**Meant for More**

**Warning**: The following is erotic content featuring *breast expansion, butt expansion,* and other minor fetishes. You know why you’re here, so don’t complain to me if it’s not your thing.

* *Madam Materia*

This was certainly an unusual occurrence, as Dorothea stepped into the innocuous knickknack shop. She didn’t remember a place like this existing the last time she had wandered away from the monastery, but it was a wonderful curiosity to distract the nun from her troubling thoughts. The items out on display didn’t seem to have price tags, so perhaps you needed to barter the price with the owner?

The curious nun's crystal blue eyes scanned the store, falling upon a woman the very sight of made her blush from a mixture of things. She was there at the counter, a guitar settled across her lap as she quietly plucked at the strings, tuning them with her slender fingers. Long red-dyed locks framed her face, making her hazel eyes stand out like proper treasures. There was a small ring pierced through one of her rose coloured lips, the small gleam of silver just enough to keep your gaze there and admire their beauty.

Dorothea found herself swallowing thickly. With how she was dress, heavy boots propped up on the counter with torn jeans that showed glimpses of her smooth, pale legs, she was obviously some form of heathen. Was it acceptable for the nun to associate with her? “I don’t bite,” the hazel eyed beauty teased, turning those lustrous orbs up at her, “Unless you ask me to of course,” she added with a mischievous grin.

She found herself blushing in response. The way the punky woman was looking at her was like she could see right through her habit to her body underneath. It was unsettling to say the least, making the chaste woman rest her arms in front of herself in an attempt to conceal her body. “I would rather prefer you didn’t miss,” she stated calmly.

The dark haired girl gave a giggle, rising to her feet and drawing her customer’s blue eyes to the way her chest swayed temptingly. “Awe. You seem like you’d be pretty tasty though,” she continued to tease, licking her ruby painted lips. She set her expensive looking instrument down on the counter, giving the nun her full attention “Welcome to Madam Materia’s Magical Menagerie,” she offered with a wink, “The name's Kasumi, and it'll be my pleasure to help you out today tasty.”

Magic? So the woman *was* some sort of heathen. Her blue eyes returned to the shelves, a sudden middling fear washing over her at the Devil’s tools. Though such fear only served as further fuel for her own curiosity.

She cleared her throat, shaking her head dismissively. “There is no such thing as magic,” she informed the woman matter of factly.

Kasumi simply giggled, resting a gloved hand over her mouth to hide her playful smirk. “Well, I guess someone should tell my boss then,” she joked, stepping around the counter as her heavy boots thudded on the ground.

The woman demanded attention with her presence, Dorothea's eyes coming back around and watching the way her every curve moved sinuously. She was not ashamed of such a display either, carrying herself with a pride that sparked a jealousy in the nun. To admit such sinful thoughts though would not be proper. She was brought up better than that.

“Losing faith tasty?” the hazel eyed punk asked, striking the nail firmly on the head.

The nun's face went flush, and she turned her back to the woman to hide the effect she was having on her. “I’ve said no such thing,” she replied, though the statement was fanning the embers of doubt that had been smouldering at the back of her mind.

This outing was supposed to quell such temptation within her. In the months since her nineteenth birthday she had been feeling… there were not words for it other than lost. She had grown up in the monastery, with the nuns raising her to be a proper woman. As of late though, she had noticed things about herself.

She was beautiful. Beneath her habit the fair faced woman had the blooming body of a goddess. Long golden blonde hair, plump, pert breasts, a flat tummy, flared round hips with an, as the punk had remarked, *tasty* rear. More and more she was catching the eyes of men, and even some misguided women, and she couldn’t keep denying herself; she liked it.

The voluptuous punk chuckled at the reaction, “You didn’t have to. You’re as easy to read as a I was in your position,” she told the blushing blonde.

Was she really that obvious? Did the other nuns see it in her too? “I’ve lived my whole life in service to God,” she said, as if to strengthen her own resolve.

A smirk crossed the punk's pierced lip, “All the more reason you want to see if there’s more out there than being a servant to the divine tasty,” she purred, further stoking the fires of doubt in the blonde.

The thudding of the punk's boots drew closer, and with a dip the rocker and her beautiful features popped back into her vision. “Just look at me,” she smiled, “Wearing myself on display. Proud of my charm, my sexuality,” she teased, wiggling her chest for the girl, “I’ve found where I'm the one thing that matters. Happy,” she finished, letting her gaze drift slowly up the blonde until their eyes met.

