

The First Book of the Merciful Nun

By Charmbrights

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Chapter 1 Childhood

There was nothing special about little Anne Tynan, she was a typical daughter of a poor Dublin family who lived in the maze of little streets between Pill Lane and the Quays, in the middle of the nineteenth century. Still a virgin, as any good Catholic girl was almost certain to be, she married at eighteen and moved in to live with her husband Stephen O'Driscoll in his mother's little terraced house. Sex was a painful surprise on her wedding night, for not even her mother had told her any of the facts of life. All the instruction she had received was that she was to obey her husband in everything. While sex soon stopped being painful, never in her whole marriage to Stephen did she get any pleasure from it; it was just something he did to her every night without fail, under the covers, in the dark, in the one position. It lasted a few uncomfortable minutes and then he rolled off her and was snoring within moments, while she lay there and leaked.

Anne had her plans for her children, which were the usual dreams of any mother then. Her sons would be brilliant, and one would work in a bank, which for her was the height of ambition. Another would become a priest. Others would have equally brilliant careers. Over the first four years she bore five daughters and no sons. This was, of course, God's will and Anne did not question it. In any case the children were not brilliantly clever; even she could see that.

Their fourth daughter, named Molly, was a quiet child who seemed little different from the others, until one day when she was three, Anne found her staring intently at a Bible, which she was holding upside down.

"What are you doing with that?" she asked the child.

"Nothing, mammy," replied the child, "I was only looking at the story."

"What story?"

"See here mammy, it says this man was thrown into the lye-own's den. What's a lye-own, mammy?"

Anne took it as a sign from heaven when she confirmed that her daughter could read a good few of the words in the bible, self-taught. She could only read upside down, since she had learned by watching her mother read the bible from the other side of the table. However, she read silently and swiftly, unlike Anne, who had to keep her finger on her place as she read, and say the words aloud, or she got lost.

From that day onwards it was decided that Molly would enter a convent and become a nun.

"If that were not the divine intention," Anne explained to Stephen, "why would she have been taught to read by a miracle?"

Stephen was run over by a passing carriage when Molly was five, and Anne stayed in the house with her mother-in-law, eking out a bare living by taking in washing from the soldiers in Kilmainham Barracks. Two years later she met a fifteen year old boy soldier called Rory O'Callaghan when he started to act as runner at the barracks, carrying washing too and from the barracks.

She was not yet thirty, but thought of herself as an old widow woman. Rory was lonely, a boy soldier many miles away from home, and she treated him like the son she never had. There was always hot soda bread to be had when he brought the washing, and he liked that. The volume of washing coming in to the little house grew steadily through his influence. Most of the soldiers for whom he was the runner cared little who did their laundry, so he brought all he could to Anne and she prospered. As she was conscientious about her work, and made minor repairs to frayed shirts at no charge, so the word spread and she was soon making a comfortable living.

Rory was posted away, but still the work came to their little house. The new runner was a rude boy, so he got no soda bread, and no sympathy. The main recipient of the benefits brought by the extra income was little Molly, who was enrolled with the nuns at the little school near the Nelson Pillar, just off Sackville Street. They, in their turn, reduced the fees when it was clearly understood that the child was to become a nun.

Three years away in England had turned Rory into a real soldier, filled out his frame and put a big smile on his face. When he knocked at Anne's door one evening, she didn't recognise him until he asked if she had made soda bread that morning.

They talked for hours, but about what Anne could not have said. Somehow it was nice to have a man around and, to tell the truth, she had been short of adult company since Stephen's mother had died of bronchitis the previous winter. The five girls were shy and in any case were soon packed off to bed.

Then it was time for Rory to go; he had to be back at the barracks by midnight. As he went to the door, he turned and suddenly kissed Anne. "You don't know how long I've waited to do that," he said.

"Go on with you," she chided him, "It's not respectable."

"I want to marry you," he said, "I've always dreamed of marrying you."

"Away with you. You were only a child when last you were here."

