

## Latex Futa Nuns From Hell

### Chapter 15 – Cummunion

“Howdy! You're here for the interfaith conference, am I right?” a man in a ten gallon hat asked as he extended his hand.

He was a tall, white, middle aged fellow. Broad shouldered with short, dark hair and a salt and pepper goatee. He wore a tan suit jacket, a white button-down shirt, dress slacks and a red tie.

“Indeed, I am” the slightly shorter and younger black man answered. He reached out and shook the big guy's hand. “Steven Sterling. My flock call me Reverend Steve.”

The Reverend sported a buzz cut and a thin mustache. He wore purple robes with black velvet and gold trim. The traditional garb of a Baptist minister.

“A pleasure, Reverend. I'm Henry Clayton. My parishioners know me as Pastor Hank. Where do you hail from?”

“From the great state of Montana, sir!”

“Ah, you've come a ways, then. Not so far for me, but still a decent drive. I'm from the north west in Amarillo.”

“Nice to meet you, Pastor. I believe we have twenty minutes or so until the bus gets here. I was about to answer some emails on my phone, but that can wait. Shall we sit and have a chat till it's time to leave?”

“That would be a real pleasure, Reverend.” He gestured to the many empty seats in the hotel lobby.

Steven led the way and soon the two were seated opposite each other.

“It seems we play for the same team! You're a Baptist, unless I miss my mark.”

“I am! Though I would hope everyone at this conference is playing for the same team, whatever our denominations.”

“Forgive me, Reverend. I don't wish to poison the well, but I have my doubts that will be the case.”

“Really? I've been to many of these interfaith meetings and always found them to be cordial. Sometimes even dull, but never confrontational. Sometimes there are Buddhists or other non-Christian sects taking part, but they've never been anything but agreeable. We're all seekers of the truth and keepers of the faith, after all.”

“Beggin your pardon, Reverend, but I'm not sure **truth** is what these *Daughters of Lilith* are seeking. And if they're women of faith, it's a queer one for sure.”

Steven chuckled. “With all due respect, Pastor, that's none too diplomatic, and diplomacy is the entire point of these proceedings. It sounds like you don't hold the Sisterhood in high regard. If that's the case, why bother attending?”

Henry crossed his arms over his chest. “My ministry voted, over my objection, to take part in this *cultural exchange*. When I looked them up and saw what we were dealing with, I wanted nothing to do with it, but since it was approved, I insisted on being the one to go. A couple of our younger deacons seemed a little too eager to volunteer for this trip. Who knows what they would've gotten up to.”

The Reverend laughed and clapped his hands. “I understand your caution. The Daughters of Lilith certainly seem like a **provocative** bunch, don't they?”

“That's putting it kindly. They dress like degenerate harlots.”

Steven's laughter intensified. “Yes, well, that may be, but I have to say, it's an interesting change of pace for these interfaith affairs! Besides, I find myself wondering if they're not on to something. I don't know about your church, but mine is losing the battle for new members. The youth is slipping away. From what little I know of them, the Sisterhood's membership is exploding! Maybe these women have something to teach us?”

Hank's smirk descended into a frown. He studied the Reverend up and down, wondering if he was sincere or if he, like many of the men who would be at this meeting, had been lured there by the Satanic skanks feminine wiles. “I very much doubt that.”

Realizing the difference in their approach was severe, Steven relented and lounged back in his chair. “You might be right. Perhaps I'm being too optimistic, but I'm looking forward to this event all the same. I guess we'll find out together.”

Henry nodded. “Yes, I reckon we will.”

The cowboy pastor turned and looked out the front window of the hotel. He scanned the busy street for a bus that would take them to the desecrated grounds formerly known as St. Michael's.

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“**GUN! HE'S GOT A GUN!!**” the woman who'd been searching him shrieked. She backed off and drew her own weapon smoothly, pointing it at Hank with no hesitation. Several of the men standing in line behind him yelled or whimpered, moving away from the suited pastor as fast as they could.

Three more women in shining rubber habits took aim at Hank with their rifles and handgun. “**DON'T FUCKING MOVE!**” the second of them shouted.

“Whoa! **WHOA!** Easy ladies!” Hank answered, his arms raising above his head. With his jacket lifted up and opened at the front, the shoulder strap harness around his body was much more visible.

