

Quickie #34

Sabbath Slave Swap

A Latex Futa Nuns From Hell Side Story

Ruko Kirigawa stepped off the elevator and started down the long corridor. She was on the second highest floor of the *Sublime Sanctuary*, just below the penthouse suite of Mistress Superior. Several Headmistresses of the Daughters of Lilith's leadership council lived here, in close proximity to the matriarch of their order. Among them was the Reverend Mother's oldest and dearest friend, Vicky Durant. Ruko was on her way to pay the Headmistress of Finance a visit.

"C'mon Luka. Keep up!" she said, tugging the leather leash in her grasp.

The young man muttered a garbled affirmation through the bit gag in his mouth. The obedient slave's well toned body and thick brown hair were concealed in black latex and a leather harness that fit snugly around his torso. It was part of a larger web of bondage that included a matching head harness, a shiny, steel cock cage and leather mitts that were locked over his hands.

Luka scampered forth, barely keeping up with Ruko's stride due to all the tight fetishwear and the layers of restraints on his body. His padded palms, knees and shins slapped off the floor as the Headmistress of Health & Wellness led her prized slave down the hallway.

Ruko, surprisingly, was not wearing much leather or latex. It was a staple of her job at the Rubber Clinic, so on her days off, she often chose to go with something more classic. She was rocking a school girl look with a blue blazer, white dress shirt and a plaid skirt that matched her silky, green tie. The fabric flowing down from her waist did nothing to conceal the sizable bulge below. If anything, it called more attention to her massive, half-hard cock; waiting to be freed for Sunday fun.

They arrived at Vicky's door and Ruko pushed the ringer. A few moments passed and the door opened, revealing the gorgeous redhead and her first ever slave, Christopher. Vicky's curves were clad in glossy black for a change, though the corset she wore over it was deep red, matching her lovely locks. Christopher, on the other hand, was wearing very little.

He was clad in a perverse cheerleader outfit that covered, maybe, thirty percent of his body. Dark blue latex was wrapped around his shoulders and waist with pink lining around its edges. A lacy, three inch pink petticoat extended from the bottom of his outfit, calling attention to his flaccid cock and dangling cum-sack, below. His matching thigh-high boots, likewise, had short petticoats sticking up where the latex ended and his upper thighs began.

Christopher's makeup was perfect, with subtle blush in his cheeks and a thick coat of pink applied to his subservient lips. His blonde hair had grown long under the guidance of Mistress Vicky and now it was styled in two full, silky pigtailed flowing from the sides of his head. He was every bit the feminized bimbo cheerleader and Ruko couldn't wait to take hold of those thick tufts of hair and put his mouth to

good use.

“Hey Ruko!”

“Vicky! How's it going?”

“It's going great! I had a fun morning dolling up my Chrissy cat and Mindy minx. Since then, we've just been waiting for the fun to begin.”

Ruko scanned Vicky's suite, looking for the other young man. “I don't see Dylan... errr, Mindy. Is he tied up somewhere?”

“Oh, no, he's already been handed off” Vicky said with a twinge of regret. “Sorry, but I owed a couple Sisters a favor and they were dying to play with him.”

Ruko waved her off. “That's alright. Francine and I will just have to make do with Christopher.”

“You and Francine are teaming up, huh?”

“Yeah! It's going to be a great time. We got a special room reserved in the Tabernacle.”

“Nice...” Vicky turned to Christopher and ran her latex fingers through his hair. “Sounds like you got your work cut out for you, slut. You do everything you're told by Mistresses Ruko and Francine. Understood?”

“Yes, Mistress!” he said with a smile and a nod. The young sissy looked eager to serve.

“He hasn't been fed yet today” Vicky confirmed. “But I'm sure you'll take care of that.”

“Of course” Ruko said with an enthusiastic grin. She lifted her leash and handed it to Victoria. “Luka hasn't been fed either. He was naughty last night, hence the cage and gag.”

Vicky snickered. “As if we need an excuse?”

“True. Very true!” Ruko laughed. “He needs the training, anyway. I take it he'll be getting a change of clothes soon?”

Vicky nodded as she studied the fit looking gimp on his hands and knees. “Yes, I think we'll be exploring Luka's feminine side today.”

“I'm not sure he has one, to be honest.”

“Nonsense!” Vicky insisted. “Even the most rugged men can be turned into beautiful sissies. All it takes is a few prosthetics, some makeup and a lot of latex.”

“Well, I look forward to seeing the the product of your efforts” Ruko replied before shifting her gaze down to her slave. “And you... Be good for Mistress Vicky! If I get a bad report, the fifty spankings you got this morning will be a pleasant memory compared to what's coming.”