Rory was not taught to give up at the first set back when he was trained in soldiering. Soon he was spending all his free time with Anne and her girls. Soon it was normal for them to kiss as he left to go back to barracks. Soon Anne found she missed him on the days when he could not visit.

His persistence was phenomenal; every single visit, his parting words were, "Anne, will you marry me?"

Then one day he seemed much more serious than usual.

"What's the matter?" asked Anne.

"I've all of a week as leave due," he said, "And I'm thinking that it would make a fine honeymoon, but I can't work out who could look after the girls."

Their wedding night was a revelation for Anne. Rory was gentle and tender and used his hands and tongue in ways that Stephen would never have thought of in a million nights. She had her first orgasm, and her second, and her third, and those were before he slipped gently inside her now sopping wet vagina.

A side effect of this marriage was that Molly was sent to live in the convent at the tender age of ten. There were a few other girls there, orphans mostly, and they were quieter than her sisters. The best thing from Molly's point of view was that she had her own tiny room. For the first time in her life she could sleep with nobody else snivelling, snoring or disturbing her. She could sit quietly reading, her favourite occupation, without being disturbed.

At sixteen she became a Postulant, at seventeen a Novice, and when she was eighteen Anne and Rory sat proudly in the Public section of the divided chapel and heard her profess her vows before the Bishop and take the veil as Sister Lucia in the first year of the new century. Anne's conversation for weeks afterwards with her friends was larded with frequent references to "Sister Lucia, my daughter you know", or "My daughter, the Bride of Christ".

Chapter 2 Sister

As a fully professed Sister in the Convent, Sister Lucia was totally under the control of the Mother Superior, who could invoke the rules of Poverty, Chastity and Obedience to justify almost any orders she might see fit to give. It was soon clear to Sister Lucia that Obedience was regarded, by the Mother Superior if not by the Church, as the greatest of these three.

Her entire life was ruled by the prayers of the Breviary, each at their ordained hour. The day started, often before sunrise, with Matins; this was followed by Prime; then Terce; then Sext; then None. As the names implied, these were at pre-ordained intervals of three hours through the day. Finally, Vespers ended the day. As a Novice, attendance at all of these services had been expected; as a Sister of the order the only possible excuse for non-attendance was if the Sister Infirmarian decreed that a Sister's attendance was a grave danger to her own, or the other Sisters' health. Even then, Mother Superior regarded it as a grave omission, to be expiated only by extra prayer after the invalid recovered.

Thus the Sisters' day was some eighteen hours long, and sleep was permitted only in the remaining six hours. Between the services in the gaps of two hours or so, all the work of the Convent was to be done. Sister Lucia spent most of that time on her knees, scrubbing the flag stones of the Convent floor, in the other Sisters' cells as well as in the common areas. It took three of the Sisters working full time to scrub the entire Convent every day, which was essential, according to Mother Superior.

Promotion would come as each new Sister professed her vows. Sister Lucia could look forward to rising through the duties from floor scrubbing to the laundry, and thence to the kitchen as an assistant to the lay woman who was the paid cook. Beyond that, there was little for which she was fitted, since she had no training in medicine, theology, or teaching.

Envy, she knew, was a sin, but she harboured a secret wish to be allowed to teach the little girls in the Convent School. *Surely*, she wondered, *I could at least teach the littlest ones to read and write?*

Poverty and Chastity had never been a problem for Sister Lucia. In her entire life she had never owned anything of value, so Poverty was simply a fact of life, and not a deprivation. As a live-in student at the Convent School from the age of ten, she had had no contact with men for many years, and certainly not since the onset of puberty. The gory details of monthly flow and its control were explained to her by the Sister Infirmarian when she complained of bleeding the first time. The explanation she was given would have been wildly inadequate for any girl in the outside world, ignoring all aspects but the physical, and explaining the phenomenon as a curse placed on women by God at the expulsion from the Garden of Eden. The reproductive aspects were simply ignored.

The other girls in the School, those who lived outside with their families, had given her a highly inaccurate version of the facts of life, but that was the limit of her knowledge when Marie joined the Convent as a Novice.

