

Naughty Nuns

Emily Sinclair

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After nearly sixteen hours on the road, Sister Mary Celeste and Sister Elizabeth Marie were on the verge of passing out behind the wheel when salvation came their way in the form of the first building either of them had seen in about fifty miles. Through blurred eyes they looked to their left at sign reading: Eden's Slumber. Sister Mary Celeste pulled into the nearly packed parking lot and after finding a spot she and her closest friend and fellow nun got out of the car and headed inside. Under normal circumstances they would have appreciated the marble floors, columns and hanging plants that gave the lobby a distinctly Ancient Roman feel but they were far too exhausted to see anything more than the woman behind the counter. At nearly six feet tall without heels, she wore a form-fitting dark green dress with diamond cutouts along the sides. The combination of narrow-framed glasses and long jet black hair pulled back into a tight bun made her look more like a librarian than receptionist, but the two visitors only saw someone capable of taking their money in exchange for a room for the night.

"Welcome to Eden's Slumber," the receptionist said in greeting. "Um, before we go any further may I ask if the two of you are actually nuns or have you just come from sort of costume party?"

"We are Sisters of the Immaculate Conception," Sister Elizabeth Marie answered. "Is us being nuns a problem for your hotel? This is a hotel, right?"

"It is a hotel and it's not a problem for us but it might be a problem for the two of you."

"I don't understand."

"How do I say this without sounding insulting? Um, we're a very adult oriented hotel."

"That's fine. We're both adults," Sister Mary Celeste replied. "We've been on the road all day and just need a place to rest for the night and where better than Eden? So, can we please get a room?"

"I don't think you understand my meaning."

"Do you have a room with two beds and a bathroom?" Sister Elizabeth Marie asked.

"We do."

"Then that's all we need."

"The price is one-ninety-nine per night plus tax and there's some paperwork to fill out," the receptionist said as she reached under the counter and grabbed two clipboards. "If I could get your driver's license and method of payment I'll do things on my end while the two of you read, sign and initial where indicated."

Eyes focusing on the nametag pinned to the receptionist's dress, Sister Mary Celeste smiled. "Brianna, that's a pretty name." She then retrieved her driver's license from her purse and handed it over. "I'll be paying cash so just let me know how much the total will be for one night."

"The total will be two hundred fourteen dollars and ninety-two cents," Brianna answered.

The payment was handed over and the two nuns spent the next few minutes attempting to read the forms they had been given. Unfortunately, neither of them was awake enough to get past a line or two before forgetting what they had just read. In the end they signed and initialed where indicated without reading more than a paragraph of the seven pages. Payments was made. The driver's licenses was handed back and Sister Mary Celeste was given a keycard.

"You're in room eleven-seventeen," Brianna said with a smile. "I hope you enjoy your stay and if you need anything please don't hesitate to ring me here at the front desk."

“Thank you.” Turning to her fellow nun, Sister Mary Celeste let out a long sigh. “I’m too tired to even get the bags.”

“That’s okay. You head on up and I’ll get them.”

“Thank you.”

A moment later Sister Mary Celeste was heading for the elevators while Sister Elizabeth Marie walked out the front door into the cool September night air. The doors slid open. Sister Mary Celeste stepped into the elevator and hit the button for the eleventh floor. It stopped at the fifth. The doors opened and a gorgeous light-skinned black woman wearing the skimpiest of see-thru maid outfits stepped into the elevator and pressed the button for the fourteenth floor. Cheeks immediately burning, Sister Mary bowed her head and refused to make eye contact.

“Evening,” the maid greeted.

“E-Evening,” Sister Mary Celeste politely replied with head still bowed.

“Is something wrong? Does my appearance offend you?”

“I...your clothes are see-thru.”

“And? Oh, does my uniform upset your delicate sensibilities?” When the maid watched Sister Mary’s cheeks turn even redder she grinned. “Wow! Really? I think you might be in the wrong place.”

