick accent as well, but Jessica couldn't quite place it.

“Can I offer you something to drink? Coffee? Tea?”

“A glass of water would be wonderful. This heat! And so early in the summer.”

Jessica nodded knowingly. “Is a bottled water ok?”

“I'd prefer a glass, if it's possible.”

Interesting. She'd gotten close enough for her pheromones to take effect. She'd shaken his hand; skin on skin contact, and yet no change in his mood. No difference in his eyes. Mr. Heinlein, it seemed, was a man of uncommon will.

“Certainly” Jessica responded before pressing the intercom button. “Matthew, bring spring water in a glass for Mr. Heinlein.” She released the intercom button, then remembered something. She pressed it again. “Matthew, you may walk *normally* for this one task.”

Adam's eyebrows raised and his lips spread into an amused grin.

Jessica smiled back. “First, let me thank you for your generous donations to our cause.”

“My pleasure” he replied with a nod.

“Second, let me ask. What exactly is your interest in our organization?”

Adam reached into the pocket of his coat and pulled out a business card. He set it on the table and nudged it toward Jessica. She picked it up and scanned it curiously.

'Reverend Adam Heinlein - The Church of Satan - Austin, TX' it read in white lettering over a black background. There was a large red pentagram to the right of his name and title.

Jessica snickered. “Seriously?”

“Deadly serious” he replied smugly, staring at Jessica with piercing hazel eyes.

“I'm sorry, I don't mean to be rude. I do recall reading an article about your group many years ago. You're a sect of hedonists and skeptics who enjoy poking fun at the religious. You don't actually believe in Satan, correct?”

“Of course not” he responded as the door opened and Matthew walked in with his drink. The latex-clad secretary fetched a coaster and set the glass of water on the desk before offering a slight bow to Jessica and immediately exiting. “But we do like to dress up and have fun, which it seems your group enjoys as well.”

“Yes, I suppose we do have that much in common.”

Jessica's eyes narrowed. Something wasn't right. The longer she looked at Adam, the more ominous it felt to be in his presence. Pieces of the puzzle weren't fitting. The scar. His hands. The accent. His well muscled form which his suit couldn't quite hide from her notice.

This was not the body of a pleasure seeker. Of someone who read weird occult books and went to lavish parties. Adam looked like someone who'd traveled the world. Gotten in scraps. Weathered a thousand storms. He seemed, at his core, to be something entirely different than what he was presenting. That meant he was lying.

Jessica shifted in her chair. She crossed her legs and smoothly pressed the panic button under her desk. It was a precaution she'd used before, but there was a first time for everything. Abigail and her security team would be there shortly.

“You're not from around here, are you? An immigrant?”

“Many years ago, yes.”

“And you came to the US to... join the Church of Satan?”

“Not quite” he said with chuckle. “It's a long story and one that would take more than fifteen minutes.”

“Fair enough. So, what is it you think the Daughters of Lilith can do for you?”

“Our members have read about your group in *The Chronicle*. Many were intrigued. We thought it wise to have someone investigate before we began... intermingling.”

“Intermingling?”

“Well, if I may be so bold. We're a group with an abundance of male members who enjoy a certain lifestyle. Based on what I've read, you're a group with an abundance of female members who enjoy a certain lifestyle. We both seem to hold animosity for the Catholic church. In many ways, we're a natural fit, are we not?”

“Well, when you put it that way, you certainly make a compell-”

The office door burst open and Jessica's leather-clad enforcer stormed into the room. She must have run her ass off to get there so fast.

“**Mistress Superior?!?**”

“Abigail!” Jessica feigned surprise. “As you can see, I'm in a meeting right now.”

Adam turned and glanced back at Abigail, clearly unamused.

“Please wait outside until we're done” Jessica continued. “We won't be long.”

Abigail got the hint, thankfully. She nodded and grabbed the door handle. “Yes, Mistress Superior. My apologies.”