Chapter 3

Admired

Marie Donovan was an unusual Novice, in that she had never been to the Convent School. She came from a rich family, and had been educated by a tutor who visited her family home three times a week to teach her, and her siblings, such things as it was deemed appropriate for a well-to-do young woman to learn in preparation for a 'good' marriage.

Marie had, of course, fallen in love with this young man, and they had progressed as far as stolen kisses when her father discovered the relationship. The tutor was sacked and Marie was told in no uncertain terms that she was to marry a widower forty years older than herself, who was an important customer of her father's tannery. The prospect of marriage to an old man was not to her liking, but the idea of becoming step-mother to a man and woman, both ten or more years older than herself and both still living at home, was intolerable.

She rebelled and for a week the row raged between her and her father.

He finally solved his problem of a wayward and uncooperative daughter by threatening her with a Convent. She responded by saying that would be preferable to the proposed marriage. He called her bluff and she was sent to join the Convent as a Novice.

Sister Lucia had been a full Sister for some two years when Marie joined them, and was regarded as one of the steadiest and most reliable of the younger Sisters, so the Mother Superior assigned her the duty of schooling the new Novice in all the aspects of the Convent which were new to her, a task which Sister Lucia embraced with joy, as her current duties in the kitchen seemed to consist of peeling endless piles of potatoes, and then washing up endless piles of dirty dishes.

Chapter 4 Coming Together

Within a week, Sister Lucia began to realise the enormity of the task. Marie had no knowledge whatever of the religious life, and little enough of the rudiments of her religion. The endless patience and good nature of the older girl meant that Marie was hopelessly besotted with her in a school girl crush within a month.

One evening they were discussing life as a nun and Sister Lucia pointed out that once having taken her final vows, a nun was committed for life to the convent. At this Marie burst into tears and Sister Lucia naturally drew the unhappy postulant to her to offer comfort; Marie's hand somehow came to rest on Sister Lucia's habit just over her right breast, but the good sister ignored that, assuming it was accidental.

The positioning of that hand was no accident; Marie had rather more knowledge of sexual matters than most of the Convent's inhabitants, and had experimented with her older sister for some time prior to her sibling's marriage. Sister Lucia was inevitably unable to resist the advances of the young Novice, which quickly passed from accidental touches to overt stroking of breasts and from innocent pecks to full-blooded kissing. By the time three months had passed they were in a firm lesbian relationship, based on Marie's crush and Sister Lucia's ignorant fascination with the pleasures Marie could give her during their 'study' sessions in the Sister's cell. Tongues were used on each other's clitoris and vaginal entrances. Fingers were insinuated into orifices. Wide open mouths met and provided a playground for duelling.

As a novice, Marie slept in a dormitory, but the Sister with the responsibilities of Novice Mistress was old, and slept very soundly, so it was not difficult for Marie to slip out of the dormitory and visit Sister Lucia at night, hoping they could have an hour or two of mutual fingering and kissing before she crept back to the dormitory.

Chapter 5

Sins Of The Spirit

Heather O'Hagan was a quiet girl, a studious girl, but above all an obedient girl. She was rarely admonished, and never chastised as she always tried to do what she was told by her parents, by her teachers, and above all by the Priest. Her childish confessions rarely moved to anything more serious than envy, though on occasion she admitted telling the odd white lie, and occasionally to being nasty to one of her six younger siblings.

Father Creggan was a very old man, and even older in spirit than in years; however it was not a fashionable parish and there was little sign of a replacement until Father Reilly came along as curate, specifically asking for this parish as he had been born and brought up in the area. He was also ambitious and thought that he could make his mark in an environment where the parish affairs were very run down, because the elderly priest simply could not cope. Indeed, Father Creggan welcomed the young man and told him within a week of his arrival that he had a completely free hand; after that evening the old man rarely left the manse except to go into the church for his daily office.