Her crystal blues turned away as a blush dominated her cheeks. The punk knew just where to slip her sharp words in to cut deep. “Pride is a sin,” Dorothea told the woman, struggling to keep her defenses up.

“Why?” she asked earnestly, straightening and wandering to the shelves as she took off one of her gloves. “Because someone else told you so? Someone jealous of your natural beauty told you you needed to be ashamed of it?” she suggested innocently, covering her right eye with her palm.

The redness in the blonde’s cheeks deepened. How was she consistently right? The girl nervously rubbed the back of her hand, recalling the brutal whip of the ruler against her knuckles when she’d been caught letting her self value get out of hand. Self-esteem and self-respect were good, but they could become arrogance and hubris if left unchecked.

As Kasumi removed her hand the punk's eye glowed a neon blue, as she scanned to find the item she was looking for; a simple hand mirror. Reaching out her bare, delicate hand, she drew it up and brought it over to the nun. “Isn’t jealousy a greater sin?” she asked, turning the reflective surface to the blonde’s face.

She had seen her reflection before, but never had it taken her breath away quite like this. The woman looking back at her was positively radiant. She wasn’t wearing her veil, letting her golden locks fall over her shoulders and frame the soft beauty of her face. Her crystal eyes seemed to sparkle, done up with the lightest amount of makeup that made them seem to pop, and her soft pink lips shone with a thin gloss.

Dorothea had to check to make sure it was even real, reaching up to make sure her headdress was still in place and seeing the better version of herself mirror the action. “What is this?” she gasped, reaching out and taking the mirror in her hands.

“Magic,” the punk answered simply. “A little glimpse of potential, what you could be like if you let yourself out tasty,” she teased with a little wink.

The nun paused, looking into her reflection. Wasn’t this how the Devil worked, by offering temptation? Still she couldn’t bring herself to outright refuse it. “Just a glimpse?” she inquired.

Kasumi stepped up, taking the blonde’s chin in her fingers and lifting her up to meet her gaze. “Maybe a bit more,” she purred.

Dorothea’s breath caught in her throat, her heart throbbing up into her chest as the punk held her gaze. The way she looked at her was like looking into the eyes of God, or something greater. And yet they looked back at her with the kind of desire that those that visited the monastery gave her, and filled her with that conflicting sensation of want.

“You’ll just have to see for yourself though,” she teased, slipping away back towards the counter.

The nun swallowed heavily, locked once more with her radiant reflection. It couldn’t hurt just to glimpse, to sate some of her curiosity. “How much are you asking for it?” she asked, pulling it to her chest and turning to watch the sensual sway of the rocker's hips.

Kasumi simply held up her hand, fingers curled into a nice fat zero. “We don’t take money,” she told the woman, as she turned a smile over her shoulder. “I just like seeing people like you happy.”

With a full nylon bag over her arm, Dorothea wandered back into the monastery. It never served well to be caught away without good reason, and with the additional time she'd spent with Kasumi the blonde was concerned mother Cybil would notice her absence. Thankfully according to the clock she had made much better time than anticipated, even with the extra trip to the farmer's market.

It still wasn’t good enough though to escape the scrutinizing eye of mother Cybil. “And where have you been?” the dark eyed crone called from behind the beauty as she tried to sneak into the kitchen to drop off the produce she'd picked up.

“I went out to get some things we were running low on mother Cybil,” the nun answered, lifting her shopping bag to prove the point.

The older sister pursed her cracked lips, back bent from age that had her gaze no higher than the curvy girl's neck. Still she craned her head up to make eye contact as she continued pressing. “And where did you get the money?” she asked, ready to catch the girl at the first slip up.

Dorothea was ready of course; this wasn’t her first rodeo. “I asked sister Gabe if there was anything we needed before I left. She gave me the budget for groceries,” she answered flawlessly.

Too flawlessly, “And you didn’t get anything unnecessary?” she accused, “We can’t afford to go wasting church funds on frivolous things.”

The blue eyed woman stumbled on her words, trying to pick them carefully as to not be caught in a lie. “I didn’t spend any money on anything sister Gabe didn’t ask me to get,” she told the elder woman.

Cybil leered at that, her dark eyes turning to the bag and seeing something out of place among the produce. She reached a frail hand out, wrapping her fingers around the handle of the hand mirror. “Then what’s this then?” she mused with a air of superiority to lord over the blonde.

