

Carnal Confessions

Crimson Rose

~ ~ ~

Carnal Confessions

Copyright© 2025 by **Crimson Rose**. All rights reserved.

This story is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are either the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, business establishments, or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental. All sexually active characters depicted in this work of erotic fiction are at least 18 years of age or older.

This book is for sale to **ADULT AUDIENCES ONLY**. It contains substantial sexually explicit scenes and graphic language which may be considered offensive by some readers. Please store your files where they cannot be access by minors.

Copyright License Notes:

This eBook is licensed for your personal enjoyment only. This eBook may not be re-sold or given away to other people. If you would like to share this book with another person, please purchase an additional copy for each recipient. If you're reading this book and did not purchase it, or it was not purchased for your use only, then please return to your favorite eBook retailer and purchase your own copy. Thank you for respecting the hard work of this author.

Contents

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Chapter 5](#)

Eyes darting from the tall, Gothic-style building to her best friend in the driver seat and then back to the stone building, Scarlett knew this had to be a bad joke. “Seriously? You’re taking me, an atheist, to church on my birthday? If this is a joke it isn’t funny,” she huffed.

“No joke and appearances aside this is a convent, not a church,” her best friend Gracie replied.

“A convent? So, we’re going to see a bunch of nuns?”

“Something like that,” Gracie said as she parked her car in the packed lot behind the building.

“How many freaking nuns live here?” Scarlett asked as she took in the nearly 100 vehicles surrounding them with very few spots for more.

“No idea, but I’m guessing not all of them belong to the convent. You ready to go meet some nuns and maybe a few priests?”

“Not particularly. Honestly, I’d rather just call it a night and go home.”

“Oh, don’t be such a baby. You’re an adult now so it’s time you started doing adult things so let’s go meet some nuns.”

“What part of atheist don’t you comprehend?” Scarlett snapped. “I have absolutely no interest in meeting nuns, priests, or any other religious people so please just take me home before my birthday is completely ruined.”

“Oh, for fuck sake!” Gracie snapped right back. “If you think I brought you here to ruin your birthday then you don’t know me at all. Tell you what; you can either come inside with me right now, or I can take you home and this’ll be the last birthday of yours I’ll ever celebrate. The choice is yours so better make it a good one.”

“So now you’re manipulating...”

“Just stop! Convent or home? I will not ask again.”

Sensing the briefest hint that her decision would make or break their 15-year friendship, Scarlett pushed back into the passenger seat as her heart beat so hard it muted every other sound around it including her own breathing. “Fine, let’s go inside, but don’t expect me to be all rainbows and fucking sunshine around a bunch of religious zealots I have absolutely nothing in common with.”

“Oh ye of little faith,” Gracie countered, unable to help herself. “When have I ever steered you wrong?” she added as she opened the door and stepped out into the warm summer night.

Collecting and steeling herself against what she was certain was going to be a horrible end to an otherwise great birthday, Scarlett got out of the car and then followed her best friend across the parking lot. “Sorry I went off like that, but in my defense... you know what, forget it. I’m sorry.”

“Apology accepted, but such an outburst cannot go unpunished,” Gracie said as she turned and quickly pulled her best friend in nearly nose to nose. “I’m sure they have a ruler or something I can use to give you... hmm... I think twenty-five swats is appropriate.”

“TWENTY... you can’t... nevermind, of course you’re being serious and I don’t want to ruin what’s left of my birthday so you’ll get no more complaints from me,” Scarlett said as her best friend reached out to open the heavy wood back door.

Stopping, Gracie turned to once again face her vest friend. “So, you’re telling me that no matter what happens tonight you won’t complain even a little bit?”

“I mean, within reason. I’m not going to put up with them trying to convert me, or do anything illegal.”

“So, as long as it’s legal you’ll just let it happen?”

“I don’t want this to be the worst birthday ever so, yeah, you won’t hear me complain even a little bit.”

No sooner were the words out of Scarlett’s mouth, then Gracie pulled her in and kissed her fully on the lips.

Having barely enough time to register what was happening, Scarlett was just about to say something when Gracie broke the kiss, but before she could get a word out the straps of her dress were pulled off her shoulders and then she was staring at the garment around her feet leaving her standing there butt naked. The complaints and protests immediately forming in her addled brain, she stifled them with a hard bite into her lower lip. “I’m not complaining, but what in the hell are you doing?”

