

Nun so Sweet





Sister Abigail was absolutely enamoured by the small trinket she'd found behind a bookshelf at her convent.

Since the moment her hand had brushed against it she'd felt... *connected* to it and hadn't wanted to let it go.

Surreptitiously placing it into her pocket during bible study in the library, she'd been so excited to study the trinket in detail in her free time.

Finally, having completed all her chores for the day, she fell onto her bed and excitedly pulled the small thing out to examine it.

It was such a strange little object!

It looked like a smooth black rock, but its surface felt almost soft and velvety to touch;

And it was warm!.. Almost as if a heat emanated from within...



Holding it up to the light, her blue eyes beamed as she studied its sleek black surface. It seemed to hide a vibrancy of colors and hues that reflected out from its depths.

It was delightful to gaze at!

"Perhaps" she considered "I should see if one of the elder sisters knows anything about this... Maybe someone lost it"

As she pondered this idea, a quiet thought seeped into her mind.

"It's so interesting! You should keep studying it before sharing!"

Abigail paused in thought.

"Hmm, maybe I'll hold onto it... for safe keeping. It'll be safe in my hands and then I can examine it a little more!"

As she made her decision she felt a small thrill run through her and she smiled to herself as she kept gazing at the black stone.



Over the next few days, Sister Abigail couldn't seem to get over her new trinket.

She spent hours of her free time examining it, feeling its texture and just playing with it.

Strangely, excitedly she'd discovered that when she ran it across her arm it left a small luminous trail behind it as well as a pleasant tingle upon her skin.

The subtle trail of light would quickly fade, but Sister Abigail delighted in watching the streaks glow against her and the warm buzz it provided.

Her interest in it was getting to the point that she would lose focus during religious studies as her thoughts kept coming back to her small little rock.

Kept imagining herself back in her room playing with it.

Touching it.

Feeling it.

Relishing it.



Abigail rested her head on her desk and gazed lovingly at it. After hours of playing with her trinket, running it over her arms, her neck, and even *naughtily* across her lips; even after days of this, she still couldn't get enough of how it made her feel; how it made her *obsess*.

It left her body tingling and her mind so awake and alert but also with a *fog*. Like she couldn't quite think straight and if she let it, she could just get lost in the... what was the word?

"Pleasure,"

"Ah yes, the divine pleasure."

This had to be a divine gift after all. A relic for the brides of Christ! To keep them awake, *aroused* and *ready* for God!

Even after hours of feeling its electric touch, Sister Abigail, her mind filled with that delightful haze, decided she still needed to 'study' it a little more...



Slipping out of her habit she lay on her bed. It was hours past bedtime and the rest of her sisters would be fast asleep, but Abigail didn't feel an inch of fatigue.

She was almost buzzing with excitement as she gripped her innocuous little stone.

She began to run it across her exposed skin. From her cheek, down her neck to her chest.

As the sensations moved across her skin, her nipples began to harden and push against the soft fabric of her nightie and she began to feel a pleasant tingle between her legs.

"Further..."

Past her collarbone and down her sternum "Ahh," Abigail let out an involuntary sigh.

"Further..."

Her heart raced as she became more and more engrossed in her playtime with the trinket.



As she brought her stone to the top of her belly where her nightie wrapped her waist, she frowned for a moment. She needed to keep it in contact with her skin but she also needed to go...

"Further..."

For Abigail in her state, it was an aching need. The fog filling her head was only able to think how to keep this feeling going.

Slowly her heavy-lidded eyes drifted to the smooth bare skin of her legs and without consideration, she sensually stretched her leg out, exposing her tender inner thigh.

"It will feel so good there..."

"Yesss" exhaled Abigail with blind excitement as she brought the tingling, wonderful object to meet with her sensitive legs.

Every nerve of her skin was on fire as she slowly moved it up and down, her heart quickening as she slowly stroked her leg.



Abigail barely registered how sopping wet her *private area* had become whilst she'd been mindlessly playing with the stone.

Too absorbed in watching the glowing, dancing trails it left.

Too delighted by the warm tingles it gave to her.

"Just a little more..."

