

SISTER- HOOD OF SUB- MISS- ION

Part 1

Simon
Grail



SISTERHOOD OF SUBMISSION – PART 1

Simon Grail

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The small brass plaque screwed to the heavy grey wooden door set in the high stone wall read:

The Convent of the Phrynean Sisterhood

The Order of Phryne Absolved

Please Enter.

Clarissa Dunn, clad in her pale grey novice tunic and white coif, put her suitcase down from a moment to rest her arm as she re-read the sign. This was certainly her destination, but for a Christian convent there seemed to be something disturbingly pagan about its name, especially out here in the English countryside on a bright spring day.

She had just walked almost a mile out of the small Hampshire village of Saddlebourne, where the bus had set her down, along a country lane to the convent which was set a little back from the road with fields on three sides. The pedestrian entrance was located in a recess in the wall a few metres from the mouth of the convent's main driveway, which was closed by even larger wooden gates topped by iron spikes. These were the only visible breaks in the tall rustic rubble and flint wall which apparently ran all the way around its grounds, softened only by shaggy growths of ivy.

Would she find peace here at last, Clarissa wondered? A year ago she had looked to the church rather desperately as an escape from her own troubled nature. Everybody had done their best to help and support her, but things had not gone well at her last convent. Finally, after consultations with higher authorities and more medical and psychological examinations, she had been sent to Saddlebourne. Judging by the strange look on her old Mother Superior's face as she had told her of her reassignment, Clarissa had a feeling that for her, this was the last resort.

But she had never heard of the Phrynean Order before. Who was Phryne and what had she been absolved from? On the other hand with such a long and complex history she supposed there were many obscure characters that nevertheless had played some important part in the church's past. She was no historian. In fact, if truth be told, she had barely enough faith to sustain her being a novice, but the alternative, if she let herself go, only meant utter misery...

She looked for a bell to press or an intercom but there was nothing visible. She tried the heavy gate latch. It was not locked. Taking a deep breath, Clarissa pushed it open and stepped through.

'Hello?' she said nervously as she close the gate behind her, just in case somebody waiting for her inside. 'I'm Novice Dunn... you were expecting me...' But there was nobody there.

She was standing at the end of a stone flagged path flanked by tall cypress bushes that wound its way through well tended gardens. Over the intervening hedges she could see a large house with wings on either side, possibly early Victorian. It had mellow rubble walls with dressed stone corners, stone mullioned windows, steep roofs and tall chimney stacks.

Clarissa felt a flutter of hope in her heart. It looked solid but friendly. Perhaps she would find something to help her here.

She was half way down the path when she was attacked.

Silently two large men clad in black zipped jackets and jeans with their heads covered by black balaclavas stepped out from behind cypress bushes on either side of her and grabbed hold of her. One caught hold of her arms while the other wrenched her case from her grasp. As she opened her mouth to scream he pushed a red foam rubber ball between her teeth, stifling her shriek of fear. Then a black hood was pulled down over her head, shutting off the outside world from her sight.

Clarissa felt herself lifted bodily off her feet and tucked under their arms as if she was a rolled carpet, one man holding her torso with her arms pinned to her sides while the other grasped her desperately kicking and twisting legs. As she struggled, almost by reflex, terror, confusion and disbelief filled her tumbling mind. How could she be attacked like this in the grounds of a convent? Who were these men? And where were they taking her?

She was carried like this, moaning, gurgling and squirming, for less than a minute until she felt she was being taken through some entranceway into a warm, enclosed space. Then she was set down on her feet again. One pair of hands held her arms twisted up behind her while the second pulled the hood off her head.

Clarissa found she was in a large greenhouse built of white painted wrought iron with its posts and roof frame supported by low brick side walls. Its high glass roof and sides were lined with bubble plastic insulation which blurred its surroundings. A solid brick wall at one end, containing the door through which she had been carried, had a large vine rambling over it. Next to this was a tap and coiled hosepipe. Sturdy seeding and potting tables were arrayed along another side, but otherwise it had an open sandy floor with a perimeter of paving stones. Set on this floor was a stool with something jutting up from its middle that for a moment Clarissa could not make out, until she realized it was a large black ribbed rubber dildo. Above the stool a chain with a snaphook on its end hung down from one of the roof beams. Beside the stool was a cardboard box with the handles of unidentifiable items protruding from it. Further along the greenhouse a stout wooden post was buried in the ground with straps screwed to it and a second angled dildo sticking out of it at about waist height. By the foot of the post was a wooden box. Further along still, dangling from another roof beam was a pair of rubber and steel cuffs hanging on either side of a heavy leather strap loop.

Clarissa took in these details in a second as she twisted her head about in a desperate attempt to see some means of escape. But

there was none. Trembling she blinked up into the sinister face man standing before her, with only his eyes and mouth showing through the slots in his mask. Part of her was still so shocked she could hardly believe what had happened, even as she felt a growing sense of sick horror knotting her stomach.

‘So what miserable excuse for a proper woman have we got here today, Luke?’ the man growled.

His companion holding her arms behind said: ‘I don’t know, Jas...’ He gathered her wrists into one hand and used the other to slap and squeeze Clarissa’s rump. ‘She feels meaty enough from this side.’

‘And she’s not got a bad face,’ “Jas” admitted, taking hold of Clarissa’s chin and turning her head from side to side.

‘What about her tits?’ Luke wondered.

Jas squeezed Clarissa’s breasts through the fabric of her tunic. As Clarissa yelped and squirmed at his intimate touch, he reported: ‘They feel pretty good.’

‘Is she worth stripping?’ Luke wondered

‘Well it can’t hurt to take a look, can it?’ Jas replied.

A new level of sick dread filled her. No, not that please no!

They handled her between them like a child, twisting her around and overwhelming her feeble attempts to kick at them and pull free from their grasp as they stripped the clothes off her. Tunic, shift, stockings, shoes and underwear, they were all dragged from her. In a minute Clarissa stood fluttering in their grasp wearing only her silver crucifix about her neck.

Her coif cap, when it had been pulled from her head, revealed her thick mane of pale blonde hair which should coiled up under it

and pinned tightly in a bun.

‘Let’s see what her hair’s like down,’ Luke said, pulling the pins out of the bun and letting it unwind and fall in a cascade over her bare shoulders.

‘Nice,’ Jas agreed.

Clarissa’s hair framed a heart-shaped face, with bold dark brows, a neat firm nose, a shapely, determined mouth and dark direct intelligent blue eyes. She had pale, clear creamy skin, slightly freckled about her nose and cheeks. Her breasts were full and well-proportioned and crowned by distinct brown, plump and now painfully erect nipples. Her waist was tight and her hips smoothly flared. She had thin honey dark pubic curls over a deep vaginal cleft. Her pale bottom cheeks were pleasantly rounded and her legs were slim.

All this her attackers admired at their leisure, running their hands over her, pinching and squeezing her trembling flesh freely.

‘This is prime woman flesh,’ Luke said appreciatively. ‘And she’s going to keep it covered up and shut it away inside that bloody convent?’

‘That would be a sin,’ Jas agreed. ‘Why do you think they do it?’

‘I dunno. Maybe we can get her to tell us...’

‘She might need persuading.’

‘Well I’m up for that. Are you up for that?’

‘I am. Let’s get her ready...’

From the cardboard box they took out a rubber lined steel collar connected to short length of chain which was coupled to a pair of steel and rubber handcuffs, together with a chain dog leash with a

stout leather handle. They cuffed her wrists together behind her back and ran its connecting chain up to the back of her neck which they encircled with the collar, which snap-locked tight. It had a ring on its front to which they clipped the dog leash.

‘Now she’s collared and chained like a proper little bitch,’ Luke observed. ‘Let’s take her for a walk...’

With Luke holding the handle of the chain they dragged her around the sandy floor of the greenhouse, she stumbling helplessly after them, whimpering as the collar cut into the soft skin of her neck.

She felt she was trapped in a living nightmare! Who were these men? How could they be so cruel to her? Where was this greenhouse? She could only see blurred trees through its insulated windows. Had they somehow carried her right out of the convent grounds in just a minute? They must have. They could hardly behave like this inside the convent without being seen and they did not seem concerned about being caught. And these devices were set out almost as though they had been expecting her... how had they known?

Jas said: ‘I like the way her tits bounce when she walks. Nice and springy. And she’s got a great arse on her. She’s a good-looking girl...’

‘Let’s see if she’s anything more than that...’ Luke said.

They dragged Clarissa over to the stool and with both of them holding her shoulders and hips they forced her to sit down onto it. Wide-eyed in horror, Clarissa screamed about her gag as the greased dildo jutting up from it slid up into her rectum, making her buttock cheeks and lower stomach bulge with its presence within her. Luke raised her leash chain and hooked its handle into the dangling chain above her head.

They let go of her shoulders and watched her as she swayed and shuddered, impaled on the stool, her legs kicking out feebly

about her, gouging furrows in the sand even as her sphincter clenched tight about the terrible plug of rubber inside her. Dark illicit thoughts began to worm their way into her mind. Please, not again...

Jas picked up one of the items protruding the cardboard box and held it in front of Clarissa's face. It was a cane-handled spanking paddle with a black rubber blade, pierced by metal studs. What terrible pain it could inflict on her. It would burn and sting...

'Look, her nips are standing up,' Luke exclaimed. 'Have we got a slut here?'

It was shamefully true. Clarissa's nipples were standing out in pulsing hot cones from her trembling breasts. Her cheeks burned with shame. She could not help it...

