

Quickie #4

Prisoner Of Lust

A Latex Futa Nuns From Hell Side Story

Camilo paced nervously in the kitchen as he looked at his phone. It would ring any minute and his nerves were standing on edge. He'd just closed his laptop after a brief chat with a woman on Fetlife. At least, he hoped it was a woman. One could never be certain a stranger's profile was real until you met them in real life.

The woman was a "Mistress Demonica" who'd announced she was looking for a new submissive. After a quick look at her pictures and list of kinks, Camilo sent her a sincere, but not overly long, message complimenting her and asking for a chance to prove himself. He'd learned from experience that being too eager and lavishing praise to the point of groveling marked him as desperate. No woman liked that. Not even the kind that wanted a man beneath her heel. Mistress Demonica got back to him several days later and, after a brief round of instant messages, asked for his phone number.

Camilo half expected this to be some kind of scam or phone-sex hotline asking for his credit card. Mistress Demonica sounded too good to be true. He was hoping against hope she wasn't. He'd been searching for the right woman to submit to for so long.

BZZZZTTT

His phone buzzed to life in his hand and the ringtone sounded. Camilo took a deep breath and composed himself. He waited for it to ring a couple times before hitting the "accept" button.

"Hello?"

"Hello, Camilo" a sultry voice answered. "That **is** who I'm speaking to, yes?"

"Yes! Hello, Mistress Demonica?"

"That's me."

"Wow, it's a pleasure to hear your voice."

"Likewise. I guess you could say I'm a little old fashion. Instant messages are fine, but this is much more intimate, don't you think?"

"Yes! It certainly is."

"Mmmhmmm, and I like to hear someone before I decide if I want to meet them. You sound like a nice young man. Would you like to meet me?"

Camilo's heartbeat steadily increased. It pounded in his chest as her luscious voice rolled over him. He struggled to maintain his composure.

"I don't think I've wanted anything more in my life."

"Oooh..." The woman on the other end giggled. "That's a good start."

"Thank you... Mistress?"

"Oh no, I'm not your Mistress yet. But I might be soon. We're going to get together and have a drink. Get to know each other a little. Then I will decide if there's a place for you in my dungeon."

"That sounds great. When would you like to meet?"

"Tomorrow at seven?"

"I'll be there."

"Good. I'll text you the address shortly. It's a quiet little spot downtown. I'll be there at seven sharp, so don't keep me waiting."

"Yes, Miss Demonica."

"You learn fast. I like that, Camilo. See you tomorrow night."

* * * * *

He'd been waiting at a table in The Elephant Room jazz club for ten minutes when Mistress Demonica walked in. Camilo's eyes widened and his mouth fell open as soon as he spotted her. She was every bit as stunning as her pictures on Fetlife. Maybe more so.

The dark skinned Goddess' appetite for leather and latex had not been overstated. Her dark hair fell around her head in luscious waves. A tight, black leather jacket was wrapped around her bosom and midsection, gleaming in the dim light of the club. Her scarlet-red leather pants were full and voluminous, the thick, shiny material creasing in waves as she walked. The pants ended where her high-heeled black leather boots began, just below her knees. Even her hands were clad in shiny black leather.

Camilo suddenly wished he'd worn some leather to emphasize his commitment to their mutual fetish, but his button down shirt and dress slacks would have to do. He stood, waved in her direction and spoke up just as she was walking by.

"Miss Demonica!"

She stopped in her tracks, looked in his direction and smiled when she spotted him. The gorgeous Domina strode over to Camilo and set her purse on the table. Now that she was up close, he was struck

by how tall she was. In her heeled boots she had at least three inches on him.

“Hello, Camilo” she began while removing her leather gloves. “Nice to meet you.” She held out her hand as her perfume wafted over him.

“A pleasure to meet you, Miss Demonica” he answered, taking her hand gladly. He was about to let go when she reached out with her other hand and placed it over his. She took her time feeling the back of his hand, her fingers rubbing across his flesh slowly.

“Mmmm... strong hands. A little rough though. You should use lotion.”

“Uhh, yeah. I should probably take better care of them, you're right.”

