

“Sister, I—”

“Come to my bedchamber. Nightfall.”

Serafina bid to protest, but no words came to her. She bowed her head, swallowed, and said, “I have recited all seven Prayers of Sorrow—I...” She thought of their fiery communion in the confessional and grew silent.

“Yes. Yes, I’m well aware of that Sister Serafina.” There was a lilt of humor in her response.

Clasping her hands, she asked, “Am I in trouble?”

“No. I simply want your attention, in private, so we may... talk.”

“Talk?”

Imelda pursed her lips and casted a side glance over to Serafina. “I assure you, you are in no trouble.”

“Then I will do as you request of me,” she said standing and smoothing her habit. She had grown quite warm under her wimple and wanted nothing more than to remove it.

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Serafina gently rapped on Imelda’s door. A muffled *enter* gave her admittance from within. She opened the door and closed it behind her and found Imelda sitting on a bed—hands busy embroidering a robe.

“You came,” she said with a small smile.

“Yes, of course.”

Imelda placed her handiwork aside and offered the chair across from her. “Please.”

Serafina wiped her sweaty palms on her tunic and walked over. She sat, back stiff, emotions in a flurry.

There was a heavy silence until Imelda said, “What happened in the confessional—”

“Forgive me Sister! I—I know not what influenced me that day, but I am plagued by it. I am ashamed. My behavior...” Serafina buried her face in her palms and felt that her cheeks were burning. “Please do not tell the abbess. I beg of you.”

Imelda straightened, surprised at Serafina’s outburst. She stood and took her Sister’s hands from her face and held them. “I had guided you. I am as much to blame for that day—for our shared wickedness, but I do not regret what we did.”

Serafina looked up at her; her fingers trembled while entwined with Imelda’s. Her chest heaved. “I think of you so often it hurts. There is something terribly wrong with me,” she whispered as if giving the confession more air would bring the walls down upon them.

Imelda squeezed her hands. “Was it not enough?”

She shook her head. “No.”

Imelda pulled Serafina to her feet and said, “Then let us cast aside our veils, Sister, so we may bare our Truth.” Serafina’s brows furrowed as Imelda kissed her fingers. “Why must we fight this?” She released her hands only to grip her waist.

“Because we *must*,” Serafina sighed, relishing the touch. Imelda’s hands were large—warm. Serafina could feel them through the coarse fabric of her habit. Their breath mingled, and all that could be heard was the crackling of the hearth.

“Then stop me,” Imelda whispered. Her eyes were downcast and focused on Serafina’s bosom. “Pull away.”

She didn’t. Her heart pounded, and she drew in one discreet breath, but she refused to deny what they both desperately wanted. She leaned in, closed her eyes, and felt Imelda’s lips press against her own. Reticence grew into urgency. This was no soul-kiss, no false move of intimacy, and the force of it made her gasp into Imelda’s mouth.

Serafina pulled away. She could partake in her Sister's lips for all of eternity, but it wouldn't suffice; her body ached for more. Feeling feverish, she beheld Imelda's eyes—lustrous with either fear or euphoria—a countenance so mysterious and enticing that Serafina dare not look away. She would commit all that she could of this moment to memory. The feel of Imelda's hands on her, the lingering taste of her mouth, her scent, her passionate gaze... She didn't flinch when Imelda slid a knuckle alongside her cheek, curving down her soft jawline, and ending at her chin.

"You do something to me," Imelda said, her words were silken. "My thoughts linger on you before sleep claims me."

A warm sensation inundated Serafina's entire being. It was as if she were living her dreams, her foolish fantasies. She was afraid that this was all a cruel delirium—a desperate manifestation conjured up by her insatiable need... She would indulge. She would invest all of herself... She took a step back, miserable without Imelda's touch, and undressed with trembling fingers.

Imelda mirrored her movements and disrobed alongside her—their wimples were left to fall upon the floor, and undergarments were cast aside with nary a look. Imelda's shorn brown hair was not unlike Serafina's auburn locks as they were one and the same in that moment, bare bodies quavering under their mutual gaze. The cross nestled between Imelda's heavy breasts glinted in the firelight, and her nipples were large, dark, and decadent.

Serafina's breath hitched and she closed her eyes, suddenly ashamed of her thoughts and the warm sensation pooling between her thighs. She cupped her own breasts and felt an overwhelming heat creep up her neck and blossom in the apples of her cheeks.

"Look at me," Imelda said. "And don't stop looking at me." She straightened her spine and Serafina beheld the two spiked garters wrapped around her thighs, which strangled the flesh but did not puncture. Cilice. Questioning the corporal mortification as Imelda pulled her into an embrace, the twisted wire felt cold and abrasive against her flushed skin. The discomfort did not go unnoticed.

Imelda gently kissed Serafina's neck—soft and warm against the delicate flesh. "I want you to sit on my face," she whispered, lips ghosting her earlobe and edging a chill. "I wish to savor you."