Jas slapped the paddle sharply across her breasts, driving her hard nipples deep into their soft mounds as the studs bit into her flesh. Clarissa bucked and sobbed about her gag, feeling hot tears pricking the backs of her eyes.

'Her pussy is a wet,' Luke said, reaching between her trembling thighs to rub the cleft pout of her vulva which was now glistening with her juices. His fingers came away shiny. 'You're right; we've got a proper slut here. Can't help pumping out her pussy oil even when she's been kidnapped? How sick is that?'

Taking hold of her by her hair, Jas slapped her cheeks a couple of times to get her attention.

'Now we're going to find out just what you are, girl,' he said grimly. 'I'm going to pull the ball out of your mouth and you're going to answer our questions, got it? And don't waste our time screaming or begging because it won't do you any good. Nobody can hear you out here but us. None of your nun-friends will come to save you. We can play with you as long as we want...' He pulled the ball out of her mouth. 'Now, what's your name? And call me "Sir" when you reply...'

‘C... Clarissa Dunn, Sir,’ Clarissa said meekly.

‘How old are you?’ Luke asked.

‘T... twenty three, Sir,’ Clarissa said.

‘What are your measurements?’

‘M... my what?’

The paddle smacked into her breasts again, this time from below, making them jump and her shriek.

‘What did you forget to say?’

‘My what, *Sir*,’ Clarissa sobbed.

‘And you heard what, now answer.’

‘36, 24, 36, Sir,’ Clarissa said.

‘Classic! And you’re going to hide them in a convent along with all those closet lesbians and frigid old maids! Don’t you know what it’s like to have a real man inside you?’

‘I... I know, Sir,’ Clarissa admitted.

‘You’re no virgin then?’

‘No, Sir.’ Clarissa was far from being a virgin. That was her problem...

‘Then why are you going to waste a great body like yours by becoming a nun? Called by God, were you?’

‘I... don’t think so, Sir,’ Clarissa choked.

‘Do you even believe in God?’

‘I... I’m not sure, Sir,’ Clarissa admitted wretchedly.

‘Then what are you doing here?’

Clarissa could not tell them that. Anything but that: the thing she was hiding from that had almost destroyed her life. ‘I... can’t say, Sir.’

Jas beat the spanking paddle across Clarissa’s breasts, forehand and backhand, making her pale globes shiver and bounce and slap against each other as the greenhouse rang with the stinging cracks of rubber on flesh. Clarissa cried out at the top of her lungs as tears streamed down her cheeks to drip onto her bouncing breasts as they went from pink to sunset red, mottled by the welts and indentations the studs scored into their yielding substance. Her breasts felt as though they were on fire, and yet her pussy dribbled even more copiously between her thighs.

‘Tell us!’ Luke shouted in her ear, taking hold of her hair and twisting her head back so she could not flinch away from the paddle blade as it smacked into her breasts.

‘No... no, Sir,’... Clarissa sobbed. ‘I won’t...you can’t make me! It’s... its private!’

And the longer she kept it private, the longer they would hurt her. She knew they would because they could: they were men and she was a pretty woman in their power. That’s what men like them did to women like her. It was the way of the world...

The two men laughed at her naive excuse.

‘Oh yes you can, and you will,’ Jas assured her. ‘We’ve got ways of making reluctant girls talk...’

Each of the men took hold of one of Clarissa’s legs and pulled it out straight and sideways, so that suddenly she was balanced on the stool, braced by her collar chain, with her legs parted as though

doing the splits. She yelped as they stretched her groin tendons to their limits, feeling her sex lips parting under the tension.

And then, still holding an ankle each, they began to walk round the stool. Both moved in a clockwise direction so that her legs and body began to rotate as though they were the arms of a clock frozen perpendicular to each other. Her buttocks slid round on the greased top of the stool. And as she turned, her simmering breasts swinging through the air, the terrible dildo twisted within her rectum as though it was screwing itself up into her.

Clarissa whimpered and sobbed and shook her head: 'No... please don't do this to me, Sir... I've never hurt you... Why are you doing this?'

'Because we enjoy it,' Luke said simply.

And that simple reason excused a multitude of sins.

They walked faster, making her sphincter ripple as the ribs of the dildo twisted within it. And helplessly Clarissa's pussy: hot tingling and swollen as though it was a blossom bursting open, began to drip onto the stool top, adding her natural lubrication to its grease, which only made her buttocks twirl round on it even faster.

Her sense of bitter humiliation clashed with the raw stimulation of the dildo and her naked exposure and the pressure of the cuffs on her wrists and the collar against her neck and the unyielding chain that bound them together. She could feel her nipples throbbing and that familiar need filling her loins.

No! She must not give into it again. That's what she'd come here to escape...

'Admit it, Clarissa, you're a proper slut,' Jas said. 'We can see that you like being treated like this.'

‘Yeah, look at all the juice your quim is pouring out...’ Luke said.

‘No!’ Clarissa sobbed, struggling to ignore the heat rising within her. ‘That’s a lie! This is wrong... it’s wicked and it’s not natural... and I reject it... I won’t be made to humiliate myself like this... I... I defy you, do you hear me?’

Jas and Luke stopped and looked at each other.

‘Maybe she needs something a little more stimulating...’ Jas said.

They let go of Clarissa’s legs, unclipped her leash from the ceiling, took hold of her by the arms and hauled her off the stool. The big dildo came out of her rear passage sucking at her entrails and popping as it did so. As her pussy dripped freely she felt a terrible void inside her begging to be filled.

‘Please don’t...’ she begged pitifully, knowing it would do her no good and hating herself for the dark thrill that knowledge gave her.

The men dragged her across to the post set in the floor of the greenhouse and stood her on the box at its base facing the post. Her head just cleared its top, which she saw was covered by padded vinyl, while the dildo jutting out from it nudged the slippery wet mouth of her cleft. She whimpered, gazing down at it in horror and queasy desperate lust. Luke pushed against the small of her back, driving her against the post hard so that the dildo slid up her front passage, making her belly bulge even more, while her chest and stomach slapped against the post and her sore breasts scraped apart on either side of it. Her chin now rested on the top of the vinyl pad.

Clarissa groaned as the rubber plug filled her vagina almost to its bursting point. She had not been stretched like this for so long. She felt her clitoris, already hard, swelling even further and then pushing out of her cleft.

While Luke held her in place, Jas bound the post straps about her body, pulling them tight about her ankles, knees and waist, holding her impaled onto the dildo. Then from the back of the post he pulled round crocodile clips on coil springs. He clamped them to her throbbing, swollen nipples, making her gasp as the sharp metal teeth bit into her blood-filled teats. The tension on the springs dragged them upwards and back behind the post. Then he pulled the box out from under her feet. Clarissa yelped as she slid down a few centimetres in her straps, driving the dildo a little deeper up inside her while her nipples were stretched even further upward. The tip of her clitoris pressed against the smooth wood to which she was bound.

She was coupled to the post, almost one with it, resting her chin on its top, tightly bound and impaled, her breasts chained to it, with her naked buttocks facing outward: pale and inviting...

Luke took the other spanking paddle from the box and took up position beside Jas. He laid his paddle against Clarissa's right buttock while Jas laid his against her left. She could feel the cold metal studs touching her trembling cheeks... so helpless and vulnerable... so ready to be punished...

She felt her vagina clenching about the rubber dildo within it, squeezing down hard even as her juices ran about it and out of her cleft.

'Please don't...' she said feebly, knowing the plea was futile but knowing she had to say it anyway.

'Then tell us why you've come to this freaky convent! What's wrong with you?'

Clarissa shook her head and bit her lip.

The men drew back their arms and brought the blades down together on her bottom cheeks.

Clarissa shrieked in agony as her bottom flesh indented and rippled, sending shivers across her haunches up to the strap about her waist and down her bound thighs to the strap about her knees. Swish, smack! Again and again they beat her buttocks while Clarissa howled and sobbed and her tears dripped down her cheeks onto the vinyl mat beneath her chin. She was so tightly bound to the post that full force of the impacts drove deep into her body and seemed to be reflected back off it. She felt her vaginal sheath clenching so tight about the dildo inside her that it seemed she wanted to strangle it (or love it to death) while her clitoris ground against the unyielding post, feeding back to her insane sensations of raw pleasure. She thought her pulsating nipples were going to be torn from her breasts, which was utterly cruel and exactly as it should be.

It was everything she had tried to deny so long. And now she was given no choice but to confront it. There was only one way this could end...

With a despairing shriek Clarissa came: fireworks of pleasure exploding in her brain, spraying her juices over the terrible dildo and down the wooden post as she strained against her straps, luxuriating in their tight embrace, even as her bottom burned so wonderfully. This was what she both feared and longed for. Everything was perfect and she did not have a care in the world...

She might have fainted briefly, she was not sure. When she could think clearly again Jas and Luke had stopped beating her and were examining her blazing bottom and the stream of fluid between her thighs.

‘What a slut she is,’ Jas declared, scooping up some of her discharge and sniffing it.

‘Nobody but a slut could cum like this while having her arse tanned,’ Luke agreed.

Clarissa stirred feebly, guilty shame flooding back into her which made the pain in her bottom seem trivial by comparison. It was her most desperate secret and she would defend to the end...

'No, please I'm not a slut, Sir... it's not true... you... you made me cum... it... it wasn't natural... I had no choice.'

'Well there's only one way to find out, Clarissa, isn't there?' Jas said.

'Yeah, we've seen how much you like rubber up your pussy and arse,' Luke said, 'but what about proper cocks? Will you cum again with us up inside you? No paddles just man flesh. That's perfectly natural and normal. If you don't come then, then maybe you're not a slut after all.'