She peered deep into his eyes as she continued to stroke his hand. Camilo sunk into her dark pupils. He felt almost lightheaded. Her beauty belied the age she'd listed on her profile by at least two decades. She projected an aura of stern confidence and command. He'd never been so smitten with a woman so swiftly.

“Camilo is your real name, right?”

“Yes.”

“Good. Mine's Vivian” she released his hand and offered him a fresh smile before pulling out a chair and sitting down. Camilo smiled back like a lovesick puppy and followed her lead. The single candle in the middle of the table cast its light in a small circle. Vivian's piercing eyes glowed in the romantic setting. Improvisational jazz could be heard from the other end of the club where a live group was performing.

“When I saw your picture, I was instantly reminded of a Latino boy I had a crush on in high school. That's one of the reasons I contacted you.”

“Oh? I suppose I owe that guy a favor.”

Vivian laughed and eyed him up and down. “You're not tall, but you are dark and handsome. Two out of three aint bad.”

“Thank you, Miss Vivian.” He couldn't escape the feeling he'd walked into a job interview. The scrutiny would be one-sided, but that was to be expected. Opportunities like this were rare and Camilo wanted the “job” like nothing else.

“You're blue collar, I take it?”

“Yeah, I work in a warehouse. It's grunt work, but it pays well and keeps me in good shape.”

“I see that. Another reason I picked you. So, what are your long term ambitions?”

“If you looked at my profile page, you already know them.”

“Indeed. I suppose you wouldn't have many career ambitions if your goal is to submit to a woman 24/7.

Is that truly what you want?"

"It is, but I know it's not realistic without financial independence first. It's not like some well-off woman is going to appear out of nowhere and ask me to be her live-in slave."

"Don't assume things, Camilo" she replied with a smirk. "This is the third reason I reached out to you, but I need to know if you're absolutely serious about it. A lot of men **think** that's what they want until they get a taste of it. Are you truly ready to commit to being a woman's slave?"

Camilo's heartbeat spiked and his palms began to sweat. He steadied himself and answered calmly. "Yes. That's exactly what I want. And if I were to submit to a stunning beauty like you, I would consider myself very fortunate."

Vivian emitted an amused, throaty chuckle as she placed her elbow on the table and set her chin in the palm of her hand. "Well, you certainly have a way with words." She stared at him for a few seconds with pursed lips, a decision being weighed in her mind. Once she was satisfied, she leaned back in her chair, raised her arm and flagged down their waiter. "We have much to discuss... over drinks."

The waiter hurried over and Vivian instructed him directly. "I'll have a Blue Hawaiian. Camilo?"

"House ale is fine for me."

The waiter nodded and walked off. While they waited for him to return, the two discussed their mutual kinks and the play activities they enjoyed. Vivian brought up the topic of limits knowing full well that any Camilo had would be dissolved in very little time. The outline of a power exchange was being formed. How total and permanent it would be, he had no idea yet.

The drinks were placed on the table and Camilo moved to take a large gulp from his mug.

"Ah ah" Vivian stopped him. "Just a sip to start."

Camilo cut himself off mid-chug and set the mug back down. His grin revealed that he was enjoying her haughty commands already.

Vivian took a sip of her strong cocktail through the playful yellow straw. She sat back and moved one of her booted calves closer to her new submissive.

"Alright Camilo, if this to continue, you will follow my next instruction to the letter."

"Yes, Miss Vivian."

"Get below the table and put your lips on my boot, where they belong. You will kiss my foot for no less than ten seconds. Count out those seconds to yourself, slowly."

A shade of red entered Camilo's cheeks, but it didn't stop him from complying rapidly. He immediately stood, crouched down and pushed himself below the table as if he'd dropped something and was looking for it. Within seconds his lips were on her leather-encased foot. Vivian could feel the light suction and gentle worship of his tongue.

Vivian glanced from side to side and made sure no one was looking as she reached for Camilo's mug and brought it closer to her. The mischievous Domme reached into her coat pocket and extracted a small vial. She uncapped it, removed the dropper and quickly brought it to the rim of the glass. She squeezed its milky white contents onto the surface of his beverage. She then stirred it with her finger before pocketing the vial and moving his drink back into position.

