

Latex Futa Nuns From Hell

Chapter 1 – The Gift

It was the hour of the wolf and Sister Jessica Felicita was troubled. She had been awake in bed for at least an hour reliving a particular event from the previous day and contemplating her life. Regret and anxiety had taken hold and no amount of prayer was getting her back to sleep. Frustrated, she tossed the thin blanket off her body and slid off the bed into the muggy Austin air of midsummer. The rays of a full moon beamed through her window, illuminating her ample curves through the gossamer nightgown she was wearing. She crossed the sparsely decorated dorm to the bathroom and flipped on the light.

Jessica ran the cold water and splashed some on her face before gazing into the mirror. What stared back was an image she'd grown tired of. A woman quickly approaching mid-life as the first creases and wrinkles of age began forming on her lovely bronze skin. Flowing locks of beautiful brunette hair that were hidden under a veil day by day. Piercing reddish-brown eyes that brimmed with curiosity and intellect, but also betrayed an unfathomable sadness. Full, pouty lips that had not known the touch of a man since she was twenty.

She was taller than most Latinas at 5'10. Taller than almost all of the women at the Sisters of Guadalupe. Her parents, hard working immigrants both, had died in a car crash when she was fourteen and the convent had raised her from there. Her unassuming father and stern mother had both been people of devout religious conviction and she had not wanted to disappoint them or the Sisters who had graciously raised her. In honor of their memory she had undergone the lengthy process to be confirmed as a nun much younger than most. It was a decision that weighed on her more heavily with each passing year as the world grew more monstrous, her faith wilted and the specters of what might have been haunted her private moments.

Jessica turned the light off and crossed the room once more, her curvy figure cutting a striking silhouette against the pale moonlight. She slipped into bed and pulled the cover back over her body. She settled into the old, worn mattress and attempted, in vain, to get back to sleep. Her frenzied mind would have none of it. The same scene that she'd been fixated on all night replayed in her mind for the umpteenth time.

The Sisters, Father Francis and other members of the church had been at a fund-raising event downtown. They had setup a bake sale on the main drag and it had proceeded much like any bake sale until about noon. Whether it was a miss-communication or no one at the church had bothered to check the city's itinerary, they were all taken aback as a loud, enthusiastic pride parade had marched down the street in full view of the astonished clergy. It would have been impossible to pack up all their baked goods, decorations, bible tracts and tables to flee the scene before the parade made its way past them. So they stood there; many averting their gaze, several gawking in horror and disbelief and Jessica soaking it all in. It was all she could do not to lick her lips or touch herself.

The tapestry of kink that unfurled before her was a spectrum of curiosities her sheltered mind could never have imagined. Women in fairy costumes. People wearing nothing but feathers and beads. Others

dressed as ponies or covered head to toe in fur suits. Jessica had never been to Mardi Gras, but she imagined it must have been something like this.

What caught her attention most of all were the parade goers in leather and latex. Studded leather bondage harnesses. Full body gimp suits and cat suits. Masters and Mistresses in gleaming rubber leading their obedient slaves by the chain through the streets. This, Jessica was tangentially more familiar with, for she had harbored hidden desires for many years. She had fed those desires whenever she could with a stray magazine article, internet search or book that slipped below the convent's radar. She would always confess in an attempt to purge her mind, yet the sinful thoughts returned each time without fail.

Saying that the BDSM kinksters caught her attention wasn't quite accurate. Jessica was fixated. She felt a deep longing within her as she watched those cheerful people march through the streets and flaunt their style, playfulness and sexuality. It felt like she had been trudging through a desert for decades and had finally arrived at the oasis. She couldn't stop thinking about it no matter how hard she tried. Nor of the wasted time and lost possibilities that her life now represented.

Her body was warm and it wasn't just the summer heat. The thin layer of perspiration and the clamminess throughout her body was a product of something more. The increase in her heart rate could not be attributed to physical activity. She was needy and the more she thought about the parade, the more her right hand inched down her torso.

Jessica's youthful indoctrination had kicked in several times that night already.

'This is wrong.'

'This is sinful.'

'You aren't supposed to want these things.'

