

Latex Futa Nuns From Hell

Chapter 7 – The Daughters Of Lilith

Allison grimaced as she turned the key on her mailbox and retrieved her stack of mail. She closed the small metal door and locked it back up. It was her second day with a cock between her legs and it wasn't getting any easier. She wore a red, pleated leather skirt along with a white top and leather jacket. It was one of the few articles of clothing she owned that would hide the obvious bulge. It was thirty six hours since discovering her big *surprise*. Time hadn't lessened the stressful impact of waking to find that her sexual makeup had changed.

She pressed the button for the elevator and waited for it to arrive. Frenzied thoughts spiraled through her mind for the ump-teeth time.

'What the fuck am I going to do???''

'How do I ever tell Jeff about this?'

'I'm going to need a whole new wardrobe...'

'What about the next time I go to the doctor?!?'

'WHAT THE FUCK AM I GOING TO DO?!?!?'

DING

The doors opened. Allison shouldered her bag and stepped into the empty elevator. She pressed the button for her floor and leaned against the wall. She was staring straight ahead, but her mind was a million miles away.

Allison had already dodged intimacy with Jeffrey once last night. She'd resisted the urge to play with herself thus far, but her desire to was growing by the hour. She'd guzzled water, tea and coffee all day. No matter how much she drank, her thirst only seemed to grow.

'Is this what it's like to be a man? Constantly horny and thirsty? That explains a lot...'

Allison couldn't even begin to imagine what had happened to her. Not even after punching a hundred different variations of the phrases “sudden sex change”, “gender swap” and “female penis” into Google. She'd found a lot of pornographic cartoons and depraved role playing groups, but nothing that would help her unravel the mystery.

Not knowing wasn't even the worst part. She was a reporter and this was a huge story that she couldn't write about. Oh sure, she could break the news, but what would she say? *'This just in! Woman awakens to find penis where vagina used to be!'* And that would be it. There were no other details to include other than her impressive size. She could take a picture to prove it, but no newspaper would publish

that.

And even if she did, then what? There would be a million questions she had no answers to. Her name would spread and an army of creepy guys would start seeking her out. Perhaps some shadowy branch of the government or unscrupulous biotech corporation would pay her a visit, stick her in a glass jar and study her.

No. Fuck all of that. She had to keep it under wraps for now, at least to most people. She'd have to tell Jeff eventually, but how?

DING

Allison stepped out of the elevator and headed for her apartment. As she walked down the hallway, she began thumbing through her mail.

'Junk. Junk. Bill. Junk. Whoa... what's this?'

It was a simple, plain white envelope with no return address. Next to Allison's name and address was a red stamp that read "URGENT!"

'Hot tip for a story? Well, it'd be nice to get my mind on something else...'

She tore it open and removed the single folded piece of paper contained within. She opened the page and the first line of words made her heart skip a beat.

"EXPERIENCED A DRASTIC CHANGE RECENTLY? WE'RE HERE TO HELP!"

People who undergo certain changes can experience extreme thirst..."

Allison gasped. Her blood pressure rose and her heart pounded in her chest. She re-folded the paper and raced to her front door. She pulled her keys from her pocket, unlocked it and proceeded in. She shut the door and locked it behind her in record time.

The spooked blonde dropped her bag on the floor as she walked in. Pangs of thirst raked against her throat and stomach, producing an audible rumble of hunger from her torso. Her first instinct was to go to the fridge and grab a drink or snack, but she knew from experience it wouldn't help. The sensation had gotten more intense as the day went on and it was slowly driving her mad.

Allison set the rest of the mail on the kitchen counter before swiftly re-opening the cryptic letter. She read through it hurriedly. It contained prescriptions for sating her new thirst and how to prep the men in her life to accept the changes she was undergoing. Most of it involved semen, either theirs or hers. Allison's eyes opened wider the further she read. It was all crazy, but the last two lines were the real kicker.

"We hope these tips are useful as you set forth on your new journey!"

When you're ready to fully embrace your new freedom, seek out your Sisters."

Allison's shocked disbelief quickly turned to anger.

'I FUCKING KNEW IT!'