She closed the door gently and Jessica returned her gaze to her mystery guest. “I'm very sorry about that. No idea what got into her.”

“That's alright” Adam said, stone faced.

Jessica couldn't gauge his disposition. Was he onto her? Did he realize she was suspicious of him? This man had a very good poker face and that only made her more nervous. Still, he'd been searched for weapons on the way in. Perhaps she was worrying for nothing.

“Would it be possible to get a tour of your facilities today? We'd be happy to make a third donation.”

Jessica leaned back in her chair. “Today is out of the question. We should be able to arrange one at some point in the near future. I'll have to check our schedule and get back to you.”

“I see.”

“Sorry to disappoint you. We'll be happy to send you home with some materials to share with your members. Is there anything else I can help you with today?”

“Yes, there is one thing” he answered as he reached for his drink.

Jessica put on a thin smile. “And what's that?”

“Exorcizo te, creatura aquae, in nomine Dei Patris omnipotentis...”

Adam held the glass of water before him. He began making the sign of the cross as he spoke. Jessica's eyes went wide as twin moons.

“...et in nomine Jesu Christi. Amen.”

In the blink of an eye Adam thrust his glass forward and the water sloshed full force at Mistress Superior. She barely had time to put her arms up before she was splattered.

Jessica screamed like she'd never screamed in her life. Her shriek pierced the room as her flesh burned. Her forearms got scorched the worst, but searing pain forked through her shoulders, hands, chest and the patches of her face unlucky enough to get splashed. Her chair toppled over and she collapsed onto the floor, screaming and writhing in agony.

Adam stood and set the glass down. “So, they were right about you after all.”

Before he could finish the sentence, the door flung open. Abigail, Evelyn, Vicky and several other Sisters burst into the room.

“**JESSICA!**” Vicky called out as she watched the woman roll on the ground in pain.

Abigail's eyes were trained squarely on Adam. “**GET HIM!!!**”

Adam glanced behind him and thought about making a break for the window, but he knew it was too late. He turned back to the charging women just in time to feel Evelyn barrel into him full speed. She seized his body in a football tackle, knocked him into the desk and brought him to the ground.

Adam reeled, the collision and fall stunning him. He grunted in pain and flailed his arms, punching the big woman in the side and trying to pry her grip from his body. Evelyn groaned in agony but hung on stubbornly. Abigail and the others fell on him like jackals, grabbing each limb and restraining him.

“**LET GO OF ME YOU FUCKING WITCHES!!!**” He spat as his nostrils flared and he strained against the combined strength of five Sisters.

Vicky was at Jessica's side, trying to console her. Jessica continued to wail in pain, her face pointed away, not wanting to reveal herself.

“Jessica! Please, let me see...”

She rolled to her side, tears streaming from her eyes as Vicky got her first glimpse. A gasp escaped the Mommy Domme's lips.

“Oh no...”

Mistress Superior's arms, shoulders and left cheek were inflamed deep red. Her flesh bulged and sizzled. It seemed to be slowly calming as the water evaporated, but torment still racked her. Boils, blotches and dark scar tissue began to form in the places where the liquid had disappeared.

Vicky left her for a moment and ran to the doorway. “**GO FIND RUKO! BRING HER AT ONCE!!!**” she yelled to the other Sisters who'd gathered at the entrance.

“Turn him over!” Abigail shouted as she helped man-handle the cussing, flailing brute. “**Hands behind!** Keep his legs together!”

As Vicky returned to Jessica's side and gently helped her rise to her feet, Abigail and the other sisters cuffed Adam and tied his legs together. A ball-gag was applied to his mouth in short order and pretty soon he was nothing but a writhing, groaning mass on the floor. The Sisters stood back and looked down at him contemptuously. No one's stare was more furious than Abigail's.

CRACK

She delivered a drop kick from the pointed end of her leather boot directly into his midsection. Adam grunted painfully as his eyes bulged.

