

## **Latex Futa Nuns From Hell**

### Chapter 10 – Ruko's Rubber Clinic

Jessica found herself on a balcony with a beautiful sunset fading into the distance. It cast an eerie orange and red light on all things. A gentle breeze tossed her dark hair about. Her nipples were erect, poking through the thick latex of her bodysuit and the elegant rubbery dress that provided a second layer of fetish attire.

A balcony where? Where was she? Jessica looked around. She took in the behemoth building jutting into the sky behind her. The white marble, detailed carvings and ornate pillars of age-old Roman architecture were unmistakable. This is a place she had only seen in pictures. St. Peter's Basilica.

She turned back to the skyline and looked out at the picturesque scenery. The Tiber river flowed in the distance, but not with the clear blue one would expect. Milky white waves cascaded down its length and lapped against the shore. Jessica closed her eyes and breathed in deep. The pungent scent was overwhelming, yet pleasantly familiar.

Something buzzed lightly in her ears. Mistress Superior's eyes remained shut. She suddenly realized her hearing was amplified in an unusual way. She could hear the city. The sound of every resident in the Vatican welled up, creating a symphony of depravity.

Men grunted and moaned like gutter whores. Women wailed in pleasure. Thousands of cocks slurped in and out of the packed puckers of bent over slaves. Whipcracks, slaps and smacks filled the background with a cacophony of discipline. The rattle of metal chains. The rippling sound of zippers and the crinkle of latex on skin. The click of locks as submissives were sealed in eternal bondage.

***“Jessica...”***

Her breath came ragged and fast. A laugh escaped her lips as hunger consumed her heaving body. She felt the rubber stretching over her skin. Clinging to every limb and curve. It drove her insane with lust.

Jessica's cock twitched below and she opened her eyes. Looking down, she noticed for the first time that even her fleshy shaft was sealed in shiny, black latex. It hung further from her body and was fatter than she could ever recall. Her cock bulged and expanded in the thick sleeve as she drank in the smell of cum on the wind. Her body warmed within the clammy latex trappings of her outfit.

Suddenly, she could hear muffled pleas and the rattling of wood and metal just behind her. Jessica turned again and she was no longer alone. Along the balcony, five men were shackled in wooden stocks. Each was imprisoned from head to toe in black leather and latex. Every man was hooded, gagged and blindfolded.

***“Oh, Jessica...”***

The slaves were calling to her. Begging her. Each wanted to be the one. To be next. To be filled by her.

To drink from the cock of the Succubus Queen. Even if they drowned in her essence.

Jessica could wait no longer. She hurried to the nearest one, her heels echoing on the stone like ethereal thunder. She walked by his muzzled face. The slave's nonstop begging registered only as a pitifully low muffle. Jessica took her place at his waiting rear, reached down and ripped his zipper open. Her cock-sleeve soon followed, the latex peeling away to reveal her sweaty, engorged length, growing more stiff by the second.

She brought her tip to his fleshy ring and thrust in with no gentleness or pretense. Jessica seized his hips and began bucking into him powerfully, shoving more of her Goddess cock home with each forceful stroke. The pillory buckled and rattled from her mighty thrusts. The slave groaned into the spit-coated rubber ball secure in his mouth.

She threw back her head and moaned loudly, her ecstasy broadcast to the courtyard below. Her growling reverberated through the formerly *holy* city, the sounds of wet slapping and heavy rutting echoing off the walls as its ruler grew closer to climax. Staring up at the blood red sky, the white in her eyes dissolved until all that was left in her sockets was the glossy sheen of rubbery black.

***“JESSICA!”***

Mistress Superior lurched forward in bed, awakened suddenly by the demanding voice. Her heart was beating like a jack rabbit's as she looked around in the darkness, confused. She tilted her head to the left and was immediately confronted by a woman staring down at her; seven feet tall with curves that gleamed in the moonlight.

Jessica shrieked and leapt back against her headboard. A moment later, she sighed in relief when she realized who it was.

Lilith chuckled. The Demoness spoke telepathically, with unmoving lips, as she always did.

***“Good evening my disciple. It's been a while.”***

A silvery-white glow of metallic light ignited around her figure, allowing her to be seen more easily in the dark.