The younger nun went pink in the cheeks. She couldn’t exactly tell the zealot that she’d gotten it from a magical shop of all things, though the spell would be obvious if the woman looked into it. She felt doomed either way, but she was in too deep. “It was a gift,” she replied hastily, “from an admirer.”

Perhaps it had been too much. Mother Cybil scoffed, looking into the mirror and seeing only her wrinkled visage. “Haven’t learned all those 'admirers' want is to tempt you with sin,” she hissed, accepting the answer at least as she tossed it back into the girl’s bag on top of everything, “Distract you with baubles to get you to spread your legs. Do I need to remind you of your vows sister Dorothea?” she threatened.

The blonde shook her head, a small wave of relief washing over her at the return of her prize. “N-no mother Cybil,” she replied with a small bow of her head.

The fear of God was enough to sate the woman. She waved a hand menacingly, strengthening the point with threat of the rod, “See to it I don’t have to,” she warned, “Now get all that put away before it spoils!”

“Of course mother Cybil,” Dorothea nodded, relieved as the haggard woman slipped away to her other duties.

No sooner was the crone gone that the blonde drew up the mirror, looking into it and seeing her radiant self. How had the old bag not noticed the magic in her reflection? Kasumi's words flooded back to her, “*A little glimpse of potential…*” Maybe mother Cybil didn’t have any, or had already reached it as a woman of God?

She pulled the mirror to her chest, stewing in her thoughts as she tried to make sense of it. “I don’t hear you moving sister Dorothea,” Cybil's voice rang out over the silence.

A break from her little reverie, “S-sorry mother Cybil,” the blonde stammered back, hurrying her slippers across the courtyard to get to the kitchen. She'd have to wait until she was alone tonight, after nightly prayers, to think more on it.

After filing everything away Dorothea slipped off to her room, hiding the hand mirror under her bunk. There it would remain for the rest of the day; well along with a comfortable little place at the back of the nun's thoughts of course. When the lights went out, and the moon hung high in the sky to bathe the monastery in a pure white light, the sisters made their way to their beds for their prayers.

Along with the three other sisters who shared her room, including sister Gabe, the blonde knelt by her bed. Crosses between their entwined hands, the girls muttered their devotion before starting to undress to settle down for the night.

The dark haired Gabe turned over her broad shoulders, seeing a troubled look on the blonde’s face not dissimilar to the one she'd had that morning. “Time in town didn’t help clear your thoughts Dotty?” she asked as she folded her habit to place it in the wash.

Dorothea shook her head, blonde locks tickling over her back as she undressed to her skivvies. “No,” she answered, her breasts held firmly by her flesh tone bra. Even so simple a garment she had had to beg the sisterhood for, when her developing C-cups had become a problem for her daily chores.

The bulky girl frowned at that, “I didn’t hear you asking for any guidance in your prayers. Planning on a late night then?” she asked, slipping under her covers as she spoke.

Right through her. The blonde gave a nod.

Gabe knew best to leave it be, let the girl sort her thoughts out. “Well, just make sure you’re in bed by the time mother Cybil makes her rounds,” the dark haired woman cautioned, pulling her blanket up over her shoulders, “God himself hath no fury like that woman's rod,” she joked.

Just the thought of it had Dorothea rubbing her backside, “I will,” she assured her fellow sister before the girl’s green eyes shut to get what rest she could.

It took a few minutes before the soft sound of snores were resonating around the room, leaving the blonde on her own as she looked out the window to the full moon. She drew out the mirror from under her bunk and held it firmly in her hands. Her reflection was gorgeous as ever, with her glossed lips and shiny hair.

“Let myself out,” she whispered, seeing the way her reflection mouthed the words along with her. She imagined her own breath against her lips as she spoke, her mind drifting away to a fantasy. Only to have the imagined crack of Cybil’s rob break her from it.

She frowned, setting the mirror aside and looking once more out to the starless sky. “What if I'm not meant for this?” she asked the Lord.

There was no answer, leaving her to, as usual, try and find her own answers. The lost nun sighed, pulling her legs up to her chest as she retreated into her thoughts once more. *“I’m the one thing that matters. Happy,”* the punk rocker's words echoed in her head.

Troubled Dorothea drew the mirror back up, looking at her radiant reflection. She could see her reflected bust, squeezed into an undersized red lace bra; such a sharp contrast to where she was now. Faking a smile she looked at the girl in the mirror. It didn’t look fake on that face, leading to the smallest reassurance and making the real life blonde’s take on a more genuine quality.

