

Convent of HELL

Crimson Rose

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Convent of HELL

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Married for just over an hour, Mike and Krista could not be any happier as they drove down the highway towards their honeymoon mountain retreat unless, that is, the weather cooperated. On what was supposed to be the most joyful day of their lives, the sun remained hidden behind massive grey clouds while lightning wickedly danced across the sky.

“Maybe we should pull over until this storm passes,” Krista said “maybe find a nice hotel and get the honeymoon party started early,” she added running a finger up her new husband’s right thigh.

“It’s ok, honey,” Mike smiled back at his beautiful new wife. If it were up to him he would consummate the marriage right there in the front seat of the car, but knew how much visiting the old cabin meant to her. “We’ll be there in less than two hours. Besides, I don’t want to spend our honeymoon in some cheap motel.

“You’re the driver, darling. But I swear if you drive off the mountain because of the storm I will haunt you for all eternity.” She smiled, and they both had a laugh.

As they approached the Catskills, the clouds broke and the rain began to fall. Not in a light drizzle to give people and animals time to see shelter, but in a torrential downpour that cut visibility to nearly zero and made the wipers of Mike’s Toyota all but useless. Driving along the narrow mountain road was already slow, but now it had become treacherous as even the slightest drift to the right could mean death.

“Why don’t they put railings on these damn roads!?” Krista exclaimed.

“Calm down. I’m not going to get us killed before we’ve consummated the marriage,” Mike replied.

“Just keep your eyes on the road! You can stare at my tits when we’re not two seconds from dying!”

“I told you, we’re not going to die. There were no vehicles on the road ahead of us and hopefully anyone behind is smart enough to slow down, so all we have to do is...”

“THERE!” Krista shouted, nearly causing her husband to drive right off the mountain

“What the hell, Krista! Are you trying to make me wreck? Why did you shout like that?”

Krista’s cheeks turned red in embarrassment and she got a little angry at the scolding tone of his voice. “I’m sorry. I just saw some lights up there and thought that might be the cabin. If not, at least it might be a place to get out of this blasted rain.”

Turning left, Mike drove down another narrow road leading up to a large structure that had their light on. Though hard to make out in the rain, it was most definitely not the small mountain cabin they were looking for. In fact, it was not even made of wood. Pulling up to the stone building, they both looked up and read the sigh bolted to the wall above the door.

CONVENT OF THE SISTERS OF ST. AGNES

“Awesome,” Mike sighed “the one place of shelter we find on our honeymoon is a damn convent! So much for a good time.”

“It’s only until the storm passes. Besides, we could do it right here in the car and I wouldn’t care?”

“You say that now, but week, months or years from now you’ll regret it. No, we’re having your dream honeymoon or we’re not having one at all. Come on, let’s see if they’ll let us stay until the storm abates.”

Covering themselves as best they could, they got out of the car and were soaked before the doors slammed shut. Slumping his shoulders Mike walked to the convent door in defeat with Krista hot on his heels. Trying and finding the door locked, he gave it several hard pounds of the fist and after several more seconds of getting drenched, it opened and they were welcomed in just as a huge bolt of lightning lit up the sky.

“Thank you so much for letting us in,” Krista thanked the young nun.

“All are welcome at the Sisters of St. Agnes. I’m Sister Tessa.”

“Oh, that is such a pretty name.”

“Thank you.”

“I’m Krista and this is my husband Mike. We were just married and on our way to our honeymoon when the storm hit.

“Sister Celia, please go prepare one of the guest rooms. And make sure there are plenty of towels so they may dry off,” Tessa said to another pretty, young nun.

“Yes, Sister Tessa,” Sister Celia replied.

“You’re putting us in one room?” Mike asked with more than a little surprise. “Isn’t that like against the rules or something?”

“MIKE!”

“It’s okay. While we have taken vows of celibacy, we do not frown upon those that don’t. From somewhere down a hall came the sounds of barking which was soon followed by two large dogs wondering about. One a rather large black lab and the other an equally large Dalmatian.

“That is Bruno,” Tessa said pointing to the Black Lab “and Damien,” she pointed to the Dalmatian. They are our pets and protectors. Don’t be afraid, they are really big babies. Anyways, if you’d be more comfortable in separate rooms we can arrange that.”

“One room is fine,” Krista smiled. “We just need somewhere to stay for a few hours that isn’t the side of the road until the storm passes.”

“From what we’ve heard on the radio, the storm is only going to get worse throughout the night and might last the entire weekend. I highly recommend that you stay with us until it’s safe to go out again.” Krista and Mike looked at each other. Neither was exactly the religious type and they worried how the Sisters would react when they refused worship. Sister Tessa must have picked this up by the way they looked at each other. “Fear not, friends, we will not force you to pray with us. That is not our way. Our doors are open to all in need, religious or not. Please, follow me to the guest room and if you are hungry we will be serving dinner at six. I will have Sister Celia show you the way.”

“Thank you, um... Sister Tessa,” Mike said. “It is much appreciated.”

“Think nothing of it. And please, you may call me Tessa.”

“Thank you Tessa,” Krista smiled at the pretty nun she would put at about thirty and nothing like the stereotypical nun she had known growing up. When she envisioned a nun she saw a cranky, overweight lady; bitter from old age and celibacy. She saw the mean teachers in the Catholic school she was forced to go to as a child, wearing their nun’s habits and brandishing metal rulers with homing devices capable of detecting a student’s knuckles from one hundred feet away.

Sister Tessa looked to be in her early thirties and in place of the traditional Catholic nuns’ holy habit which were typically a loose fitting dress, these nuns wore more modern looking

habits that exposed more of the head. And while the dress was still long, they were more form fitting. Not skin tight, but enough to let onlookers see that these nuns still had curves in all the right places. And Krista caught her husband eyeing them up out more than once. *Good thing they're devoted to a life of celibacy*, she thought as Sister Celia showed them to their temporary lodgings.

When the heavy wooden door was closed behind them and the footsteps faded from hearing, Krista let loose. "What the fuck Mike!? We've been married a couple of hours and you're already checking out other women?"

"What are you talking about?"

"I saw the way you were looking at them!"

"Can you blame me? Have you ever seen nuns that looked like that? I mean come on, I bet there isn't a one of them over the age of thirty-five and Jesus Christ, what's with those habits? Besides, you have no room to bitch at me. I saw you looking at them too."

"That's different. You were looking at them as if you wanted to fuck their brains out. I was more curious."

"I knew it! You are bi-curious aren't you? Does this mean we'll get to do that threesome we've talked about?"

"You talked about. And no, we are not doing a threesome with a nun! What part of 'life of celibacy' don't you understand?"

"Something tells me these are not your typical nuns."

"You are not going to cause trouble here Mike! They were kind enough to let us stay until the storm passes and we are going to be on our best behavior. And that goes double for you!"

"Yes Mother," Mike said in mock defeat.

"I mean it. We can talk about fantasies when we are back at home, but not here. It's just too damn creepy. I swear it feels like school all over again. It's like they're watching us. Can't you feel it?"

"Nah, that's all in your head thanks to twelve years of Catholic schooling. Look around, nothing but stone walls and that heavy wooden door."