Jessica scanned her benefactor as she caught her breath. Lilith had taken an interesting form tonight. Most of her usual features were present, but not her wings. Every square inch of her body was covered in tight, gripping latex. Most of her body was shiny red, while her arm-gloves, boots, horns, tail and cock were sheathed in black rubber. Even her face was covered in the rubbery stuff. The holes for her eyes, nose and mouth were the only portals through the glossy skin-tight mask. Her eyes were pure, midnight black, just as Jessica's had been moments before.

“I'm sorry, Mistress. You startled me... I was having--”

***“A very nice dream.”***

Lilith's low laughter echoed in her mind.

“Yes. To what do I owe the pleasure tonight?”

***“Far away though I was, across many planes of existence, I sensed your frustration. Your questions. Your pain. I am here because, unlike Yahweh, I answer those who serve me.”***

Jessica swallowed. She didn't want to seem impudent, but the question had been burning within her for days. It had to be asked.

“Why didn't you tell me I had a weakness?”

***“Simple. I didn't know.”***

Jessica's disposition shifted, fading from concerned inquiry to one of utter incredulity. Her next question was obvious. “How could one of the oldest and wisest beings in the galaxy **not** know that? The effects of your own creation!”

Lilith's body lifted into the air, hovering just off the ground. The sliding, silvery light made her latex avatar gleam and shimmer in the darkness.

***“The Gift was always an experiment. One that I have conducted several times over the ages. The first time, it was foiled by Yahweh himself. After that, I learned to hide my efforts. Many failures followed. This is the first time it has met with great success.”***

So that was why. No one else had gotten this far, so no one else had the chance to learn its full effects. There were limits to these celestial beings; to their knowledge and power. The biblical ideas of inerrancy and omnipotence were pure myth. She'd always suspected that, but now it was confirmed.

“What should I do? If my Sisters can be downed so easily by a little holy water...”

***“Adapt and overcome. This should not be difficult for one of your abilities.”***

“We've taken their agent prisoner, so we're safe for now, but if they ever learn our weakness, all the Sisters will be vulnerable!”

Lilith seized the sides her body and began tracing her curves up and down. Her palms glided back and forth across her torso, down and behind to her ample ass before returning up her back and sides. Where her hands smoothed, the slick sound of gripping latex followed. Lilith's tongue extended and licked around the edge of her shiny hood. Her massive cock twitched in its rubber sheath as the Demoness fondled herself.

***“If only there were something you could cover your body in. Something waterproof. A material both stimulating and protective to one with a weakness to blessed liquids.”***

Jessica grimaced. As usual, Lilith made her feel like an idiot. Perhaps it wasn't healthy to compare oneself to a divine being, but the answer had been in front of her the whole time. The Sisters were already partaking in it to some degree. It would simply need to be made clear how important it was and that **full coverage** was optimal.

She bowed to the floating, glowing Domina.

“The Mistress of the Night is wise. Thank you, Lilith.”

Lilith smiled and looked down at her proudly. Jessica could be absent-minded at times, but she was still the best selection Lilith had ever made to bequeath the gift. The results spoke for themselves.

***“Continue as you have been. Do not hesitate. That is their only chance to stop you. Accelerate your plans. Aim for those in power. If you strike hard and quickly, your kind will engulf the world before they can mount an effective resistance.”***

“I will, Mistress. Goodnight.”

***“Until next we meet, my little Felicita.”***

Lilith's form faded into the background with her customary smug grin. Her glow dissipated and the room was left in darkness once again, save for a streak of pale moonlight beaming from the window.

Jessica let a tired sigh escape her lips before collapsing back onto the bed. The pillow was still damp with the sweat produced by her intense dream.

*'Dammit!'*

Yes, she'd needed to speak to Lilith, but that dream! Why did she have to interrupt such a wonderful dream?!?

Oh well. Jessica would just have to make the fantasy a reality.

\* \* \* \* \*

**\*WHAP WHAP WHAP WHAP WHAP\***

Jessica scorched Adam's ass with the thick wooden paddle in long bursts. It was solid oak with a dark walnut stain and a leather wrapped handle. The kind you might see in an old school house back in the days before corporal punishment of students had been outlawed. What wouldn't have been common then were the circular holes cut in a pattern all over the paddle's surface, designed to minimize air resistance and maximize impact.