OK, she didn't **know it** per se, but it was too much of a coincidence. She'd visited those freaky nuns and the very next day woke up with a cock and a weighty set of balls. And now she needed to drink cum? Or she'd be thirsty forever? This was insanity.

CLICK-CLACK

Allison heard the lock on the entrance turn. The door opened and her boyfriend walked in. She stuck the letter back in its envelope before folding it in half and swiftly pocketing it in her jacket. She looked through the rest of the mail and tried to act natural in between glances at her beloved.

Jeff was six feet of beautiful man. He had short, blonde hair that tapered up into small spikes and steely gray eyes that could melt butter. He was a personal trainer, a job which kept him immaculately fit. He had a bit of a macho side, but not nearly as bad as most men in Texas. He was a good boyfriend and Allison was terrified at the prospect of revealing her new self. Not only did she have a bigger penis than him, but it now seemed impossible they would ever have children.

“Hey! You just get back? Why's your bag on the floor?” He reached down and retrieved it before shouldering his own backpack and gym bag.

“Oh... I was really tired when I walked in. Long day.”

She set the mail back down as he made his way to the kitchen. Jeffrey set her bag on the counter and gave her a quick kiss on the cheek. It was obvious she was distracted.

“You okay? You look pretty drained. Just like last night.”

Allison sighed. “Jeff, the redcoats are here. Give me a break, alright?”

“Oh! That time of the month, huh? Say no more!”

She nodded while doing her best to maintain a look of pained exasperation. The irony of claiming to be on her period when she no longer had that organ threatened to derail her with laughter.

Suddenly, the raking sensation within her throat and stomach tore into her flesh once again. She winced in agony. Allison felt jittery. Close to frenzy. If the note was accurate, she knew what was needed to make it stop. There was no point in delaying a test of the letter's truthfulness.

She moved closer to Jeffrey, banishing the scowl from her face. She placed one hand on his chest and leaned her bosom into his side. Allison was careful not to move her hips too close as she got flirty.

“Even though I'm not feeling the best, I'd love to make up for last night.” She dropped her hand down to his crotch and began rubbing gently.

Jeff looked surprised. “Are you sure? It's ok if you need to rest...”

Allison pressed her lips to his and met Jeffrey in a long kiss. Their tongues exchanged saliva and

sucking breaths for a long while as his cock stirred under her guiding hand. She broke the kiss suddenly and with dire need.

“I'm sure. Now get those pants off and get on the sofa!”

Allison was taken aback by her own words. She was rarely so demanding. It was Jeffrey that usually made the first move. It was he that typically took command in their sex life. Now, he only gazed back at her longingly. Something deep in his eyes seemed to relax and yield to her.

“Yes, Ma'am.”

He set his bags down before moving into the living room. As Jeff walked to the sofa, he quickly unzipped and tore off the striped track pants he'd been wearing and tossed them aside. He disposed of his boxers and t-shirt just as quickly, throwing them across the room. He turned and sat down on the cool sofa cushions, his cock stiffening rapidly. He stroked himself to full hardness as Allison took off her jacket and made her way to him.

She offered Jeff a wry smile as she knelt down, careful not to expose herself below. It was a forced smile. Allison had never been less excited to service her man. It was a strange feeling, because this was something she normally enjoyed doing. She didn't want to do it at all, but she **needed** what he had.

Allison placed her hands on his thighs. She brought her mouth to his tip and inhaled all six inches of his turgid penis with practiced ease. She began slurping up and down at once, her lips sucking on his hot flesh with vigor. Her wet tongue wagged back and forth across his sperm channel. Jeff let out an excited moan, his body relaxing as his member was bathed in warm, sucking pleasure.

After a minute or so of her eager ministrations, he moved his hands to her head. He seized her luxurious blonde locks gently. It was something he'd done a hundred times before.

Allison's head flew upward, pushing his hands away and releasing his cock with a wet pop.

“**NO!** Hands on the back of the sofa!”

Jeff's eyes opened wide in shock. His facial expression clearly read: *'Yup, she's on her period.'* He complied quickly, setting his arms up and back; straight out from his sides.

Allison eyed him sternly, then resumed her needy suction. The thirst was scratching at her insides constantly now. It seemed to be even more dire now that she was close to getting what she wanted. She swallowed him all the way to the base in one smooth motion and began wetly glomring up and down his cock. His tip was in the back of her throat, getting the best kind of fleshy massage as she worked her mouth up and down in short, smooth sucks.