She felt his lips leave her boot a few seconds later and a red-faced Camilo popped back up and took his seat. Vivian's smile was pleased and devilish.

“Very good, Camilo. **Now** you may drink.”

* * * * *

It was almost 48 hours later and Camilo awoke to his phone ringing on the coffee table. He'd been scheduled to work that day, but his unusual, persistent thirst and general malaise implied he was coming down with something. It had been an easy decision to call out sick. He shook off the grogginess, muted his TV and answered the call.

“Hello?”

“Hey, Camilo. How you doing?”

His heart skipped a beat. He was starting to think he wasn't going to hear from her again. It would've been a shame after their meet and greet went so well. “Miss Vivian? I'm fine, thanks. How are you?”

“I'm good, but I'll be better when you get your bitch-ass over here.”

“Ummm, right now?”

“Not this instant. Let's say eight o'clock. You know where St. Michael's is?”

“The church?!? Yeah...”

“When you get there, follow the campus signs to the Sisters of Guadalupe. Go to the front desk and they'll bring you to me.”

“You're at a convent? Is this for real?”

“Do I sound like I'm joking, Camilo? Do as I say, you **little slut**. Your new life begins tonight.”

He could hardly believe it, but he wasn't about to argue with the beautiful woman he'd been dying to hear from for the last two days. “Yes, Miss Vivian.”

“Mistress Vivian” she corrected him. “Oh, and I saw those pictures of you in a latex suit. You still have it, right?”

“Yes, Mistress Vivian.”

“Wear it. And make sure your ass is immaculately clean before you put it on. In and out.”

Camilo inhaled deeply. She wasn't pranking him. This was real and he was in for the night of his life. He could hardly contain his excitement.

“Yes, Mistress Vivian!”

“See you at eight, bitch.”

She hung up and he set his phone back on the table. His mind reeled as the bizarre thirst continued to claw at his stomach. He ignored it. He had much to do to get ready.

* * * * *

A blindfolded Camilo was led down a cool hallway. He was still in a state of minor shock. He couldn't decide what felt more unreal, wearing a bondage suit to a convent, or being escorted by a woman in a latex habit.

He heard a large wooden door creaking open and the nun tugged on his arm, leading the way. She walked with him into the room before grabbing his sides and turning him. Then she took hold of his shoulders and pressed gently.

“Kneel down.”

Camilo's nerves were fraying. Sure, he could be here to serve a gorgeous female dominant at the behest of some weird religious sex cult, or they might be about to knock him out before pilfering his major organs and selling them on the black market. He realized, suddenly, that he was taking a big risk. The nun who led him in walked into the distance before the wooden door closed with a loud clank.

“Mistress Vivian?” he asked, his voice cracking in fear.

“Right here, slave” the voice came from his left.

Camilo sighed. He felt better instantly, just knowing she was there.

“Nice suit” she said as she stalked around him, her heels clacking on the stone floor. “That latex looks a little thin, but it will do, for now.” She came to a stop about 10 feet in front of him. “You can take off the blindfold now.”

He reached up and pulled the cover from his face. Mistress Vivian was standing before him, almost naked. His jaw dropped, along with the blindfold from his hand. His ebony Goddess was wearing a spiked officer's cap, a spiked collar, latex arm gloves, leather boots and little else. Her dark hair was pulled back in a sultry braid. Her shoulders and bosom were framed by a thin, fishnet top. Between her legs, the longest and thickest cock he'd ever seen jutted from her pelvis with a weighty set of balls to match.

Vivian drank in his stunned state as she leaned against a bondage horse and spun a pair of handcuffs in her right hand. “Your profile said 'hetero-flexible', so this shouldn't be a problem, right?” She looked down at her fearsome erection and then back at him with a devious grin.

“No, Mistress” he responded without hesitation. “No problem at all.” Camilo's mind buzzed with lust. His stomach grumbled with thirst. He couldn't take his eyes off her plump lips, wide hips, ample bosom, and yes, her absurdly large cum pipe.