It had activated the same way the first time she fantasized about a boy and discovered how moist she was below. The first time she had kissed one. Every time, as a young woman, that she had worn a skirt that wasn't long enough for the Sisters liking or makeup that made her look "like a hussy."

She was so sick of it all. Sick of the shame and guilt. Sick of the ancient texts, pointless rituals and thankless menial labor dominating her life. Sick of powerful men lying and looking down on her. Sick of being denied one of life's simplest pleasures.

Jessica closed her eyes and envisioned one of the young men from the parade. She hadn't seen his face thanks to the rubber mask he'd been wearing, but he was tall, fit and covered in clinging black latex. She began circling the outer lips of her hungry sex as she imagined him as her property. Someone who wanted her stern affections as much as she wanted to give them. Someone who would never abandon her. Someone who **couldn't** abandon her, because he was thoroughly bound. Someone who was her slave to do with as she pleased.

She pictured herself dressing him in the thick, clinging rubber. Binding him with cuffs, ties and chains. Grabbing his chin and giving him harsh instruction. Two fingers began dipping into her sopping depths, slowly at first and stroking her engorged clit in between each pleasurable dive. Her left hand found her heavy D-cup breasts and began groping them gently through the silky nightgown.

In her mind, she was pressing his shoulders down, forcing her gimp fuck toy to kneel before her. She wore a black leather bustier and thigh high boots, groping her slut boy aggressively as she enjoyed the anticipation. Finally, she grabbed the back of his hooded head and pulled his mouth to her eager sex, smacking his ass with a leather crop as she commanded him to put his tongue to work.

Jessica was close now. So close to her first orgasm in what seemed like forever. It had been well over a decade since she took her vow of celibacy, but she was re-learning the art of self pleasure at lightning speed. Her pussy greedily devoured her fingers in smooth strokes. Her digits slurped in and out in between silky rubs around her clitoris. She pictured herself jamming her slave's face into her hungry pussy, completely drenching his mouth with her juices.

“Oh yeah... right there! Lick me slut! LICK MEEEEEE!!!”

A fountain of light erupted in the center of Jessica's dorm. Her eyes flew open as her humble room lit up like a Christmas tree. She reflexively screamed in fright, but no sound emanated from her mouth. Jessica pushed her body back against the headboard of her bed, her hands abandoning their pleasurable pursuits and pulling the blanket with her. She cried out a second time, but again her voice seemed to fade into nothing. The light coalesced more and more as the outline of a luminescent being took shape.

It was a woman clad in azure armor with golden trim. Her blonde hair streamed behind her open-face helmet, flowing up and down as if the wind were carrying it. She hung in mid air at the center of the room, wings of light extending from her back. Her peach toned skin glowed with a faint light and she carried a sword at her side and a golden trident in her left hand. The being gazed down at Jessica with piercing blue eyes, a sanguine smile on her lips.

“Jessica Felicita Christiano. It is an auspicious night, for you have been chosen for a task of great importance.”

The words echoed in Jessica's mind. The being spoke telepathically, her lips unmoving. Was this really happening? Had she fallen asleep and this was some crazy dream? In all her years of prayer and beseeching the heavenly host, she had never received a response. Jessica's heart pounded as she pondered how to reply. Could she even speak?

“I... hello.”

She could speak again. Her mind raced, unsure of how to proceed. Her quivering slowly ceased as she became accustomed to the divine vision before her. There was clearly no malice in this otherworldly visitor, but it was still incredibly intimidating.

“For... for what task have I been chosen?”

“One that coincides with your deepest desires. The corruption of your church is beyond reckoning. It must be cleansed. You shall punish the wicked, restore balance to this blighted world and deliver your sisters from bondage.”

Jessica sat in astonishment. It was a lot to take in. The blanket she'd been clinging to fell away from her bosom as her hands lowered to her sides. She wondered which angel, if in fact it was one of the arch angels, she was speaking to, but she didn't want to ask impertinent questions. It mattered little. This

messenger spoke the truth.

Those were indeed her ardent wishes. She had mulled it over many a time as the years passed and she had learned more about the scandals plaguing the Catholic church. With each bishop and cardinal she met, she had grown more resentful at their abuse of power, their greed, their condescension and their flouting of the holy laws they were supposed to uphold. She was tired of living in servitude to an institution mired in such flagrant hypocrisy.