The elevator stopped at eleven and Sister Mary Celeste scrambled to exit while thinking Brianna and the maid were right about this being the wrong place for two nuns to spend the night. Unfortunately, according to the GPS the next closest hotel or motel was another seventy miles down the road or fifty miles back the way they came so they would just have to make do with what they were offered. If being told by two people that they were in the wrong place was not enough, the room’s décor certainly did. There were indeed two full-sized beds but they were of the bondage variety with pillory built into the footboard. And lining shelves between them were dozens of sex toys. To the left was a door leading to the bathroom. To the right a Saint Andrews cross was bolted to the wall between a spanking bench and sex machine with two long metal rods ending in thick dildos.

Born Heather Malcolm, Sister Mary Celeste was not always a nun and before taking a vow of celibacy at twenty-one was a woman of the world who was not afraid to experiment. By twenty she had blown through men and women as quickly as some changed their clothes. But that was in her past. For six years she had never felt the tender touch of another woman or the pleasures of a man. As she stared from bed to toys the door creaked open behind her. Turning, she saw Sister Elizabeth Marie who immediately gasped.

“What the?” Sister Elizabeth Marie inhaled sharply, the two suitcases dropping from her hands. “What kind of place is this?”

“Not one we should be in. But we’ve already paid for the night and neither of us are in ant condition to drive so let’s just try to get some rest and get out of here first thing in the morning.”

Unlike her friend and the other nuns of the convent, twenty-five year old Sister Elizabeth Marie, born Claire Harper was a virgin in every sense of the word. Having devoted her entire life to God, she had never been with a man or woman. She had never even pleased herself no matter how desperate she had become. “A-Are you sure?”

“We don’t have any other choice. Go ahead and take your shower and then I’ll take mine.”

“Yes Ma’am. But for the record I really don’t feel comfortable in this place.”

“I don’t either, but try to ignore our surroundings and we’ll get out of here first thing in the morning.”

“I’ll do my best.”

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After their showers the two nuns climbed into their respective bondage beds and did their best to fall asleep. Exhausted, it did not take long though Sister Elizabeth Marie spent an extra twenty or so minutes staring from the pillory at her feet to the shelves of sex toys to her left and equipment to her right before she was finally consumed in blissful slumber.

The door to their room creaked open but the two women did not stir as half a dozen naked black men – big cocks hard and at the ready, tiptoed in and closed the door behind them. They also did not stir when the blankets were slowly, carefully peeled back revealing they both slept in just their bra and panties which were quickly cut for ease of removal. A deep sleepers by nature, the nuns did not even stir when one of the men lay in bed next to them while another got into position to penetrate her from the rear. They did wake, however, when they were their pussies and assholes were suddenly filled with big black cock.

Though she was far from being a virgin, it had been more than six years since Sister Mary had sex so she was nearly as tight. Sister Elizabeth Marie, however, was a virgin and the pain of having her pussy and asshole unexpectedly stretched around cocks that were well above average caused her to scream out. Unfortunately, it was cut short as the third man by her bed shoved nine hard inches down her throat causing her to immediately gag. Both women struggled against their attackers, but were simply overpowered. Helpless to do anything, they went limp and allowed the men to have their way until the taste of semen coated their tongues.

When the man finally pulled out of her throat, Sister Elizabeth Marie reeled back and rolled off the remaining two men just as the one she was on top of came deep inside of her. “W-What the...who the...” she wanted to curse at them but her vows prevented her from doing so. Stumbling across the room, she flipped the light on.

“Get the hell off of me you crazy fucking assholes!” Sister Mary screamed, her vows be damned. “Don’t just stand there, call the police!”

“Whoa, hold on there, why are you calling the police?” One of the men asked with genuine concern.

“Are you serious? You just broke into our hotel room and raped us!”

“Um, no we didn’t. We...”

“Yes, you did!”

“No, we really didn’t, another of the men said as they all backed away from the beds. “You did read the paperwork right?”

“I...” Sister Mary felt the need to lie, but her vows forced her to speak the truth. “I was too tired to read them fully.”

“S-Same,” Sister Elizabeth Marie replied.

“Oh lord,” A third black man said, shaking his head in disbelief. “Well, at least you’re honest about it. “Look, my name is Gavin and we’re here to gang bang you in accordance with the paperwork you signed to get the room.”