“**Ohhhhh fuck**, that's good!” Jeffrey dug his fingers into the top of the couch as she held his thighs in an iron grip and sucked him with intense hunger.

'Give me your cum you fucking slut!'

Jeff's legs started twitching and his breaths came fast. Allison knew his toes were curling too. He was close. Very close.

She pulled out all the stops, cork-screwing her mouth every time she pulled upward and then gliding back down his pulsing penis with hungry lips. Her suction was strong and constant. Allison's mouth was full of saliva and pre-cum, gurgling warmly around his hot length with every sloppy plunge and withdrawal. Her tongue pressed firmly against the bottom of his cock and stroked back and forth, her hot velvety wetness stoking his pleasure to the breaking point.

“OH GOD!!! **FUCK!!!** HERE IT... UUUUNNNNNHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!”

Allison felt his balls twitch below her chin and gobs of warm, silky filth began blasting into the back of her throat. She kept sucking eagerly, her tongue stroking him wildly as rope after rope of creamy spunk fired past her tonsils. The nougat batter slid down her esophagus and into her waiting stomach, bathing her in exquisite relief. A warm feeling grew in the center of her body and extending outward to her limbs. A sensation of satiety and bliss settled on the fledgling Succubus.

She continued to suck even once his ejaculations ceased. Allison wasn't going to leave a single bead of jizzum on his cock. Not the tiniest strand on the inside of his glans. Jeff looked down in astonishment as she finished polishing his wand and then pulled her mouth free with a wet slurp. His cock had never looked so completely clean after getting a blowy.

“Holy shit, babe! That was amazing!”

Allison realized with sudden horror that the blood was rushing to her own cock. She could feel it lengthening. Thickening. Beginning to press firmly against her jean skirt. Not only that, but her own desire was skyrocketing. Her vision went hazy. As she looked up at her beloved she could only think of one thing. Bending his slutty ass over the couch and fucking him like an animal.

She quickly pivoted to one side and turned her back to Jeff. She got up smoothly, keeping her back to him and making sure he wouldn't see the bulge her raging cum-pipe had produced in her skirt.

“Alley, is everything OK?”

“Yeah,” she said over her shoulder as she made her way back to the kitchen. “I'm fine. Just really tired, that's all.”

“If you want, we could order a pizza? Then you wouldn't have to cook.”

Allison waited until she was back behind the kitchen counter before turning to face him. “**NO!** I mean... I'm not in the mood for pizza tonight. I can whip up some spaghetti and a salad. Why don't you go watch TV or something? It'll be ready in a bit.”

Jeff stood in the living room, buck naked. He looked at his girlfriend like she had two heads. The young man was starting to think she'd gone completely bonkers, but then again, was it really so different than your average *red tide*?

“Alright babe, if that's what you want to do. I'm gonna go get changed.”

Allison began rummaging through kitchen cabinets and offered him the most cheerful smile she could muster as he gathered up his clothes and bags. She waited until he'd strolled off to the bedroom to stop

her foraging and immediately head for the bathroom.

She closed the door behind her and locked it before turning and unzipping her long, jean skirt. Her cock sprang out and bobbed in the cool air. She was so happy to have it free of the thick jean prison.

Her dick was huge. Almost twice as long as Jeff's and much thicker. It twitched below, pulsing with heat and lust. Allison couldn't wait a second longer. She seized it and began stroking herself back and forth.

'UUUUUHHHHNNNNNNNN....'

Holy shit it felt good! Like having a nearly foot long clit. Not as sensitive perhaps, but it didn't matter. It felt amazing and there was so much more of it to handle.

She bit her lip as she stroked her fat, milky-white length up and down. Her need to climax was building by the second. After stroking and sucking Jeff's cock countless times, she was finally getting a taste of what it felt like. How many times in their love making had he cum but not her? That fucker owed her a thousand orgasms and those orgasms would have to be ejaculations, now.

As Allison brought herself close to the edge, it became apparent she was missing something crucial. She let go of her meaty pole reluctantly and threw herself at the medicine cabinet. She searched the shelves up and down in a delirious state.