But what could she do? What would one nun speaking out have accomplished? She would've been thrown out of the convent as she entered middle age and had to start life over with no support, no marketable skills and the youth drained from her body. She had been utterly trapped by the circumstances of her childhood and the decisions of her youth. That is, perhaps, until now.

“How? How will I do these things?”

The being of light waved her right hand and a golden chalice appeared in the air between them. It floated to Jessica slowly as the angelic being extended her hand in offering.

“Drink deeply and without hesitation, my child. Within this cup lies your salvation and a mandate to change the world.”

In the moment of truth, the Catholic conditioning assailed Jessica's psyche.

'The church is your home.'

'Jesus is the only way to salvation.'

'This is arrogance. Folly! You'll burn for this.'

But she had seen and heard too much to let it sway her any longer. There was no hesitation in her. She had prayed, begged and cried out for a new beginning countless times. One does not second guess a miracle when it arrives. She grasped the cup firmly as it came into range, brought it to her lips, closed her eyes and tilted her head back.

Sweetness. Unfathomable sweetness. She had heard the phrase “mana from heaven” many times, but had no inkling of its meaning until now. The drink was thick, golden honey magnified a thousand fold. Her face and throat buzzed with delirious pleasure as she downed the heavenly drink. Her entire body pulsed with vigor and her mind exploded with a galaxy of new possibilities. She gulped it down hungrily, her lips sucking out every last drop as her body reached a euphoric crescendo.

And then... it was over. Jessica opened her eyes and gazed at the cup as she pulled it from her lips. It was a dark obsidian goblet with gnarled talons, fanged beasts and bones adorning it from top to bottom. Her breath caught in her throat as she lowered it. The angel was gone.

Jessica shrieked and dropped the twisted chalice. It rolled off her bed and skidded across the stone floor with a series of audible clinks. It came to a stop near a pair of high heeled leather boots. Above them, bright red flesh outlined thick thighs curving up into a slick leather thong. A flat, well toned midsection proceeded upward to ample red breasts with dark areolas that leaked with milky lactation. Her red skin was cut off at the biceps by long, black latex gloves that trailed down both of her arms. A faint glow

radiated outward from her curvy form, illuminating her in the darkness.

“I must say, that was easier than I expected.”

The same wide grin beamed at Jessica, but now it was accompanied by bright orange-yellow eyes with black slits for pupils. Straight, silky, jet black hair ringed her head, a wave of it sliding down the right half of her face and obscuring her visage. Her lips were the color of darkest night and curved horns, the same scarlet tone as her skin, sprouted from her temples. The glowing wings of light were supplanted by leathery crimson flesh and a long red tail trailed behind her, ending in a fleshy, phallic spade.

The demonic looking temptress trailed her right hand up her curvy body. She slid her latex fingers over her weeping breasts before licking them with her serpentine tongue. She peered down at the goblet on the floor and then returned her gaze to Jessica.

“Tasty?”

Jessica was still in shock, but the implication was enough to snap her back to reality.

'Oh my god, did I just drink the breast milk of this... hellspawn?!?'

Jessica did the only thing that made sense to her in the moment. She dove to the edge of her bed, leaned her head over and stuck a finger down her throat, hoping against hope she could gag it up. Only moments ago she would have given anything for more. Now she just wanted it out of her body. Amused laughter echoed in her mind as she choked on her own digits; the very same fingers she'd been jamming into her pussy only minutes ago.

“That won't work. You're wasting your time.”

After a solid minute of trying Jessica admitted defeat. No matter how many times she gagged, nothing came up. The viscus substance had stuck in her like glue. She pushed herself back up to her knees and glared angrily at the leather clad hellion.

“So eager to throw away a new beginning. Pathetic... I hope I wasn't wrong to choose you.”

“You tricked me! DEMON!”

“You saw what you wanted to see. Having consumed my essence, you now see the truth. Not one word that I've spoken tonight has been anything less than the truth.”

Jessica seethed. Whoever this demon bitch was, she was playing games. It was time to ask the question that should've been her first.

“Who are you?”

“In your tongue, I am called Lilith.”