“We've got a situation here” one of the nuns spoke into a radio.

“No shit, I could hear you from the office” a voice responded. “Hold him, I’ll be right there.”

A tense thirty seconds passed as the nuns held him at gun point. Hank was mortified. He could only imagine what the remaining clergy behind him were thinking right now. They were probably shaking like leaves, more nervous than he was. At least his new acquaintance had already gone through the line and wasn't there to witness his embarrassment.

The sound of boot heels echoed off the tile floor, growing louder as someone approached from down the hall. A thin, blonde woman in an officer's cap and full leather military regalia strolled into view. She carried twin pistols at her sides and a riding crop in her hands.

Hank couldn't believe what he was seeing. He never would've expected a weapons check at a religious gathering of this kind, let alone a perimeter this well armed and defended.

Abigail pointed her crop to the side of Hank's chest. She lifted his jacket further, observing the handgun strapped to his side by the concealed harness.

“What do you think you're doing bringing a weapon to an interfaith conference?!?” she demanded.

“I bring it **everywhere** when I leave home. I have a permit to carry” he answered matter-of-factly.

“Who are you? And where's home?” Abby asked with an annoyed expression.

“Pastor Henry Clayton, Ma'am. I'm from Amarillo.”

“Well Henry, you have two options. You can surrender that weapon here and now or you can turn around and go back to Amarillo. What's it gonna be?”

“Of course, I'll surrender it. I was about to tell your... officer, I had it on me. She began her search a little faster than I expected.”

“Uh huh...” Abby muttered, unconvinced. “I assume the safety is on?”

“Yes, Ma'am.”

Abigail stepped forward, tucking her crop under her arm. She kept her eyes locked on Hank as she reached under his jacket, unbuckled the holster and pulled the FN 509 clear from the harness. The Headmistress of Security ejected the mag, catching it with her other hand. She then racked the slide, ejecting a single bullet from the chamber. It bounced off the floor with a metallic ping.

“Pretty little gun” she said, admiring it. “I might even give it back to you later, if you're a good boy.”

Hank smirked. “I'd appreciate it.”

“We've already had one attempt on the life of Mistress Superior. We don't take chances anymore. I'm sure you understand.”

“Fair enough” Henry said with a nod. He lowered his arms slowly.

Abigail turned back to her security team. "Search him again and send him through." She strode off, her heels knocking across the hallway floor loudly as her ass flexed in leather.

"Yes, Mistress Abigail!"

The shiny fetish nun holstered her weapon and approached him a second time. She restarted her pat-down and Hank breathed a sigh of relief.

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The opening remarks were winding down as Abigail slipped into the Assembly hall and made her way to Jessica's side. She nodded to the other Headmistress' present. Vicky, who was speaking at the podium, didn't notice her, but Vivian and Evelyn both smiled and nodded back. Abby scanned the crowd and found the troublemaker before taking a seat next to Mistress Superior. She leaned in gently and spoke just loud enough for the head of their order to hear.

"That's the one. The shit-kicker in the tan suit and stupid hat, near the back."

"He had a weapon?"

"Yes. If anyone's going to cause trouble today, it's him."

"What makes you so sure? It could've been an innocent mistake."

"I just have a feeling, Mistress Superior."

"Is he Catholic?"

"No, the roster lists him as Baptist."

"Unlikely the Vatican sent him. Even more doubtful he knows our weakness. We'll be fine."

"Perhaps, but please, be careful until they're all subdued."

"Of course" Jessica replied, grinning and pointing to the painted porcelain mask sitting on the table in front of her. "I always am."

Mistress Superior gazed down at the elegant visor, the symbol of her close call. The incident that prompted its use was the first time she'd truly suffered since being transformed by the power of Lilith. But it was also a symbol of mystique, power and protection. It was a many layered thing.

Jessica knew a time may come when all her sisters needed to wear a porcelain mask or rubber hood to protect themselves. She wished to avoid that if possible. If Lilith's gift could circle the world fast enough, it might not be necessary, but if knowledge of their sole weakness were to become widespread, they would all be in danger.