“**Mmmph!** Ymmmpphh!!!” Luka nodded in acknowledgment.

“Would you like to step in for a drink?” Victoria asked, feeling bad about them still standing in the doorway.

“Thank you, but I don't want to keep Francine waiting. We really should get going.”

Vicky grabbed Christopher by the arm and guided him to the waiting Ruko. She then reeled in Luka's leash, pulling him past the threshold into her home. The large, growing lump in the bottom of Victoria's suit was proof that she was just as eager to begin the Sabbath festivities.

“By all means, get to it! Enjoy every minute of *Slave Swap Sunday!*”

“You too, Vicky. We'll see you tomorrow.”

“Thanks! Tell Francine I said hi.”

“Will do.”

“Bye, Mistress!” Christopher said in his most feminine voice. He continued waving until Victoria blew him a kiss and closed the door.

Ruko turned and gave the femboy a second up and down scan. She placed her hands on her hips.

“Hmm... No leash, huh?”

“Mistress Vicky says I don't need one when I'm like this.”

“All men need leashes” Ruko insisted sternly.

“But I'm not a boy right now! I'm a girl” Christopher replied. He clasped his hands behind his back meekly and offered the Headmistress a wink.

Ruko sighed. “You're going to squeal like a girl, that's for sure.”

“Oh, please don't punish me, Mistress Ruko! That would be awful!” he retorted in his most sarcastic tone. Christopher's hips shimmied to and fro, excitedly.

Ruko rolled her eyes and lifted her hands from her sides. She set off down the hallway, the stilettos of her leather boots clacking off the floor. “Follow me, slave. Not another word until I tell you to speak.”

“Yes, Mistress” Christopher answered with a knowing smile. At least one round of discipline was now a guarantee.

* * * * *

The *Tabernacle of Divine Women* was unusually quiet as Ruko led Christopher to their destination. Normally, the nave of the old church would be filled with chatting nuns. The *cumfessionals* would have

long lines of horny Succubi waiting to use the bound slaves within. With virtually everyone engaging in the Sunday slave swap for personal use, there were far fewer on hand for public enjoyment.

It worked out nicely, providing the few slaves allocated to cleaning duty the chance to give the pews and confessional booths a thorough scrubbing. Ruko took note of several collared submissives going about their janitorial work as she led Chris beyond the sanctuary into the back halls of the large chapel.

The rooms behind the nave had once been used for many purposes. Meetings of the clergy, study halls for old religious texts, small chambers for ceremonial rites and a kitchen area where communion bread, wine and other fare were prepared. Now, with the exception of the kitchen, all of these spaces had been converted into well-stocked play rooms.

Ruko opened the heavy wooden door to one such room and ushered Christopher in. It closed behind them with a soft knock and they entered the dimly lit place to find Francine practicing with a mean looking whip. There was a large selection of sex toys laid out on the table beside her. She'd been honing her skills while waiting for Ruko to return.

WHIPCRACK

With a powerful stroke, Francine knocked a silver plate from its metallic base. It spun through the air and landed on the floor with a dull clank.

“Nice shot!” Ruko complimented as they made their way over.

“Hello, Mistress Francine!” the excited femboy greeted.

The buxom beauty turned to them and Christopher found himself in awe. He'd seen Francine around campus before and heard about her from Mistress Vicky, but being this up close and personal hardly did the rumors justice. She was a towering beauty with enormous breasts, powerfully wide hips, tree trunk thighs and a cock that almost looked like a third leg.

The leather ensemble covering half of Francine's body was a combination of shiny blue, white and red. Crimson leather sealed her arms up to the bicep and sheathed her mighty legs to halfway up her thighs. The sleek boots and arm gloves ended in white and blue trim, respectively and were decorated with golden crosses. A matching cock-sleeve adorned her impossibly huge penis, although its snug fixture only covered two thirds of her godly length.

The ensemble was held together by thin strips of shiny black. Christopher imagined the harness must be made of the toughest leather in the world not to snap under the weight of her massive mammaries. The fun-loving blonde had dyed her hair blue to match her regal outfit. The papal hat atop her head was the finishing touch, crowning her as some kind of blasphemous female *porno pope* with the patriotic colors of an amazon cheerleader. To say she was a sight to behold was an understatement.

Francine curled her whip into a neat circle and tossed it back on the table of toys. She studied Christopher up and down as he and Ruko approached.

“Finally! What took you so long?”

“You know how Vicky loves to chat” Ruko answered with a smirk.