'Let's find out,' Jas said.

They unstrapped Clarissa from the post. As the clips were released from her up-stretched nipples her breasts flopped back to their normal positions, tingling as blood flowed again into their tips. They pulled her off the jutting dildo with some difficulty as her sheath was sucking so hard on it. It came free with a fresh dribble of juices.

By now she could hardly stand and they had to half carry her over to the beam from which the strap and cuffs dangled. Standing her beneath it they passed one end of the broad strap under her cuffed right arm, across her back and then up again to clip onto its supporting ring above her head. Then they lifted her legs until they were parallel with the ground and spread them wide along the line of the beam above her, almost as they had on stool. The big strap tightened about her back and shoulders, taking most of the weight. They clipped the rubber and steel cuffs to her ankles so that she hung splayed wide in midair.

Compared to what she is already endured, this posture was relatively comfortable. It was only the total exposure that was so terrible. Her sticky gaping pussy mouth and simmering buttocks were

hanging in the air with nothing beneath them. She was open and totally vulnerable: which of course was so insidiously arousing...

Luke was unrolling the garden hose from the wall. It had a long adjustable plastic nozzle on its end. He came over to her and pushed its tip up into her already stretched anus.

'I'm going to have you up your backside, so I want you nice and clean,' he said in her ear. He turned on the jet of cold water and Clarissa bucked and sobbed with the shock of it, swaying from her straps and chains as it bubbled up inside her and then gushed back out, flushing her rectum clean. A splatter of water and waste fell to the floor of the greenhouse.

When he was satisfied she was properly cleaned out, Luke turned off the hose and put it aside. From a pocket of his jacket he took out a small tin of petroleum jelly, scooped some onto his fingers and rammed them up into her rear passage.

'I want you to hear you thank me for making sure you're properly greased,' he said in the ear again as he worked the jelly into her.

'Th...thank you, Sir,' Clarissa said wretchedly, even as her sphincter clenched tight about his fingers.

All this time Jas had been standing in front of her, fingering her pussy.

'No need for any grease here,' he observed. 'She's still pouring it out. Never seen such a well-oiled cunt before...'

'Well that's just like a slut, isn't it?' Luke said as he put the jelly tin away and pulled his trouser flies wide with a rip of Velcro. 'Now let's prove it...'

Jas opened his flies, freeing his own straining cock. Clarissa's eyes filled with the sight of it; horrified and yearning...

He took hold of Clarissa about her waist, steadying her hips, even as from behind Luke reached round and cupped her breasts. She felt their hard shafts rubbing against her, sliding through her buttock cleft and what felt like the weeping chasm of her pussy mouth.

Then they both thrust into her together, one up her greased rectum and one up her oiled vagina, and she wailed in disbelief and shame and total fulfilment.

Two hard cocks pounded away inside her, lifting her up between them so that the strap about her back and shoulders went loose. Jas's jacket ground against her throbbing sore nipples, while Luke's hips scraped against her simmering buttock cheeks. More pain, but that only added to her delight. She was riding them, impaled upon them. They were within her and she was sucking and squeezing upon them. They were lolly sticks and she was their piece of sweet carnal confectionery, melting all over them...

She felt them shudder and groan and squirt their hot milk up into her and she knew she could not fight it any longer.

With a shriek Clarissa came again like the slut she was and it was glorious and terrible and she was on top of the world and she flew and flew....

At some time later she felt their now soft cocks being pulled out of her, which was frightening because she needed them inside her so much...

Blinking through her crusted eyes she croaked feebly: 'No... please... again...'

Luke said: 'What are you?'

Finally the dam of denial seemed to burst within her and Clarissa took a breath and cried: 'I'm a masochistic nymphomaniac, that's what I am! I'm sick! Is that what you want to hear? I can't help getting hot when I'm slapped about and I like rough sex like a drug and I thought the church could help but it can't and I hate myself for it! Are you happy now?'

Now the hot tears of shame and despair that she had held back for so long overwhelmed her and for long minutes she simply hung beneath the beam, swaying and twitching, accompanied by wracking sobs of shame.

And then, above the sounds of her own despair, she realised that a woman's voice was speaking calmly and clearly:

'I see you're not crying about what's been done to you physically, which would have left most women in pieces, but how you've reacted to it. Not the beating and abuse of your body but what it revealed about your true nature: the need and desires in your heart and soul. That's very interesting...'

Shocked and confused, Clarissa blinked away her tears and forced her eyes to focus.

There was a woman standing in front of her dressed in a nun's veil, collar and a long black tunic, revealing only her ankles clad in dark stockings and sensible polished black leather brogues. A large plain wooden cross hung about her neck on a bead cord. She had a calm strong face, clear deep cool grey eyes, and was perhaps in her mid forties. She appeared to be every inch the perfect image of a nun, except for the cane hooked to her belt...

She was looking Clarissa up and down with intense interest, taking in every detail of her naked, suspended body as she dripped from ravaged anus and bruised pussy with her violators' ejaculate, without showing any sign of surprise, shame or embarrassment.

While Clarissa gaped at her in confusion, feeling a fresh blush of shame burning her cheeks, the woman turned to Jas and Luke. They were now buttoned up respectably and standing almost meekly to one side. They had taken their balaclavas off, revealing the undistinguished faces of men in their thirties, seemingly quite incapable of doing what they had to her.

‘Thank you, Luke and Jason,’ she said mildly. ‘You had to work hard but you got there in the end. I’ll take charge of her from here...’

The men bobbed their heads. ‘Yes, Reverend Mother,’ they said.

As they departed, the nun looked back Clarissa. ‘I am Mother Superior Aspasia, head of the Order of Phryne Absolved. Forgive this little test, Clarissa, but as you will learn we do things differently here. Obviously we couldn’t tell you it was a test beforehand, because you had to believe you were genuinely threatened so you could admit to your true nature. You’re old superior was instructed not to say anything.’ She smiled again. ‘Now you look perfectly lovely as you are, but I imagine you’re getting stiff hanging there like that. I’ll get you down...’

And she began unbuckling Clarissa’s ankles.

With her head still spinning, Clarissa found her tongue once more as, despite everything she had endured, one question demanded an immediate answer.

‘You... you mean the church knows... it approves of testing novices in this... this evil way, Reverend Mother?’ A feeble sense of resentment and anger began to grow within her. ‘But it must be against every law, secular and holy...’

She faltered, stricken by guilt again. And yet look how she had responded...

Aspasia said mildly: 'Of course it's against the law, but it is necessary, so we have dispensation from the very top. And we are careful. We only test novices who have already been selected as likely candidates, such as you. But you are free to complain if you wish. You're not under any pressure or obligation to remain quiet. Do you want to?'

What could she say? How could she admit to anybody how she had reacted to what Jason and Luke had done to her, culminating in that terrible yet wonderful final orgasm. Yes, it had been a cruel test but appropriate to her nature. 'No, Reverend Mother...'

'As to the rest of the church, those select few who know about us approve. They don't all like our methods, but they understand the necessity of what we do so that we can carry out our mission. And now I know you're suitable to join our novice training programme.'

Hoping for some sense in all this madness, Clarissa asked: 'Training for what, Reverend Mother?'

Aspasia's face suddenly became solemn. 'To become a field sister qualified to go out into the world and make it a better, safer place. That might also give your life a new purpose... if you're willing to take the risk.'

'Are these missions dangerous, Reverend Mother?'

'Sometimes... but then that's what our sisters are trained for.'

Sister Superior Prudence drove the old Winnebago Alpine across the bumpy road that crossed the Plain of Jakat between Kashmir and Takalistan. It was a big rugged vehicle, almost nine and a half metres long, which had been gutted of most of its fittings and luxuries to increase its storage space, and which was now mostly filled with carefully packed boxes and cartons. Outside the windows, all open

for ventilation because although it was still early morning the heat already was rising, the dusty pitted land rolled past, dotted here and there with brown straggling shrubs. Sinister skull and cross bone signs warned of mines laid on either side of the narrow road, evidence of both the ancient and ongoing tensions that riddled this region.

Ahead of her Prudence saw a building rising from the plain with a tall fence extending out on either side of it. Feeling her stomach knotting in anticipation, she called back to the others: 'Dress check. Let's make ourselves look respectable...'

There were four other sisters in the van with her: Charity, Faith, Mercy and Harmony. At her command they all began buttoning up their blouses, covering their cleavages and putting their veils back on.

In minutes they were all dressed respectably once more: white veils covering their hair and draped across their shoulders, white short-sleeved blouses, and white pleated skirts falling to the ankles and thick sold sandals on their bare feet. And of course hung about their necks their crosses: simple plain wood on beaded cords. It was a practical costume for the climate, still modest but clearly uniforms of a kind.

Closer to the building resolved itself into a watchtower set at the corner of a compound built of prefabricated concrete slabs with corrugated iron roofs, buttressed all round and on top with sandbags. To one side assorted jeeps and light armoured vehicles could be seen under camouflage nets strung across them to provide shade. Red and white gate crossing poles were lowered across the road, controlled by a small guardhouse on the other side of the road from the main compound. The guard post had a sandbag and scrim net machine gun nest built on its roof.

As the Winnebago drew up at the gate, a couple of soldiers stepped out of the guard post. They were both dressed in the grey uniforms of the Takalistan People's Guard and carried Kalashnikovs

slung over their shoulders. They frowned up through the windows of the camper van as the women smiled down at them and then one gestured for them to climb out.