“**WHAT THE FUCK** did you do to Mistress Superior you **PIECE OF SHIT?!?**”

POONF

The next kick went directly into his genitals and Adam howled into his gag. Tears leaked from his eyes as he writhed on the floor. Abigail stared daggers at him. The question was rhetorical. He couldn't answer and she didn't really care, at the moment. There would be plenty of time to learn the truth later. Right now she just wanted him to suffer.

“Good Goddess...”

“Mistress Superior...”

Abigail turned as Jessica limped forward. She moved with Vicky's help, her arm gingerly around the other woman's shoulder. Gasps and dejection filled the room as the Sisters got a good look at their wounded leader.

Abigail's face transitioned from fury to pure sadness. “Mistress Superior... I'm so sorry.”

Mercifully, her eyes had been spared, but fresh welts and scars crossed her arms, her cheek and her forehead. It was obvious Jessica was still in great pain, but she grunted and limped forward. She was determined to say something to her would-be assassin, spy, or whatever the hell he was.

Jessica reached out with a blistered arm and pointed at him. Her limb shook with pain and rage. “Take this **filth** to the dungeon and bind him with every chain we have! I want two Sisters with him at all times. Rotate them every hour until further notice. I want him **fucked and filled** until he knows nothing

but **obedience.**”

She watched as fear crept into the burly man's eyes. Jessica imagined it wasn't a feeling he was accustomed to.

“It goes without saying, you don't need to be gentle.”

“Yes, Mistress Superior!” Abigail shouted. She retrieved the crop she'd dropped in the scuffle and pointed towards the pathetic slug, mumbling into his gag. “Get him up and follow me!”

Ruko, clad in the glossy white garments and red crosses of a latex nurse dashed into the room. She gasped as soon as she saw Jessica. The lithe Asian woman moved to her side and offered her shoulder to the wounded Domina.

She nodded to Vicky. “Let's get her to the infirmary.”

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Fresh tears trickled from Jessica's eyes as she gazed into the hand mirror. Ruko had given her powerful painkillers, but seeing herself like this was a different kind of torment. She moved the mirror around, examining the cracks, ridges and scaling of her scarred skin. Everything had been going so wonderfully and in an instant she'd been plunged into a nightmare. Now it was known. Their kind had a weakness.

Would she ever fully recover? Would she need to wear some kind of mask for the rest of her life? Who did this to her? That one seemed obvious, but it was impossible to know for sure. Not until Adam had spent some quality time in their care.

Holy water? That's all it took to hurt her so badly? Why hadn't Lilith warned her? Why hadn't the holy water in St. Michael's hurt her or any of the others before this? Questions flooded her mind as she returned the mirror to the stand beside her bed. Jessica was exhausted, but she couldn't stop thinking about it all.

She leaned back against the fluffy pillows and waited for Ruko to return. All she could do was look around at her curtained off section of the infirmary and listen to the thrum of the ventilation system. She wished Vicky were still there, or any of her friends, but Ruko had insisted she needed to rest.

The dark haired nurse had also implied she might know of a way to speed up Jessica's recovery. She was out getting the supplies she needed. Jessica couldn't imagine what she was talking about, but she certainly hoped Ruko was right. Facing her Sisters like this was a fate too terrible to consider.

Hoping against hope, Jessica closed her eyes and reached out. She'd tried before and it had never worked, but she would try again. In her mind she called out the name of her benefactor, pleading to be heard.

'Lilith?!? Where are you??? *We haven't spoken in so long... I need answers! Please...'*

SHHHING

The curtain was pulled aside and there was a smiling Ruko, holding five dangling condoms. They were light blue, indicating they'd been freshly milked from their obedient submissives.

“Oh, you **are** still awake! Good. We can do this now.”

“I'm not thirsty, thank you.”

“These are not for your thirst, Mistress Superior.”

