

Sisters of Perpetual Perversion

Faye Valentine

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Reaching out, I grabbed the curved metal handle attached to a thick, heavy wooden door. Pressing the latch at the top, I pulled the door open and stepped into the quiet, somber halls of the convent of the Sisters of the Perpetual Heart to begin my life as a nun against the protests of family and friend whom all thought that, at the age of twenty-six, I was too young. In their minds nuns were greying old ladies well past their prime with nothing left to offer anyone and so gave up their worldly possessions to live a life of lonely solitude and reflection. That was as far from the truth as possible, however, they would not listen and so I spent my last remaining dollars on plane and bus tickets that took me across the country.

Walking down the hallway, I was about to turn a corner when a nun stepped from a side passage and startled me half to death. "Sorry," she apologized. "Didn't mean to scare you like that. Can I help you with something?"

"I'm just on my way to the Mother Superior's office."

"She's actually indisposed at the moment and won't be available until this evening. If you like I can take a message for her. I'm Sister Elyse, by the way. And you are?"

"Sister Faith," I replied, leaving out my last name as I always got teased for it. "I'm actually new here and was supposed to meet the Mother Superior at nine."

"Ah, yes, she did mention a new arrival this morning. Unfortunately, she was called away on emergency business. I'm in charge until she returns so if you want I can give you the tour and get you settled in."

"I'd like that very much. Thank you," I smiled as I looked into her big green eyes. If only my family and friends could see her they would know not all nuns were old and wrinkled. Catching myself staring – the feelings of sexual attraction rearing their ugly head, I looked down at the floor.

"Everything okay?"

"Huh? Yeah, sorry, I just had a long flight and ride on the bus to get here and I'm pretty tired is all."

"Are you sure that's all?" she winked as her plump lips curled into the most seductive smile I had ever seen.

My heart skipped a beat and had she not been a nun in full habit I would have thought she was hitting on me, or at the very least teasing. Either way, I had to quell the urges rising to the surface or I would find myself out on the streets before my life of religious servitude even began. "Y-Yes."

"Hmm...okay then. Please, follow me and I'll take you to our room."

"Our room?"

"Were you not aware you would have to room with one of the Sisters as part of your training and orientation?"

"Oh, right."

"It's been a while since I mentored another so why not? Unless you've already been paired with another, that is."

"No, I've talked to Mother Superior and she mentioned it, but I was not paired with anyone."

"Alright then, shall we?" she asked with a wave of her right hand down the corridor. Going about twenty feet, she stopped. "Ahead is the chapel. To the left are the offices, community room and some of the bedrooms for the older Sisters unable to take the stairs to the

upper floors. And to the right you'll find reception, music rooms, bathrooms and a large study room and library. There are also stairs to the left and right that lead to the basement and upper floors." Speaking and talking, she led me to the right, up a flight of stairs and into another long corridor.

"Across the hall is an infirmary and there's another across from the other stairs to the left," she continued. "At either end of the floor are the dormitories where you'll be staying after your probationary period. Until then, you'll stay in here with me," she said, opening a door to a large, neatly clean bedroom. The furniture was elegantly simple with two beds against the far right wall with a dresser and night stand next to each. Along the left wall were two oak desks and chairs and the hardwood floor was mostly covered with an area rug. "I have the bed to the left and that's my closet," she said pointing to the closed door to the left of the dresser. "You may have the other end. Any questions?"

"No, Ma'am."

"While we keep the convent and grounds as clean as possible, I am particularly strict when it comes to tidiness. You will pick up after yourself and make your bed every morning. You will dust at least twice a week and vacuum every day. Is that understood?"

"Yes Ma'am."

"Great. Our next stop will be the basement storeroom where we'll get you into the proper attire."

Stepping out of the room, we were on our way to the stairs when two nuns approached from the left. Sister Elyse stopped, turned and walked in their direction. "Good morning Sister Phoebe," she said to young, very attractive brunette. "Sister Jodie," she said to a freckle-faced redhead wearing only the gown portion of her attire. This is the newest member of the convent, Sister Faith."

"Pleasure to meet you," Sister Phoebe said, grabbing my hand and giving it a stern shake. "Have you already been paired?"

"She'll be rooming with me for the time being," Sister Elyse said to Phoebe's dismay. "Have you forgotten your manners, Sister Jodie?"

"Sorry," the soft spoken woman replied. "It's very nice to meet you," she said biting nervously into her lower lip as her eyes suddenly darted up and down my body.

Is she checking me out? I thought. First Sister Elyse winks and smiles seductively at me and now another nun is blatantly looking me over? What kind of convent did I get sent to? "The pleasure is all mine. Pardon me for saying this, but are all the nuns here young?"

"Not all of them," Sister Elyse answered. "But the vast majority are under thirty. We tend to attract the younger nuns as they are a better fit for life at the Perpetual Heart. Phoebe, for instance is twenty-seven, I'm thirty-one and the ever shy Sister Jodie is twenty-two. And the Mother Superior is the oldest at fifty-seven, but if you ask me she doesn't look a day over forty-five. Anyways, we were just going to the store room to get Faith some clothes. Would the two of you like to join us in case she has any questions?"

"Sure," Sister Phoebe smiled.

"Okay," Sister Jodie replied, her voice barely a whisper.

I thought it odd that it took three nuns to get me some clothes, but being the new woman in the convent I was not quite ready to begin questioning their ways. Walking behind Sister Elyse and in front of Sister Jodie, we went back down to the first floor and continued down the stairs to the basement where four more nuns filled the air as with the sweet melody of humming as they folded laundry. I was quickly introduced to Sisters Amber, Mary, Lilith and Darlene and

then Elyse led me and the others through a door at the back of the room which Sister Phoebe closed behind us.