The mocha skinned Domme was decked out in a sensual, purple latex dress. It hugged her curves exquisitely and featured a long latex loincloth that hung between her legs, caressing her cock as she went about her business.

Her would-be assassin squirmed in a low lying metal frame. This wasn't a traditional medieval stockade like the one they had in the convent's dungeon, but a more simple, modern one. This was smaller, more compact and easier to store.

The steel frame was seated on the floor. Adam was forced to kneel in it; his ankles and wrists locked into its tight metal bindings. His collar, likewise, was fastened to a metal pole that rose a foot off the ground under his face, providing only a tiny bar for his chin to rest on. The cruel device amplified one's

discomfort over time as the Domme delivered discipline.

Jessica stalked around the bulky, muscled slave. Her boot heels echoed off the hardwood floor of Francis' former study. She'd had the office converted into a mini dungeon; a personal play room she used with Francis and any other slaves that caught her eye.

Francis knelt near the wall, sealed in his latex gimp suit. His mouth was gagged and his arms and legs were locked behind him. Adam, on the other hand, was naked in his prison of metal. Jessica had decided he didn't deserve the sensual touch of leather and latex, nor anything that might cushion her blows.

She gave her arm a rest while examining Adam's inflamed bottom. It had turned a delightful shade of red, but there was no marks of deep purple yet. Jessica had delivered over sixty strokes and he'd not made a peep so far. That simply wouldn't do.

Mistress Superior moved to her toy rack and hung the paddle back in its place. Adam's pain tolerance was impressive. Abigail had told her as much, but Jessica could see it now for herself. She gazed at her toys for a few moments before selecting a leather whip. This would do the trick. She strode back to his bound form, her heels striking the floor ominously.

**\*WHIPCRACK WHIPCRACK WHIPCRACK\***

The wrapped cord of leather lashed over his already beaten flesh, leaving thin welt marks streaked across his ass.

“**AH---**”

He started to yell, but caught himself. Bit his tongue perhaps? Was he enjoying this? Of course he was. And so was Jessica. This session wasn't to extract information. This was just a bit of fun. Vengeful fun for her and catharsis for him.

**\*WHIPCRACK WHIPCRACK WHIPCRACK\***

“**GGGHHHHH!!!**”

Still not quite a scream. Unacceptable.

“You should cry out. There's no shame in it. No shame in any of the things you're going to spend the rest of your life doing. Or are you holding out because you're enjoying this too much? Are you ready to admit that yet?”

“Yes, Mistress!” he stammered through trembling lips.

“Mmmm... good. But I still want my scream.”

**\*WHIPCRACK WHIPCRACK WHIPCRACK WHIPCRACK WHIPCRACK\***

“**MMMMPPPPGGGGHHHHHHH!**”

Red lines of pain were etched across his exposed cheeks. The last few had drawn blood. He was close now. Teetering on the edge of perverse pleasure and being completely overwhelmed with burning, lacerating agony.

Adam had given up all his secrets willingly during his interrogation. Abigail was disappointed how little effort it took. He had no choice after being stuffed with Succubus cock at both ends by dozens of Sisters over the course of two days. By the end of that ordeal, he was as submissive as could be. The process, which normally took a few weeks when one gifted nun was dominating a new slave, had been shortened greatly by a non-stop train of fat futa schlongs and an endless river of addictive semen.

He would be obedient for life now. The bondage wasn't even necessary. It was there purely for the perverse pleasure of the sub and Domme. Adam would never run or disobey the Sisters. He was **owned** now, body and mind.

**“SING ME A SONG, BITCH BOY!”**

**\*WHIPCRACK WHIPCRACK WHIPCRACK WHIPCRACK WHIPCRACK\***

**“AAHHHHHHHHHGGGGRRRRRRHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!”**

Jessica grinned as the melody of suffering reverberated through her dungeon. Adam let out a few more pained yelps. The scalding wounds across his buttocks were finally too much to bear. Spittle drooled from his mouth and tears leaked from his eyes as he conceded to her will. Jessica tossed the whip aside. It hit the floor with a clatter as she turned her attention to Francis.