That was nice at least. The same kind of feeling she got when guests to the grounds would take her in, admire her.

She shook her head in disappointment, dropping her face into her knees with a long sigh. Was she really so vain? “I wish I knew what to do,” she murmured to herself.

When she pulled the mirror back up to look she was startled by what she saw. Her other self wasn’t mimicking her actions. To the contrary, she was far from the mirror's surface, one her back and showing off the whole of her curvy body. Two of her reflected self’s fingers touched to those glossed lips, blowing a kiss to the shocked nun on the other side of the glass.

Dorothea nearly dropped it again, covering her own mouth in awe; her reflection though seemed to be making sure she was paying attention before going on. “What are you?” she asked in whisper.

Her reflection only pointed out to her, before returning to its waiting game. Of course that made sense, it was her reflection, of course it was her. Her *potential*. Well, if God couldn’t give her an answer, then who better to trust than herself? She settled in, leaning back and following her radiant reflection's guidance.

With the pleasantries over her tiny mirrored self smiled, reaching up and popping two fingers down to the hilt between her plump lips.

Dorothea blushed at the very idea of doing something so odd. Still, her other self seemed intent to wait until she did. Looking around and ensuring that her trio of roommates were still asleep she slowly followed the instruction, lifting two fingers to her mouth and opening wide to accept them. She could feel the warm wetness of her mouth, and it wasn’t exactly the most heavenly experience. The light salt of her nervous sweat tingling on her tongue was the most notable sensation as she looked back to her reflection from direction.

Closing her lightly made up eyes her mirrored self's cheeks pressed out, as she lavished her fingers with her tongue's attention. She seemed to savour the moment, breaths coming in long measured draws that pressed her full chest out on display. Within a few moments she was satisfied, removing her digits slowly and dragging them over her pouty lips to show how they were positively glistening with drool. Then once again the busty blonde waited for her real life counterpart to follow along.

This seemed silly. Still the nun complied, lavishing her fingers with spittle and pulling the spit shined digits from her mouth. “Where is this going?” she asked herself in whisper.

Her reflection didn’t waste time answering. With her free hand she peeled the red thong off her bottom half, kicking it away and spreading her legs to show off her glistening sex. Those sultry crystal blues shot up, making sure her counterpart was paying attention; then with a smirk she reached down, face contorting into bliss as she traced circles over her hood. Slowly she started sinking her soaked fingers into herself, pumping them in and out of her deep pink folds as her breaths quickened with her mounting pleasure.

The real life Dorothea nearly choked, bright as a tomato as she watched herself commit such vulgarity. Despite it however, there was a fire burning inside her. She could feel a tingling in her loins, crying out to experience what had her reflected self so utterly satisfied.

She bit her lip, crystal blue eyes darting around to triple check none of her sisters were awake. God, what had she gotten herself into? Already she was rationalizing what she was going to do, how she could justify such a thing. Just once, then she could beg forgiveness from the Lord for her slip up.

Gingerly the girl reached down, feeling the heat beneath her skin; making her breaths hot as they passed over her lips. As her wet digits slipped into her panties and grazed her clit it was like someone had shocked her. Her leg twitched, and she felt a spark ignite to course through her outwards from her core; it was so sensitive. Slowly she followed her reflection's guidance once more, tracing circles around it and feeling how her velvet folds caressed around the pleasurable little button.

The more she continued, the more she wanted. Her slow circles mounted in speed, and she could hear her shallow breaths quickening. There was more to do though, her reflection had shown her. She let her fingertips dip lower, feeling just how hot her moist lips were; she could have boiled water with her box. Her fingers slid in effortlessly to the fist knuckle, making a gasp catch in her throat as her walls started spreading for the insertion.

Her teeth were sinking so far into her full lip to stop her crying out she worried she'd bleed. It was just too good to stop though. By the second knuckle she started to pump, feeling the softness of her fingertips, and the contrasting hardness of her nails, dragging up and down the insides of her pussy. Every touch was like a small wave through her body, driving her onward for more of this mounting heat.

As she worked her crystal blue eyes drifted down to the mirror, almost forgotten beside her on the bed. Her reflection was upping the ante, locking a red faced gaze with her other self. Her red bra'd counterpart took her free hand, pulling up her bra and letting her glorious breasts out onto display; were they bigger than hers? She then took one of the orbs into her grasp and gave it a squeeze. Flesh overflowed her fingers, and she let out an imperceptible vocalization. With two fingers she started playing with the swollen little nub of her nipple, whole body quivering with delight at her two pronged attack on herself.