“What I’ve fantasized about for years,” Gracie said as she knelt at her best friend’s feet. And with that, she leaned in and went straight for Scarlett’s hooded clit. Flicking the little bundle of pleasure with the tip of her tongue, the effect was immediate.

“Ooohhhh fuck!” Scarlett exclaimed as her best friend’s tongue teased her clit. “I... uuhhnnn... I’ve never... I’m still a virgin,” she confessed.

“Not for long. I’m going to take your virginity, Scarlett. The question is: do I use my fingers now, or a toy later? Go on, babe, tell me how you want me to pop your cherry.”

“I... can we at least do it where someone won’t catch us and call the police?”

“Trust me, the nuns here are more likely to join us than rat us out. Now answer my question. Fingers or toy? If you don’t tell me in the next five seconds I’m going to ram my entire fist in.”

“Jesus Christ, Gracie!” Seeing the serious look on her best friend’s face, panic set in and Scarlett said the first thing that popped into her head. “Fingers!” she exclaimed. “Please use your fingers to take my virginity.”

“Fingers is plural,” Gracie grinned. “So, from two to five how many would you like...”

“T-Two,” Scarlett cut her best friend off before she really did fist her.

“God, your sexy when you’re scared,” Gracie said as she leaned in and sucked Scarlett’s meaty inner labia into her mouth. Giving them several light nibbles, she then sank her teeth in and pulled back stretching them as much as humanly possible which, for the recently turned adult was an impressive several inches. Leaning back further still, she looked up into Scarlett’s eyes as her inner labia slowly slid free.

“Uuhhnnn! Sweet motherfucking Jesus!” Scarlett moaned as the first orgasm she had ever experienced shot through her like a bolt of pleasure. Knees buckling, she grabbed her best friend’s shoulders to remain upright as her inner labia were once again bitten into and stretched over three inches before once again slipping agonizingly slowly through her best friend turned lover’s teeth. As the second orgasm rapidly built to climax, it happened. In the time between beats of her hear two fingers slid into her womanhood ripping away her virginity in one euphoric instance. Moaning as they thrust in and out, she didn’t care that a group of five men stood twenty-odd feet away watching.

Seeing the men stepping out of a dark gray van, Gracie watched them walking across the parking lot only to stop for the show. Not wanting the surprise to be ruined, she reluctantly sat back, pulled her fingers from her best friend’s pussy, and then sucked them clean. “Unless you

want to be gang banged I strongly suggest getting dressed so we can head inside,” she said with a slight nod toward the group of men.

Looking over her left shoulder, Scarlett saw the men staring at her and her body immediately turned beet red. Quickly grabbing her dress, she put it on and then reached a hand down to her best friend. Helping Gracie to her feet, she pulled her in and kissed her on the lips. “I don’t know what came over me or why I allowed it to happen, but I’m glad I did because holy fucking hell was that amazing. Seriously, you can do that anytime you want.”

“I’ll hold you to that,” Gracie replied. “And for the record, you’re as sweet as honey-dipped strawberries,” she added. “And you know how much I love strawberries,” she said, kissing Scarlett one last time before taking her by the hand and practically pulling her into the convent.

One step into the building was all it took for Scarlett to realize this was no ordinary convent. Though the corridor was dimly lit she could clearly see the habits worn by the sexiest, youngest nuns she had ever laid eyes on were far from normal. In place of long, unflattering gowns were dresses of leather, latex and lace accented in elaborate crossed and Celtic knot designs in silver and gold and simple footwear was replaced by heels with straps wrapping around calves all the way to just below the knee. “T-This isn’t a convent is it?”

“Of course it’s a convent, sweetie,” a tall, busty redheaded nun said as she approached. “Welcome to the Convent of Carnal Confessions, I’m Sister Paige and listening to your every perverse experience will be nearly as pleasurable as administering the appropriate discipline.”

“I... I don’t... I’ve never... my best friend literally just took my virginity in the parking lot!” Scarlett stammered.

“Sweetest pussy I’ve ever tasted,” Gracie grinned.