Serafina allowed Imelda to pull her down onto the bed with her, refusing to initiate but taking comfort in the arms enclosing her. She pressed her ear to Imelda's breast and found her heart pounding, rapid and wild, and the sound was enough to move Serafina with a devastating desire. She turned her head and took one of Imelda's nipples into her mouth and sucked, faltering at first until she felt the woman beneath her unfold—thighs parting, hips lifting, hands gliding over her as if she were the finest satin. She knew not what would please Imelda... A flat tongue dragged slowly across her stiff peak? A swirl followed by a soft suckling? A hint of teeth paired with a gentle kiss? Serafina dared them all, and all made Imelda quake beneath her.

Minutes passed, deliciously occupied with their shared moans. Both growing warmer—a zealous edge to every kiss and touch. Once Serafina was satisfied with the attention she'd given Imelda's breasts, she leaned into her embrace and waited.

"Sit, Sister."

Needing no further instruction, Serafina crawled over Imelda and straddled her face, shivering as the older woman's hands slid up the back of her thighs, settling on her backside—cradling her as if she were a precious relic.

"You're wet," Imelda said, eyes fixed on Serafina's folds above her.

"Y-yes." And with the guidance of Imelda's hands, Serafina lowered herself.

The first lick startled her, she gasped and went stiff, thighs quivering, pussy throbbing at the sudden sensation of wet pressure and hot breath.

But Imelda pulled away. "Open yourself for me," she whispered and Serafina tentatively slid her hand down. With two fingers she spread herself—chest heaving with anticipation. Imelda beheld her with a heavy-lidded gaze filled with so much longing that Serafina feared she'd burst into flames above her. Agony was born from the delay, but the prospect was delectable. Serafina wanted nothing more than to lower herself and force her aching clit between his Sister's lips, but she held her position, drew in her bottom lip and bit down hard. Agony.

And then Imelda devoured her. Her tongue swirled and lapped, gentle, slow—clearly tasting. A light suction as her full lips surrounded Serafina's labia. She kept herself open, fingers pulling herself taut, clit erect with need. Imelda licked her fingers then slid her mouth over her clit, kissing it, and the rhythmical feel of her efforts made Serafina's skin tingle. She moaned and palmed the wall in front of her, bracing herself as Imelda partook in her flesh—her own hands gripping her ass, fingers then dipping between her cheeks to toy at her two openings, igniting Serafina with a desire to be thoroughly filled.

Heat. A concentrated heat swelled between her legs. Her breathing grew ragged and heavy. She focused on that heat as it pulsed and radiated outward, afraid it might consume her yet eager that it would. Could Imelda feel it? Could she sense it? Was Serafina's longing palpable? Could she taste the desire as it poured out of her? The countless nights thinking of her... the bashful glances... the confessional—overpowered by the smell of their sex and witness to their secret communion. Serafina opened her eyes and looked down at her Sister, face framed by her thighs, mouth pleasuring, eyes gazing back up. Had she been watching her this entire time?

Serafina moved her hips. Her brows furrowed, and she closed her eyes once more. Something was intensifying within her, something unseen but entirely felt. She rocked, chasing the sensation as she slowly dragged her clit up and down Imelda's tongue, conjuring a syncopated wetness that made her bloom with shyness. The bed groaned, the hearth popped and spat. Close. She was so very close.

Serafina reached behind her and raked her fingernails over Imelda's thick pubic hair, making her hips buck, making her gasp. Serafina leaned back and dipped her hand further, rubbing the slick lips of Imelda's pussy up and down then side to side... She stroked, thumbed her clit, and finally tucked a finger between her folds. She slid inside Imelda, amazed by the pressure and the slight suction. She curved her finger and stroked inside Imelda just as she had done to herself in the confessional, watching as her Sister's face flushed, watching as her lips parted, breath catching to every nudge of her fingertip. She quickened her hand, delirious with the power she possessed over the devout woman. She slipped another finger in, then another, then another—amazed by how much Imelda could withstand.

"Mercy," Imelda panted but she spread her thighs further apart and groped at the bedding.

What would the abbess say if she caught them in this intimate embrace? Serafina—poised over Imelda, hand practically inside her, coaxing the most sinful sounds from her. She felt Imelda's walls tighten around her fingers, felt her quake then stiffen beneath her, felt the flood of her Sister's desire as it saturated her fingertips.

Once the waves of climax ceased, Serafina slowly pulled out of her, beholding the wondrous wreckage that she had fashioned. Imelda sighed and rolled, hooking Serafina's thighs with her arms and tossing her down onto the bed. She trailed kisses up her body, all over, wet pecks paired with the grazing of teeth.

"You have done this before," she said, body over Serafina's, hands pinning her wrists overhead, and trapping her with weight.

"As have you," Serafina whispered, burning with confidence at having made the older woman come. Malleable, as she watched Imelda grip and push her thighs against her chest, knees kissing her collarbone, angling her slightly. Imelda then pressed her wet pussy to Serafina's and rode her.

Unhurried and deliberate. Imelda's swollen wet flesh slid up and down, hips swaying, hands gripping.