

Convent of Hell 2

Crimson Rose

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Contents

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Chapter 5](#)

[Chapter 6](#)

Hands secured behind her back by thin, red nylon rope wrapped tightly from wrist to elbow, and her steps measured by the short length of chain attached to the metal cuffs around her ankles, Krista walked down the cold stone halls of the Convent of the Sisters of St. Agnes with Sisters Tessa and Mary guiding the way. She wanted to scream for help, but knew the consequences for speaking without permission. She wanted to run, to escape the madness that had become her life, but bound and naked – a torrential storm raging beyond the walls of her new prison, she followed along as the dutiful slave she was in training to be.

On the far side of the convent, Sister Tessa opened a door marked MOTHER SUPERIOR and ushered her new slave in. Krista's eyes went wide. Bent over her desk, butt naked and large tits swaying back and forth to every hard thrust was the Mother Superior, Anita. And standing behind her, equally butt naked was her new husband Mike. Krista wanted to scream in anger, but a look to either side told her that's exactly what her sadistic captors wanted.

"Pleasure to see you again, Krista. Your husband has something he'd like to say."

"You're a sex slave in training now, honey," Mike said looking into his wife's eyes while still pounding his cock in and out of the Mother Superior's pussy – thinking she was surprisingly tight for a woman in her mid-fifties. "I have come to an agreement with the Mother Superior in which we'll stay here for two weeks and then go home. Sister Tessa will move in as our housekeeper to continue training you and I'll get to come back here anytime I want to fuck the nuns. Do you understand what I'm telling you?"

"You may speak," said Sister Tessa. "But only to answer his questions. Any other outbursts will be met with harsh punishment."

"I understand, Master."

"They are going to put a collar around your neck that will deliver a powerful shock should you hinder the training or try to remove it. You can't see it, but Mother Superior placed a band around my right leg close to my balls that will have the same effect. Do you understand?"

"Yes Master."

"Good. I'm glad to see you know your place, slave. By the way, I saw Sister Tessa finger fucking your pussy and ass right before your fang bang and while I thought it was incredibly hot to watch, I am very disappointed. I've been asking you to do a threesome with me for as long as we've known each other and you adamantly refused, but one night in a convent and you turn into a complete whore. I think you deserve to be punished for refusing me all these years."

"Yes Master," Krista said as tears formed in her eyes. She had hoped beyond hope that her husband would save her from this horrid nightmare, but as the collar snapped shut around her neck she knew there was no escaping the life they all had planned for her. Looking at the Mother Superior, she saw the older woman pick something small up from the desk and the next thing she knew she was on the floor writhing in agony, unable to scream as the shock temporarily rendered her vocal cords useless.

"That is the lowest setting," Mother Superior said. "Would you like to feel the max?"

"Please no, Goddess! I'll do everything you command of me but please don't do that again."

"How easy they comply when given incentive. This is the third load your husband is fucking into me, you know. Isn't it great that he's going to knock up an entire convent before his own wife? But don't worry, you will not go without. The men that gang banged you earlier will come to your home twice a week until you are with child. Do you understand me, slave?"

“Yes Goddess.”

“You will be a breeding cow, but not for your husband. In fact, he will only ever fuck you when you are confirmed pregnant so that you may never bear him children. Think of your humiliation when family and friends know that you’ve repeatedly cheated on him. And his for allowing it. Everyone will think he’s a cuck. And there won’t be any hiding it as all the men breeding you will be black. Oh, how I love training slaves. Now pump your load into me, Mike. I may be fifty-three, but by the grace of God I still have one more pregnancy in me.”

“With pleasure,” Mike replied while staring his new wife in the eyes. Holding the Mother Superior by the waist, he slammed into her even harder before – the head of his cock hitting her cervix with every thrust. “Uhn...uhn...I’m getting close! Squeeze my cock! Uuhhnnn...that’s it, milk me for every fucking drop you kinky, cum-loving cunt!” Ramming all ten and a half inches in, he painted the walls of her pussy white with potent, baby-making seed for the third time in as many hours. “Jesus fucking Christ!” he groaned in triumph. “I’ve never cum so many time in my life!”

“There are fourteen nuns here at the convent. You will breed two of them every day until we’re all pregnant. Is that understood?” The Mother Superior asked as she continued to lay on her desk. “That includes Sister Tess whom will be staying with you once you return home.”

“You’ll get no arguments from me.”

“I didn’t think so. Now, there’s the matter of your slave’s punishment for denying you the threesome you so desperately desired. One hundred swats of the cane to her ass, breasts, arms and legs. And you’ll be the one giving them to her.”

“I’ve never caned anyone.”

“Which is why you’re going to learn here and now. You’re finished cumming so you can pull out and go stand by your slave.” When Mike pulled from her cock, she softly moaned as his semen dripped down her inner thighs. Going to the back of her office, she opened a door to what would normally be a closet that she had converted into a toy room. Plucking a bamboo cane from the wall, she walked over and stood next to Mike. Looking at Krista, she grinned. “Get on the floor with your ass up and head down, slave.”