Jessica's eyebrow raised as Ruko grabbed a rolling chair and brought it to Jessica's bedside. She removed a large plastic syringe from a pouch at her side and inserted it into the first of the condoms. She began drawing the glue-like semen into the dispenser, working through each condom as she spoke.

“Not long after I received the gift, I was slicing vegetables one night and opened a nasty gash on my palm. I was pretty pissed at my carelessness. Worried that it would interrupt my fun that night. As much as it hurt, it didn't stop me from enjoying my pet. In the middle of our play my bandage came off. I was so worked up that I didn't care.”

Ruko smiled, the memory exciting her as she went about her work.

“My ass was on his face and I was stroking him like a mad woman. The pain in my hand barely even registered. I was dying of thirst, but he popped off sooner than I expected. I wasn't ready. Shot most of it all over my hand. I started to lick it off but then I noticed it felt... good. Surprisingly good.”

Jessica's mouth fell open.

“I rubbed it into my cut. Let it do its work. The next day...”

Ruko lifted her hand and displayed her palm, smooth as silk.

“Just like that.”

No way. It couldn't be that easy. Jessica saw light at the end of the tunnel.

The straight haired, severe looking, yet surprisingly cheerful nurse tossed the empty condoms aside and brought her plastic syringe to bear. She took Jessica's arm gently, positioned her thumb at the end of the plunger and started pushing the thick, creamy glue out of the tip. It coated Jessica's burns in a layer of nourishing nut.

The skin it touched began to tingle and grow warm. Not a painful heat, but a soothing balm. Ruko continued the treatment on her other arm. Then her shoulders, chest and finally her cheek and forehead. It was like a nutrient mask of filth and Jessica sighed as the tingle took hold in all the places she had felt excruciating pain. It was hard not to see Ruko as a dark angel in that moment.

“Your wounds are deep. Much more serious than my cut. It will likely take many treatments, but I suspect these scars will not last.”

Jessica reached for the mirror again. She brought it to her face urgently. Yes! She could see it already!

It was starting to do its work. Cracks began to smooth. Ridges started to fold. The scaling faded away ever so slightly. A healing had begun, if only just.

Giddy laughter began to emanate from deep within the apex Succubus. She stopped herself for a moment, but then it overtook her. She cackled loudly. Her arm swung to the side and the mirror smashed against the stand, shattering into pieces and making Ruko jump.

“Mistress Superior! I'll... get something to clean that up. Please, be careful.”

As Ruko walked into the distance, Jessica dropped the mirror's handle and continued laughing. After a few moments she raised her arms high and looked to the ceiling.

“**LILITH! THANK YOU!!!** I knew you would not abandon me! That we were stronger than these pious cowards! That you were greater than their foolish patriarch! **THANK YOU MISTRESS OF THE NIGHT!** For my beauty which shall never fade from this Earth! For all your wonderful gifts!”

“**HA!!!**”

* * * * *

“**NNNNNNNGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!**”

“**AHHHHHHGGGGUUUUHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!**”

Adam's ass and mouth flooded with Succubus sperm for the eleventh time that night. He was naked, covered in bruises and bent over a fuck horse. His strong arms were sealed in a tight leather binder. Its thick straps wrapped around his bulky shoulders. The D-ring at the end of the cruel device was connected to a chain that ran up to the ceiling. The chain had been hoisted, pulling his arms up painfully behind him. His thick torso and tree trunk legs were strapped and chained to the support base of the bondage furniture below.

He gagged and whimpered as his latest captors moaned out their climaxes, their copious emissions splurting into his fucked-raw throat and savaged pucker. The strong metal ring-gag held his mouth open wide, preventing him from using his jaw or teeth to rebel against the sex crazed Futa nuns. Not a single muscle in his body was of any use. Goey filth ran down his chin and taint, adding to the puddles on the floor as the women pulled their cocks free from his thoroughly abused holes.

“Ahhhh, that was nice! Not bad for a second romp in a filthy, gunked up prison bitch.”

“No doubt. Did he suck you this time?”