Father Reilly quickly became a great favourite among the younger women, and they vied for his attention, him being what was known as 'well set-up'. He was tall and well-built, having played rugby for his University in his younger days, which were not so long ago. The confessional was supposed to be anonymous, but with only two priests it was obvious which one was hearing confessions on any particular day, and the women seemed to have rather more sins when it was Father Reilly. Some of their sins were explained to him in more detail than to the older priest; it is doubtful if the old man's heart would have stood the strain of hearing some of the more lurid sins, though they were always by way of impure thoughts, rather than deeds.

The children's confessions were, of course, simpler and less imaginative than those of the young married women. Heather was no exception, and Father Reilly might not have noticed her had she not had a beautiful singing voice. When it came to selecting a St. Lucia for the annual procession, there was little doubt in the young priest's mind where his choice would lie. That was how it started.

The child was beautiful and yet, and yet, she was not quite still a child; at sixteen she was in the first flush of being a beautiful young woman as her jet black hair, worn usually in two long plaits, emphasised the fair complexion and sky blue eyes. Father Reilly saw her at her home one evening when he visited to sort some trivial details of the procession; her hair was flowing freely and her everyday clothes did nothing to hide her fast developing figure. As she brought him some tea, then turned away and showed a tight but plump behind to him, he felt a twinge between his legs that he had kept firmly repressed for some years.

That night in bed he had a dream in which he disrobed the girl-woman and beneath the childish clothes he discovered the body of a fully adult woman who welcomed him into her bed and into her body. Then he woke up lying in a sticky mess. As he lay feeling very foolish, he realised that he was totally besotted with the emerging woman he had perceived in the girl who still thought of herself as a child. He was horrified to find himself seeking ways and means which would allow him to spend time with her ... alone.

There were many opportunities for a priest, automatically wholly trusted, to be alone with the child of a parishioner, or to be with her when only other children were present. Heather's parents were pleased when she was asked to help with the bible teaching for the little ones, and when she was invited to sing in the choir. These activities afforded Father Reilly many opportunities to watch the girl without it looking odd, and very beautiful he found the experience as he watched her grow and flower into young womanhood. For two long years the priest managed to keep himself in check; he made no move to touch the girl, much less to indulge his ever more vivid fantasies.

Chapter 6

Sins Of The Flesh

Then it was Heather herself who suggested that some tuition in singing techniques would not come amiss. She had realised that she actually had a good voice, and that money could be made as a singer; furthermore, a trained voice would be more saleable than an untrained one.

It was some weeks into the singing lessons when Father Reilly's self restraint finally snapped.

"There's something wrong here," he commented, "You are not breathing at the right times in the song."

"I can't just keep on singing without breathing," she pointed out.

"Don't be pert with me, miss," Father Reilly admonished, "You will have to take off your top so that I can check your breathing," continued the priest, keeping his voice as matter-of-fact as he could.

Heather looked very uncertain, but he simply reached out and started to unbutton her blouse.

He was not disappointed; as he opened her upper garment it revealed small firm breasts, pert and cheeky nipples which were quickly hardening in the cold air, and huge pale pink areolae. Heather was obviously worried by this, but she reasoned that as a priest he would not do anything wrong. In fact the sight of her bare breasts was both a pleasure and a torment to the young man. He did not touch her, but contented himself with the vision of perfect breasts which her singing half naked gave him.

After this first time Father Reilly kept his desires in check for many weeks, only demanding that she strip a very few times. As these occasions multiplied Heather became accustomed to being partly naked before him and would instantly strip off her blouse whenever he asked.

It was because Father Reilly lost his temper with her that they moved on to further intimacies. He had asked her to learn Mozart's *Ave Verum Corpus* at home, so that they could start to rehearse it ready for the Easter services. When she came for her private lesson she was not ready; she had simply not managed to find the time to learn it.

"What punishment do they use at school for disobedient children who have not done their homework properly?" the priest asked sternly, knowing full well the answer.

She paused for a moment before answering very quietly, "The cane, Father."

"Speak up!" he snapped.

"The cane, Father," she repeated, only a little louder.