There he was, still sitting where she left him. Not so much as a muffled complaint after kneeling in tight bondage for so long. Francis had been good to her. An eager slave, a good companion and the most skilled cocksucker she'd yet to enjoy. Without his help, she never would've completed her conquest of St. Michael's so quickly.

The time had come. Francis deserved a treat. Something other than her big, brown dick that he could enjoy at length.

The haughty Dominatrix moved to Adam's front, bent over and unhooked his collar from the stockade. She reached down and hit the release button on the beam holding up his chin. Jessica pushed his head back and the metal rod fell forward. With nothing to support him, his weary head lulled down. The hungry Goddess grabbed the back of his collar and pulled his head back up; the thick leather choking him until he straightened himself out.

Jessica's flawless features were slowly returning following Adam's attack, but her wounds weren't fully healed yet. When out in public she'd taken to wearing a mask, but she refused to in front of her assailant. He could look upon her and be reminded of what he did. Adam would know the rare guilt of a submissive that had hurt his master.

“Don't you have something to say to me?”

“Thank you, Mistress.”

“You're welcome, slut. And now you're going to do something for me! I'm a bit thirsty, so you're going

to help prepare me a drink.”

“Yes, Mistress Superior.”

“So nice to see you adopting the right attitude.”

She dropped his head before moving to a shelf where she retrieved the key to Francis' restraints and a non-lubricated condom. They ordered condoms by the truckload at the Daughters of Lilith, these days. You could never have too many on hand. They had to be non-lubricated or the taste of semen was compromised by that disgusting chemical grease.

Jessica stalked towards Francis, quickly unlocked him and tossed the condom at his knees.

“Put that on. Then get on your hands and knees before Adam. Back your ass right up to his face.”

Francis stood and quickly moved to comply. As he unzipped himself below and rolled the condom over his half-hard cock, Jessica moved back to her trove and retrieved two lengths of chain. One was five feet long and the other one was very short.

She walked back to her slaves and found Francis in position. His latex wrapped member hung below his splayed out form. His ass was mere inches from Adam's face. Jessica walked to Francis' front, bent down and used the short chain to lock his wrist cuffs together. This was a challenge and Francis would not be allowed to use his hands to finish himself unless Adam failed.

The lustful nun stalked to Francis' rear, grabbed the zipper to his back passage and slowly glided it open. Her slave's pale, sweaty ass cheeks, having been locked in thick latex since early that morning, unfurled in Adam's face. His nose was almost touching them.

Jessica placed a shiny, purple gloved hand under Adam's chin and lifted his head so he could see her.

“As I said, I'm thirsty. You have fifteen minutes to prepare my drink. Failure will be punished severely. Understood, slave?”

She brought one end of the long chain to the O-ring on Adam's collar and clipped it securely.

“Yes, Mistress.”

“Good. Francis, back up just a skosh.”

As her loyal companion backed his ass into Adam's face, she guided the chain below his body, running it just under his dangling scrotum and back up to Francis' collar. She looped it through his O-ring before pulling the chain taut and clipping it securely onto itself. Now Adam would be able to pull his face free, briefly, by straining his neck muscles. She wouldn't need to worry about him suffocating in ass. It was a fate he probably deserved, but the Daughters of Lilith had better uses for him.

“**Ohhhhh**... Oh fuck!!!”

Francis was already moaning in pleasure as Jessica headed to her toy rack one last time. She could hear the slurping and tonguing of her latest bitch-made male eating boy-pussy as she selected a rattan cane

from her implements of torment. She had torn up Adam's ass, but his back and thighs had been spared so far. It was time to give him a little extra incentive.

**\*THWACK\***

The thin, sturdy cane lashed into the back of his thighs. His legs shivered in the metal stocks, his body registering a new and surprisingly brutal pain.

**“DEEPER BITCH! Get your filthy tongue in that asshole!”**

Adam muttered something indistinguishable from deep in Francis' cheeks, his body shaking in its bindings.

**\*THWACK THWACK THWACK\***

Jessica scorched his thighs repeatedly before lifting the cane and delivering two severe stings to his upper back. She leaned down, grabbed the back of his head and pushed him deeper into the musty, rubbery taste of her favorite gimp slave's ass.