‘All come down. You must be checked. Show passports...’

Prudence and the others clambered out. She could see the surprise in the faces of the guards at the sight of them as they lined up beside the van. But then they were perhaps unexpectedly young and pretty for nuns, she being the oldest of them aged just thirty two, with faces and figures that their costumes, however modest, did not conceal. They smiled serenely at the guards, one of whom ran a finger under his collar.

Prudence held out their passports and documents for examination. ‘We want to go to your capital city Azirribad,’ she explained. ‘We are carrying medical supplies for its central hospital. Here is a list. We also have a letter from your chief surgeon confirming his request for these medicines. Search our vehicle if you wish, but please be careful. Some items are fragile and they are urgently needed to treat your own women and children...’

The guards examined their documents and conferred for a moment. One went back to the guardhouse and talked to another man they could see peering suspiciously at them through its tinted windows. He picked up a phone...

The guard came back out and said: ‘You wait here; our commander will come to see you...’

‘We don’t want to put you to any trouble,’ Prudence said politely.

‘You wait!’ the man said sharply.

Two minutes later another soldier emerged from the gates of the main compound and crossed the road to the guardhouse. He was wearing a neatly pressed uniform shiny with brass and braid

and medals pinned to his chest, and sported a fine luxuriant moustache. Mirrored sunglasses hid his eyes. He examined the documents the guards had collected and then came over to the five nuns.

‘I am Major Shivez, commander of this post. Why are you trying to enter Takalistan?’ he asked in good English. ‘We do not get many Europeans crossing by this border. We have official tours of our country that you could have taken.’

‘We are not tourists,’ Prudence explained patiently. ‘As I said to your men, we are carrying essential medical supplies for the Central Hospital in your capital city. Our order is a charitable one, dedicated to caring for the sick all around the world.’

Chavez frowned at their passports. I’ve never heard of this order of yours: this Order of Phryne Absolved?’

‘Because it is small discrete order. We do not seek publicity or attention.’

‘And what was this Phryne of yours absolved from?’

‘From sin of course, Major,’ Prudence said simply. ‘What we all seek to be absolved from in the end, when we face our final judgement from God.’

Shivez said stiffly: ‘We do not follow this God of yours in Takalistan. We are a free enlightened People’s Republic.’

‘I know that, Major. But I’m sure you still know about sin...’

Prudence could see Shivez looking them over narrowly. She imagined him thinking that they were certainly different from any nuns he might have met before, but what else could they be? Take no chances...

He said to the guards. ‘Search these women.’

‘We only have with us what you can see,’ Prudence said. ‘We have no concealed weapons; little money and the only drugs we are carrying are for medical purposes only.’

‘If you wish to enter our country you will obey our rules,’ Shivez countered.

‘Let them search you,’ Prudence told the others.

Stoically they stood with their arms out and legs parted as the guards not unhappily ran their hands over them. They checked under their veils and then lifted their crosses, glancing at Shivez.

Prudence said: ‘They are simple plain wooden crosses as you can see, Major. There are of no monetary value and quite harmless...’

Nevertheless the guards tapped and shook them and then let them drop back onto their chests. They lingered over their breasts, squeezing and patting them unnecessarily. The sisters pinched their lips and furrowed their brows as their intimate touch, but they did not resist. Then the guards slid their hands down their skirts and pushed them up into the furrows of their buttocks and up between their thighs. This brought forth a few stifled snivels, which were ignored. They continued on down patting their legs, managing to run their hands over their bare smooth calves they did so.

When they were done they stood back and shook their heads at Shivez.

‘As I said, Major,’ Prudence said. ‘We carry only what you see. ‘With that and our faith we have a sufficient for our needs...’

Shivez looked at them thoughtful for a moment then he said: ‘My men will now search your vehicle. If you are carrying only what you say, and I am satisfied you do not posed a threat to my country, you may be allowed to proceed. Meanwhile perhaps you would like

to wait in my office.' He added: 'It is cooler there...' He extended to hand towards the main compound.

'That is very kind of you, Major,' Prudence said. She led the sisters across the road, feeling Shivez's eyes upon her and those of other guards whose heads she could see peering over the walls of the compound.

Shivez's office was located just to one side of the main gate. It was simple affair with bare concrete walls, slightly brightened by a few framed pictures. One had a grander frame than the rest. It showed a moustached, dominating, square-jawed man in his fifties wearing a uniform heavy with ribbons and medals. His intense narrow eyes glared defiantly out from the portrait. Apart from that there was a battered desk, some shelves of box files, a metal cabinet and a couple of chairs. On the desk sat a telephone and an old model computer. Above them a ceiling fan turned slowly.

Shivez set down behind the desk while they had to stand before it. He spread out their passports and documents on its top and then looked up at them. 'You know we have our own drugs and medicines in Takalistan. We are not some backward undeveloped nation. We have no need of your help, however well intentioned.'

'Excuse me but you do, Major,' Prudence said. 'We know Takalistan is subject to international sanctions. Although medical supplies are supposed to be exempt they seemed to be having trouble getting through your borders, for some reason. That was why we were asked if we could help by bringing through a consignment personally. Please contact Doctor Massengo at your central hospital to confirm this.'

Shivez glowered. 'Sanctions! They are so unjust! Do you notice that I speak good English?' He indicated the domineering portrait on the wall. 'Our president for life and the father of our modern country, Tibor Khan, has officially made it the second language of Takalistan. That is so you can see how much he respects international culture and its ideals. He had hoped that

America and Europe would support him in his fight against the hostile forces in this region, creating a bastion of freedom against religious extremists and terrorists who are as much a threat to you as us. Instead your governments call him a dictator and criticise our record on human rights. Don't they realize sometimes freedom must be sacrificed for the greater good?'

Prudence said gently: 'Major, we are not interested in politics. That is the business of your government and ours. We only want to help the sick. That is why we brought these supplies without involving any international agencies purely out of humanitarian concerns. We are just a small religious order acting separately from the UN or other major charities. We are not here to criticise you. Accepting our help will cost you nothing. It does not even have to be officially acknowledged. As long as the sick receive the help they need we will say nothing about our trip here.'

'And yet you are taking advantage of this situation to further your own ends,' Shivez said accusingly.

'I don't know what you mean,' Prudence said.

'In Takalistan people are free to worship if they wish. But churches are taxed and their public practices are restricted and subject to state control. We are a secular society and we have rejected the old superstitions. We know that has made us unpopular with many of our neighbouring countries.' He stabbed a finger at their chests. 'Are you now trying to influence our people by flaunting your crosses and veils before us as you carry these merciful gifts to our capital?'

'I promise we are not trying to convert anybody or give any offence,' Prudence said. 'You must go where your consciences take you. But equally you cannot expect us to abandon the symbols of our own faith. You have your uniform and we have our crosses.'

'Then you will have to pay a tax if you wish to display yourselves like that. Fifty dinez each.'

Prudence looked troubled. 'We have not brought a lot of money with us. We hoped we would only be here for a few days...'

Shivez smiled grimly: 'Then it seems you've been wasting your time. Or perhaps you really do place your own faith above your mission of mercy.'

Just then a guard came in and spoke a few words to Shivez. He nodded and the man went out again. 'Well, it seems you are only carrying the medical supplies you listed. But you must still pay the tax if you wish to display those symbols of your faith in public.'

'You don't want us to enter Takalistan, do you Major?' Prudence said bluntly.

'No, Sister Prudence, I don't. I do not trust people who base their lives on myths and legends or voices they hear in their heads. Your kind hides behind ancient books and rituals and uses the power of superstition to claim special privileges for yourselves. Faith in such things is meaningless! I need something more tangible to make me trust you.'

Prudence considered for a moment and then said: 'Major: if you want a gesture of trust and good faith then I offer you Faith herself...' she glanced at Faith. 'Step forward...'

Faith did so and smiled at the Major. She was almond eyed, with full sensuous lips and a gaze which somehow managed both to appear innocent and unassuming and yet smoulder at the same time. Her nose was strong and her nostrils exotically flared. But for her pale skin she might almost have come from ancient Persia. Her cross rested on a full bust that strained at the fabric of her blouse.

'I will leave Faith here in your charge as a sign of our sincerity and as a hostage against our return as soon as we can, so we will not contaminate your country with our presence longer than necessary,' Prudence said. 'Of course, if she stays here out of sight

of ordinary citizens we do not need to pay the tax on her. I put her well-being entirely into your hands. Is that a fair bargain?’

Shivez tore his eyes away from Faith. The offer had surprised him. ‘Uh... yes... I think that is fair...’ Then he recovered himself and sat straighter. ‘However you must still prove your submission to our law for the duration of your stay. In addition to the travel pass I will give you, you must each carry an official seal on your persons to show you are legally entitled to be in our country.’

‘What seal, Major?’ Prudence asked.

A sly gleam came into his eyes. He took out a set of rubber stamps and an ink pad from his desk. ‘This is the seal of the People’s Guard. I will put it and a pass stamp on your persons. Then you may travel on as far as Pashteth. There you will have to report in to the police station house, show the stamp marks and have your travel documents re-validated. I shall even call ahead to tell them you’re coming. That should make your journey easier.’

‘Thank you, Major,’ Prudence said, stepping forward and holding her arm out to be stamped.

Shivez smiled mischievously. ‘Oh, but you’re not going to have the stamp on your arms. You’re going to have them on your backsides! And every time you are required to you will have to show your behinds to whoever demands it.’ He chuckled and slapped his knee. ‘Come on, don’t be shy, sisters. Bend over here and I’ll stamp your arses. Otherwise your little mission of mercy ends here. And if you try to proceed without them you will be arrested, interrogated and deported!’