That knowledge is what drove her on, ever harder and faster, toward the end goal. She had to be like Alexander the Great, pushing into Mesopotamia, Africa and Asia. Advancing on all fronts without relent. Moving forward and never giving the opposition a moment's rest to prepare or adapt.

Fortune favored the bold and effective war was waged with speed and aggression. All good strategists knew that, from Sun Tzu to the Nazi officers who implemented *blitzkrieg* tactics. That was the whole point of this interfaith initiative. Expanding in all directions and speeding up the timetable.

Jessica abandoned her musings and snapped back to reality as Vicky brought her *welcome* speech to a close. She smiled at the beautiful Domina in red rubber, her longtime friend who'd taken on so much in service of their cause. It wasn't so long ago that they were plotting behind the Reverend Mother's back to skimp on chores and enjoy a bit of mischief. Now, they were taking on the world.

“On behalf of the Daughters of Lilith, I want to thank you all for participating in this interfaith exchange. This is how we'll build bridges to the future and maintain this nation as a vibrant place where faith can flourish! In the spirit of that goal, we'll now break up into working groups. Each of you will meet with two of our Sisters to establish a dialogue and discover how our ministries can help each other. At five o'clock we'll move to the Tabernacle for a communion ceremony before adjourning for dinner. I hope you've brought your appetites, because my Sisters are preparing a feast you won't soon forget!”

Applause filled the hall as Vicky nodded and stepped back from the podium. Jessica, Abigail, Evelyn and Vivian rose along with their visitors. The crowd of men from churches around the country offered beaming smiles, their eyes fixed on the sultry nuns in latex. Jessica waved to them before putting her mask back on and exiting the hall with Abigail and Vivian close behind. Vicky and Evelyn stayed to pair their guests up with members of the Sisterhood and assign them each a meeting room.

Below her mask, Jessica's grin was wide. Not a single faith had sent a woman to this conference. How predictable. And it made things so simple.

*'Lambs to the slaughter.'*

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The rubber-clad nuns opened the door and motioned for Reverend Sterling to enter. He walked into the room, followed by Sisters Alia and Khloe. It was a relatively small room, but its space was used effectively. The conference area contained a basic table and chairs, a sofa and a small makeshift kitchen area with a coffee pot, mini fridge and some other basic amenities.

“Believe it or not, these rooms used to serve as dorms for the Sisters” Alia spoke up as she closed the door behind them.

“Oh really?” Steve asked as he took a full look around.

“Yeah. They've been repurposed for meetings and *other* fun activities.”

“Are your meetings usually **fun**?” the Reverend inquired with a cheeky smile.

“We do our best to make them fun” Alia replied with a wink. She moved to the side of the room where a folded up massage table leaned against the wall. The surprisingly strong nun lifted the heavy wood and metal piece on her own. She carried it to the center of the room and began setting it up.

“It may seem unusual to you,” Khloe began “but here at the Daughters of Lilith we believe the best communication takes place when our visitors are relaxed. We'd like to start today by giving you a massage.”

**\*KER-CHANK\***

The long table snapped into place at Alia's direction. It's ample vinyl cushioning shined in the glow of the overhead lights. “A **full body** massage” she added.

Steven's mood shifted from intrigued to deliriously happy as his mouth opened in pleasant surprise. “Are you ladies being serious?”

“Serious as a five alarm fire” Khloe answered, folding her arms below her shiny bust.

“Well **Hallelujah!**” Reverend Sterling shouted. “It's been **ages** since I had a real massage! If you insist, I suppose I must **desist!**” he quipped.

“We insist” said Alia as she drew closer and rubbed up against him gently. “Please remove your shoes, robe and pants; then stretch out on the table. Don't be bashful! Khloe and I will fetch some sacred oils.”

“With pleasure, Sister!”

As the excited Reverend stripped down to his boxers, Alia and Khloe removed their gloves and washed their hands. They eyed each other knowingly, grinning as they prepared. Steven had been awash in the Sister's pheromones from the minute he walked onto the grounds. Now that they were in close proximity, the effect was even more pronounced.

Once they dug their hands into his skin, he would be open to any and all suggestions they made. After that, it was a simple matter of draining their balls in his mouth and ass, sealing his fate forever. Perhaps, if the Sisters were thirsty, they'd take the opportunity to drain their new slave as well.