'Thank god!'

She found a box of Jeffrey's condoms and opened it quickly. Extracting one, she put the box back and learned against the bathroom wall. She tore the condom wrapper open and extracted the rubbery prophylactic. Holding it up to the tip of her massive weapon, she realized there might be a problem.

'This is a little small for me... Oh well. It's latex. It should stretch!'

She rolled the rubber sleeve down the first six inches of her shaft and a sigh of pleasure escaped her lips. The stretchy latex felt so nice around her hard, hot flesh. Allison grabbed her cock at the base and immediately began stroking herself again. This time, she wasn't going to stop until she fired her first load of jizz into the rubber sleeve.

Her cock grew even harder as her fingers glided up and down her latex wrapped length. It felt almost painfully hard; like it was going to fucking burst. Yet somehow it was massively pleasurable. As her breathing came faster and the base of her cock began to tingle, Allison got her first taste of penile climax. Her hand fisted up and down her increasingly moist shaft frantically.

“OH FUCK!!! YESSSSSSS!!!!”

Her cock exploded and an incomprehensible volume of sticky paste ejected from her glans. The condom expanded, forming an ample balloon of cum at her tip. The orgasm thundered through her for the next ten seconds, her body spasming as she stroked herself like a maniac and more creamy nougat fired into the growing bulge of densely packed jizzum.

By the time her body was done convulsing and she'd shot her entire wad, there was perspiration on

Allison's brow. She wiped it with her forearm and looked down. A heavy bag of cum dangled from her spent tool. She'd seen Jeff's tiny load after using a condom and there was no comparison to hers.

She reached down and carefully rolled the condom off her cock. Allison tied it at the end before holding it up and inspecting it closer. The viscous batter roiled in the warm latex sleeve as the weighty bottom half bobbed in the air.

The short, blonde Succubus recalled the words of the flyer. It said that any man who ingested a teaspoon of her essence would become much more compliant in little time.

*'Teaspoon? Fuck a teaspoon! Every ounce of this is going in Jeff's dinner. He will devour every drop and I will claim his ass **TONIGHT!**'*

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It was a beautiful, clear Texas evening and the sky was full of twinkling stars. Hundreds of people were milling into the ornate building formerly known as St. Michael's Church. Sisters decked out in leather, lace, PVC and every imaginable sexy costume led their eager slaves by chain and leather leashes. Invitees likewise led their cum thirsty husbands and boyfriends onto the now unholy grounds.

Some slaves walked behind their Goddesses. Others were forced to crawl. Many were clad in latex gimp suits and thick leather bondage gear. Others were almost naked. It was a fitting crowd for a gathering place and institution that were about to be redefined. The voices of chatting Dominas filled the spacious cathedral, their excited banter echoing off the walls as the pews filled with fetish themed patrons.

Jessica peeked out at the crowd from the curtain behind the altar. Her smile grew. She'd been waiting for this moment for many months. Who would have guessed that a young Latina woman who arrived here so long ago and spent so many years in quiet servitude would now be leading a revolution?

She'd thought about wearing something more provocative for this occasion, but her full latex habit seemed most fitting for the Sisterhood's big announcement. Francis had spent half the day polishing her outfit so she'd look her most stunning for the ceremony. The pristine combination of white and black latex clung to her curvy body exquisitely. The black rubber of her pleated skirt rippled below, cutting off just below her knees where her leather, high heeled boots took over.

Jessica had never looked or felt better in her life. After many months of sexual conquest, taking Francis and dozens of other submissive males whenever she pleased, the youth and vitality of her mid twenties had fully returned. Youthful vibrancy had been bestowed on many of her sisters as well. Their kink fueled ranks grew by the day. It was a dream come true, but on a relatively small scale so far. Tonight was the night her vision for the future would be crystallized and the next step toward a better world would be taken.

“Hey, it's just about time!”

Vicky strode to her side, tapping her wrist where a timepiece would've been in years past. She was garbed similarly to Jessica, only her habit was a bright, blazing red and her lips were painted to match.

Jessica's smile faded. Like most people who were about to confront a crowd, she'd rather be shot from a cannon than engage in public speaking. "Yeah, I guess it is... Break a leg, right?"