There were gasps of dismay from the sisters. Shivez gloated at their distraught, disbelieving faces. ‘Are you ready to undergo this mild humiliation for the sake of those sick children you said you wanted to help, or were they more empty promises and false words? Really, I thought you had more faith...’ He uttered the last word with distaste.

However Prudence took a deep breath. 'If that is what it takes then we agree, Major,' she said.

She walked round behind his desk, reached under her skirt and pulled down her panties, then rolled it up at the back until her pale, smooth, golden posterior was exposed and then laid herself across his lap.

For a moment Shivez was too surprised to respond. 'Come on, Major, I haven't got all day you know...' Prudence said.

Even as she was acutely aware of her exposed backside and his eyes upon it, Prudence could feel Shivez's penis stirring and swelling under her. She gulped and focused on keeping still.

Shivez took up the seal stamp, inked it and then held it over her rump. With his left hand he squeezed her left buttock to hold it still. She could feel his thumb sliding up into the cleft of her posterior, rubbing against the mouth of her rectum. He pressed the ink pad firmly into the middle of her bottom, held a moment and then pulled it away. He got the other stamp, inked it and then pushed it firmly into the yielding substance of her right buttock. This time his fingers slid into the humid valley between her thighs and brushed across the taper of her pubic mound. She felt a surge of warm moistness flowing through her...

As soon as he was finished Prudence got up, briskly pulled her knickers back into place and brushed her skirt down again. Meanwhile the other sisters had formed a line, already with their panties about their knees and their skirts rolled up at the back. Struggling to control himself, Shivez solemnly stamped their backsides one by one, emblazoning them with the seal of the People's Guards and the word *passed* in the local script.

When they were done Prudence took Faith by the shoulders and kissed her on each cheek. Close to she saw her pupils were dilated and she was trembling in anticipation. Aloud she said: 'Now

don't you worry, Faith. We'll be back in a few days. I'm sure Major Shivez will look after you properly.'

'Yes, Sister Prudence,' Faith said meekly.

They paid their religious tax for the four of them and Shivez gave them their travel pass. He walked out of the compound with them with Faith at his side. Back at the Winnebago, Prudence found Faith's small personal bag and passed it out to her.

'We should be back in four days at the most,' Prudence said one last time as she took her seat behind the wheel.

Shivez signalled to the guardhouse and the barrier was raised.

'God be with you,' Faith called out as the vehicle started up and pulled away.

In the rear view mirror Prudence watched her standing there beside Shivez until they vanished in the dust and then she shivered despite the heat. 'You know what he's going to do to her,' she said to the others.

'Of course, you could smell it,' Harmony said.

'His cock was practically stabbing me when I was bent over his lap,' Mercy said.

'He's a proper old goat,' Charity agreed. 'And he's going to tup Faith. But that's what she expects. It's what we're good for...'

Faith stood in the road until the Winnebago vanished in the distance. Her stomach was knotting up in fear and anticipation even as she felt her nipples pressing against blouse while dampness was seeping into her panties. But she let none of this show. Instead she turned to

Major Shivez, lowering her eyes slightly. 'I would be grateful if you could show me where I'll be staying, Major,' she said.

'Yes... we'll have to work something out. Of course we haven't got a lot of room here. We may have to... improvise.'

'I don't expect much. I'm used to sleeping rough.'

'It may have to be one of our detention cells. Otherwise there are only rooms for the officers and a barrack room for the men.'

'If that is all that's available, Major, then that's where I'll sleep,' Faith said calmly. 'I sleep in a cell at my convent. I'm sure your cells are no worse.'

Shivez looked at her closely. 'You seem unusually composed for your age. How old are you?'

'Nineteen, Major,'

Faith saw him lick his lips. Was he thinking of her smooth round springy bottom that he had marked so intimately only twenty minutes earlier? Of course he was...

'How young to dedicate yourself to such a life,' he continued. 'And this must seem like quite an adventure... but none of you are going to talk about it afterwards, is that right?'

'As Sister Prudence said, as long as we return home safely our order will say nothing about our errand. Our only concern is delivering the supplies to your hospital. We expected to put up with hardships on the way.'

'Were you really? In that case there is the matter of your religious artefacts to settle. I can't have you displaying them in the military establishment. It is against the rules. You'll have to remove them.'

Faith stiffened. 'As Sister Prudence said, we do not give these things up, Major. They are too important to us.'

Shivez smiled hungrily. 'Then you'll have to give something else up, to show you are paying what you would call a proper penance for your beliefs.'

'Give up what, Major?'

'The rest of your clothes. I'll allow you to keep your precious symbol if you take everything else off, except for your sandals, perhaps. Then when my men see you, they won't be looking at that piece of wood.'

Faith looked horror struck. 'You... you can't ask me to do that, Major!'

'But I can. You see out here I am God. I am tolerating your presence, but you will follow my rules or else. Now take your clothes off, or else see how long you can survive out here without shelter or water!'

'You promised you would take care of me!' Faith protested.

'And I will. You will be fed and given adequate shelter... but only if you're naked! Or shall I call ahead to Pashteth and have your companions turned back? Show me what's more important: your mission or your pride! Now strip!'

Faith trembled. 'Out here, Major?' The men in the guardhouse could see her. There were heads peering over the parapet of the main compound walls.

'Yes, right here and now.' He snatched her bag from her. 'Do it!'

Biting her lip, with a perverse thrill of fear coursing through her, Faith pulled her veil off, freeing her thick mane of brunette hair.

Then she began to unbutton her blouse.

Shivez stood over her grinning. The men in the guardhouse and on the walls gaped in surprise and then leered openly. She stripped off her blouse and Shivez took it from her. Her big breasts bulged up out of her bra. She peeled off her skirt exposing her white panties. Then she reached behind her and unhooked her bra. She felt dizzy, swaying slightly, feeling as though she was going to be sick. Her panties were sliding down over her legs...

And then Faith was naked, but for her sandals and the cross on her chest, standing in the middle of the desert road under the hot morning sun with the wilderness stretching out all around her and yet at the focus of a dozen leering eyes. Shivez looked her up and down with unabashed lustful admiration.

Faith's full pale glossy breasts jutted out from her slender chest like pink melons, capped by pale brown nipples, currently standing out like thimbles. She had a neat waist and womanly hips. Her bottom cheeks were smooth and fleshy, the stamp marks Shivez had put upon them showing up starkly. Her legs were shapely with strong calves. A thick dark fluffy triangle of pubic hair capped the summit of her sex mound, but her plump pale deep cleft labia showed naked beneath it.

Trembling in shame, Faith automatically began to slide her hands across her chest and between her legs to cover herself, but Shivez snapped out: 'No! Don't hide yourself. Put your hands behind your neck and turn round. Let them see everything...'

With a stifled sob, Faith obeyed: interlocking her fingers behind the back of her neck, and then shuffled round on the spot, hiding nothing.

'From now on you call me *Sir*. Now, tell me: are you a virgin?'

'No, Sir,' Faith choked out.

‘Not quite so pure and perfect after all then.’ He raised his voice: ‘You’ll all have a chance for some fun with this little Christian bitch later,’ he called out loudly. ‘First I’m going to find a kennel for her...’ He grinned at Faith. ‘You follow at my heel, understood?’

He led the way back into the compound while Faith followed close behind with her head hung in shame, biting her lips, feeling the soldiers’ eyes upon her she passed through its gate. Shivez led her across to a low concrete block building built along one of its perimeter walls. It had a heavy iron door and its few small windows were barred.

Shivez unlocked it with a key from a bunch on his belt chain and ushered Faith inside. It was already hot and it smelt foul. The light came in through half a dozen small high barred windows. There was a row of low metal cages along one wall with sand on their floors, while opposite them collars, cuffs, chains, straps, rubber hoses, buckets, whips and lashes hung from a row of hooks.

‘This is where we normally keep smugglers, dissidents and other unwanted guests until we decide what do with them,’ Shivez explained. ‘You’re lucky it’s empty at the moment. Are these cells better or worse than the ones in your convent?’

‘Worse, Sir,’ Faith whimpered.

‘So I should hope. And of course to occupy them you must be properly restrained...’

He selected one of the heavy leather collars from the wall and buckled it about Faith’s neck, securing it in place with a padlock. Then he pulled her hands behind her back and snapped leather cuffs about her wrists. When she was secure he reached round and cupped and squeezed her hot heavy breasts, juggling them in his hands and rubbing them together.

‘You are magnificent,’ he said. ‘We’re going to have such fun with these...’

He pushed her forward and bent her over the top of one of the cages so that her breasts were squeezed through the bars of its roof. Her nipples felt as if they were going to burst.

He kneaded her buttocks and then slapped them hard, making her yelp. 'You do as I say and I let your friends continue with their mission. You keep me happy while they're in my country and all is well. But one phone call will be all it takes to stop them. Do you understand?

'Yes Sir...'

'Then beg me to whip you like the God loving slut you are!'

She gulped. 'I... I beg you to whip me... like the God loving slut I am, Sir,'

He took one of the long leather lashes down from the wall, took up position and then swiped it across her outthrust buttocks. Faith screamed into the cage beneath her as the leather thongs bit into the soft flesh of her behind.

He delivered half a dozen carefully spaced blows, not as hard as he might but hard enough to make her tears drip through the bars as her bottom burned with searing welts. Wildly her hips jiggled and squirmed about along the ridge of the cage, but she could not evade the terrible lash or the thongs that curled up between her plump cheeks and soft thighs to sting and snap at her pussy mound, which throbbed and dribbled shamelessly.