Their latex robes creaked and swished as Alia and Khloe made their way back to the prone Reverend. They applied warm oil to their hands and immediately dove into his dark skin. Alia massaged around his shoulders and neck while Khloe worked around his sides and back.

Steven moaned as his body sank into the luscious padding and his face pressed into the rubbery hole at the center of the head rest. Were his view unobstructed, he might have noticed the rapidly growing bulge in the front of Alia's shiny habit, but it wouldn't have mattered. Soon, that would be the most welcome sight in the world to him.

“Oh, good lord” he groaned as they rubbed him down firmly. “I haven't felt this good in years. I think I've died and gone to heaven early.”

“You have no idea, Reverend” Khloe said from behind. “Wait till you see our next act.”

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“No thank you, I'm plenty relaxed” Hank said, waving them off.

Sister Margaret stopped in the middle of setting up the massage table. Sister Elsa looked at him quizzically. “Are you sure? I think you'll find it most enjoyable...”

Hank folded his arms defensively. “I appreciate the offer, but I didn't come here to enjoy no massage.”

The Sisters looked at each other briefly. It was obvious their pheromones weren't working on him at all.

Sister Elsa turned back to the man in the cowboy hat as Margaret put the table away. “Alright then, if you don't want a massage, can I at least read your palm?” She removed one of her latex gloves with a snap and wiggled her fingers at him playfully.

“Palm reading?” he asked with raised eyebrows.

“It's a ritual we take very seriously” she lied. Elsa hoped his desire to not offend them would override any reluctance he had. “You may find it silly, but you'd be surpris-”

“Ladies, with all due respect, I'm not interested in indulging **witchcraft** or any other devilish nonsense. Let's stick to talkin, shall we?”

Margaret and Elsa glanced at each other a second time. “Very well” the latter said with a nod. “Marge, why don't you get the talks started. I'm going to step out and use the ladies room. I'll be right back.”

Sister Elsa made for the exit and Hank watched her go. Once the door closed behind her, he unfolded his arms and pointed at the entrance to the former dorm's bathroom not far away.

“What's wrong with that one?” he asked, looking at Margaret.

“Oh...” she stammered, taken aback by his suspicion. “I'm guessing she needed *feminine products* that aren't in there.”

“Ah” the pastor replied with a nod. “Forgive me.”

“No need to apologize. Please, do sit down” she said motioning to the table. “Would you like something to drink?”

“No, thank you” he waved her off a second time as he moved to the table and lowered himself into one of the chairs. He removed his hat and set it on the table, revealing a widow's peak, but an otherwise still-full head of dark hair with silver streaks.

Margaret followed his lead, her rubber clothing creaking as she sat down and opened a three-ring binder that was sitting on the table. It contained nothing but some rules and regs for the living quarters of the old convent. It held nothing relevant to the conference because they were never meant to get this

far. Her mind raced, trying to decide how she would distract him for the next few minutes.

“Sister Margaret, while it's just you and me, could you do me a favor and drop the act? Tell me what really goes on here.”

“I'm not sure what you mean. You heard Headmistress Vicky's speech. She ran you through the basics.”

“**Headmistress**” he repeated the word emphatically. “The clothes. The heavy security. And I haven't seen so much as a crucifix or a portrait of the saints since I walked in here. So what's really going on? Do the Daughters of Lilith have something to offer the First Baptist Church of Amarillo? Or is this some kind of weird **sex cult**?”

Sister Margaret looked down and set the binder aside. She closed her eyes briefly. When she raised her gaze, she bore a thin smile.

“Well, if you must know, we're an order of Succubi. That's why we worship the first woman, Lilith. She, who became a demon and fled from the Garden of Eden to forge her own path. The Mistress of the Night, who waited until the time was right to return and bring balance to this wretched world.”

Hank was un-phased. He'd expected some kind of occult fuckery. “*Balance*, you say? What exactly does that look like?”

Margaret paused, her smile growing wider and more devilish as she chose to hold nothing back. “Every man collared and bound to one of his betters” she answered without flinching. “A paradise of gimp cocksuckers and horse-whipped backdoor sluts, serving their Mistress' every whim. A new world of order, discipline, sexual pleasure and peace. The opposite of what man has done.”