The fiery Mommy Domme sensed her nervousness.

"We say a few words and then have the time of our lives. There's no reason to stress!"

"Easy for you to say. You just have to introduce me."

Vicky smirked and crossed her arms below her breasts. "Relax! You'll do great."

Jessica took a deep breath and her smile returned. "Thanks, Vick. You've been backing me up since this whole thing began. It means a lot to me."

The red headed sister gushed, embracing her in a rubbery hug. She gave Jessica a comforting squeeze before releasing her.

"Don't mention it. And it's Vicky, now, remember?"

"Of course. Vicky! Old habits and all that."

"We burned all the old habits" Vicky corrected her with a wink. The two shared a laugh before Vicky patted her on the shoulder and moved to the curtain. "Alright, let's get this party started!"

"See you out there" Jessica nodded.

Vicky stepped into the bright light of the stage and headed for the podium. It stood fifteen feet in front of the altar, a structure where bread and wine had been consecrated countless times in traditional Catholic services. Now an enormous statue stood upon it, covered by a giant sheet until the time for its unveiling arrived. On either side of the altar were large paintings set on easels, likewise hidden from prying eyes by concealing cloths.

As Vicky approached the dais, a smattering of applause emerged. It increased in volume and participation until she reached the podium and gave the microphone a tap. The clapping quickly died off as she began to speak.

"Good evening Sisters and Sisters-to-be! Most of you probably know me by now, but for those who don't, I'm Vicky Durant, Headmistress of Finance for the Sisters of Guadalupe. That's probably the last time you'll hear our group referred to as such. By the end of this ceremony, you'll be the first to learn our new name! I could go on about how excited and proud I am to be a member of this growing organization, but I won't keep you in suspense. Please give a warm welcome to our Mistress Superior, **JESSICA CHRISTIANO!!!**"

Jessica stepped out from behind the curtain and raucous cheering filled the church. The whooping, clapping and shouts of encouragement echoed through the spacious hall as Jessica waved to the audience and strode to the podium. The bright ceiling lights beamed off her latex clad body, highlighting her perfect curves and the gracious return of youth her many months as a Succubus had imparted.

As she arrived at the lectern, she looked down to the front row and saw Vicky joining the other lieutenants in the first pew. There was Abigail, clad in head-to-toe leather as always. She'd been baby sitting both Francis and Christopher. Each man was on a leash held firmly in her gloved hands. Next to them were Evelyn and Vivian, both dressed in amazing latex bodysuits. The two buxom Dominas sandwiched Vivian's slaves. Jessica recognized several other faces in the front rows, but she didn't have time to study them. Right now, she had a speech to give.

Jessica sat her papers on the podium, adjusted the mic and smiled at the crowd. The applause hadn't died down in the slightest, and it wouldn't until she began to speak.

“Thank you! Thank you... Sisters, slaves and honored guests! I welcome you on this most auspicious of nights. Our Sisterhood began a journey some nine months ago and in that short time we've come so far! I'm proud to announce we have sole and undisputed ownership of this entire campus! The grounds are ours, the convent is ours, the church and all its attendant buildings are ours!”

Another round of applause and several more cheers went up. Jessica gazed from one end of the church to the other, observing several hundred enthusiastic faces. They continued their clapping until Jessica raised her hand, prompting them to cede.

“I want you to look around at all the brave individuals gathered here tonight. And I don't just mean the beautiful, powerful, confident Dominas who, undeniably, deserve the most praise. That's right, I'm talking about all you slutty, bitch-made males as well!”

A series of snickers and giggles went up from the feisty Femdoms. The men mostly blushed or put on knowing smiles.

“It takes courage to embrace who you truly are when that reality flies in the face of all convention. To cast aside your persona and embrace your anima. It's not easy to accept change when it comes so suddenly... and yet, look at you now! Never more complete. Never more fulfilled. Never more focused on what really matters. My friends, **YOU ARE THE FUTURE!**”

Succubi and slave alike stood and delivered the loudest applause yet. Loud whistling added to another round of cheers as Jessica grinned at her new congregation. After many long moments she raised her hand yet again to bring an end to the ovation.