Lilith... Jessica knew she'd heard the name before, but where? The old Jewish texts? That seemed right, but it had been a long time she studied Hebrew mythology in any depth. She couldn't quite place it.

“What have you done to me?”

“Only that which I promised. There was more within that cup than you can possibly imagine. Components from realms beyond this mortal plane. Forbidden knowledge it took me ages to acquire. Its preparation took many times longer than your life thus far. You have accepted my gift and that makes you my disciple. You do not understand, but you will soon.”

“Disciple? I'm not leaving one religion just to join another...”

A wave of intense fatigue washed over Jessica. Her need to sleep was urgent and deep. She fell back onto her pillows as her eyelids fluttered.

“Yes, it's time to rest now, my child. Let the potion do its work. We shall speak again soon.”

Lilith's sinister laugh echoed in her mind. It was the last thing Jessica registered as the world faded to black.

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Stiffness consumed Jessica's body as she slowly came to. She'd been resting in an awkward position after collapsing into unnatural sleep and she felt it through her entire body. Stiffness and something else... Something didn't feel right.

She sat up slowly, scanning the room and wondering if the supernatural encounter had been real. Perhaps she'd dozed off in the midst of her fantasizing and the rest was a bizarre dream. She swung her legs toward the edge of the bed and realized that her lower body felt heavier than usual. Then she saw it, a bulge near the bottom of her nightgown. Her eyes went wide and she pulled the nightgown up in panic.

Her old anatomy was gone. Hanging from her pelvis was a giant, hairless pipe of dark meat and two bulbous brown cantaloupes below. It was huge. Bigger than any of the boyfriends she'd had as a young woman, by far. It had to be at least 10 inches even in its flaccid state.

She covered her mouth and bit her tongue to prevent herself from screaming.

'No, no, no, no, NO! Oh my god...'

She rose from the bed and trotted to the bathroom, her new appendage dangling below her. She tore off her nightgown and tossed it aside. She closed her eyes and positioned herself before the body length mirror on her closet door.

'This isn't happening. I'm imagining things. When I open my eyes, I'm going to be fine.'

She opened her eyes. Jessica had a giant fucking cock.

She sat down on the toilet, her mind reeling. She pinched herself. She gave herself a slap in the face.

'This is a dream. It has to be. It was all a dream and I'm still dreaming. No, this is a nightmare!'

****knock knock knock****

The loud rapping jolted Jessica upwards. She rose in alarm.

“Hey, Jess! Are you in here?!?”

It was Sister Victoria, or “Vick” as Jessica knew her. Vick was one of her few close friends in the convent. For a nun she had very little modesty and often barged into Jessica's quarters at the most inopportune of times. It didn't particularly surprise Jessica that she had shown up at the worst possible moment.

“I'm in here!” Jessica called from the bathroom “I'm not decent right now.”

“Nothing I haven't seen before!” Vicky replied.

Jessica could have choked on the irony. She reached for the thickest towel she had and quickly wrapped it around her waist. It would hide her new anatomy better than the nightgown ever could. She thanked god that she didn't have the fabled “morning wood” and walked to the bathroom door, peeking her head out.

“I was just getting into the shower.”

Vick was one of the few women in the convent that was younger than Jessica. Traces of radiant red hair trickled out around the edges of her veil, the restrictive headdress unable to contain her luscious locks completely. Her smooth white skin beamed with youth and she wore a cheerful grin on her face. This wasn't the first time Jessica had gotten herself in trouble and these situations never ceased to amuse Vick.

“You know Mother Superior is having a fit, right? You slept through morning prayer.”

Jessica glanced at the clock radio above her bed. She hadn't even noticed how late it was.

“Yeah... I, uh, had a really rough night. Bad dreams. Kept me up for hours.”

“Is that what I heard last night? The walls here are thick, but I could've sworn I heard you yell at some point in the middle of the night. It woke me up briefly. I almost came to check on you, but then it was quiet again.”

Vicky lived in the dorm right next door. Thankfully Jessica's room was at the end of the hallway and she didn't have other neighbors.

“Yeah, that must have been when I woke up. It took me forever to get back to sleep.”

Her towel began to slip. Jessica closed her fist around it with an iron grip.

“Well, you know Momma Soups! She won't hear any excuses. You're gonna get extra chores today.”