Hank reached for his hat and placed it back on his head. He chuckled as he tugged it down by the brim. “Yeah. Good luck with that, lady.”

Margaret was wide-eyed. Her gaze remained locked on him as she sat back in her chair and crossed her legs in the thick, fetish robes. “It's going to be your turn very soon. I hope you're ready.”

Henry rose, his chair scuffing across the floor as he pushed it back. “I believe I've heard enough. I'll show myself out.”

He started for the door, but as he closed the distance, it opened. In walked Sister Elsa followed by two women he recognized from the leadership council at the hall. It was impossible to mistake the two large women for anyone else; one dressed as a bizarre fetish cowgirl and the other in a sleek, blue rubber dress. Following them was another half dozen nuns in glossy latex and leather. Two of them were armed guards.

“Hello, Mr. Clayton. I'm Evelyn, Headmistress of Personnel and this is Vivian, Headmistress of Communications. We heard there was some friction, so we've come to smooth things out.”

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Hank writhed in the stocks, pulling against the manacles locked around his hands and ankles. The sturdy wooden and metal apparatus barely budged. He was naked as the day he was born, his clothes cut and stripped away by the group of demonic nuns. The pastor dare not open his mouth as Mistress Evelyn prodded his lips with some cruel looking toy. It was a red rubber ball with a leather harness and some bizarre contraption attached at the other side. Inexplicably, it was leaking milky, white fluid.

“C'mon now! There's no point in making this difficult. You don't want to anger Mistress Vivian, do you?”

He felt a pair of cool, latex clad fingers wrap around his scrotum and squeeze.

“**AHHHHHHHHH!!!!**”

Pain surged through his nethers and his body jolted against the stocks. His metal bindings rattled as his body shivered and he winced in brutal ache.

“Open that mouth **WIDE** or the next one won't be so gentle!” Vivian shouted from behind him.

Hank relented. His lips parted in surrender and Evelyn shoved the thick rubber ball into his mouth. She wrapped the harness around his head, buckling it and tightening it swiftly with the help of another nun. The odd little platform that stuck out from the other side of the nefarious gag added extra weight and uncomfortable strain to his neck.

He mumbled around the fat invader and the release of sticky gunk into his mouth accelerated. It trickled from the back of the disgusting toy, its spray increasing whenever his jaws clamped down on it. His saliva production spiked, coating the slick gag and backing up in his cheeks. Soon there was a steady flow of spit and heinous white sludge slipping down his throat continuously.

The captured cowboy felt Mistress Vivian release his balls and whimpered in relief. Her boot heels struck the basement floor as she circled around, joining Evelyn at his front.

“Is that a new toy?”

“Yeah, it's something Ruko cooked up!” Mistress Evelyn chirped happily.

“How does it work?” the dark skinned beauty asked. She placed a hand on her hip and gazed down at the device curiously.

“Oh, it's easy! You just feed it at the top here...”

Evelyn grabbed a cum-filled condom from a bucket on the inquisitor's table. She cut the knot away with a pair of scissors and held the open sleeve over the gag's top-loading funnel. The cowgirl turned the goo-filled prophylactic upside down and the viscous nougat filth slid down into the opening. It siphoned into the device, flowing into the small rubber hose that connected to the ball gag in his mouth.

“Any movement or pressure causes it to squeeze out the other side even faster. Even if the subject remains perfectly still, it'll drip-feed as long as there's a supply.”

“Holy shit! That's brilliant! Ruko is a genius with this stuff.”

“No kidding. They don't call it the *rubber clinic* for nothing. She's always coming up with new treatments and fetish tech.”

Hank groaned around the disgusting, cum-packed ball as he felt two fingers thrust into his pucker without warning. The nun's digits rooted around, sliding in and out of his virgin starfish as he grumbled on the gag and pungent semen spilled into his mouth more rapidly. He wiggled his hips, trying to dislodge her fingers and end the probing.

**\*SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK\***

The nun's free hand blasted off his right ass cheek, turning it a mild shade of red. She withdrew her fingers momentarily before pursing three digits together and burrowing back into his sensitive tunnel.