When the sight of her dancing, bobbing, rosy red bottom became too much to resist, Shivez dropped the lash, ripped open his flies, took hold of her hips and rammed his hard shaft up into her dripping pussy. Faith sobbed as her conqueror entered her, filling her with his manhood. His hips rasped over her simmering buttock cheeks, adding to her pain. It was terrible and perfect...

The coupling was brief and brutal. After barely a dozen thrusts Shivez came inside her, filling her vagina with his hot masterful semen. Faith shuddered, feeling soiled and used, her need aroused and then left unfulfilled. Then he lay across her back, panting triumphantly and using her body like a fleshy cushion, pressing it against the rough bars the cage roof.

Finally, with a sigh of satisfaction, Shivez pulled out of her and buttoned his flies up. 'Hah... if all religious women were like you I would make an offering every day at your little pink temple door,' he said with feeling.

With his sperm still dripping out of her pussy, he pulled her off the cage and pushed her down onto her knees. He opened the cage door and pushed Faith through it, slapping her burning bottom to urge her to crawl inside.

'I've got a few things to arrange,' he told her. 'I'll be back soon...' He locked the cage door and strode out again.

The cage was too low for her to stand up in and not long enough for her to stretch out flat. Faith lay curled up, her bottom simmered while her aching ravaged cleft dripped sperm and juices into the sand where they soaked away. The collar felt heavy about her neck. She tugged and twisted her wrists but the cuffs were fast and tight. She felt the unyielding bars closing in about her. She was utterly helpless. What were they going to do with her next? Whatever it was she would have no choice but to endure it. For the good of the mission she was ready to suffer any torment... while her sinful nature fed on the dark delight it brought her.

Dear God, once again I offer up my slutty self to the greater good...

Shivez returned after half an hour. To Faith's surprise he had with him a peeled and divided orange on a battered plastic plate. He let

her crawl out of the cage and then made her kneel with her thighs submissively wide while he fed her the orange a segment at a time from the palm of his hand. And, already dry from the heat in the cell block, she ate it with pathetic gratitude like a whipped dog.

‘In our country prisoners have to work to earn their food and keep,’ he told her. ‘So I wondered what you were good for. And I decided: entertaining the men. You see it gets very boring out here in the desert. You keep them happy and you keep eating and I don’t get bored and make that phone call to the next town to have your friends arrested, do you understand?’

‘Yes Sir,’ Faith said meekly.

‘I’ve had something set up outside that will help them with their target practice and give them a bit of fun with you at the same time...’

When the orange was finished he led her back out into the central yard of the compound. Her appearance was greeted by ironic cheers and obscene comments from the guards. Against a blank wall some men were working with a stepladder on a tall wooden frame like an oversized doorframe with a pair of rope nooses hanging from it. Beneath it a small wall of used empty commercial sized tin cans three high and five wide had been built with a plank laid across its top.

Shivez led Faith over to this odd structure and made her climb up onto the plank, which wobbled slightly beneath her feet. The rope nooses hung down over her shoulders. Shivez reached up and squeezed and pulled her big breasts through the nooses and drew them tight about their roots, so that they bulged out like pink glossy balloons. Then he carefully straightened her cross between them. The man on the stepladder took in the slack on the ropes so that Faith had to stand straight beneath the frame to which she was now intimately bound. Then he climbed down and moved the ladder aside.

With mounting horror Faith had realized what they were going to do to her and now she whimpered and shook her head: 'Please... no Sir... Don't do this...'

'Think of it as spreading some of the charity you value so much,' Shivez said. 'Show us how much you care for others. Our pleasure will far exceed your suffering...' and he stood aside.

Soldiers were lining up facing her along a line scratched in the dirt of the compound floor. They were all carrying their rifles and they grinned with delight as their eyes feasted upon her naked, bound and helpless body, which was beginning to glisten with sweat as the hot sun beat down on her.

'Three rounds each,' Shivez called out.

The man on the right of the line raised his weapon and took careful aim...

The shoot cracked out and Faith screamed even as she felt one of the tin cans beneath her buckle as a bullet punched through it. The man fired again and the can crumpled further. With a third shot the can collapsed and was blown out of the pile to rattle against the compound wall. Faith felt the board wobble and shifted her weight. Her wooden cross jiggled and bounced about the upper slopes of her sweating bound breasts. The watching men about the compound cheered.

The next man took aim...

Shot by shot they blew the cans away from beneath her. As the plank wobbled and creaked Faith desperately shifted her weight, trying to compensate as its foundations were undermined, even as the coarse rope nooses rasped and ground into her bulging breasts. With each can that was destroyed her audience cheered louder.

Suddenly there was metallic crumpling and the board dropped and twisted out from under her feet. The rope nooses jerked tight

about her breasts as with a clatter the cans collapsed and Faith was left kicking her feet in mid air screaming in agony as her entire weight was born by the nooses that were squeezing the life from her breasts as they bulged up about her shoulders in impossible unnatural pink mounds. Her cross was jammed up between them, its sides jabbing into her distended flesh.

The pain was too much and suddenly a fitful stream of hot urine gushed from her pussy over her flailing thighs and onto the compound floor.

The watching soldiers cheered wildly, laughing hysterically at her miserable humiliation, drowning her shrieks and sobs of pain.

Shivez stepped forward and looked up at Faith's desperate struggling form, hanging from her bulging breasts, dripping sweat and urine and saliva from her lips and tears from her eyes.

'Do you beg to please my men by offering the comfort and charity of your pretty cunt to them?'

With her breasts turning purple as the nooses cut off the flow of blood to them, even as they felt as if they were going to be torn from her chest, Faith screamed: 'Yes Sir... I do! They can have... my cunt!'

'And will you thank each one of them afterwards?'

'Yes! Yes Sir... I will... please... I want them to screw me... all of them!'

'Let her down,' Shivez commanded.

Eagerly the men pulled the stepladder back into place and loosened the ropes from which Faith was suspended. She was lowered to the ground where she crumpled shuddering to her knees. Shivez unbound the nooses from her breasts and they pricked and burned as the blood flowed back into them.

Two men picked her limp body up and half dragged her across the compound and through a door into a large room that look like a combination mess hall and recreation area. There was a big flat screen TV, a worn table tennis table and a scarred pool table. A poster sized picture of Tibor Kahn hung on one wall, glaring out defiantly, next to the Takalistan flag.

A sturdy table had been positioned in the middle of the room and ropes had been tied to it. She struggled not to be sick. That was where she was going to be gang-banged...

They laid her across it on her back with her arms under her and her bottom hanging over one end and then pulled her legs apart. They bound the ropes about her ankles and thighs, holding them bent back and splayed painfully wide. More ropes went across her waist and shoulders, holding her down. Now her pouting wet pussy was displayed for all to see between her trembling thighs, while her sore breasts with red rings about their roots pointed up at the ceiling, wobbling with each ragged breath she took. Her cross rested between them. Even as her stomach twisted with fear, her nipples pulsed and stood up shamelessly.

The soldiers began forming a line, some undoing their flies and pulling out their penises which they began massaging into erection as they gazed at her naked helpless body and dripping cleft. The first stepped up between her thighs and rammed his cock up into her with such force that the table creaked and her big breasts shivered like jellies.

After a minute's frantic pounding within her he came with a cry of delight, spurting his seed deep into her belly. As he pulled out of her clinging vagina, Faith croaked pitifully: 'Thank you, Sir...'

Somebody wiped his seed from her sore pussy lips and then the next man took his place...

Mechanically, when each cockshaft finished its pounding inside her and she felt that brief tickling spurt of its hot milt, Faith

thanked its owner as she had promised. And he laughed and slapped and squeezed her breasts. She had been reduced to a fleshy screwing bag: a curious foreign girl-toy there to be mocked and used for their amusement.

Then, as the ninth man violated her aching sheath, Faith came violently and helplessly. It was like an explosion of raw pleasure within her and she bucked and strained against her ropes even as she sprayed her juices out over the shaft of the man inside her vagina, which she squeezed onto desperately.

There was a huge roar of delight at this new display of submissive surrender and degradation they had forced from her. And then she slipped into a brief happy oblivion of delight, which was surely a divine reward for her sacrifice.

Faith recovered to feel a fresh cock pounding away inside her. Even unconscious they had not stopped taking their pleasure from her.

She heard somebody saying mockingly: 'See how we make her serve our hard Takalistan cocks instead of her God!'

Still dazed from her huge orgasm, Faith thought: But some of us serve him in our own way...

Mother Superior Aspasia led Clarissa out of the greenhouse and through the gardens back towards the main house, along paths that wound between old brick walls and high hedges which sometimes opened out into smaller feature gardens. There were decorative pots urns, statuary, seats and topiary. She now saw that the greenhouse, which had felt so isolated, was in fact simply situated in one secluded corner of the convent grounds.

In normal circumstances she would have enjoyed the walk through such pleasant surroundings, but she was still confused, cuffed, collared and naked, except for her silver cross, and Aspasia was leading her by the chain leash like a dog. Out in the open air she felt even more exposed than she had in the greenhouse, which was both shameful and a little exciting. Mother Superior Aspasia had an air of total self-assurance and it was very easy to follow after her like a domestic pet. Oh God, she was letting herself be dominated once again. But she could not help it...

‘You must get used to being naked and restrained from now on, Clarissa,’ Aspasia said, as if reading her thoughts. ‘Don’t worry, it’s quite normal. Nobody you meet here will be at all surprised. It’s an essential part of your training...’