**“Don't talk! Lick! Suck! Make love to that pucker you disgusting worm!!!”**

As Francis groaned in pleasure and his chains rattled on the floor, Jessica stepped back and lowered her cane. She swept her shiny loincloth aside with her free hand and seized her bulging cock. It was almost at full mast and her purple, latex-clad fingers glided up and down her shaft smoothly. The oversexed Succubus let out a moan of bliss as her pleasure surged.

Mistress Superior hadn't yet decided if she would feed Francis a hot lunch from the tap or fire a massive load all over her naked, ass-eating bitch. As she watched her private bondage show and increased the pace of her strokes, it seemed she wouldn't have long to choose.

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Dylan sighed as he looked out the open window. The warm summer air blew across his face and the trees sped by as they made the short drive to the convent.

**“Why can't I just stay on the farm? I'll be fine! The Sisters are there all the time, anyway.”**

Margaret snickered. She knew her son too well for that. If she left him to his own devices he'd stay locked in his room playing videogames and only come out when he was dying of thirst. Dylan had grown accustomed to sucking his mother's cock, but he was still bashful. He needed a gentle push to go deeper into the lifestyle the Sisterhood offered. Or perhaps a not-so-gentle push.

**“You know I love having you at home, honey, but it's time to broaden your horizons.”**

**“A trip to Hawaii would broaden my horizons.”**

**“Oh no! This trip is for your father and I. It's going to be a second honeymoon! We've been dreaming**

about it forever. Never had the means until the Sisters came along.”

“Ugh... fine. What are the Sisters going to do with me?”

“All kinds of things, but your first stop is Mistress Ruko's new clinic.”

“Clinic? What kind of clinic?”

“A rubber clinic” Margaret answered with a turn of her head and a wink.

“Oh god, not the latex stuff again...”

“**DYLAN EDWARD STEDMAN!!!**”

That shut him up. Margaret had dressed him as a gimp a few times, but he'd never been enthusiastic about it. Sure, he'd fall in line when dominated, but she knew he wanted to submit in a different way. She'd caught him trying on her clothes too many times in the last few months.

“It's **GODDESS**, not god, for one thing! For another, you will do as your mother says! And while I'm gone you will do what Mistress Ruko, Mistress Evelyn and Mistress Vivian tell you! Is that clear?!?”

Dylan shivered. He hadn't met Ruko yet, but those huge women scared him. Evelyn had taken him once in the barn and nearly destroyed his asshole. Mother was big, but Mistress Evelyn was in a different league. From his glimpses of her on the farm, he didn't suppose Vivian was any smaller or more gentle.

“Yes, Mom...”

“That's better.”

Margaret smiled as the convent appeared in the distance. She didn't want to think of her son as a sissy slave. She envisioned him as a manly submissive in gleaming black, like his father. If anyone could get him straightened out, the Sisters could. She was confident.

“You just let the Daughters of Lilith work their magic and in a few days, you're going to be a whole new man!”

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Margaret opened the door to the clinic and proceeded in, pulling her son behind her on a short leash. The cool, recycled air felt nice on her skin after being in the Texas heat all morning. Dylan followed on her heels, a bundle of nerves as his eyes cast about. They got wider by the second as he was confronted by a grand display of perverse medical play.

The first thing Margaret noticed was how much bigger the new clinic was than the Sisterhood's old infirmary. The original office had been nothing but a couple desks, a few beds and the bare essentials the Sisterhood needed for medical care. This, on the other hand, was a first class facility.

No one awaited them at the large circular reception area near the front and it was easy to see why. In the background, all of the Sisters were busy. Latex nurses in gleaming white and shiny red went about their business, tending to the many slaves sealed in rubber sleep sacks. The tightly encased submissives were bound on adjustable medical tables that lined the perimeter of the large room. A variety of leather straps and chains were attached to each table to ensure the sleep sack was locked in place.

The majority of the slaves were on their backs, mummified in latex tombs with their hooded heads hanging off the edge. Most of them were gagged, while a lucky few were being aggressively face fucked by eager Sisters in differing stages of carnal bliss.