“I would like to begin, tonight, with a reading from the Alphabet of Sirach. An ancient text which is disregarded by many of the worlds most prominent religions, but whose wisdom, thankfully, has not been lost to the ages.”

There was a momentary pause as Jessica shuffled her notes. The hall went quiet as the grave.

“When the first man, Adam, saw that he was alone, God made for him a woman like himself, created from the earth. God called her Lilith and brought her to Adam. They immediately began to quarrel. Adam said: “You must always lie beneath me.” And Lilith said: “No, you shall lie beneath me! We are equal, for both of us are made from the earth.”

When Lilith saw that Adam would not listen, she uttered the Divine name, flew into the sky and fled the garden of Eden. Adam prayed to his creator, saying: “Master of all things, the woman you gave me has

fled." God sent three angels and said to them: "If she agrees to return, what is made is good. If not, she must permit one hundred of her children to die every day."

The angels left God and pursued Lilith, whom they overtook in the midst of the sea, in the mighty waters where the Egyptians were destined to drown. They told her God's word, but she did not wish to return. The angels said: "Then we shall drown you in the sea."

"Leave me!" she rebuked them. "It is I who hold dominion over the children of men. God has made it so."

When the angels heard Lilith's words, they insisted she go back. She refused, but she swore to them in the name of the Divine: "Whenever I see your name or form in an amulet, I will have no power over that child."

She agreed to let one hundred of her children die every day. Accordingly, each day, one hundred demons perish, and for the same reason, we write the angels names on the amulets of young children."

Jessica looked up from the lectern and paused. She allowed the words to sink in for a few moments.

"You will not read this passage in any Christian or Catholic tome. These words have remained hidden from much of the world. Most will only ever hear of Eve, the second woman, created from Adam's rib so she would be submissive. That ends, starting now."

She took a step back and motioned for her leadership staff. Vicky and Evelyn proceeded up the steps to the stage, each heading to one of the paintings on either side of the altar. Jessica walked directly to the altar and stared up at the large, covered statue with a grin on her face. She seized the sheet and yanked it down. Her sisters followed suit with both of the paintings. Gasps and shouts of delight filled the cathedral as the three treasures were unveiled.

The large painting on the left was done in a Gothic Renaissance style. It portrayed Lilith in a silky, flowing red dress; holding an apple in her left hand. Half of her curves were visible as she sat on a throne that protruded from the soil of the Earth. Two curled horns extended through her thick, reddish, hair, the strands of which fell behind her in luscious waves. Above her, in a half-darkened sky, six winged cherubs hovered around her.

The painting on the right was smaller, but still gallery size and done in a more modern style. It revealed another horned version of Lilith sitting on a throne; this time with dark hair. Her jet black tresses fell to either side of her face where arrangements of dark feathers covered her shoulders. Golden bracelets, golden earrings, a jeweled golden headpiece and long strings of gold beads adorned her almost naked body. A silky purple bra covered her breasts and the rest of her body was nude but for the thin sandals on her feet. Lilith's lower body was turned to one side so you could see her large, milky white thigh and the crest of her ass, but not her sex.

The crowning achievement was the statue on the altar. There Lilith stood in darkened marble, looking every bit the Goddess. Her thick hair draped down, covering the right side of her face, leaving her left eye to stare straight ahead. The provocative sculpture bore a devious grin. The rest of her hair was sculpted wildly, portrayed as tumbling in the wind behind her.

Her arms and shoulders were bare. A one piece dress that began at the halfway point of her bosom

curved downward around her hourglass figure. The dark dress was reinforced with silvery stripes and bindings that almost looked like armor. Her hands were cast down and pointed to the sides, as if she was in the midst of casting a spell. An owl was perched on her left shoulder. An enormous snake entwined her body, its fanged jaws jutting out from her pelvis. The two animal symbols of wisdom were the finishing touches on a truly stunning piece of stonework.

After a few moments of stunned silence and hushed whispers, another loud round of applause rattled through the ornate room. It continued as Vicky and Evelyn made their way back to their seats and Jessica returned to the podium. She didn't silence them this time, allowing the clapping and cheers to continue until the crowd was ready to hear her again.