“Ah, of course. But now we have her little Chrissy cat all to ourselves...” Francine spoke while stroking her fearsome phallus. “Ready to get pounded, **slut?**”

Christopher opened his mouth to speak, but was immediately overruled.

“Before we get to that, he needs a different kind of *pounding*. Twenty strokes for being a mouthy little minx.”

Francine dropped her hefty shaft and placed her hands on her hips. Her eyebrows lifted. “With pleasure! Which should I use?”

“Whichever you like” Ruko answered. She sauntered over to an antique chair of red satin and gold trim; taking her seat to enjoy the first part of the show. “Do fit him with an arm-binder first, though.”

The big woman licked her ruby lips as she closed the distance to Christopher. The stomp of stiletto heels marked her steps as she grabbed his arm and hauled him to the table of torment. She bent him over the furniture with ease and kicked his legs apart.

“Don't move, slave! Unless you want **a lot** more than twenty.”

Christopher was tempted to disobey until he caught fresh sight of Francine's impressive biceps. She looked much stronger than Mistress Vicky. Twenty would probably be more than enough.

As Francine crossed to a closet full of bondage gear and rifled through it, Mistress Ruko pulled a pack of cigarettes from her jacket pocket and lit up. It wasn't a great habit for a doctor to promote, but then again, she was a Succubus now. She could smoke to her heart's content and there would be no consequences. It was one of many indulgences that Lilith's gift allowed her to enjoy.

It didn't take long for Francine to find what she wanted. She extracted the white leather arm-binder and made her way back to the waiting Christopher. Francine snatched his arms up and pulled them behind his back roughly. She yanked the pocket of extra-thick white leather over his hands and guided it up his forearms. Once it was covering his arms all the way past the elbows, she took hold of its laces and began tightening them firmly.

“Oooff.. **Ahhhhh!** That's tight!”

“That's the idea, **bitch**. Don't act like you're not enjoying this.”

Christopher could feel her fat cumpipe rubbing against his crack as Francine secured the bindings. He wiggled his ass back on her cock, teasing her through the thick leather sleeve.

“Pfffft... What a fucking tart you are! Just dying to have my big dick up your ass. Aren't you?”

“Yes, Mistress!”

“Well, too bad! You were a brat and now you have to take your licks first.”

With the arm-binder secure, Francine pushed herself off him and stood back. She looked up and down

the multiple tables of floggers, whips, paddles and other implements of discipline, deciding which to employ.

Ruko exhaled a cloud of wispy smoke in the background, chuckling as she watched the pair.

Francine took up a long, thick leather paddle. The sturdy, metal-studded spanker was heavy enough to do serious damage, but light enough to use in one hand. It was the perfect tool for the job. She strutted back to Christopher and took up position behind him.

The feisty Futazon grabbed the D-ring at the end of the arm-binder with her left hand. She lifted it out of the way, clearing the path for a straight shot at his bare buttocks. Christopher's cock dangled below his comically short skirt and its frilly, pink ruffles. His penis was already half erect and all they'd done is bind him.

“Alright, here we go. Count em out, **sis**sy!”

SMACK

The business end of the paddle slammed into Christopher's ass, sending his pale flesh trembling. His eyes shot open and he squealed out his first grunt of pain. Disbelief spread across his face at the sheer force Francine had imparted. His voice cracked as he made the first call.

“O-One...”

SMACK

“Ahhhh!**Two!**”

Ruko smiled impishly as she watched blast after blast leveled into Christopher's behind with unforgiving leather. The red splotches in his flesh became pronounced starting with the fifth blow. Each fierce smack elicited more desperate yelps and excited mewling from the over-eager bitch boy. **That** would teach him to show more respect.

It was fascinating to watch Francine after her transformation from Francis. Once a male slave, who'd often suffered the same indignities from Mistress Superior and many of the other nuns on campus, now reborn as a glorious Futa Domme. Francine's painted lips curled into ever greater smiles of sadistic glee as she laced spank after spank into the femboy's blistered bottom.

Francine's cock grew hard as granite, bulging in her leather sleeve and pointing straight out from her body like a nocked arrow. Soon, it became a chore to unleash her Femdom fury without the paddle and her own girthy weapon coming into contact. Francine had to contort her body, bending at the hips to deliver the last few blows safely.

Meanwhile, Ruko stroked her own turgid length. Her girth expanded with each forceful smack into the slave's reddening cheeks. Very soon, she'd put that big mouth of his to work.

SMACK

“N-Nineteen!”

SMACK

“TWENTY!!!”