The left, right and back walls were floor to ceiling build-in shelves. Lining the left were piles and piles of bras. The back ones contained panties and shoes lined the right. Taking up most of the floor space were neatly arranged racks from which hung the gowns and wimples. “Go ahead and take your clothes off and then you may find the proper bra and panties,” Sister Elyse said.

“Um, you mean right here in front of everyone?”

“There’s nothing to be ashamed of. When you find your sizes you may take seven of each and two pairs of shoes,” she continued. “Go on, we don’t have all day,” she added when I just stood there looking dumbfounded. And to prove her point, she reached back and unzipped her gown and then wiggled out of it. Sisters Jodie and Phoebe followed suit and then all three unhooked their bras and let them fall to the floor. “We are all children of God and there is no shame in the naked form,” Sister Elyse said.

My gaze going to the floor, I pulled my tee shirt off over my head. It was snatched by Sister Phoebe whom held her hand out for the rest. My pants were the next to go followed by my bra, panties and socks.

“See, that wasn’t so hard now was it?” Sister Elyse asked. Her finger touched my chin and I inhaled sharply. My head was lifted until we were looking into each other’s eyes. “You are a very beautiful woman, Sister Faith, and I saw the way you were staring at me when we first met.” Her left hand took me by the waist and our bodies were suddenly pressed together.

“W-What...what are you doing? This is...” my protest was cut short by her full lips pressing against mine and then my legs were pushed apart from behind. Looking back and down, I saw Sister Jodie on her knees. Her pretty face blushed. Turning, she sucked my clit into her warm mouth and I nearly trampled her as I stumbled back and away from the madness. “Have you all lost your minds? This is wrong! We can’t...”

“Look me in the eye and tell me you weren’t checking me out when we met,” Sister Elyse commanded. And if you lie you’ll find yourself in a world of trouble when the Mother Superior returns.”

“I...yes...but that doesn’t mean...”

“Are you bisexual?”

“Homosexuality is against...”

“I’m just going to go ahead and stop you right there. I asked if you were bisexual.”

“Yes, but I am a nun now and I’ve left that life behind so that I may give the Lord my fullest attention.”

“That is what we all do, Sister Faith. But no one said we had to be celibate to do it. In fact, does Genesis twenty-eight not say: ‘And God blessed them, and God said unto them, be fruitful and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it and have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth.’ How, pray tell can one be fruitful and multiply if one does not engage in the very act of procreation the Lord on high blessed us with?”

That was certainly one way of interpreting the bible I had never thought about before, but it still felt wrong. “Being fruitful and multiplying in that sense requires a man and a woman,” I countered.

“True, but we don’t have men here to procreate with so we must make do with what we have. I know this is a shock to the system, believe me, I really do, but these are the ways of the

Perpetual Heart and the quicker you learn and accept them, the happier you'll be. Now prove to us that you have what it takes to fit in here. Get on your knees and suck my clit as Sister Jodie continues sucking yours."

I had spent my entire life fighting my sexuality with only the occasional slip when the urges overwhelmed me, and now here I was in a convent being commanded to have sex with several nuns. "Please don't make me do this."

"I see the way you look at our naked bodies. You may lie to yourself, but you cannot lie to us or the Lord. Now set your true self free and suck my clit. And if you're still hung up on the immorality of it then think on the bible verses pertaining to homosexuality and what they all have in common."

"You mean that it is *wrong*?"

"No, that is not what I meant at all. Leviticus eighteen-twenty-two: 'Do not practice homosexuality, having sex with another man as with a woman. It is a detestable sin.' Leviticus twenty-thirteen: 'If a man practices homosexuality, having sex with another man as with a woman, both men have committed a detestable act. They must both be put to death, for they are guilty of a capital offense.' What is the common theme?"

I stared at her blankly.

"Sister Jodie?"

"There is no mention of women lying with another woman in any of the passages," Sister Jodie answered. "If a man lays with a man. If a man practiced homosexuality. There's even one in first Corinthians that mentions male prostitutes but non female ones."

"And so spoketh the Lord," Sister Elyse grinned.

I knew deep down their logic was seriously flawed, but I could no longer resist their beautiful, freely offered bodies. Getting down on my knees, I sucked Sister Elyse's clit into my mouth. She moaned and my hands grabbed her ass as my tongue pushed into her. Sister Jodie slid between my legs and began licking and not to be left out, Sister Phoebe crawled between Jodie's legs.

"Wait!" Sister Elyse exclaimed. "This isn't right."

That's what I've been trying to say all along, I thought as I continued licking her pussy.

"Come on, let's go out to the laundry room so the other Sisters can join in. We'll make it a classic Daisy chain." And with that she was no longer standing in front of me. The other nuns followed and I brought up the rear as confused and conflicted as ever.

Seeing us all emerge butt naked, the four nuns doing laundry stopped what they were doing and practically tore their clothes off before Sister Elyse even had a chance to tell them what we were doing. They all got on the floor on their left sides with Sister Lilith – a petite, busty brunette, at the lead, her right leg in the air as Sister Amber licked her pussy. Mary and Darlene were next. When I and Sisters Elyse, Jodie and Phoebe joined, the circle was complete and we spent the next ten or fifteen minutes eating each other out.

It came to an end as suddenly as it started as the nuns paired off and moved on top of one another to do a sixty-nine. Sister Elyse grabbed me before any of the others and she got on top of me, pussy in my face. I spread her open and pushed three fingers into her as I licked her tight asshole. "I don't know if this is heaven or hell, but I love it," I purred as she quickly filled me with three of her fingers.