Dorothea hadn’t been steered wrong yet. Her free hand lifted, pushing into the bottom of her bra and feeling the soft flesh beneath. It barely resisted, squishing against her chest to make room for her exploring fingers. The pressure was a pleasant addition to the feelings emanating from her core, but when she grazed over her puckered nipple it was like a euphoria. Lightning erupted through her, and her back arched at the sensitivity. She could feel tears in the corners of her eyes, all of her willpower working at not screaming out in ecstasy.

Her fingers were as deep as they could go into her quivering pussy, attacking one spot to the point her wrist was beginning to ache. It was at that moment she noticed something more, something beyond reality. Her eyes tore down to look at what she could undeniably feel. Her breast was pressing against her hand, her other starting to overflow the beige cup holding it in. She was… growing?

It didn’t phase her for long. As her nipple fattened between her fingers it sent another jolt of pleasure through her. Time almost seemed to stop; it was like an explosion, as every muscle in her body tensed. Her ecstasy hit a crescendo that overflowed and washed over her body, like a wave crashing on the shore.

She couldn’t hold back, feeling her voice rising. Violently she tore her hand out of her bra and shoved it into her mouth; the other she couldn’t bear to remove from her needy sex as her inner walls tightened around them, making the most of every little inch of contact her lithe digits could offer. Her teeth bit around her first knuckle as she moaned, the pain only adding to the overwhelming sensation pulsing through her with every heartbeat.

Her body thrashed, tangling her in her sheets as every part of her felt like it was on fire; the warm embrace of euphoria as she rode out the intense orgasm with loving tears streaking down her cheeks. Never had she felt so fulfilled, so at peace as this moment; one hand held firmly in her mouth to gag her as the other twitched inside her pulsing box.

Blonde locks fell in front of her glazed over eyes, and she was acutely aware of every bead of sweat coating her face and body. She dared not move, just wanting to savour every last second of this feeling of her body calming back down to normal. Or at least her new normal, there was no going back to who she was before that little taste of true heaven.

Unfortunately she would not be allowed her blissful ride down. The sound of flat slippers patting their way up the hall reached her still ringing ears, and the blonde’s heart sank. Mother Cybil was on the way.

Quickly the nun shot upright, taking up the mirror in her hand. Behind the surface it seemed to be back to normal, simply reflecting her enhanced beauty behind the glass. That was good at least, as she shoved it under her bunk and quickly tried to right everything before the old crone caught her.

There wasn’t any ceremony to it, as mother Cybil threw the door open to catch Dorothea adjusting her out of place bra over her now too big tits. “What’s the meaning of this sister Dorothea,” she hissed at the blonde.

She didn’t have an answer, face still flush from her powerful awakening, blanket crooked, with her hair a mess framing her face. “J-just a nightmare,” she lied in whisper, thankful that her three fellow sisters had not been roused by her moment, or the mother’s intrusion.

The crooked woman stepped in, nose twitching as she scented the blonde’s fresh sex, her dark eyes catching the red bite marks on the back of the girl’s hand. “You dare to lie under the gaze of the Lord,” she chastised the girl, gesturing to the crucifix hanging at the head of the room.

She took the blue eyed sinner by the wrist, dragging her to her feet in her underthings and out of the room. Her sisters need not be punished for the girl’s sins. Dorothea stumbled along with a wince, bare feet jumping whenever they touched down on the cold flagstone. “We’ll not have a harlot in our midst,” Cybil warned, taking the girl to a room empty save for a bench and a yardstick leaning against the wall.

The blonde knew what was coming, her shoulders slumping as mother Cybil collected the tool. “Hands,” she ordered the girl.

Disobeying would only make things worse. Timidly she held out her bite marked and sex smelling hands, palms down, and did her best to look away. The wrathful nun wasted no time, bringing the hard wood down across the girl’s knuckles with a resounding slam and made her withdraw.

She grit her teeth to hold back, feeling fresh tears streaming her cheeks. Her fingers throbbed with pain, spreading up her arms. “Bench,” mother Cybil ordered, pointing a crooked finger to the seat.

With a nod the crying girl complied, bending down and laying over the thing with her perky rear in the air. She could feel herself tightening with fearful anticipation of what was to come. “Your bloody tits are swollen,” the old crone hissed, stepping up, “Did you violate your vows whore, and bed a man?” she prodded.