“**MMMPPPPHHHHHHGGGGRRRRHHHHH!!!!**”

After several long minutes of steady finger fucking, the nun removed her hand and pulled the plastic inspection glove free from her rubberized hand.

“He's clean and ready to go. No enema needed.”

“Good job” Vivian said with a nod to the young acolyte. “Would you like to go first?”

“Only if Headmistress Vivian and Evelyn decline..” she answered with a slight bow.

“Go ahead hun” Evelyn answered as she fed another latex sleeve of jizzum into the gag feeder. “It's probably for the best. This is his first time and I'm a little worried Viv and I might snap him in two. Have fun breaking him in!”

“Yes, Headmistress!”

Hank sputtered muffled protests around his spunk-spewing gag as he heard the sound of an unraveling zipper and the parting of rippling rubber robes. He felt a pair of latex hands seize his ass and a hot, heavy glans press against his pucker. His eyes went wide as he realized he was about to be deflowered in a much more savage way than her fingers had brought to bear.

The eager nun shoved her erect phallus home and the pastor yelled, gagging on a mouthful of saliva, rubber and cum. His shoulders were bashed into the stocks as she buried half her considerable length in one thrust, pushing him into the sturdy bondage with lustful force.

She pulled back partway and speared him again, her thick, pulsing unit diving even deeper into his silken depths. Pre-cum spurting from her tip, providing at least some measure of lubrication as she opened him up quickly. The sex-crazed Succubus built up a steady fucking rhythm with all haste. In a matter of minutes, she'd gone balls deep and each fierce penetration sent his body smacking against the thick wooden planks. It's metal housing creaked as she fucked him powerfully, her rubber fingers digging ever more tightly into his bare hips.

Just when he thought the depravity had reach its zenith, the grinning Evelyn and Vivian stepped aside to make room for two more nuns. They'd been standing by, but were no longer content to wait for their

turn at his rear. Both of the latex draped nuns were unzipped below and stroking a long, fat cock with horny vigor. They drew closer to his face, approaching from either side of the gag's contraption that stuck out from his mouth.

As the nun railing his ass cried out in pleasure, the two at his front jerked their massive endowments and moaned. They were both aimed at his face and preparing to unleash twin torrents of sticky jizzum, as if the river of fetid sludge oozing into his maw wasn't enough already.

“OHHHHHHH!!! OH YESSSSSSSSSS!!!!!!”

The speed of her thrusts increased. The base of the mystery nun's cock jammed in and out of his asshole, stretching it the widest diameter yet. He felt a pair of heavy balls slapping against his body, their sheer size and force causing Hank to ponder if he'd ever truly been a man. Regardless, that title was gone now. A woman with a cock three times his size had turned him into an anal bottom bitch.

“NNNGGGGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!”

“AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!”

“OOOOOOHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!”

The nun at his rear hilted in his ass, shoving him into the stocks painfully. Hank closed his eyes as impossibly thick ropes of sticky cum blasted his face. Their forceful emissions painted his forehead, nose and cheeks with hot, stinging glue. His insides were deluged with steaming nut, another stream hosing out each time the nun behind him moaned and her balls twitched against his body. He grunted in soiled anguish as his mouth clamped down on the sticky ball. Pungent seed rushed into the back of his mouth and slid down his gurgling throat at the fastest rate yet.

Once their orgasms tapered off, the two red-faced, elated Succubi backed away slowly. They dropped their still dripping cocks and let them mingle in the folds of their heavenly rubber robes. Mistresses Evelyn and Vivian stepped back into Hank's field of vision. The latter was stroking her huge pole of dark meat and eyeing him hungrily. The buxom cowgirl had her hands on her hips as she looked around at the rest of the fiendish group.

“Alright, Sisters! Who's next?”

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What a beautiful church. Or at least, it used to be. You could still see the foundation of the once holy place. The outlines of its amazing architecture and the pews were still there, but everything else was corrupted. There were paintings and statues of the Demon Goddess, Lilith, everywhere. They were illuminated by spotlights in the otherwise half-dark Tabernacle of Divine Women. The rest of the lighting was by candle. Rows of candles everywhere that offered a hellish orange tint to the dark orgy that was unfolding.