“No, he's still holding out... Somehow. Not for long though!”

He hated to admit it, but she was right. Every time they unloaded their filth in him, Adam felt his will to resist slip further away. Already it had proceeded to the point where he didn't find their fuckings and beatings completely unpleasant. His cock grew hard despite the painful vice clamped around his testicles. Was this something he would come to enjoy? The thought was unbearable.

His superiors had warned him these women were dangerous. He had no idea how dangerous until he was bound in their dungeon, being repeatedly stuffed and soiled at both ends like a human jizz tank. Now it was too late.

“Did you hear what this **son of a bitch** did to Mistress Superior?”

CRACK

A leather paddle crushed his aching balls. They were already red and swollen between the screwed-tight vice grips. He grunted loudly and yanked on his bindings. His body didn't move an inch.

“I heard he messed her face up. She must be **fucking pissed.**”

“We all should be.”

CRACK CRACK

Two more furious shots to his nuts caused Adam to groan loudly. He heaved like a wounded animal as pain arced from his stretched scrotum to his spine and throughout the rest of his body. He bit down reflexively on the leather coated metal ring as cum and phlegm drooled from his nose and mouth.

“Careful! Remember what Mistress Abigail said.”

“Yeah yeah, no permanent damage...”

The paddle hit the stoner floor with an echoing thud and Adam breathed a sigh of relief.

“Ugh... he's leaking. Let's plug him up.”

Within moments he felt a brutally thick toy being shoved into his back passage. The massive butt plug was even girthier than the well hung Amazon feeding it into him. The woman at his front shoved an equally impressive cock gag between his pried open lips. Once it was pushed to the entrance of his throat, she buckled the leather strap around his head securely.

“Let's get a drink. Then we'll have a round three before we hand him over to the next pair.”

“Good call!”

Adam heard two sets of boots clacking into the distance. Their heels struck the stone loudly until the heavy wooden door swung closed with a metal clank.

He flexed his arms against the thick leather running up his biceps and forearms. The chain at the end of the binder rattled. His limbs were sore, but the soreness was starting to make him feel giddy.

An urge slipped into Adam's consciousness. It was an impulse that shouldn't exist. A feeling he tried to shove away, but no longer had the will to do so. He realized suddenly and with great clarity that he hoped they would return soon.

* * * * *

FROM: Mistress Superior <jfchristiano@dol.org>

TO: -RECIPIENT LIST- <All Sisters>

Dear Sisters,

As you've probably heard by now, I was attacked in my office yesterday by an enemy of the Daughters of Lilith.

First, I want you to know that I'm alright. It will be a while before I can resume my duties, but I'm recovering quickly under the skillful aid of our head nurse, Ruko Kirigawa.

Second, while some mystery remains around the origin of this attacker, rest assured, we will have more details soon. Once we know who sent this despicable assassin, our vengeance will be swift.

This man revealed a weakness in our kind, but his masters will never learn that it was successfully exploited. We will investigate this weakness and develop countermeasures. The leadership council will share more on this topic at the appropriate time.

Until then, know that you are safe within our walls. Headmistress Abigail will be strengthening security all over campus. We will be vigilant and even more careful about who we allow on these hallowed grounds going forward.

For outstanding service to the Sisterhood, above and beyond expectations, I'm proud to announce that Ruko Kirigawa will be joining the leadership council as Headmistress of Health and Wellness. In addition to her duties at the infirmary, I am placing her in charge of our newest facility. It's a project you'll hear more about soon and one that Ruko is very excited to lead!

Thank you for all your texts, emails and notes of support. I love you all, my dear Sisters.

I encourage you to continue on our chosen path. Channel your sadistic energies. Indulge your lust. Seduce, dominate and enslave. The farther and faster we spread, the sooner we take control of this misbegotten world.

Go forth in Lilith's name. Take what is rightfully yours.

Sincerely,

Jessica Felicita Christiano
Mistress Superior
The Daughters of Lilith

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