Some of the 'patients' were being milked, their condom-wrapped cocks sticking up from the unzipped crotch holes of their sacks. Nurses stroked them to completion, taking their time and occasionally offering a slap, shock or a stinging tap with their crop. The rubber slaves who were being attended to moaned into their gags, their bodies attempting in vain to find an outlet for their pain and pleasure. Their shiny, cocooned bodies could do nothing but rock back and forth slightly in their chained and strapped down predicament.

Margaret was delighted. Dylan was immediately nervous. Ruko heard the door close behind them and turned, spying the mother / son duo. She smiled and walked to them, her red and white latex uniform stretching around her curves as she approached. Her jet black hair flowed from her shiny, white nurse cap down to the level of her ample bust. Her cleavage, forearms and lower thighs were the only parts of her body not clad in gleaming rubber. The little of her flesh that was visible was covered in exotic tattoos.

“Hi there! You must be Margaret Stedman?” Ruko greeted her, holding out her hand. “I don't believe we've met.”

The older woman shook her hand gladly. “And you're the amazing Ruko that Mistress Superior told us about in her letter?!? I've been looking forward to this! Congratulations on your new position. The clinic looks fantastic!”

“Thank you. We've come a long way in just a few weeks” she said, turning and watching her nurses at work. “Although, I'm hoping we can finance some cock-milking machines in the future. Something to streamline the semen collection process. It would free up some of the staff.” The severe looking nurse turned back to them. “That's why no one greeted you at the desk. Sorry about that.”

“That's quite alright” Margaret said with a smile.

Ruko leaned to the side to get a better look at the young man who was practically hiding behind his mother. “And you must be Dylan?”

Margaret yanked on his leash, bringing him to the forefront, roughly. “Greet Headmistress Ruko properly!”

“Hello Mistress” he said meekly before kneeling down and placing his lips on the foot of her polished black boot. Her kissed both of them in turn before sliding back on his haunches and standing back up.

**\*SMACK\***

Margaret took the opportunity to cuff him on the back of the head.

“Ow!”

“She didn't give you permission to do that!”

Ruko giggled. “That's alright, Mrs. Stedman. He's young. And eager to worship a woman's boots, apparently!” She stretched forth her arm and grasped Dylan's chin. “Kissing and licking boots is not why you're here, young man, but perhaps you can come clean my boots some other time. I have many pairs that could use an eager tongue.”

She let him go before walking the few steps back to the admissions counter. Ruko reached over the desk and grabbed a clipboard with a form and pen attached to it. She returned to them swiftly and handed it to Margaret.

“You just need to fill this out. Then we can get Dylan prepped” she said with a wink.

In the background, one of the Sisters wailed in climax. A nun in black latex buried her cock deep in a sleep-sack slave and fired her mighty load down his throat. She pinched his nipples through the thick rubber prison as he sputtered and gagged on her pulsing weapon. Despite his difficulty breathing, the slave sucked with abandon, eager to swallow all her thick nut before it doubled back and overwhelmed his mouth, nose and lungs.

Margaret scanned the form as her son peeked over her shoulder.

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### CONSENT FORM

I, the undersigned, agree to release my slave (full name) \_\_\_\_\_ into the custody of Headmistress Ruko's Rubber Clinic on this date (mm/dd/yy) \_\_\_\_\_ until I or the listed Guardian return to retrieve him.

I understand that the slave will be sealed in a rubber sleep sack for the duration of his visit and will be subject to milking once per hour. I further acknowledge that any and all semen extracted from the slave will be made available to any Sister in the clinic upon request and any residual semen will be sent to the Daughters of Lilith Semen Repository at the end of business on any given day.

I grant permission for any Sister to use the slave for oral copulation during this visit. I acknowledge that when the slave is not being used for oral copulation he will be gagged.

The following activities are available to be performed on your slave by our nurses. You may choose up to three (3):

- \_\_\_ Anal Stretching (Inflatable Plug)
- \_\_\_ Anal Training (Fucking Machine)
- \_\_\_ Cock & Ball Torture
- \_\_\_ Double Rubber Encasement (Bodysuit & Sleep Sack)
- \_\_\_ Electro Stimulation (Nipples)
- \_\_\_ Electro Stimulation (Cock & Balls)
- \_\_\_ Face Slapping
- \_\_\_ Face Spitting
- \_\_\_ Flogging
- \_\_\_ Hot Wax (Chest)
- \_\_\_ Hot Wax (Ass)
- \_\_\_ Nipple Torture
- \_\_\_ Nose Hooking
- \_\_\_ Queening (Ass Worship / Smothering)
- \_\_\_ Sounding
- \_\_\_ Spanking

Note: Selected activities will be performed periodically, except for Double Rubber Encasement which is for the entire session.