Hank's situation had not improved. He was no longer in a dungeon stockade, but now found himself in a corrupted temple at center stage, strapped to a St. Andrew's cross. He was no longer completely

naked, just mostly nude. The Sisters had fixed him with crude black latex speedo and a dog collar.

All the men he'd been standing with earlier that afternoon were now wearing collars. Most of them were out among the pews, surrounded by the Daughters of Lilith. Many were being teased, others disciplined, and some outright spit-roasted as the ceremony continued. The nuns chatted, cackled and moaned in delirious pleasure in the darkened chapel, reveling in their own sick version of *communion*.

“STEVEN STERLING! STEP FORWARD!”

Every few minutes one of the visitor's names was called out. It seemed it was the Montana Reverend's turn.

The two nuns having their way with him released Steven and he stumbled out of the fourth row. He was a naked mess of sweat and cum. A leash dangled from his neck as he made his way to the altar steps. A nun awaited him there, bathed in candlelight and holding a golden chalice.

“On your knees” she stated and Steven was quick to obey.

The woman dipped her right thumb into the cup and brought it to his forehead. She drew the sign of the upside down cross upon his brow, leaving the marks in sticky semen. She then presented him the chalice, prompting Steven to take it.

“The seed of Lilith” she stated with reverence. “Drink deeply and begin your life anew.”

Steven needed no encouragement. He took the chalice gently, brought it to his lips and poured the sweet paste into his mouth. He sucked and glugged on it greedily, wolfing the thick liquid down like a starving man.

Hank now understood why. At some point during his indoctrination, the seed of these fiendish women had gone from foul, to tolerable, to sweet as candied apples and maple syrup. Even now, as he looked down at Steven, there was some part of his psyche screaming in envy. Wishing it was him down there.

He banished the voice that tugged at his mind. He'd done it several times already, but he couldn't deny it was getting more difficult. Hank watched as Steven rose and returned to his new owners. The nuns bent him over the wooden pew and shoved their bulging cocks back into his mouth and ass, picking up where they'd left off.

Just when Hank thought he might pass out, a patch of white caught his eye in the darkened chapel. A single woman approached, climbing the stairs. A porcelain mask covered her face. It was painted with flourishes of pastel color, but the white stood out most in the gloom. It was their leader. He'd seen her wearing it earlier.

Jessica removed the mask, her elegant rubber-clad curves shining in the dim candle light. She stretched forward her hand and grasped Hank's chin, turning his face to the left and right as she studied him.

“What is it about you... *special ones*? You **boy scouts**. I swear, for every thousand men, there might be a single one of you who's remained faithful. The rare exception among your kind who've managed to **not** become raging hypocrites.”

“I don't know nothin bout that, Ma'am” he uttered weakly.

She released his face. “And yet, it doesn't save you. You can resist, for a time, but never for long. Isn't that right? You feel the old you **slipping away**. Don't you, Henry?”

“It's Hank” he replied, followed by a cough. He feared it might be the last time he spoke with any amount of defiance. Part of him wanted to spit in the woman's face, but he couldn't summon the will to do it. She spoke the truth. He was changing.

“I'm glad you came” she said with a smile. “You men of *uncommon will* are my favorite to bring into the fold. To bind and beat. To fuck and humiliate. To add to my **personal collection**.”

Mistress Superior patted him on the cheek three times.

“Enjoy the evening, *Hank*! You're mine soon, but tonight, you belong to **all** my Sisters.”

The tall, mocha-skinned stunner turned and stalked off. Her latex gleamed in the low light as she descended the stairs and rejoined her rutting cohorts. Hank looked out at the rows of well-hung, copulating nuns. They were writhing, fucking, moaning and screaming in carnal bliss as they defiled dozens of men from the nation's full spectrum of religious faiths.

Hank closed his eyes and began reciting *The Lord's Prayer*. He wanted to say it one more time, while he still could.

“...Give us this day, our daily bread. And forgive us our...”

He stopped halfway through. The words he'd spoken thousands of times before could no longer be summoned. The smell of Succubus jizzum filled his nostrils. The sounds of sloppy oral sex and frantic anal pounding grew louder in his ears. A chorus of climactic groans took up root in his mind.

Hank's limbs relaxed in their gripping bondage. His eyelids sank and his cock strained in the latex briefs. He was home.