Christopher's face was streaked with tears by the time Francine dropped the paddle back on the table. His makeup ran and he'd sobbed several times between pained grunts, yet he loved the ache in his ass, the tightness of his bondage and the fact that he couldn't touch his own rock hard penis. Pre-cum leaked from his engorged dick as he lay on the table. He was helpless as endorphins rushed through his body to the site of his trauma, easing his torment and soothing his body with the beginnings of a wonderful sub-space high.

“What next, Mistress Ruko?” Francine asked.

Some habits die hard. The big woman was one of the Daughters of Lilith now, but she didn't always act like it. Not completely. Surely, if Francine was alone in the room with Christopher, she would do whatever she wanted with him, but with Ruko there, the buxom beauty felt compelled to ask her for instructions. After following the edicts of the Headmistresses for so long, it would take time for Francine's new personality to solidify. Echoes of the old Francis still remained, even in her magnificent new form.

“Bring him over here” Ruko obliged her. “And one of those big anal stretchers, too.”

With a fresh grin of enthusiasm, Francine strode to the dildo rack and selected one of the biggest models. It was a giant column of white silicone with a golden cross etched into its base. The massive dong was a perverse mockery of the establishment's old faith and a fitting match for Francine's sacrilegious attire.

She slathered the first half of the fearsome toy in lube before sauntering back to the waiting Christopher. She lifted the end of his binder up a second time and inserted the fat end of the faux phallus into his waiting pucker. Lubricant drizzled from the weighty thing as it plunged into Chris' rectum and stretched his beaten bottom wide open.

“Ahhhhh!!! **HOLY SHIT!** Not so fast!”

“Shut up, **whore!**” Francine mocked him as she pressed the slimy toy up his ass with no delay. Christopher's fleshy hole dilated to accommodate the widening shaft as lube dripped from his distended starfish.

“**OH GOD!!!** It's too much!!!”

“Hardly... You'll know what **too much** feels like when it's Francine's turn” Ruko chided from not far away.

Once the stretcher was lodged three quarters of the way up his over-packed passage, Francine picked Christopher up like he was a bundle of wood. She kept one hand on the end of the toy as she hefted him under her other arm and carried him to Ruko's feet. She set him down gently, the end of the massive toy making contact with the floor even before Chris did. He yelped as his knees found the ground, the impact sending the stretcher ever farther up his bum and causing him to sit up straight out of necessity.

He was seated directly before Ruko, his still-bleary vision clearing as her gargantuan cock and hefty scrotum came into focus. The Headmistress of Health stroked herself up and down. Her skirt was hiked up all the way as she leaned back in the comfy chair. The impassioned Asian Domina stared down at him, anticipation and ravenous lust swirling in her dark, shimmering eyes.

Without another word, she grabbed one of Christopher's pig tails and pulled his mouth to her dripping glans. His puffy, pink lips slid over the head of her cock as she grabbed the second tuft of his hair and wrapped her hand around it. She yanked his mouth down aggressively and his cheeks puffed out as her hose of hot, pungent flesh plunged down his tongue and straight to the back of his throat.

“There we go.. That's what a slave's mouth is for” Ruko spoke as she continued pulling his face onto her shaft. “Not for talking back, but **sucking cock.**”

Despite his antics earlier, Christopher was in perfect agreement with the demanding nun. He wanted this harsh treatment. Needed it. He pressed his face forward, aiding her efforts as the head of her giant schwanz pressed passed his uvula and into the back of his throat. His arms strained behind him, locked in rigid leather. The impossibly thick wand up his asshole slid in a half inch deeper.

Christopher coughed around her girth, his eyes looking increasingly desperate as he waited for her to pull back. Ruko pressed on, sliding his lips a little further down her fleshy python. When his face started to turn deep red, she finally gave him the smallest amount of slack. She let his mouth slide back until he could inhale fresh air, while keeping a fierce grip on his blonde fuck-handles.

She let him take two long breaths before pulling his face back onto her hulking mega cock. The sounds of her moist passage into his throat sputtered out as Ruko pushed deeper, guiding his lips ever closer to her pubis. With her hands wound tightly in Christopher's golden hair, she began sawing his mouth back and forth along her bulging fuck-stick.

“MMMMMMM..... Yes! At least you have some talent to make up for your insolence.”

Christopher showed her just how much skill and initiative he had, wagging his tongue along the bottom of her vast cum cannon. He caressed her sperm channel lovingly, adding massively to the pleasure that his warm, wet walls were delivering to her meaty missile. He moaned around her length, straining his neck muscles and pushing forward what little he could while harnessed in full arm-bondage.