It was only then that the young nun noticed how close the little rock now was to her nethers.

It seemed to hum more and grow hotter as she moved it closer to that place between her legs.

Abigail let out a trembling gasp as it dawned on her where this was headed. She should stop...

But her body cried for more!

Her face was flustered and she could feel her heart almost thumping out of her chest.

"Just... just a little more..." she whispered to herself.

She could stop anytime afterall-



But even as she consciously told herself that, she continued to move the trinket closer and closer to her wet, waiting lips.

The stone seemed to vibrate with anticipation as she made slow circles closer and closer.

Her hand trembled. She wanted this, even though she knew she shouldn't.

"A little touch won't hurt..."

"Just a little nudge, to see what happens" she rationalised as she brushed it up against her mound.

Even with that slightest touch, the black rock burst to life. It lit up with a fiery purple as the tingling vibrations doubled over.

Thrums of pleasure shot through the lithe body and Abigail moaned out

"AAAAHhhh"

Her trinket sent harmonic pulses through her body and in seconds Abigail was riding new heights of pleasure.



Though the virginal girl had no sexual experience, she quickly settled to moving in time with the rhythmic waves of pleasure.

Gyrating her hips in time with it, pushing her engorged clit harder against the stone as the waves increased and back again.

Moaning in time with it.

Rocking her hips lewdly.

She couldn't stop even if she'd wanted to, the sensations were too much. Too good.

And as good as it felt, she felt like there was something else. That there was more that her body was building up for.

She felt a pressure building deep within her as she rubbed the vibrating stone up and down her slit and pushed it hard up against her nub.

She cried out coarsely as the pressure gave way. Her body jerked out of control and the girl's first orgasm crashed out upon her.



Abigail's entire body shook as the intensity of the orgasm overtook her body, riding wave after wave of euphoria!

Her mouth hung agape as if to scream out but she could barely breathe as the searing pleasure ripped through her.

Heaven, she was in heaven!

Wet juices ran down her thigh as her hand gripped the black stone hard against her throbbing nub and it rewarded her with greater heights of bliss.

more...

More!

MORE!!

Her mind cried out as she bucked her hips with abandon.

Bright spots danced in front of her eyes as they became unfocused.

Abigail's mind ceased any form of coherent thought or reasoning as she simply allowed herself to be consumed by the ecstasy.



Abigail sat in the dark, huddled against the corner of her bed. Shifting uncomfortably due to the wet patch between her legs.

She periodically glared at the small inert object, before looking down in guilt and regret.

"What was that? What happened to me..."

"It felt so good"

She had... she'd masturbated. She had masturbated and sinned!

A wave of nausea ran through her. She'd never done *anything* like that in her entire life!

"But... where in the bible was masturbation a sin?"

Abigail paused at the thought as she tried to conjure a passage from the good book about it.

It was surely a sin to lay with another before marriage, Hebrews 13:4, and to lay with the same sex, Leviticus 18:12... But she couldn't actually think of any against masturbation.



Confusion fell across the young nun's face. She'd been told by her superiors, but if it wasn't mentioned in the Lord's book...

"It is not a sin to know one's own body~"

Abigail's guilt lifted a little as she considered the thought.

Her body was given to her by God... it would be wrong to *not* intimately know the greatest gift given by her savior, wouldn't it?

Abigail glanced at the stone again; a glint of purple light catching her eye.

She was a Bride of Christ— a wife's duty *was* to give her flesh over to her betrothed.

Surely she should know that flesh, so that she could better serve her future 'husband' and God.

Abigail eyed the trinket again, for longer, as she weighed up her predicament...



As she pondered, thoughts flowed into her mind—

"You couldn't have known what you were doing..."

She hadn't known what was really happening. Surely God would not judge her for that...

"It was no sin..."

Even if she were to be judged—the Lord's book never mentioned her act as a sin...

"It felt good..."

And it felt *so good!*

Sister Abigail looked over at her small, little toy and shifted on the spot as she felt her loins begin to grow aroused again.

It was such a peculiar little thing...

Perhaps, she considered with a thrill, she should experiment with it further...

To discover more about it and—
To discover more about *herself...*