"Then I shall do the same," he decided, suppressing his excitement as best he could.

"But I'm not a school child any more, Father. I'm eighteen years old and a grown woman."

The priest was unmoved by this argument. "Remove your underwear."

She didn't move.

"Come on," he snapped, "Caning is always on the bare bottom, isn't it?"

"I don't ... don't know," she started sobbing quietly, "I was never caned."

"Well it is," he declared, "or are you going to argue about that as well?"

Very reluctantly she lifted her skirt and gripped the waist band of her underwear. As her knickers were slowly, and very reluctantly pushed down her long pale thighs a sweet little mound covered in silky dark hair came into view.

"There, that wasn't too hard was it?" he said as he led her to the sofa, "Bend over the arm of that chair and it will soon be over," he ordered, and after a small hesitation she lay as instructed.

“Lift your skirt,” he ordered.

Slowly and very reluctantly she bared her behind to his view.

Father Reilly contemplated the soft curved white buttocks for a moment, and then struck them with his cane. He had to restrain himself from hitting her anything like as hard as he would have liked, but she was unused to physical punishment and burst into tears. This presented the opportunity he had hoped for and he took the beautiful naked body into his arms and comforted her. Heather was so shaken by the pain in her bottom that she didn't notice the hands stroking her hair, her back, her buttocks, and as she collected her thoughts and rose to dress herself, trailing across her breasts.

After she had gathered herself together and adjusted her dress, Father Reilly said, “Now, go home and learn the piece properly. I'm sure someone in your household can play the piano?”

“Yes, Father. My mother plays.”

“Well, ask her to accompany you as you practice it. And if I were you, I wouldn't mention the punishment, or you will be in trouble at home as well,” he admonished.

“Yes, Father,” said Heather meekly, knowing full well that if she mentioned being in any kind of disfavour at church she would certainly be punished at home as well, for disgracing the family.

As she walked home she could not fathom why she felt so happy, in spite of the pain in her rear end. In truth, she was just happy to be noticed for herself, and not merely taken for granted as a useful pair of hands in a household which had seven children in it, ranging from her own eighteen years down to little Jamie who was four.

Much to the priest's surprise Heather arrived promptly the following week for her next lesson, and was note perfect on the Mozart. More perplexing was that she knocked the music stand over several times, and Father Reilly could have sworn it was deliberate on at least one occasion. The third time she rose from collecting the sheets of music from the floor she moved to stand in front of the Priest with her head hanging in shame.

“I'm sorry, Father, and ... and ... and,” her voice tailed off.

“And what?” snapped the Priest, hardly daring to hope.

“And ... and I expect you will punish me again for my clumsiness,” she mumbled, quickly adding, “But only smacks, not the cane, please Father. I wasn't bad enough for the cane. I learnt my music, didn't I?”

“Over my knee, if you please,” he said, and was surprised at the alacrity with which she moved to the prescribed position.

Settling herself comfortably across his knee, she asked, “Do I raise my skirts, Father?”

“If you please.”

SMACK.

His hand descended on the knicker-covered arse cheek further from his body, eliciting a small squeak and a wriggle from the pupil. Father Reilly was somewhat embarrassed that his prick enjoyed the pressure of the wriggling young woman on his lip.

SMACK.

The other cheek was somewhat more difficult to hit, and so the squeak was more of a moan. Heather could not understand why being spanked was such fun.

No, she thought, fun isn't the word. It makes me tingle all through my front from my bobbies to the bottom of my tummy.

SMACK. The first cheek again this time, but the squirming young body on his lap was too much for the young celibate and he abruptly pushed her off as he filled his underwear with jism.

Heather wasn't prepared for the sudden move and fell awkwardly to the floor, hitting her elbow on the floor and hurting it enough to make her cry. Father Reilly leapt up and helped her to her feet, holding her close to him to comfort her. She noticed that his 'thing' was no longer sticking out in front of him as it had poked into her belly when she was across his lap. This whole phenomenon was known to her in theory, and she had occasionally seen one or other of her brothers wanking, so she was well aware of the effect she had had on the young priest.