“We take as our patron deity, **the first woman**, Lilith! She who defied the heavens and refused to submit to the rule of men! Henceforth, this church shall be called *The Tabernacle of Divine Women* and our order will be known as **The Daughters of Lilith!**”

Everyone in the pews shot to their feet and the loudest applause yet filled the cathedral. Femdoms and male slaves alike cheered and clapped with equal enthusiasm; a deafening roar of approval that crashed against the stage in waves and echoed off the vaulted ceiling. Jessica was overwhelmed. The moment she'd been waiting for was unfolding just as she'd envisioned.

“These are the first of many works the Sisterhood shall commission to beautify our home. New art will be but one aspect of the transformation. There will be many more changes to these grounds and how they operate in the coming weeks and months. This church was used to perform many sacraments. The Daughters of Lilith have but one sacrament! **The Sacrament of Carnal Bliss!** Sisters! I ask that you join me now in our first celebration of this blessed sacrament!”

Abigail rose first, eager to begin the action. She pulled Francis and Christopher behind her on their leashes as she ascended the stairs. A large erection was evident in her leather pants. The gimp suited former priest and the cat suited bitch boy followed her eagerly. They were both starving for the nectar of their Mistresses' which they'd been denied all day.

Vicky, Evelyn and Vivian followed her up the stairs, the latter pulling her two slaves in tow. Their arms were snug behind them in thick arm binders and their mouths were stuffed with red rubber ball gags. The two men were so wrapped in leather from head to toe that it was impossible to discern any personally identifying details.

Mistress Superior and all four of the Headmistresses began pulling their cocks free of the thick, sweaty confines of their leather and latex suits. They stroked themselves eagerly, though little encouragement was needed as they maneuvered their slaves into place. The anticipation had been building and each woman was close to full mast.

Abigail handed Christopher off to Vicky and then parked Francis not far from the podium. She bent him over without hesitation, unzipped him, and jammed her cock full force into his waiting man cunt. She smacked his ass and seized his hips aggressively, fucking him hard as Jessica grabbed Francis' chin and guided his face upward. She pulled his mouth directly onto her hot, pulsing length of dark meat and immediately bottomed out in his throat. The women's moans carried up from the stage as Francis was spit-roasted and the audience watched him being harshly fucked at both ends.

Vicky put Christopher on his knees and likewise guided his mouth onto her tip. He licked the leaking

pre-cum gladly before swallowing her entire length. Vicky placed her hands behind her head and allowed her Chrissy cat to show off his skills. His lips glided up and down her steaming hot schlong; his mouth hungry for the creamy reward that his groaning stomach needed so badly.

Evelyn and Vivian turned her two slaves around and bent them over. Soon, their hooded, blindfolded faces and gagged mouths were pointed towards the crowd. The two sealed bondage sluts couldn't see the audience they were performing for, but they knew they were in for a rough time. The buxom Dominas unzipped their ass flaps and each buried their hungry cock into the soft, fleshy depths of a squealing, slobbering gimp.

Some of the sisters and sisters-to-be continued watching the growing orgy, but with each passing moment, more women grabbed their slaves and bent them over the pews to join in the fun. As the sounds and smells of sex grew in the now defiled church, the urge to participate became overwhelming for even the most ardent voyeur.

A cathedral once filled with applause and cheering was now a growing symphony of slurps, thrusts, spansks, the steady fapping of hips against ass and loud moans of pleasure. The moist, sloppy sounds of hundreds of hung Succubi engaging in depraved mouth fucking and frenzied anal sex echoed off the walls of the once holy place.

Jessica and Abigail were the first to reach their climax, thrusting into Francis simultaneously and screaming out their pleasure as a river of scalding batter unloaded in both his holes. They kept their twitching lengths buried to the hilt for long moments as every ounce of filthy spunk was deposited in the depths of his throat and ass.

Mistress Superior pulled out of his sucking lips with a wet slurp. Excess cum leaked onto the stage as she walked over to the podium and grabbed a crop she'd hidden below the lectern. Abigail withdrew from his bowels only to grab his leash, spin Francis around and put him on his knees. She gave his face a fierce smack before forcing him to go ass-to-mouth on her cock.