\* \* \* \* \*

“God fucking dammit!” Kenneth cursed as he smacked the keyboard and shoved it aside. His bout of frustration ruffled his suit and almost knocked the American flag pin off his lapel. “All the resources of the federal government and I have to deal with this slow-ass, laggy bullshit!”

**\*BEEP BEEP\***

The Assistant Secretary of Health reached for the intercom and pressed the button down.

“Yes?”

“Admiral Hayes. Miss Daley from the Office of Women's Health here to see you.”

“Of course. Send her in.”

He released the button.

“Not like I'm getting any fuckin work done...”

Within moments, the door opened and in walked a woman with short blonde hair. She wore a light blue top and matching skirt, a string of pearls and black high heels. In addition to her briefcase and bag, there was a binder under her arm filled with papers and photos.

“Sarah! Good to see you!” the Admiral said, standing and walking to greet her.

“Good to see you again” she replied with a nod as she shook his hand.

“Tracy told me you sounded downright fearful when you scheduled this meeting.” His eyebrows scrunched as he walked back behind his desk. “I take it this is a matter of some urgency?”

“It's a matter I'm not sure what to think about, but it's definitely got my attention. I think it will earn yours as well.”

“Alright” he responded, rapping his hands on the edge of the desk. “Lay it on me.”

Sarah set her things down before looking back at him nervously. “I'm going to show you some *revealing* images. It might seem a little crude, but please, bear with me.”

“OK...” Ken's eyebrows rose as he watched her open the binder and remove a series of photos.

She laid them out on the desk one by one, facing the Admiral. Each was a picture of an absurdly large penis paired with a set of shapely thighs.

“Uhhhh... Oh boy. This is gonna be one hell of a tale, isn't it?”

“These are all women” she said with cold certainty.

“**Trans** women? Wow! I guess they work miracles with bottom surgery these days! Us CIS guys better watch out...”

“That's just it. They're not trans. None of them had surgery. Not at any hospital of record, that is.”

Admiral Hayes paused and observed the photos a second time. After a few moments he snickered and leaned back in his chair. A playful smile crossed his lips. “Really? How does that work?”

“I wish I could tell you. All I know is these reports were made by people who've been confirmed as biological women. None of them seemed to know how it happened. Then, shortly after those reports, they stopped talking to us. Same for their doctors.”

Kenneth leaned forward, his eyebrows furrowing as he put his elbows on the desk and clasped his hands together. “Huh... This wouldn't happen to be a localized phenomenon, would it?”

Sarah pointed to the photographs one by one. “New York. Kansas City. New Orleans. Phoenix. Los Angeles.”

“Well, if it's a hoax, it's an elaborate one.”

“A hoax? You really think this could be a hoax?!?”

“I don't know what else it **could** be” he exclaimed, looking back at her incredulously.

“If this is real, we need a full investigation! We need to find out what's going on. We need to warn people!”

“Yes, **IF**, but that's a big if. I'm not going to make a statement to the public about **women magically growing penises** until I'm sure it's not a hoax! That's for damn sure! Have you seen what people get up to on the internet these days?” he gestured to the monitor on his desk. “This sounds like a scheme a bunch of miscreants put together on 4chan for shits and giggles.”

Sarah tossed her hands up in exasperation. “So, what do you want me to do?”

“Do your job. Gather data. Try and get these women to talk. If it's a real phenomenon, get us a lead on how it might have happened. I'm gonna need a lot more evidence before I elevate this.”

“Fine. I just hope you're not giving internet *miscreants* too much credit.”

“Miss Daley, you have my word, we're not going to allow women with giant dongs to overrun the United States of America.”

The petite blonde rolled her eyes while gathering up the binder. “You can keep the pictures.”

“Thanks. I'll have them framed.”

Sarah laughed as she headed for the door. “Good day, Admiral. I'll be in touch.”

“Good seeing you. Take care.”

The door shut and Admiral Hayes was left alone with five intimidating pictures sitting below his PHSCC nameplate. He lifted one photo, studying the fat, fourteen inch cock protruding from a body with wide hips and plump thighs. Pangs of jealousy burned him as his eyes traced the woman's unfathomable dimensions.

“...Jesus.”