Our list of activities will grow in time as we gain access to more personnel and equipment. We hope our initial lineup pleases you. Thank you for visiting The Rubber Clinic!

Slave Owner (full name): \_\_\_\_\_

Assigned Guardian (if applicable): \_\_\_\_\_

\* \* \*

Margaret filled in their names, the date and listed Mistress Evelyn as Dylan's Guardian. She went through the list of activities a second time before checking off *Anal Stretching* and *Queening* without hesitation. Dylan grimaced as her pen hovered over *Double Rubber Encasement*.

“Mom, please! One layer is enough!”

Margaret turned and gave her son the stink eye. He slunk back, his baby blues pleading for mercy as he remembered his place. His mother sighed and returned her gaze to the form. She moved her hand down and checked off *Nose Hooking* instead.

“I hope these nurses and the rest of the Sisters can teach you some manners over the next few days. Clearly, I've failed.”

Mistress Ruko chuckled as she reached for the clipboard and the young man's leash. “Don't worry Mrs. Stedman. We'll take good care of Dylan **and** whip him into shape.”

\* \* \* \* \*

Rubber and cum. They were all Dylan could taste and smell as the nosehooks pried his nostrils wide open and his head hung over the end of the long, leather-lined medical table. He was strapped to it, sweltering in the thick latex prison surrounding his entire body. His arms were locked in the long side pockets and his legs were pressed together tight. He could scarcely move his limbs a centimeter and when he tried, all it resulted in was the wet rubbing sound of sweaty skin against warm, clinging rubber.

He traced the little plastic device located in his right arm pocket and the emergency button at its center. Mistress Ruko had instructed him to push it **only** in the event of a true emergency. Using it for anything less would result in punishment.

Drool leaked around the thick ball-gag strapped in his mouth. Dylan had to keep swallowing his own rubber flavored fluids lest he choke on them. His asshole ached around the fat, inflatable plug which had already been upsized twice. No doubt it was stretching out his pucker for debauchery yet to come. He might even be thankful for it later when Mistress Evelyn came to get him.

In the two hours he'd been trapped in the rubber sleep sack his cock had been milked twice and his mouth had been used three times. Two of the nurses, including Mistress Ruko herself, had taken a break from their duties by enjoying a lengthy sit on Dylan's face. The first nurse smothered him in latex, her ass cheeks bulging around his head. She Queened him for long stretches as he licked and tongued away at her rubber crack.

Ruko, by contrast, had unzipped herself below and lowered her plump, sweaty ass directly onto his face. She still tasted of latex, but Dylan enjoyed eating raw ass much more. His tongue dove in and out of her velvety flower, making her moan as she wiggled her crushing derriere all over his trapped face. Ruko enjoyed seeing how long a slave could go without air before his murmurs became frenzied and she lifted her cheeks. Her glorious ass never remained up for long.

The third nurse had been hungry for something different. She pulled her latex skirt up, grabbed her pre-

cum coated fuck-wand and crammed it down Dylan's throat. She fucked his mouth for ten hard, sloppy minutes before groaning and feeding him his first hot meal of the day. Dylan sucked it all down obediently. His mother had fed him no breakfast that morning before bringing him to the convent.

The nurses buzzed around the clinic performing their tasks on the other rubber slaves. Dylan lay on his back and watched with his upside-down field of vision. Suddenly, one of the nurses returned to his side. She seized the inflation pump that led to the toy in his ass and squeezed it several times. Dylan felt his sphincter being forced open even wider as the rubber plug expanded. It stretched his asshole into a new diameter as he murmured around his phlegmy gag and his limbs remained locked in sweaty latex.

The nurse reached under her skirt, stroked her cock and wiped her glazed hand all over his hooded face before walking off. Dylan's entire day would consist of more of the same. It was all that he could smell and taste. Rubber and cum.