Jessica sighed. “Yeah, what else is new?”

Vicky gave her a wink and backed towards the door.

“Alright, good luck. Come find me if you need a hand! See you at lunch?”

“If I have time for lunch” Jessica answered dryly.

The door shut and she let out the breath she'd been holding. Jessica walked back into the bathroom, stopping in front of her closet mirror and letting the towel drop around her feet. She examined her impressive new appendage, still coming to grips with her new reality.

*'How **the fuck** am I going to hide this?!?'*

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Jessica's day went by much like any other despite her strange new predicament. She had gotten to pee standing up for the first time in her life, so that was something new, but otherwise it was the usual drudgery. Work, prayer, chores, rituals. The thick fabric of her long, black habit did a passable job of hiding her member for the most part. Jessica sensed her cock beginning to stiffen at one point which prompted a light jog to the bathroom with her hands clasped in front of her. She waited patiently for her erection to pass before returning to her labors.

Her chores seemed to fly by faster than usual as she replayed the events of the previous night in her head. She tried to recall her conversation with the strange, winged being in detail and puzzle through what Lilith's game might be, but there was only so much she could do in her own mind. She needed to conduct some research.

As the day went by, Jessica couldn't help but notice how thirsty she was. She downed several more glasses of water than she normally would in a given work day. She stopped by the kitchen twice to retrieve orange juice and lemonade. No matter how much she drank, the thirst persisted.

During her lunch break, she opted to skip meeting with Vick and instead go to the convent's library. She sat down at one of the library desktops, logged in and immediately entered “Lilith” into the search engine. She clicked on the Wikipedia article first and read the summary. Even that short passage was very instructive.

'So, that's who you are. Now I remember...'

Jessica shoved a granola bar in her mouth and downed a bottled water. She spent the next 20 minutes clicking around and reading various articles about Lilith on other websites. It was far from a thorough education, but at least now she wouldn't be at such a disadvantage if the demoness returned. Jessica certainly hoped that she would. Lilith had a lot of explaining to do.

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It was 3:38 AM and Jessica was wide awake again. She had fallen asleep almost immediately upon retiring, exhausted from the usual work and the extra chores Mother Superior had assigned in penalty for her tardiness.

She tossed and turned in futility, but there was no getting back to sleep. She was raging horny. Her libido had spiked to new heights and she wasn't sure if it was because of her new cock, how the demon bitch had ruined her orgasm the night before, or both.

Her mind wandered once more to her fantasy slave. Her imaginary sexy gimp in shining black. There were new possibilities now. Sure, she could have fucked him with a strap-on before. She definitely would have, but now she had a real cock. She could fuck his mouth and feel every delightful moist sensation. She could rail his ass and experience the exquisite pleasure of a cock buried in fleshy, wet tightness.

Would she cum like a man? It seemed likely. Why else would she have a hefty set of balls?

There was no inching downward this time. She pulled up her nightgown to just below her breasts and seized her fleshy member below in her right hand. She began stroking it back and forth, softly at first. She pictured her gimp slut on both knees below her. Jessica would fuck his whore mouth all night long. She would bottom out her fat dick in his wet, waiting throat until he had no gag reflex left. If he complained one bit, she would bind his arms. Jessica would hear the delightful wet sounds of slurping, glomming and sputtering until she shot a hot load into her obedient bitch boy, and it would be the first of many.

Her cock responded immediately, rising quickly in her hand. Before Jessica knew it she was stroking up and down while moaning lightly. It felt fucking incredible and she wasn't even on the verge of orgasm yet. Was this what men felt all the time?!? No wonder they did so much thinking with their dicks. No wonder they ran the fucking world! She already felt more powerful just holding her meaty weapon. One taste of this combination of pleasure and potency would cause anyone to crave more for the rest of their lives.

Her slave, on the other hand, would never know that feeling again. His cock belonged to her and it would remain locked away forever. He would orgasm only when being fucked in the ass. When his hungry little prostate sung like an anvil being battered with a hammer.

Jessica had read that in a magazine years ago. That a man's "g-spot" was located in his ass. Furthermore, the prostate was something that men had and women didn't. Didn't it make sense then, that men should be the ones getting fucked in the ass? It made all the sense in the world to Jessica.