Still trying to come to terms with this strange perverted world she seemed to have been dropped into, Clarissa asked meekly: ‘You mean training for missions, Reverend Mother? But what kinds of missions need this sort of preparation?’

‘Well not the old-fashioned kind taking Bibles to heathen lands,’ Aspasia said with a chuckle. ‘Our missions are a little more challenging than that, and far more worthwhile.’

Clarissa became aware of intermittent moans and yelps coming from behind hedges and over walls as they passed, interspersed with the crack of leather or rubber on flesh and the occasional jingle of chains.

‘Those are novices in training or full sisters exercising,’ Aspasia said calmly. ‘We had a break when you arrived so you would be put off, but now training and practice sessions have resumed as normal. Anything might be done to our sisters when they are out in the field, so they must be prepared for every type of hardship and ordeal.’

‘By “in the field”, Reverend Mother, you mean...?’

‘I mean on a mission: literal missions to make the world a better place in some small way, which might well involve this kind of incident ... ‘

She turned off the path through a rose trellis archway and into a small enclosed garden. In the middle of this on a low plinth was a marble statue of a naked man of heroic proportions. He had both arms raised in the air before him and his hands, though apparently stone, were in some way closed about the slender wrists of a pretty naked blonde girl who hung against his body with her back to him and her buttocks pressed against his groin. The shaft of a stone phallus in proportion to his body was buried in her rectum. She was sobbing and kicking as she twisted from her wrists and squirmed and pivoted about the phallus up her rear.

Standing in front of her was a nun wearing just her veil, cross and a pair of black knee-length boots. She was using a lash on the impaled girl and doing a good job of turning her belly, thighs and breasts from pink to bright red. A large wooden cross, such as Aspasia wore, hung between the unfortunate girl’s breasts and it jumped about as the lash fell across them.

As Clarissa stared at this bizarre scene in stark amazement, the nun stopped lashing the girl and stepped up to feel her hot body, running her hands over her simmering breasts and then down between her thighs. Clarissa saw the girl was shaven completely smooth and that the lips of her sex were visibly glistening.

‘How can a girl who gets this wet be a real nun?’ the nun demanded of her victim.

‘I... I can’t help it...’ the other choked back. ‘I know I’m wicked but I try my best... Please don’t tell anybody! I’ll do anything you want...’

‘That’s right, you will,’ the lash-wielding nun said, drawing its thongs through her gaping sex mouth to wet them. ‘But you’ll have to

beg better than that...' She stepped back and swung the lash again...

Aspasia led Clarissa out and back onto the path again.

'That is what you call training, Reverend Mother?' Clarissa asked with her head spinning.

'Training appropriate to the task we undertake,' Aspasia said. 'As you will learn, not all battles are won by fists or guns...'

Through a brick archway they came on another garden with an ornamental pond in its middle with a few Lilly pads floating in it. A sturdy wooden frame was erected on the side of the pond which supported a wooden beam pivoted in the middle. On one side was a counterweight while dangling from the other by her ankles was another naked novice. She was bound from neck to ankles by chains, pressing her arms to her sides so she could only wriggle and squirm about like a fish on a line. A muscular blonde man wearing only black jackboots was pulling on a handle screwed to the side of the beam and repeatedly dunking the bound woman headfirst into the pond. His stiff penis jutted out, bobbing with the dipping of the beam.

He left her head and shoulders underwater for several seconds and then pulled her out again. As the girl twisting in the air dripping and spluttering, with her cross hanging up over her chin, water ran off her erect nipples and her wet hair streamed beneath her, making her seem utterly bedraggled and helpless. Her abuser swung his free hand in which he held a long whip. It hissed and cracked, curling about the wet body of the chained woman, making her yelp in pain as she jerked and bobbed from her bound ankles.

'Tell me what you really want and I'll let you go,' he snarled menacingly. 'Or else I'll leave you under for twice as long next time next...'

The chained woman sobbed and shook her head. 'There's nothing to tell... I'm just trying to help the sick...'

The man swung the beam around on its mount so that she was dragged over the side of the pond onto the grass and then dropped the beam down so that her head and shoulders rested on the ground, while her legs were still drawn upwards. Approaching her from behind he clasped her chained thighs and rammed his stiff cock deep into her anus, making her buttocks spread on one side and her vulva bulge out on the other with the force of his thrust. She sobbed and moaned wretchedly while he laughed in triumph as he sodomised her dripping inverted body.

Despite her horror Clarissa felt her nipples pricking up and her pussy tingling. It was so brutal. What would it feel like?

After half a dozen hard thrusts he pulled his cock out of her rear, with her sphincter clinging to its shaft, and returned to the beam handle. He lifted the chained woman into the air and swung her round and dumped her back into the pond again with a splash...

As she led Clarissa away from the bizarre scene, Aspasia said: 'As you see we employ a few other men, in addition to Luke and Jason, to keep us used to the feel of having real cocks inside us. They seem to enjoy their work and they help us act out scenarios our sisters may encounter in the field to make it seem more realistic, since cocks and their owners are the usual obstacles to completing our missions.'

Clarissa felt she had been dropped into some insane and perverted fantasy. 'B... But who would do such things to nuns, Reverend Mother? And why?'

'You'd be surprised at the kind of people we meet in the field. Some of them take great pleasure in inflicting pain and humiliation on others, especially nuns. That's why our sisters are always fully prepared...'

They came to the garden which was an open lawn. In it a naked woman on her hands and knees was being ridden about like a pony by a nun sitting on her back on a kind of miniature saddle. It had small wheels extending on each side, a little like the trainer wheels of a children's bike, which clearly took some of her weight. Nevertheless the victim beneath her had to strain to keep moving. Clarissa saw her full breasts jiggling and her cross bouncing between them as she went. Her rider was controlling her with a short set of reins clipped to the cheek rings of a bridle strapped about her head and a large rubber bit clamped into her mouth. As she made her circuits of the lawn Clarissa saw her from the rear with her rolling deep-cleft sweaty buttocks and her cleft pubic peach playing peek-a-boo from between her straining thighs. Her buttocks were crisscrossed by welts from the crop her rider was wielding, flicking it back behind her to urge her on to greater efforts.

But apparently they had arrived just as the mounted woman's strength gave out. With a sob she collapsed under the weight of her rider face down on the grass, breathing in gulps of air about her bit.

Her rider got off the saddle and turned to look down at her with contempt.

'I told you what I'd do if you gave up,' she said. She hitched up the skirts of her habit, revealing she had nothing on underneath and spread her legs. A stream of hot pee hissed from her pussy over the exhausted woman's head, making her moan and splatter wretchedly.

'That's filth and cruel, Reverent Mother,' Clarissa said as Aspasia led on. 'How can you do that to each other?'

'It's filthy and cruel because it's a cruel filthy world out there. But fortunately we're adapted to cope with it. And don't worry about that pair. Tonight they'll be happily screwing each other in their cell.'

'What!' Clarissa said in astonishment.

‘I told you, Clarissa, we do things differently here...’

The house now loomed up before them, solid and imposing. She led Clarissa along a path to a set of French windows set in the side of the house. This opened into what was obviously an office study. It had white plaster walls, glass-fronted cabinets and bookcases. On the wall opposite a large leather-topped desk, bearing a laptop and ornate writing stand, was a large plain wooden cross fixed at floor level. It has leather straps and cuffs bolted to its sides.

Clarissa eyed this device with alarm but Aspasia led her over to a chair placed in front of the desk. At first glance it was a simple vinyl swivel chair without armrests, but Clarissa gulped when she saw it had a large rubber dildo rising up from the seat. It was even more sinister than the one she been impaled on in the greenhouse, because it had silver rings and studs set in its sides

‘Sit on it so it goes up your pussy, there’s a good girl,’ Aspasia said.

Gulping, Clarissa obeyed, settling gingerly down on the chair and feeling the dildo sliding up into her still sticky wet passage.

Meanwhile Aspasia had gone round behind the big desk. She reached under the overhanging lip of its top as though pressing a concealed button and Clarissa felt the head of the dildo swelling up inside her as though it was being inflated, making her stomach bulge. She sobbed and squirmed in fear but already the thing felt too big to pull out of her without more leverage, which she could not get with her arms bound behind her. She was trapped in the chair. Oh God, what next?

Meanwhile Aspasia was calmly stripping off her tunic to reveal she wore nothing underneath except black stockings held up with garters about her pale thighs. She had a mature, voluptuous body with an hourglass figure and full breasts that still jutted out firmly, capped by deep red nipples. The mound of her vulva was smooth

and clean-shaven, exposing a deep cleft framed by plump lips. She hung her tunic up on the stand behind the desk and then saw the look on Clarissa's face. 'Don't worry, you'll get used to our dress code. Soon you'll learn it is perfectly normal and sensible in the circumstances...' '

'W...what circumstances, Reverend Mother?'

Aspasia replaced her belt from which her cane hung around her now naked hips and then sat behind the desk. 'To give girls like you a refuge where you can learn to use their talents to their best advantage, of course.' She tapped a few buttons on her laptop and consulted its screen. 'I've read all your files, both from your convent and your medical records, and I learned a little more in the greenhouse, but now I want to hear your story from your own lips.'

As Clarissa hesitated she touched a button under the desk again. Clarissa yelped as the dildo inside her suddenly stabbed her pussy with electric needles. Despite the pain she felt her juices begin to flow once more.