The next lesson she again manufactured a good reason for her teacher to punish her, and this time she dropped her knickers before bending over the chair arm.

"It will be easier like this," she said and threw her skirts up to reveal her naked bum.

Artlessly opening her legs to get a proper balance, she showed her priest a clear view of the dark hairs peeping between her thighs. Father Reilly took another step down the route to perdition as he stepped over and stroked her white flesh.

To judge the distance, he told himself, knowing that he lied even to himself.

Six smart blows from his hand had the young bottom bouncing about and the dark hairs soaked in a matter of moments. Again the girl was in tears, and as he raised her from the chair neither of them commented that he was stroking her consolingly. More to the point, neither remarked that the consoling strokes were on the damaged skin and that his hand was under her skirts on the naked posterior.

And so it went by small steps, never a week passing without further liberties being taken, and allowed without demur by the girl, who was by now utterly besotted with the priest. She had seen one of her brothers playing with the girl next door, and so she knew that the priest would want her to touch him as intimately as he was now touching her.

It was as she stood after being spanked and while she was being consoled by Father Reilly fingering her clitoris that she first stroked the bulge in his trousers. Immediately he pulled away from her.

"Please, Father," she said in a small voice, "Don't stop. ... And let me help you."

After that they gave up all pretence of music lessons and spent each of their weekly sessions in further and deeper sexual contacts, until the priest was not only stroking her lower regions to assuage her pain, for they always started with a spanking, but he had gone so far as to kiss the damaged area, and then the other nearby sites of pleasure.

The change from Father Reilly dominating Heather was abrupt. One evening she knelt before him instead of offering her behind for spanking; opening his trousers, she reached inside and withdrew his prick from its hiding place. Then she did what she had seen the girl next door do to her brother. She kissed the rapidly growing tube of flesh and took it in her mouth.

His first orgasm took her by surprise and she nearly choked, but she did manage to swallow it all eventually.

Father Reilly thought it was just a routine meeting with his immediate superior, the Bishop, and that it might even be news of his promotion from curate to priest-in-charge, with Father Creggan retiring.

"Tell me," were the Bishop's first words, "What is she like, this ..." he consulted his papers, "... Heather O'Hagan?"

It was then that Father Reilly realised he was in trouble, serious trouble.

“This young girl is saying that you ... did things to her,” the Bishop thundered, “and I see from your face that you are guilty.”

Father Reilly sat silently fearing the worst; that he would be excommunicated, defrocked and left to the mercy of an unforgiving world.

“Fortunately for you the Church in her wisdom realises that young men cannot always keep to their vows of celibacy,” continued the Bishop, “And so you will be dealt with. You will double the number of masses you say for the next six months, and during those months you will meditate on Our Lord’s celibacy on your knees for one hour every day.”

“Thank you, My Lord,” said the priest.

“You will not be made priest-in-charge in that parish as you hoped,” was the next blow, “In fact you will not set foot in it again. Your belongings will be sent on to you, and you will become the junior curate in the Parish of St. Francis Xavier. You will also attend the College of Correction and Redemption on a regular basis.”

“Thank you, My Lord,” the priest repeated, “May I ask where is this College and what does it do?”

The Bishop gave him the address and added, “Monsignor Flavin, the Master of the College is expecting you today. He will explain everything.”

“What will happen to the girl?” the miscreant asked, timidly.

“Oh, she’s gone,” said the Bishop.

“Gone? Gone where?”

“Off to some institution to have her baby. Then she’s for a convent many miles from here, and the child will be put in an orphanage at birth.”

“That’s terrible,” stammered Father Reilly, who had not even been aware that she was pregnant.

“You should have thought of that before you seduced her,” observed the Bishop, tartly, “Her situation is entirely of your making. The child is also of your making, she claims.”

The Bishop picked up a piece of paper from his desk and started to read it; clearly the interview was over, and ominously without the usual benediction. Father Reilly left the room quietly, but somewhat relieved that he was not to be expelled from the priesthood, although the transfer to working in the roughest parish in the diocese was clearly a punishment.