Vivian walked past him, eyeing him menacingly as the massive cock bobbed in her wake. “That's good, because you're going to find I have what you need... Every day for the rest of your slut life.” She came to a stop just behind him. He could feel the heat from her fleshy missile. “Hands behind your back.”

He complied and Vivian slapped the cuffs around his wrists with practiced ease, locking them tight.

CRRRRICK CRICK

She circled back to his front and he looked up at his Domina. Her eyes were just as eager as his. Her body pulsed with lust even more powerful than his own. She didn't say another word before grabbing her dark, fat schlong with one latex-clad hand and bringing the tip to Camilo's mouth.

He opened his lips gladly, ready to serve. She pressed the bulbous head of her schwanz into his mouth and glided in all the way to the back of his throat. He gagged almost immediately with not even half of her mighty appendage buried in his oral cavity. Vivian's pulsing club of flesh was bathed in warm saliva and the moist, succulent walls of her new slave's mouth. She gripped his hooded head fiercely and immediately began sawing in and out of his sucking lips.

“Yeah, I knew you were the one! My first full time slave. Do you know why, Camilo? Do you want to know the fourth reason?”

“MMMPPPHHHGGLLLAAHHHHH!”

She fucked his mouth for a few more strokes before coming to a stop. She let her cock rest inside him, his mouth becoming accustomed to its new invader while her tip drooled pre-cum down his bitch-made throat.

“Ka-Mee-Loh” she sounded out his name as she let go of his head and put her fists on her hips. “Did your parents ever tell you what that name means?”

“NNNMMMPHHH.”

“It's kind of a hobby for me. Looking up names and learning their meaning. As it just so happens, your name means 'helper to the priest.' And while there are no priests that need your assistance here at St. Michael's, there are many nuns. More every day. And you're going to be very helpful.”

She seized his hooded face again, this time with an even stronger grip. She pulled out of his stretched-wide lips and began bucking back into his face full-force. Vivian was determined to get at least half of her fat, fleshy shaft into his mouth before their first session was over. Camilo pulled on his cuffs pointlessly, his arms locked behind his back. He coughed and slurped wetly as she fucked his face with abandon.

Although only half her prodigious weapon was being pleased, Vivian was desperate to cum and it didn't take long before the combination of wet suction and sloppy gagging noises pushed her over the edge. Her thrusting picked up speed as drool and pre-cum poured from his lips. The glorming sounds came fast as her fuck-meat tingled with need and her scrotum tensed for release.

“NNNNNNNNNGGGGGGGHHHHHHH!!!”

Warm filth blasted into the back of Camilo's throat and gushed down his thirsty maw. He could feel the pulses of cum rippling through Vivian's cock, pressed against his tongue and the walls of his mouth before exploding from her tip and rippling down into his soiled gullet. Vivian threw back her head as rope after rope of thick jizzum fired into her new gimp property. Her moans stretched on until the final spurts of hot glue oozed out of her glans and she pulled her cock free.

SLORRRPP

“Mmmmmmm...” she purred as she stroked her glistening pole back and forth and gazed at her shiny, kneeling submissive. “You were even more eager than I expected. It really is best to make you sluts wait a couple days.”

Camilo had no idea what she meant, but he didn't care. The thirst had been banished. The aches no longer raked at his stomach and throat. A pleasant, warm calm that he'd never experienced before settled over his body. Mistress had been right. She had exactly what he needed.

He didn't get long to meditate on what had happened. Vivian dropped her heavy schlong and grabbed him by the arm. “Stand up! You're not done yet, slave. Not even close!”

Camilo got to his feet with her help. The latex of his suit creaked as he stood to his full height, his dark skinned Domina towering over him. She held his bicep tight as she guided him to the bondage horse. Once he was pressed up against the supple structure, she pushed his back down, bending him over the leather-padded fuck furniture.

“What's the biggest thing you've ever had up your ass, slave?” She asked while feeling him through his latex suit below.

“Just small toys, Mistress...”

“Well, there's a first time for everything.”

She grabbed the bottle of lube that was resting on the horse and slathered some all over her right hand. Vivian unzipped his backdoor and pressed two slimy digits into his pucker without delay.