'You will tell me everything,' Aspasia said. 'Here you can be totally honest as you can nowhere else. We will understand. And if you need more encouragement...' Clarissa yelped as more electric needles stabbed into her vagina, which clenched about the rubber phallus and oozed lovingly. Perhaps it was literally the jolt she needed for the words suddenly began to pour out. It felt so good to let them go at last...

'I had these dark thoughts and feelings to do with sex and violence since I was young. I liked to play games where I was tied up and didn't mind playing rough even if I got hurt. And I was frigging myself in secret all the time. But when I hit my teens it got out of hand. I was going out looking for rough sex with the all wrong types. I was putting myself in danger and getting a reputation as a slut. That's why I moved away and joined my first convent. Actually I'm not really very religious but I hoped that the isolation and discipline would help. I'm sorry... I lied to people about that.'

‘Don’t worry,’ Aspasia said. ‘We all have our doubts. But go on...’

‘Being in the convent didn’t help me much, although they did their best. They even sent me for more medical tests and I tried hypnosis and things. But there’s nothing they could do, unless I want to go round permanently drugged up to control my libido. I just can’t get rid of this need to have hard sex and want to it to be dark and cruel. I know it’s wrong and it frightens me because I worry about totally losing control. I keep fighting it, but it’s always there waiting to come out if I’m stimulated... like I was in the greenhouse.’

‘Don’t feel guilty about that. It was necessary for you to face the truth about what you are.’

‘But I hate what I am, Reverend Mother! If there is a God, why did he make me like this?’

Aspasia smiled. ‘Perhaps you’ll find the answer here. First you’ll learn to stop hating yourself and embrace what you are. At the same time we can help give you a sense of purpose in your life.’

Clarissa begged: ‘Please, Reverend Mother, everything you’ve done and everything you’ve shown me seems crazy and obscene, but you say the church approves. I’d never heard of your order before. Who was Phryne? What is it you really do?’

Aspasia became solemnly intense, leaning forward and fixing Clarissa with her forceful gaze. ‘Phryne was no Christian, but we needed a name that would not disgrace true Saints and she is a worthy exemplar for our purpose. She was a smart and beautiful Fourth Century Greek courtesan who was supposed to have bared her body in court to evoke sympathy from the jurors, all men of course, and so escape punishment. In other words in a crisis situation she used her natural assets to play on the desires of those around her to get a result. The story may partly be myth, but it is in essence very much what we do.’

‘We are the Scarlet Order: the Sisterhood of Submission. We are all technically sufferers of similar conditions to your own, to one degree or another. But we have found out how to refine and channel these sinful desires to a better purpose...’ she paused to look down at her own nipples which were standing up hard in excitement and flicked them with her fingertips. ‘You see we’re very much like you... and I think you are ready to join us...’

Getting up she pressed a button under the desk and the dildo within Clarissa shrank once again. She came around to her chair and lifted Clarissa off the dildo, which sucked its way out of her, and led her over to the big cross on the wall. Clarissa now saw its lower shaft was divided down the middle and also that it was not screwed directly to the wall but seemed to be supported from behind in some way so that it stood slightly clear of it.

‘Think of this is your initiation ceremony,’ Aspasia said as she pushed Clarissa against the cross. There were two small metal plates extending out from the very base of the cross just clear of the floorboards on to which her feet slid. ‘You’re not defiling it. It was always a symbol of suffering and hope and we offer you both of those...’

And her words were so powerful and hypnotic that Clarissa did not resist as Aspasia strapped her ankles separately to the two segments of the bottom of the cross. Then she bound more straps individually about her knees and a single big strap went across her waist. She bent Clarissa forward and un-cuffed her wrists from behind her back and freed the linking chain from the back of her collar. She stretched her arms out along the horizontal members of the cross and strapped her wrists and elbows in place. Small hooks pulled Clarissa’s collar back against the top of the cross.

And there she was: naked and symbolically crucified.

Mother Superior Aspasia stepped back and admired her frankly. ‘Clarissa, you do look very lovely and highly desirable. And

since we are the Scarlet Order of avowedly sinful women, I am going to have my way with you...'

She moved to one side to what Clarissa had taken to be a light switch panel on the wall by the cross. But when she pressed a switch the two halves of the cross base shaft spread apart down the middle, powered by some motor she could hear whirring faintly concealed in the wall behind it. Clarissa felt her legs being dragged wide until they were splayed at ninety degrees.

Aspasia unhooked her cane and ran its tip up between Clarissa's thighs and through the cleft of her pussy. Clarissa shuddered.

'Will you believe me when I tell you it is alright to find pleasure in pain from now on?' Aspasia said. 'That here your condition is not strange or held in contempt, but celebrated and prized. And that you can use it to bring peace and comfort to others...'

Clarissa nodded dumbly.

Aspasia swung her cane up between Clarissa's thighs so that it cut deep into her cleft, making her lips spread about it even as it drove her swollen clitoris back into its hood. Before she could even react that, Aspasia had slashed the cane across Clarissa's breasts, driving her hard nipples deep into their fleshy pillows.

Clarissa shrieked in pain, bucking against her straps, feeling hot tears pricking at her eyes. How it hurt... so very wonderfully.

'That is what we call faith here,' Aspasia said. 'And if you believe in nothing else but that, then that is sufficient for us.'

She went to the glass cabinet beside the cross and opened it up. It was filled with intricate glittering devices of metal and rubber. She took out a pair of shiny spiked metal balls hung on short chains with spring clips on their ends. These she fastened to Clarissa's simmering nipples, which by now were standing up obscenely hard.

Clarissa shuddered as the weights dragged on them, stretching them downwards, while the spikes stabbed into the soft lower curves of her breasts.

Aspasia went to the wall panel and pressed another switch. Another concealed motor hummed into life and the cross began to rotate, pivoting about a point level with the small of Clarissa's back. Slowly she turned as if on a wheel. As she did so the weights clipped to her nipples rolled and swung about, tracing a pattern of pinpricks across her breasts as they swayed and wobbled and flopped in slow fluid motion. She sobbed and whimpered, even as she felt her loins begin to fill with hot perverted delight. To feel such things and not to be despised for it...

Aspasia went back to the cabinet, talking as she did so. Clarissa watched her in helpless fascination: lost and increasingly dizzy as she turned about in her slow exquisite torment.

'There are problems around the world caused by evil people who cannot be beaten by force, and who like to dominate others,' she said, standing with her back to Clarissa as she took something from the cabinet and then spread her legs. 'That is their weakness which we exploit. If you qualify as a field sister you will meet with them and use their desire to your advantage, even when they are mistreating you. You will learn to let them do so and to act as though you are genuinely suffering and degraded and only give in to your true feelings at the end. That ultimate apparent submission is vital. People believe it then. They think we are broken and they have total power over us, and that is when they are at their weakest and can be brought down. You will be trained in all kinds of intercourse: man, woman or dildo, you must accept them all. That is what we Phryneans do, using our peculiar natures for good. Secretly fighting evil with submission and open legs not force; using our sinful bodies to prevent far greater sins. Now you have your part to play. It won't be easy and may be dangerous, but it will be more rewarding than anything you have done before. Something only you and those like you can do. Above all, remember that you are not alone any more...'

Aspasia moved back to the wall switch and stopped the cross turning, leaving it in its upright position once more, with Clarissa hanging limply from it with the nipple weights bobbing and swaying under her blushing, stinging breasts, which were now encircled by tracks of bloody pinpricks.

Feeling light-headed, Clarissa focused her eyes on Aspasia and saw that she was now wearing a plug-in dildo of huge proportions. Double plug ends were inserted in her vagina and rectum, holding it in place, while its shaft jutted out from between her smooth plump thighs. On the upper side of its shaft at its base, where it buried itself in Aspasia's pale soft cleft, it bristled with a crest of rubber prongs.

Disorientated and helpless, Clarissa could only gape at it in wonder.

Aspasia stepped up to her, sliding the tip of the dildo into Clarissa's by now dripping sex mouth. And Clarissa realized there was an emptiness within her that had to be filled.

'Shall I screw you?' Aspasia asked.

'Yes, please Reverend Mother,' Clarissa begged.

The big rubber cock shaft slid up into her, forcing her labia wide and filling her to the hilt. The crest of prongs dug into her slot and teased her throbbing clitoris. That felt so good...

'Let me share your pain,' Aspasia said, pulling herself hard against Clarissa's spread-eagled body.

Her big breasts pressed into Clarissa's globes, sandwiching the spiked nipple balls between them. As she thrust into her again with her hips, pumping the big dildo up her vagina, their breasts rolled across each other, the spiked balls stabbing painfully and drawing more blood from both of them. Except that it was no longer

simply pain but something darker and deeper and far more wonderful.

‘Thank you... Reverend Mother,’ Clarissa groaned.

Aspasia gasped and smiled: ‘it’s what we do here...’ And then she kissed Clarissa passionately on the lips, and Clarissa kissed her back with desperate need. In between kisses and shared whimpers, Aspasia asked her huskily: ‘Do you promise to abide by the principles of the Scarlet Order? To offer your body up to pain and torment and lust and suffering in the service of others? To accept your sinful nature as a gift and use it for good?’

Clarissa felt a thrill of new hope and possibilities undreamed of coursing through her. ‘Yes... yes I do, Reverend Mother!’

‘Then welcome to your new home, Novice Dunn...’

And then they came together, spraying their juices out over their hungry, pulsating pussies and the rubber shaft that joined them, feeling their hot breasts slippery with sweat and blood pressing together and united by sweet pain.

And so ended her first lesson...

TO BE CONTINUED...