“I...we would NEVER agree to such a thing!” Sister Elizabeth Marie replied. “I was...you...you took my virginity,” she admitted as her face burned bright red. Stomping across the room, she grabbed her purse and after a moment pulled out the cell phone the convent loaned them for the trip.

“What are you doing with that?” Gavin asked.

“What do you think I’m doing? I’m calling the police.”

“Now just hold on a second. Please, god as my witness this is exactly what you and every other guest staying here signed up for and we can prove it if you’ll just take the time to read the paperwork you signed.”

Sisters Mary and Elizabeth Marie stared at each other for a long beat before the latter spoke up. “Brianna did say this wasn’t the place for us.”

“And one of the maids said the same thing to me in the elevator,” Sister Mary Celeste added.

“What kind of hotel raped their guests in the middle of the night?” Sister Elizabeth Marie asked as she glared from one naked man to another.

“It’s not rape when you sign up for it,” Gavin answered. “Mark, please go get the paperwork they signed so they can read it for themselves.” Turning back to Sister Mary Celeste he continued. “If it’s okay with you we’ll just stay right here until he comes back and then once you see it for yourselves we’ll pick up where we left off.”

“That is never going to happen,” Sister Elizabeth Marie shot back. “We’re nuns and we’ve taken vows of celibacy and what you just did to us is a sin.”

“If you don’t let us finish you’ll have to find another place to stay.”

“Then we’ll find another place to stay,” Sister Mary Celeste replied. “And even if what you say is true it becomes rape when we tell you to stop and you don’t.”

“And at no point did you tell us to stop.”

“YES I DID!” Sister Elizabeth Marie shouted. “Multiple times. But It’s hard to speak when there’s a...when your mouth is full. And I definitely tried getting away but you held me down. I may have been a virgin but I know what rape is!”

“I think we should all just take a step back and wait for Mark to return with the paperwork proving you signed up for a late night gang bang,” Gavin suggested. “If I’m wrong then I’ll call the police myself.”

The two naked nuns and five black men stood and sat around the room for several more minutes in silence – the former too shocked to even think about getting dressed and the latter not having anything to put on, before the door opened and Mark entered with Brianna hot on his heels.

“I had a feeling this was going to happen,” Brianna said. “Neither of you actually read the paperwork did you? Don’t bother answering. I already know you didn’t.” Holding out a folder to each woman, she waited for them to take them before continuing. “Go ahead and read them and you’ll see they you indeed agreed to be gang banged for three hours upon falling asleep. You’ll also see they’re the original forms you initialed and signed. Also, I did warn you that this was not a place you wanted to be and you decided to ignore me.”

Taking the folder, Sisters Mary Celeste and Elizabeth Marie opened them. Now wide awake, they read each page word for word and were horrified to see they had all spoken the truth. It was right there taking up two-thirds of the fourth page. And on top of that they also signed two different waiver and consent forms giving staff permission to use them however they saw fit as long as it was legal for them to do so.

“S-Sister Mary Celeste,” Elizabeth Marie stammered.

“Yeah, I’m reading the same thing.”

“What do we do?”

“You really only have two options, Brianna replied. “You can accept what you agreed to and let these men finish what they started, or you can leave. And before you ask, as stated in the paperwork you will not get a refund.”

“We took vows of celibacy,” Sister Mary Celeste replied as if it would make any difference.

“And we’ve broken it,” Sister Elizabeth Marie replied. “I’ve never been more humiliated in my life but...but I...god forgive me I’ve been regretting becoming a nun while still a virgin ever since taking my vows and I...”

“You want to stay and have sex with these men?”

“I mean, they’ve already taken my virginity and there’s no going back from that. Our vows have been broken and there’s no going back from that. I...I would like to have sex once before I die so yes, as horrible as it is, I want to stay.”

“Before I give you my answer, you did read everything, right? Including that part about them using us however they want and it being recorded, right?”

“I did and I still want to stay.”

“Then we’ll stay, but what we do here doesn’t leave this room. Is that understood?”

“Understood.”

“Then can we please get this over with so we can get some sleep?” Sister Mary Celeste asked.

“Absolutely. And since I’m actually off the clock right now I think I’ll join you,” Brianna said as she reached back and unzipped her dress.