

Courtesan Convent

Victoria Brynn

~ ~ ~

Courtesan Convent

This story is Copyright© 2015 by **Victoria Brynn**. 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](#)

The rain was pouring down so hard that windshield wipers were all but useless. Gale force winds whipped Carol's car about the barren streets like a ragdoll and she struggled to maintain control as she pulled into a small parking lot to wait out the storm the weatherman said would be nothing more than a light drizzle. Through the torrential downpour she could see a light atop a building that, under normal conditions would have lit most of the lot, but tonight it was barely a flicker.

Her car rocking back and forth – every gust of wind threatening to tip it over, Carol feared for her life as conditions worsened by the second. Fearing for her life, she grabbed her purse, took a deep breath and stepped out of her car. Icy cold rain stung into her exposed arms, legs and face like a thousand tiny needles as she closed the gap between her and the building looming ahead. Drenched to the bone, she stood under a small awning that did nothing to protect her from the downpour.

Giving the knob a turn, she found the door locked. "God damn it!" she cursed her bad luck. Banging her fists nearly in tune to the roar of thunder and flashes of lightning streaking through the black skies like wickedly throbbing veins, she turned to go back to her car, making it halfway before the door opened and she heard a voice calling out. "Oh thank...god," she said, turning to see a woman standing in the open doorway wearing a nun's habit. Not one to look a gift horse in the mouth, she ran back.

"Please, come in out of the weather," the nun said, stepping aside so that Carol could enter the convent. "Are you alright?" she added once the door was closed.

"Nothing a hot bath and some dry clothes won't cure," Carol replied with a smile. Thank you so much for letting me in. I was worried I would have to weather the storm in my car."

"Think nothing of it. Come, let's get you out of those wet clothes and into something dry."

"What is this place?"

"We are the Sisters of the Divine Heart and I'm Sister Alexis," the nun replied as she led Carol through the main chapel to the back of the convent where the nuns called home. Looking around, Carol could not help but notice all of the nuns she saw were on the younger side and quite beautiful. And being the heathen she was, her first thought was why anyone in the prime of their sexual lives would opt for one of celibacy. Sister Alexis stopped in front of a heavy wooden door and opened it. "You may shower and change in here. There are clothes in the closet, but I'm afraid all we have are our habits."

"Thank you. My name is Carol by the way. If what I heard about the storm on the radio was true then I might be here for a day or two if that's ok. I don't want to impose."

"It's more than ok," Sister Alexis smiled kindly. "We can talk more once you've changed. Go on, you don't want to catch cold."

"Thank you again," Carol said entering the small bedroom.

"If the clothes don't fit please let me know and I'll try to find you something else."

Carol closed the door, not even thinking about locking it with a convent full of nuns around her. Stripping out of her dripping wet clothes, she found some towels on the top shelf of the closet and about a dozen or so black dresses and other parts of the nun's uniform. Grabbing one of the dresses and a couple of towels, she went into the bathroom and took a long, hot shower until the chill in her bones was gone. After drying off, she slipped into the dress and thanked the almighty it was thick enough to hide her erect nipples. After hanging her wet clothes

over the shower rod to dry, she opened the door to see Sister Alexis still standing there as promised.

“The dress suits you,” Sister Alexis smiled. “Ever consider a life as a nun?”

“Never crossed my mind. Not that being a nun is a bad thing,” she added, feeling as if she just offended the person giving her aid in her time of need.

“Don’t worry about it. Being a nun isn’t for everyone. Are you hungry?”

“Not really, no. I just wish I could warm up. That rain soaked me to the bone and even a hot shower didn’t help much.”

“A nice walk should do the trick,” Alexis said. “We can take a tour of the convent, or you can retire for the evening under a pile of warm blankets.”

“I think I’ll try and get some rest,” Carol replied. “I don’t want to sound rude or ungrateful, but I had a long drive and I’m worn out.”

“Of course. You may sleep here tonight. If you wake or are in need of anything just ring the bell on the dresser and one of the Sisters will tend to you.”

“Thank you for everything.” Going back into the bedroom, Carol climbed pulled the covers back and climbed under. Tired as she was, it took a long time for her to finally warm up and fall asleep. When she woke a few hours later feeling much better, the storm was still raging – sheets of rain splattering against the stone walls of the convent as lightning flashed and thunder boomed like cannons. After using the bathroom and checking her clothes which were still damp, her belly started to rumble and so she went exploring for a kitchen – forgetting what Sister Alexis said about ringing the bell.

Shadows flickering down the hallway like fairies dancing, the stone floor cold on her bare feet, Carol went in search of food. There were doors to the left and right, but none marked and all she tried were locked. Turning a corner, the first unlocked door opened into a broom cupboard while the next was another empty bedroom. Further down, however, she found what she was looking for. To her left was a set of wide double doors with a wooden sign hanging above – KITCHEN etched into its surface in gothic lettering.

Opening the right door, Carol stepped into the large, dimly lit room and immediately heard soft moans coming from a back corner as if two lovers were stealing an embrace in the night. As her eyes became accustomed to the low lighting, that’s exactly what she saw. As the door came to a stop against her back, she saw two nuns making out – lips locked together and hands groping breasts and ass. “Oh my god!” she gasped, despite telling herself to remain silent.

The two nuns in the corner jumped and spun around at the intrusion – their faces masked in shadow so that it was hard for Carol to make out any distinguishing features. Time seemed to stand still as the three women weighed their options. One of the nuns – a brunette from what Carol could see, nervously chewed her lower lip before approaching. “You must be the guest Sister Alexis warned us about. What are you doing wondering the halls so late?”

“I, um... I woke up and was hungry so came looking for a kitchen,” Carol stammered as she realized the young woman of about twenty-five was standing there with her breasts out, the hem of her dress pulled up over her shapely hips.

“You should have rung the bell. I’m sure Sister Alexis told you about the bell, yes?”

“I’m sorry. I forgot.”

“You like what you see?” The nun asked, noticing that Carol’s eyes were drifting from her breasts to her vulva. “You can join us if you like. It’s been a long time since we’ve had such a pretty outsider staying with us.”

“I, um, no thanks. I’m not into women. Isn’t it against god’s laws or something for you to be making out with another woman?”

“We have a very different take on what god’s laws read. But you didn’t hear that from me. Look, feel free to grab something from the fridge to eat and then go back to your room or join us. Either is fine by us, but please keep this to yourself.”

“Hey, what you do in the middle of the night is none of my business,” Carol said. “Like you said, I’m an outsider here and I don’t know your rules and customs.”

“We can teach you if you are interested. For instance, it is our custom to make mad passionate love to all sexy outsiders,” the nun grinned – reaching out and tugging Carol’s dress up over her hips. “Oohhh, very nice. Very nice indeed,” she said, as the material rose higher and high. And when her breasts flopped into view, the young nun leaned in and sucked Carol’s left nipple into her mouth.

“Oh my god!” Carol gasped. “W-What are you doing?”

“I told you it is our custom to make love to all sexy outsiders,” the nun answered, moving to the right nipple.

“This isn’t happening!” Carol said, taking a big step back into the hallway and scrambling to put her dress back in place before someone else wondered by and saw what was going on. Feeling as if she had just walked into a nightmare, she inched her way out and backtracked her way to her bedroom – the pangs of hunger subdued by the surprised scene she had witnessed. Crawling back under the covers, she fought to fall back asleep as her mind raced trying to figure out what she had happened and how little sense it made.