“W-What exactly is this place?” Scarlett asked – eyes darting back and forth between best friend and sexy nun.

“As I said, this is the Convent of Carnal Confessions,” Paige answered. “Come, I’ll take your confession and issue penance.

“I...”

“It’s okay,” Gracie said, giving her best friend’s left hand a gentle and reassuring squeeze. “I know you just lost your virginity, but I have it on good authority that you’re going to love your penance so go and don’t be afraid to open up and confess your deepest, darkest desires.”

“Good authority? Deepest, darkest desires? What are you even talking about, Gracie? I’ve never...”

“Please don’t lie to me, Scarlett, and above all else never be ashamed of being into the kinkier side of sex. Even if you don’t have any experience confess your desires to Sister Paige and I’m sure she’ll come up with the perfect penance.”

“That’s my one and only duty here at the Convent of Carnal Confessions,” Sister Paige confirmed. “Please, as your friend said, you have absolutely nothing to be ashamed of so come with me and confess your deepest, darkest desires and free yourself of the burden of keeping such perverse secrets.”

“Not until Gracie tells me why she thinks I’ll like whatever you’re going to do to me.”

“You just let me strip you naked and eat you out in the parking lot for anyone coming and going to witness. No one not at least a little kinky would’ve done that without complaint. Speaking of which, you promised to do whatever I asked without complaint so I’m asking you to trust me and go with Sister Paige,” her best friend answered.

“Fine, but for the sake of our friendship you better hope I like whatever this place is about,” Scarlett said as a brunette nun approached from a few feet away.

“Gracie, is it? I’m Sister Brooke and taking your confession will be my absolute pleasure.”

“Trust me, Scarlett, you’re going to love everything that happens to us tonight. Go with Sister Paige and I’m certain we’ll see each other soon enough.” And with that, she leaned in and kissed her best friend on the lips before dropping a bombshell on her. *“I love you, Scarlett, and after we’ve had a night of uninhibited sexual exploration we’ll talk about taking our friendship to the next level,”* she whispered in Scarlett’s ear.

Mouth as wide as her mouth was gaping, Scarlett stared at her best friend for a long moment before the words would come out. “A-Are you... did you just say... g-g-girlfriends?”

“You have no idea how many times I’ve fantasized about hearing you say those words so please believe me when I say nothing will make me happier than being your girlfriend!” Gracie exclaimed, giving her best friend a shit-eating grin. “Now, go with Sister Paige and learn the limits of your sexual desires and we’ll compare notes later.”

“O-Okay.” And with that, Scarlett watched her best friend walking away with Sister Brooke at her side. “W-Wait! Are we actually dating now?”

“You tell me,” Gracie answered without looking back or missing a step.

“I... I love you too, Gracie.”

“Good answer. Now go fulfill all those depraved acts you’ve been dreaming of.”

“WAIT!”

“The time for waiting is over, Scarlett. Now’s the time for action.”

“I couldn’t agree more,” Scarlett said as she ran up behind her now girlfriend and yanked her dress off over her head. Spinning Gracie around, she dropped to her knees and then did not miss a beat eating her out. Having no idea what she was doing, she let instinct guide her tongue into her best friend’s womanhood. Immediately hooked on the taste, she felt her own clit tingle with excitement and knew beyond a shadow of a doubt that she was definitely not straight. Biting into Gracie’s inner labia, she pulled back and looked up just as her girlfriend had done to her in the parking lot not so long ago. And when they finally slid free with a guttural, pleasure-filled moan from Gracie, she grinned. “Sorry, but if we’re going to be dating I needed to know if I could actually pleasure you. Good news! I absolutely love the taste of your pussy and just say the word and my tongue is yours.”

“You have nothing to apologize for, Scarlett. Now don’t keep Sister Paige waiting.”

“Understood.” Leaning in, Scarlett gave her girlfriend’s pussy a few quick licks before getting to her feet and walking up to the redheaded nun. “Sorry to keep you waiting. I’m ready for whatever happens next.”

“No need to apologize for putting on such a brief yet provocative display of carnal desires. And good news, now you have something more to confess. If you’ll follow me I’ll take you the confessional and we’ll take it from there.”

“Yes Ma’am.