Her hand was gliding up and down smoothly now and her cock was at full mast. Each stroke slid her slick fingers back and forth over at least a foot of rock hard brown dick. Pre-cum had begun oozing in thick spurts from the head and the pleasurable sensation was overwhelming. As her masturbation become more frenzied, the light slapping sounds of her hand smacking her pelvis grew louder with each stroke. Her toes curled and she bit her lip as she approached her climax.

'Yeah, suck my fucking cock you gimp bitch! TAKE IT! Gonna fill you up you fucking whooorrrreeee!!!!'

Jessica clamped down on her tongue so she wouldn't scream. She grunted as her jutting mega cock shot a thick rope of semen into the air that landed on her stomach and chest with a light slap. She fisted her meat missile with incredible need, the ejaculate firing up and out in creamy bursts.

'OH FUCK! YESSSSS!!! FUCKING YES!!!! HOLY FUCKING GOD!!!!'

She milked her fat cock for as long as it continued to fire, a stunning amount of jizzum spurting out all over her torso. The rich, milky ejaculate formed a pool in her midsection, her nightgown barely avoiding a buttery bath. The final few spurts fired out as Jessica's eyes rolled back and she released her sticky club of flesh.

'Holy. Fucking. Shit!'

Her breath came quickly and her heartbeat raced. The soothing waves of afterglow washed over her. Now she knew how the other half lived. The male orgasm was more akin to a rapid series of shotgun blasts. It was different, but she loved it. Every second leading up to it had been intense beyond measure. It was shorter, but incredibly strong. It also made a giant fucking mess, but that was hot too, in its own way.

All the tension had drained out of Jessica's body. She was almost relaxed enough to fall back asleep, but the nagging thirst continued to plague her. Her stomach growled even though she had eaten a full dinner earlier that night. It didn't make any sense. She had drank more than she could ever remember drinking in a single day, yet her thirst persisted.

She looked down at the pool of cum lying in her stomach, lost in thought for a moment. It couldn't be that... could it? Could that be what she needed?

She reached down gingerly with two fingers, scooping some of the paste-like substance from her torso. She raised her hand up and examined her digits, the gooey substance gleaming in the light moon glow exuding from her bedroom window.

'This is kind of gross, but if it will help me get to sleep... Here goes nothing.'

She brought the fingers to her lips and sank them into an anxious mouth.

Vile. Repulsive. Disgusting. She recoiled immediately, coughing, choking and gasping despite the limited amount she had taken in. She drew up as much moisture in her cheeks as she could and hacked a dollop of spit onto her stomach, clearing her mouth and adding to the considerable mess on her midsection.

The familiar cackle of female laughter echoed in her mind. A light glow grew in the center of the room and Lilith once again appeared in her leather clad, winged glory. This time she wore a leather corset capped by claw shaped cups that held up her ample red cleavage. She had a crop in her left hand and a whip was curled menacingly on her right hip. She shot Jessica a wicked grin, her eyes glowing with power and her voice coated in amusement.

"No, I'm afraid that won't slake your thirst, my child. Close, but not quite. You hunger for something else."

Jessica gritted her teeth and sat up, a stream of thick jizz running down her body as she did. Lilith drifted closer to the bed, observing her sticky, cum caked state. Jessica reached for a spare blanket at the foot of her bed and started mopping herself up as Lilith spoke again.

“My my... if you want a hardcore pervert, don't go to a brothel. Get thee to a nunnery! If there's one thing your church does well, it's sexual repression. The Catholics have bred more degenerates and deviants than any faith in history. It's almost a shame that we're going to destroy them.”

Jessica ignored her playful mockery. She stared daggers at the demonic dominatrix, refusing to be intimidated a second time.

“Why am I so thirsty? What will make it stop?”

“The seed of man.”

Jessica's eyes opened wide in shock, the implication landing like a smack to her face. She needed to drink... male cum? Her initial bewilderment slowly gave way to anger.

“Are you **fucking** kidding me?!?”

“No, and even once you have what you crave, the thirst will always return in time. You will require it regularly and if you do not have it, you will begin to wither and go mad.”