Chapter 7 The College

Father Reilly considered what the attendance at the College of Correction and Redemption might involve. It did not sound promising – severe self-flagellation at the very least would be the ‘Correction’ part of the course, he imagined. He made his way to the address he had been given, and found there a gaunt early Victorian building which looked extremely forbidding from the outside. There was no indication on the door that this was the College, but he was in the right street and the number on the door was correct so he pulled the bell handle and waited.

The door was opened by an insignificant servant girl in a drab smock, and Father Reilly started to ask if this were the right address.

“Follow me,” said the girl, ignoring the question.

Father Reilly was led along several corridors until they reached a closed door.

“There,” said the servant, and turned away, disappearing before Father Reilly could ask any more.

Hesitantly he knocked at the door, and then entered in response to the call from within. Seated behind a desk was a short dark priest wearing the purple which signified that he was a Monsignor. He had a sour expression on his face as he looked Father Reilly up and down, and evidently was not much impressed by what he saw.

“You will be Reilly, the child molester?” he asked.

“Not a child, Monsignor, not a child. She was ... is eighteen,” stammered Father Reilly.

“But you sinned with her in your heart long ago; you ‘looked upon her’ as Our Lord expressed it,” it was a statement, not a question.

“No matter,” Monsignor Flavin continued, “I am Monsignor Flavin, the Master of the College of Correction and Redemption. It is our purpose here to ensure that you do not transgress with any of your new parishioners. The Holy Mother Church accepts that you are human and therefore sinful. What we do here is provide an outlet for the sinful part of your nature which is carefully controlled so that no scandal can arise. To that end a devout nun accepts the rôle of provider, we call her the Merciful Nun, and she allows you to indulge any carnal desires you may have, after which you come to me and confess. I then give you a penance and absolution.”

Father Reilly was completely silenced by this short speech. He wondered if he had correctly understood what was being said. Was it possible that a nun was being offered to him for sexual dalliance simply to stop him becoming entangled with another parishioner?

After some moments Monsignor Flavin said, “Yes. That is the usual reaction. Well, now comes a certain amount of disappointment. The current Merciful Nun is heavily pregnant so no chastisement of her is allowed. Of course she can perform fellatio, or you can sodomise her, or you can copulate with her, though the latter is difficult now. And, of course you may indulge in all three if you so desire; she is entirely at your disposal for the rest of the day.”

Still Father Reilly was struck dumb by the enormity of what was being offered here.

After some moments he gathered himself and asked, “Are you sure no word will get out?”

“Absolutely sure, Father.”

”But what about the servant girls?”

Monsignor Flavin laughed, "They are specially selected from girls of very poor families, girls who have been orphaned in their early teens and who remember the hardships of their childhoods. Having three meals a day, more than one set of clothes, a waterproof roof over their heads, a comfortable bed, and warmth in the winter is like living in heaven for them. They will not talk. In any case they never go out. They are not to be touched, or even spoken to unnecessarily; their purpose is to act as maids in the College, not to indulge any of your needs."

The older man rose from his chair and walked to the door, saying, "Let me introduce you to Gertrude."

Following him, Father Reilly asked, "Gertrude?"

"The current Merciful Nun's baptismal name was Gertrude. She does not use her convent name while performing her sinful duties. We find it helps these women if they can divorce their two lives."

As they spoke, the two men were walking briskly along a corridor. Monsignor Flavin stopped at a door and turned to the younger priest.

"In there. No need to knock, just walk in and use her as you see fit. She has several different costumes and on future visits you can specify in advance what apparel you want to find her in."

With that he turned away and strode back towards his office.

Father Reilly hesitated for a moment and then opened the door and walked through it.

Chapter 8

Sister Victoria

He saw a very ordinary bedroom with a youngish woman wearing a flowered dress such as many of his parishioners might wear at home. He breathed a sigh of relief, for he had been very apprehensive about this whole concept.