“Yes Goddess.” There was no point in arguing as she knew it would only make matters worse so Krista dropped onto the cold tile floor and lowered her head.

“Caning is as much about precision as it is discipline,” Mother Superior said as she moved to stand to Krista’s right. “You’re not playing baseball so no drawing your arm back as if you’re trying to pitch. You want to line up like this...” pausing, she gave the slave in training’s ass a few light taps before beginning. “When you’ve got the cane lined up where you want to strike, bring your arm back at the elbow then forward.”

“Gaahhgghhh! One, thank you Goddess,” Krista said through clenched teeth, counting and giving thanks as Sister Tessa told her to do so that the punishment did not start over, or more were added.

THWACK!

“Two. Thank you Goddess.”

THWACK!

“Three. Thank you Goddess.”

“Time for you to take over,” Mother Superior said, handing Mike the cane. “I want you to give her fifty on her ass, thirty on her breasts and ten on each sole for a total of one hundred. Can you do that?”

“Absolutely.”

“Good. And while you’re doing that, I’m going to have a little fun of my own.” Going back to her toy room, Mother Superior grabbed a huge blue dildo with suction cup base and a bottle of lube. After sticking the toy to the seat of her chair, she lubed it and sat down – taking all thirteen fat inches up her plump ass without stopping until she was sitting fully on the seat.

“How may we help you, Master?” Sister Mary asked. Normally the most dominant nun just under the Mother Superior, it took her a great deal of effort to get into the role of submissive, but for the chance at being bred by the sexy man, she was willing to give it her all.

“Have you licked pussy yet, slave?” Mike asked. While he saw much of what his wife had done via the recording, he knew there was more he missed.

“N-No Master.”

“Then I want you to lick their pussies as I cane your ass.”

“Yes Master. But I can’t do it with my arms tied behind my back unless you’re going to permit me to kneel.”

“I won’t be able to cane your ass. Sister Tessa, remove the ropes from the slave’s arms so she can lick your pussies.”

“With pleasure, Master.”

“Sister Mary, since Tessa will be living with us and getting her twat licked all the time by my slave I want you to be her first. Head down, ass up so she can lick both holes. And I want to see that tongue doing deep in her ass, slave.”

“Yes Master,” Krista replied. Her mind reeling with disgust as much now as when she was fingered by Sister Tessa, she never the less complied if only to save herself from further punishment. As Sister Mary’s ass pushed back towards her face, she tried thinking of ways out of her current situation, but none presented themselves. Inhaling deeply, she stuck her tongue out and licked along Mary’s slit – not stopping to think about what she was doing for fear of growing more nauseous than she already was.

WHACK!

“One. Thank you Master.”

WHACK! Why are you thanking me, slave?”

“Two. Thank you Master. I am thanking you because that is what a slave does, Master.”

WHACK! “Incorporate why I am punishing you into the thanks, slave.”

“Three. Thank you Master for teaching me this lesson. I promise never to deny you a threesome ever again.” In the brief moment between swats, she got in a few licks of Mary’s pussy and asshole while telling herself she was a slave and the choice was no longer hers to make.

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WHACK!

“Fifty. Thank you Master for teaching me this lesson. I promise to obey your every command for as long as you wish to own me.”

“Kneel with your arms behind your back, slave. It’s time to cane your tits.”

“Yes Master.”

“Wait, I have a better idea. Lean back with your hands on the floor so that I can cane your breasts while you lick Sister Tessa’s pussy. You will not stop licking until all thirty have been delivered. Understood, slave?”

“What about giving thanks, Master?”

“No need for these thirty, slave. Now get to licking.”

“Yes Master.”

Sitting at her desk, riding the massive blue dildo, Mother Superior smiled. She was not sure until that very moment whether Mike had what it took to dominate his wife, but by changing the scenario in a moderately imaginative way for a beginner, she held out hope. Picking up the small remote that controlled the shock collar around Krista's neck and the band around Mike's leg, she turned the dial to five and hit both buttons emblazoned with a lightning bolt.

The shock coming out of nowhere, Mike hit the floor yelping in agony while grabbed his balls. Krista fell over backwards, her hands gripping the collar as if to yank it free only adding to the pain shooting throughout her body. Her voice muted, she cried in silence as she felt the last molecules of air leave her lungs. And then it stopped and husband and wife found themselves gasping for breath.

“Let this be a lesson to you both. While you may control your wife's shock collar, I will have the master remote here with me at all times. If I get even the slightest negative report from Sister Tessa I will not hesitate to discipline you both. And just so you know, there are chips embedded in the collar and band that make it possible for me to shock you anywhere in the world. Now finish punishing your slave.”

Glaring at the Mother Superior, Mike slowly got to his feet, cane in hand. Krista rolled onto all fours, then into a kneeling position with her back arched and hands on the floor behind her as Sister Tessa moved over her. Krista raised her head until her mouth was over the nun's pussy and as the cane bit into her breasts, she licked.