Jessica's hands balled into fists. She was shaking with rage. After Lilith's talk about changing the world and what a great “gift” she'd been bestowed, this was what she'd become?

“Wow Lilith, that's great! I feel so “empowered” now that I have to suck dicks for the the rest of my life! So I'm some kind of shemale vampire, but I need cum instead of blood?!? That's fucking awesome!”

Jessica balled up the cum soaked blanket and threw it directly at the winged Domina. It passed through her harmlessly and landed on the floor behind her. Lilith's delighted chuckle reverberated in her mind. She arched one eyebrow and pointed her crop at Jessica.

“That's quite a temper you have. Inherited from your mother if I'm not mistaken? Good. It will be an asset in your new role, as long as you don't let it get the better of you. You are not a vampire. You are a succubus. And you won't need to suck dicks. Is your imagination really that limited?”

Jessica glared at her, her arms raising in an exaggerated shrug.

“What am I missing here?”

“You now know the drawbacks, but you haven't learned the benefits. My gift bestowed you with many abilities that you can use to your advantage.”

“Like what? The ability to get kicked in the balls?”

“Your body now emits pheromones that make you irresistible to the vast majority of men. Only those with the strongest wills will be able to withstand it. When you touch them, flesh on flesh, the effect

intensifies, arousing any submissive inclinations they may have. And if they are exposed to your cum... let's just say, you won't be the only thirsty one.

A bright red stop sign lit up in Jessica's mind and her anger ground to a halt.

"Wait a minute. I can enslave men with my touch... and my cum?"

Suddenly, this wasn't sounding so bad. Not to a sex deprived, perpetually frustrated woman embracing kinky fantasies late in life. Lilith must have peered into her private moments of self discovery over the years. Between Jessica's femdom desires and her position in the church, it made perfect sense why Lilith had chosen her. The puzzle was slowly coming together.

"You will discover other abilities and benefits in time. Right now, you should focus on quenching your thirst and asserting your authority over this church. Can you think of a way of accomplishing both in one stroke?"

Jessica thought for a moment. "...Father Francis?"

Lilith nodded. ***"Your priest. He lives in a private residence on the other side of the campus, correct?"***

"Yes."

"You will go there tomorrow night and bend him to your will. He will be the first domino. The first pawn taken in our great game."

"I... yes, but..."

"Do not overthink it. Keep what you have learned tonight in mind, but do what feels natural. Let your instincts guide you. Embrace your carnal impulses and they will make you strong. You are not just a succubus, Jessica. You are the product of my obsession across ages. You are the next evolution of your kind. You will be the apex predator of Succubi."

It was a **lot**, just like the night before, but at least now the cards were on the table. Lilith had deceived her, but now Jessica understood why. Would she have taken this opportunity if it had been offered openly? Almost definitely not. She would have chickened out and chosen to remain compliant and miserable, just like she had years ago when she almost ran away to pursue acting and modeling. Instead, she'd taken the vow to become a Sister of Guadalupe out of guilt and a desire to honor her family. Her own happiness and ambitions had never even entered the equation.

Now, as Jessica sat in her bed, gazing up at what could only be described as an avatar of rebellion and a Goddess of female domination, the beginnings of gratitude took root in her. Lilith had thrown her into the ocean and now Jessica had to sink or swim. Perhaps it was exactly what she needed.

"As you say... umm, how should I address you?"

"I am the Mistress of the Night. Address me as such or simply call me Lilith. I care not as long you fulfill your destiny."

Jessica bowed her head slightly. "As you say, Mistress."

“The hour grows late. I must go. My expectations for you are high. Good luck, my child, until next we meet.”

The light sliding around her curvy form dimmed and Lilith's haughty expression faded into nothing. Soon, all that remained was a dark, sparsely furnished room and the soft hum of chirping crickets.

Jessica laid back down. She needed to rest but she knew that would be impossible. Her mind brimmed with excitement at the potential her future now held. She was embracing a new paradigm of taking control and seeking sexual fulfillment; the opposite of her existence until now. How does one sleep the night before they begin a new life?

Her cock twitched and Jessica felt the stirrings of lust within her once more. She reached below and began stroking her long, fat member up and down. The shaft was still slick with her filth and her blood rushed to it quickly.

Well, perhaps there was one way she could relax.

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