In truth, there was only so much he could do. Mistress Ruko was in full control and could fuck his mouth and throat as fast and hard as she liked. This pleased them both as much as the hefty toy slurping in and out of Christopher's ass. The young man knelt before her, his pucker stretched to the breaking point as a column of hefty, pungent penis assaulted his stretched lips repeatedly.

“That's it! Get that pretty pink lipstick all over my cock! There won't be a lick of it left by the time Francine and I are done with you...”

Francine stood just a few feet away. Her body buzzed with giddy need as she watched Ruko fuck Christopher's face. The dildo was preparing him nicely for her entry. The toy was almost as big as her own fleshy weapon, but not quite. The leather sleeve strained around her erection, creaking every time her cock twitched and swelled to an even thicker circumference.

Ruko built up a head of steam, pumping Christopher's face with ever more of her hot, pulsing tool. His head was shoved down into her lap again and again, disappearing deeper until his lips almost reached the sweaty skin just below her bunched up skirt. Ruko widened her stance, spreading her booted legs out to the sides as she face-fucked Chris with total abandon. His mouth flew up and down her steaming pole, lips sliding over the increasingly phlegmy, pre-cum strewn length.

“TAKE IT! THROAT MY COCK YOU BIMBO SLUT!!! FULFILL YOUR ONLY PURPOSE ON THIS EARTH, COCK SLEEVE!!!”

Christopher's eyes fluttered as his face glided up and down her moist length even faster. Slimy gasps for air and moist clogging noises squelched as his vision turned into a constant, blurry in-and-out zoom of Ruko's crotch. She was right, of course. He was as much a cock sleeve as the long piece of leather wrapped around Francine's mammoth yogurt slinger.

He sucked, slurped and wagged his tongue with all the enthusiasm he could muster. Christopher did everything he could to accelerate Ruko's approaching climax. His brutally stretched ass and growing need for air sparked minor alarm in what was left of his bimbofied brain.

“Ahhhhh! YEESSSSS!!! UUUUUUNNNNNNNGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!”

Ruko's weighty cum sack clenched and a thick stream of warm paste jettisoned deep in Christopher's throat. She held his head down, his lips finally sinking balls-deep as heavy throbs of jizzum funneled through her cock and spat into Chris' soiled guts.

“Oh yeah.... Suck it down, slut!!!”

Her river of nut backflowed, spilling into his already packed mouth and seeping out around his stretched lips and clogged nostrils. Christopher's eyes went wide as the gunk siphoned into him and streams of thick paste began to leak from every available orifice. Ruko's fists remained tight in his hair, holding his face down until every last discharge of hot glue shot into his maw.

Not a moment too soon, she pulled Christopher's mouth off her soiled wand. A river of white, slimy gunk slopped down from Ruko's tip and Chris' overflowing mouth. As he sucked in a deep, fresh breath of air, his own penis shot its load, ejaculating streaks of silky semen all over. It only added to the much larger mess of bubbling cum sliding down Ruko's cock, smearing over her balls, streaming down Christopher's chest and congealing in a large pool of mixed filth below.

Ruko released him and watched Christopher twitch, leaning back against the fat dildo crammed up his ass while his puny cock shot its sad little load all over. She lit up a fresh cigarette and took her first drag before leaning forward and taking a fresh hold of Christopher's cum-strewn hair. What was left of his makeup ran from his eyes as he panted and caught his breath.

“Who the fuck said you could come, slave?!?”

“No one... Mistress...” he admitted through ragged breaths.

Instinctively, he bent down and began licking the residual nut from Ruko's slick cock and glazed balls. Even in his bound and stuffed state, he had just enough control to perform cleanup as a proper slave should.

Ruko sighed, leaning back as Christopher tongued her superior Futa anatomy. She enjoyed her smoke as she decided what to do next.

“What do you think, Francine? Twenty more strokes for coming without permission?”

“Only fair” she agreed.

“Good. When he's done cleaning me, administer the punishment. Then his filthy holes are all yours.”

Francine flinched. “With all due respect, Miss Ruko, I've been waiting this whole time. He can take another spanking after I rail his slutty ass into that sofa.” The amorous amazon pointed to the leather couch not far away. She reached down and unzipped the top of the glossy sleeve sheathing her cock. The blue-haired behemoth pulled the rubbery garment off her god-like appendage. It fell to the ground, followed by a thick trail of gelatinous pre. “I might take a turn with his mouth, first, as well...”

Ruko's brow raised in astonishment. She looked up at her suddenly insistent Sister and saw authority and determination to match her powerful frame and wanton lust. It seemed the mental remnants of *'Francis'* were fading away fast. Soon, there would be only Francine.

The Headmistress took another drag of her cigarette before nodding. “Only fair” she repeated with a cheeky grin.

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