“Hullo,” he said, and then was completely at a loss as to how to proceed.

The Merciful Nun was able, after well over a year in the College, to handle this situation, a young priest who was new to visiting her.

She smiled and said, “Welcome. I am here for your pleasure, Master. I will help you in any way you wish.”

Father Reilly sat beside her on the bed, and then realised that she really was very heavily pregnant. He stared at her belly until she realised what he was looking at, and misinterpreted his interest.

“Do you want to see?” she asked and stood up, quickly taking off her dress.

She stood before him naked, except for stockings and shoes, apparently totally unconcerned at his stares.

“I bet you haven’t seen a woman like this,” she said, “Well here I am and you can do anything you want with or to me.”

When there was no reaction from the priest she moved in front of where he sat and knelt before him. Reaching out with both hands she lifted one of his hands to her breast while also trying to unbutton the front of his trousers. Father Reilly sat transfixed; never in his wildest dreams had he imagined that the Church would provide a woman, a young woman, a young pregnant woman, a young lascivious pregnant woman for priests such as he.

The breast beneath his hand was warm and tangible, if rather larger than young Heather’s and as the woman, Gertrude he recalled, opened his trousers he found that his penis was not reacting in the least. Contemplating the swollen belly in front of him and the blue-veined breasts he felt almost physically sick as the image of the beautiful naked eighteen year old Heather floated in his mind.

Gertrude misinterpreted his lack of response as shyness, so she ducked her head into his lap and licked the end of his shrunken prick in an attempt to bring it to life.

“Stop, stop,” he said, springing up, “This isn’t right.”

“Oh dear,” Gertrude responded, switching her tactics in a flash, “Am I the naughty girl?”

She rose and fetched a paddle from the sideboard and then lying on the bed with her legs over the edge.

With the paddle she reached behind her and patted one buttock, saying, “I ought to be punished, didn’t I?”

“No, no, no,” said the unhappy priest.

If this was the Church’s substitute for his lissom eighteen year old Heather then it simply wasn’t enough. As he sat on the bed beside the bulky belly of Gertrude he wondered how he could stop himself desiring other parishioners with only this bovine alternative. Pushing her away, half unconsciously, he was again misinterpreted and Gertrude obligingly rolled on her side.

Glancing down, Father Reilly's attention was caught by her plump buttocks. One of his fantasies about Heather, never actually achieved, had been to enter her from behind, and possibly even in his wildest moments to use the darker route. Here was this woman who would, Monsignor Flavin had assured him, allow anything. His dormant sex rose swiftly as he contemplated sodomising this woman.

Standing up, he quickly divested himself of all his clothing. He joined the naked woman on the bed as she lay on her side. As his now erect penis rubbed into her slit she half-turned towards him and reached for him with her hand.

"If you wants me like this, you'll find it works better if you stand up beside the bed. Then you can come into me any way you want," she suggested.

That phrase "any way you want" had his organ bobbing up and down in eager anticipation.

He stood up and Gertrude shuffled across until her generous buttocks were on the very edge of the bed.

"Please rub it in my cunt first to get it wet," she asked, "And then you can have my arse."

Father Reilly obeyed, dutifully rubbing his cock head in between her labia to acquire some lubrication. By a deft twist of her hips, she managed to impale herself on his prick and he pushed in and out dutifully for a few moments. Then he withdrew and pushed gently against her dark rosebud. It opened obediently and he was soon ensconced in the hottest tightest tube he had ever known. As she clamped her sphincter on his intruding prick it felt even tighter than little Heather's cunt had been in the first days of their sexual intrigue.

If he had known Gertrude's thoughts he would have lost his erection immediately and possibly permanently.

As he thought, This is great. I could enjoy this to the exclusion of any young girl. She's hot and tight and I don't have to spend ages persuading her, She must like me a lot, she was thinking, *He's no use to me, just another arse fucker, still at least he doesn't smell. I wonder if I'll have to suck him when he's done and what's for the evening meal tonight?*

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