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Vicky sauntered into the Rubber Clinic with a look of breathless hunger and the red blush of arousal on her cheeks. She loved dressing up as a latex nurse. Now that the clinic had been established, it was quickly becoming her favorite spot to spend the afternoon.

After dropping her *Chrissy cat* off at *Cumfessional*, she'd wandered over, chatting with various Sisters and observing some of the new attractions being built along the way. She'd intended to help the nurses and jump right into some medical play, but now that she was there, the Mommy Domme was hungry for a snack and desperate to drain her balls.

Vicky's cock bulged in her latex skirt below. The hunger drove her to one of the racks where fresh milkings were stored and she hastily grabbed one of the condoms. Vicky tipped it up and poured the warm, soothing gunk into her mouth. She grabbed a second sleeve and repeated the feat, swallowing all the rich cream in seconds.

She wiped her chin, sighed in contentment and tossed the condoms in the garbage. Her cock twitched, straining even more vigorously against her rubber garments below. Now she had another urge to sate.

Vicky scanned the long row of rubber-wrapped submissives, deciding whose mouth would be home to her weighty appendage. She recognized many of the mouths and pairs of eyes peeking out of thick latex hoods. Lips that she'd forced her thick shaft between over and over.

There was one pair she didn't recognize. His shimmering blue eyes intrigued her more the closer she strode to his bound body. Vicky reached down and traced his mouth around the thick rubber ball protruding from his forced-open face.

*'Soft lips... Soft features in general. Yes, you'll do nicely.'*

She pressed the button on the side of the exam table, adjusting it from its formerly flat position. The foot of the sleep sack tilted upward and his head was lowered. The machine whirred gently until his face was angled perfectly to accept her cock.



Clogging sounds gurgled from his packed face as her river of hot sludge continued to pour into the latex-locked cum dump. Victoria grunted and moaned like an animal as her scrotum and shaft twitched repeatedly, ejecting her virile load into her new favorite clinic whore.

When her cock finally stopped spurting, Vicky pulled her phlegm and jizz slathered length free. A wet pop emitted as her glans passed his hungry lips. She looked down at the oral slave, patting his cheek gently as they both sucked in panted breaths and waited for their heartbeat to calm.

“Wooooo! **Hot damn!** That was good, boy! I'll see you again soon.”

“Thank you, Mistr-”

She pushed the ball-gag back into his mouth, strapping it around his head and securing it tightly. Dylan gazed up at the beautiful Headmistress of Finance, in awe of her every asset. He hadn't expected to meet anyone like this lovely redhead on the Sisterhood's perverse playground.

The gorgeous nun inspected his medical bay, seeking out his collar for identification. It wasn't hanging anywhere that she could see. She reasoned that Ruko must have stashed it away somewhere.

Vicky hit the release on the table's controls, returning it to its normal position. She pulled her latex skirt down over her quickly deflating cock before turning and seeking out her fellow Headmistress. The beautiful Asian Domina was busy setting up a fucking machine on one of the newly rubberized slaves.

“Hey, Ruko! Who's that young man I just fed?”

“Oh... That's Dylan Stedman. The farmer's boy.”

“Is he spoken for?”

“Ummm, I guess his mother owns him, for now? Don't know if she's planning to keep it that way.”

“Hmmm... So he likes to submit to Mommy, does he?”

“So it seems. She just left on a trip. Evelyn's looking after him for the next few days.”

“Is that so?”

“Yep.”

“Thanks Ruko! I'll catch ya later.”

“Have fun!”

Vicky stepped into the hall and promptly pulled out her phone. She leaned against the wall as she held the device to her ear.

“Call Evelyn.”

The ringtone buzzed a few times before the busty cowgirl picked up.

“Hey Vicky! What's up?”

“Hi Ev! Quick question. You're looking after the Stedman boy for the next few days, right?”

“Yeah, I was gonna go pick him up in a while. Why?”

“Would it be possible for me to borrow him tonight?”

Evelyn cackled. “Sure. I was planning to have some fun with him and Vivian later, but we can find another slave. You sweet on him already?”

“Haven't gotten to know him yet, but I like what I see. Let's just say I think he and Christopher will go together like peaches and cream.”

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