“AHHHHHH!!!”

Camilo squirmed and groaned as Vivian fingered him deeply. The greasy sounds of lube-slick latex slopping in and out of his ass increased in speed until she added a third finger. Her stretching maneuvers slowed down as Camilo grunted and she prepared him for her girthy weapon. Vivian's cock was inflating back to its full heft and thickness as she felt around in his warm ass. The lust crazed nun was dying to pop his cherry and proclaim her total dominion over his body.

“It will take lots of practice, but don't worry. In a few weeks, you'll be taking me all the way to the balls at both ends.”

“Yes... AHHH! ...Mistress.”

Vivian worked three fingers in and out of his sphincter with steady rhythm. She reached up and tugged on his handcuffs for good measure, pulling his arms back as she opened up his lube-drenched pucker.

After another minute of harsh stretching, she slurped her fingers out of his now gaping boy pussy and wiped the excess lube on his shiny, latex-covered ass cheeks. Vivian kicked his legs apart, stepped in and brought her bulbous weapon to bear. His pale, wide-open fuckhole drooled with lube until she pressed her fat, dark glans to his pucker and speared inside him hungrily.

“AAAAARRRGHHHH!!!”

Vivian grabbed his hip with one hand and the chain of his handcuffs with the other. She pulled back on his arms as she pressed her hips forward smoothly. Her cock sank into his warm, wet walls deliciously slow. She sighed in pleasure and grinned victoriously.

“From this day forward, you will never cum again without my permission. **GOT IT, BITCH?!?**”

“Ye-Yes Mistress!” he answered through clenched teeth.

She pushed forward a little further before coming to a temporary stop. Vivian allowed her slave a few moments to grow used to the sensation of having his ass utterly packed with thick cock.

“Tomorrow morning, you'll call your supervisor and tell him you're quitting, effective immediately. Then you'll report to the convent at 10 AM for your first day of training. Understood?”

“Yes, Mistress Vivian!”

CRACK

She smacked his ass and began bucking in and out of him. She fed more of her fat length into his tight man-cunt before pulling out gently. His asshole clenched on her every time she withdrew. Despite the pain, this sissy whore wanted her deep in his ass.

“You want **bondage, bitch?** You like latex and leather? Once you move in for good, your filthy ass will never be out of a gimp suit again!”

“Ohhhhh...”

His first moan of pleasure echoed through the dungeon. Vivian picked up the pace of her fucking and pressed her cock deeper. She yanked on his cuffs harshly, eliciting pain through his wrists and arms as she chuckled with glee.

“Uh huh... I know what you need, slut. And that's why you're mine for life. **SAY IT!**”

“I’M YOURS MISTRESS VIVIAN! FOR LIFE!!!”

“Faggot bitch.”

The sex-crazed Domina released his cuffs and grabbed his hips firmly with both hands. She began pumping him fast and hard, her cock diving into his fleshy walls and beyond. His yielding asshole consumed ever more of her hot, pulsing shaft. Vivian grunted and moaned like an animal as she stretched out his boy pussy, her balls churning with another mammoth load to deposit in his bowels. Her hefty breasts bounced along with her cum-filled sack as she shafted him with increasing need.

Camilo's moans came steadily as the initial pain faded. The stretching torment was replaced by the repeated strumming of his prostate by her engorged fuck rod. The young man, who'd imagined losing his anal virginity to a strapon, was absolutely glowing as his slutty gimp bottom was fucked silly by her girthy cum cannon. His climax was building powerfully. His crossed eyes and drooling lips suggested he would be heavily addicted to her cock, if he wasn't already.

Once she nudded in his ass, Vivian would secure him to the horse and fuck his mouth again. She wanted him triple dosed before she released Camilo into the wild. She'd put considerable time and effort into finding the perfect candidate and she wanted to make absolutely sure he would return to her swiftly.

She needn't have worried. Not only would Camilo forever be thirsty for the creamy nectar of her order, but this level of depravity and abuse was exactly what he'd always craved. He wasn't just addicted to her Succubus cum. He was a prisoner of lust.

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