Vivian was the next to announce her climax, a deluge of creamy spooze discharging into one of her filthy leather fuck boys. This was followed shortly by Evelyn and Vicky each signaling their first orgasm with loud cries and copious emissions. Christopher moaned gratefully around her phallus as Vicky's scrotum discharged an impressive volume of pungent paste into the femboy's needy tummy.

After pulling out of her cum-plugged gimp, Evelyn noticed the Stedman family in the second row and waved for Margaret to join them on stage. Margaret stopped fucking her bent over husband just long enough to pull her son's face out of her ass and drag them both onto the stage with her. She relinquished Harold's leash to Evelyn before unzipping her son's bottom and thrusting her cum slick cock into her pride and joy's spongy pucker.

As Vicky handed Christopher off to Vivian for a hard, dark-meat pounding, she grabbed the leashes of Vivian's gimps and put them on their knees. She played eeny-meany-miney-mo to decide which one she was going to un-gag and face-fuck first. Evelyn bent Harold over the base of the altar and plunged her cock into his depths. She was more than ready for a second, longer round of deep dicking that would result in an even bigger cannon blast of glue-like semen.

Francis tasted his own ass on Abigail's cock as Jessica whipped her crop over his back, sides and ass cheeks. She wanted badly to find a new slut to fuck, but not until she unleashed a torrent of pain on

Frankie while he guzzled Abby's filth.

The lust crazed Mistress Superior paused in her exertions and looked upon the congregation. In the fourth row were Nicole and Samantha, two of their newest members double teaming the hapless Dominic. Both of them bottomed out in his yielding holes and screamed in ecstasy as warm jizzum flooded the former male dominant from both ends. In the sixth row, Timothy, the clerk from Forbidden Fruit, was holding onto the pew in front of him for dear life as one of the Sisters railed his ass endlessly.

The crowd was now a sea of writhing, fucking, sucking, cum spewing depravity. It was truly a thing of beauty. As the many Mistresses discharged into their eager slaves, they inevitably swapped their cum drenched man sluts with another Succubus. Not a single Goddess in the room would be sated with just one voluminous ejaculation. Each wanton woman craved more male holes to fuck and yet more powerful climaxes.

Abigail cried out, announcing her second orgasm as she locked Francis' face against her body. Jessica began snapping her crop into Francis' ass fiercely and repeatedly. She blistered his buttocks until Abigail's loud moans came to an end. Satisfied, she gestured for Abby to throw Francis to the crowd of ravenous Femdoms before tossing her crop aside and moving to have a taste of Vivian's gimps.

The cacophony of groans, grunts, moans and wails of pleasure was loud and constant. Cum was splattering all over the stage, coating the pews in thick ribbons, splashing against the walls and oozing along the floor. This was only the first ceremony, but from this day forward the thick smell of Succubus jizzum would forever be present in the desecrated church once known as St. Michael's.

* * * * *

Lilith hovered in the cool night air hundreds of feet above the church. A sea of constellations glowed behind her. She was transparent to the mortal realm, just as the walls and roof of the church were transparent to her. She watched the crazed orgy unfold, her eyes zooming in on rutting pairs and threesomes as she pleased. Her body hummed and shined with radiant energy, fueled by the growing debauchery below.

When she'd entrusted the gift to Jessica, she'd created one focal point of red light on this barren world. Had the experiment failed or Jessica not been up to the task, it would've blinked out of existence. In that case, it may have been hundreds of years before Lilith could try again, but the Mistress of the Night had chosen well. Now there were hundreds of red dots and the church was a giant, pulsing mass of red. The crimson lights were dispersing into the city and multiplying every day. Some had even reached beyond the city. Lilith's power was growing.

It had been a while since she and Jessica had spoken and they would not talk tonight either. This was her night. Lilith would not interrupt her apex Succubus in the moment of triumph. And what need was there? Things were proceeding more smoothly than she'd dare hope.

The most crucial part of her strategy, the element that had taken longest to prepare, was working like a charm. Yahweh had not stirred. He remained oblivious to her meddling on the Earth. There was a gap in his supposed omnipotence that could be exploited.

Lilith smiled as she zoomed in on Jessica. Her cock was buried in another bound male and her second climax of the evening was thundering through her. Lilith emitted a haughty, amused chuckle.

'Well done my disciple... Keep going.'

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