“No mother Cybil,” Dorothea answered. Her honesty was rewarded with a strike across her exposed ass that made her yelp in agony, as a firm red line appeared on her pale skin.

Cybil's jaw clenched angrily, “You will not lie in the house of God,” she told the girl, resting the ruler across her hand. “Did you bed a man, are you pregnant?” she rephrased the question.

The crying blonde shook her head, “No mother Cybil,” she answered again. Once more she was rewarded with another strike across the rear that echoed through the small room.

The old nun circled the little slut, reaching her rod out and prodding one of the girl’s swollen mammaries, “Then how do you explain this then?” she asked, her sour tone threatening another strike.

Dorothea swallowed thickly. She couldn’t exactly say a mirror told her to touch herself and her boobs grew. “Th-they just grew mother Cybil,” she told her.

She deserved the third one. The stick whistled through the air, effortlessly swinging around to her rear and striking down again. “Just grew?” she spat in disbelief.

There was little more the old nun could do. If the whore was so intent on her lie as to refuse to let it go in front of their saviour then time would prove her right. “Well then, here’s hoping your ‘admirers' see fit to help you with the cost of a new bra. I won’t have you besmirching our church looking like tramp,” vindictiveness lace her final words as the old hag walked to the doorway. “Return to your room!” she ordered before disappearing back to her rounds.

The voluptuous blonde didn’t need to be told twice, rubbing the bruises forming on her backside as she skipped off. She could feel her boobs, now part of what had amplified her punishment, jostling in her undersized bra, tugging at her chest. Mean spirited as her remarks had been, the woman was right that she’d need a new bra. Having her pillowy flesh spilling over the cups wasn’t acceptable, or comfortable for that matter.

A few of the sisters with late night chores remarked on the poorly clad girl's walk of shame, leaving her to contemplate whether what she’d done was worth it. Compared to the pain, that final moment where her body had rewarded her with pure bliss… Yes, it had been worth it.

Back into her room she was surprised to see sister Gabe sitting up in her bunk, waiting for the girl’s return. “You alright Dotty?” the green eyed nun asked.

It was rhetorical of course. The purplish marks on her rear and her reddened knuckles spoke for themselves; not to mention the tears streaking her cheeks. She shook her head, reluctant to sit for the stinging of her backside.

Gabe frowned along with her fellow sister, “Would you like to talk about it?” the dark haired girl offered.

Again Dorothea just shook her head, “No,” her voice cracked out, as she slid into her bed on her side; turning away from the larger girl in her shame.

The broad shouldered girl knew space would be best for the girl. “Your bra looks tight,” she remarked, hoping to change the topic, “How about I get some of the sisters together and we pool up what we can to get you a new one?”

Tears started up in the blonde’s eyes at that. From the small sniveling of the blue eyed beauty sister Gabe worried she may have touched on a sore spot for the girl. When her wavering voice managed a small, “Yes please sister Gabe,” over her tears, the big girl knew it had been the right call.

“Alright Dotty,” she said with a warm smile, “I’ll have it collected in the kitchen for you by lunch time. I'm sure you want the city trip too to ease the sting,” she finished, pulling her blanket up once more.

The blonde beauty gave a nod, rubbing at her tears. “Thank you Gabe,” she managed as her tiredness started to overwhelm her.

The dark haired nun just smiled, “Don’t mention it,” she told the poor girl, as they both settled down for the night.

The morning was rough. No matter how hard she tried to avoid her, mother Cybil was constantly giving her the evil eye whenever she got close, and going out of her way riding her hard to get her work done. Worse yet, Dorothea couldn’t claim it was unwarranted. It was like something had awoken in her last night. She was so much more aware if herself, and her body's desires.

She wanted to do it again. To explore herself and feel that euphoric sensation of climbing to that peak, only to get that release and feel it wash over her. Just thinking about it had her holding herself, her nethers purring excitedly to get her attention.

The imagined crack of mother Cybil's ruler snapped her from her reveries, leaving her rubbing her still tender backside. She couldn’t get caught again, that was for certain. Perhaps her reflection would have some insight on the matter? That idea alone had the blonde packing the mirror into the nylon shopping bag before she slipped away to the kitchen to meet with sister Gabe.

As the blue eyed bombshell entered the broad shouldered sister smiled, “Been alright today sister Dorothea?” she asked, carefully dicing her way through a potato.

With a smile the blonde just shifted on her feet, “About as good as mother Cybil lets me be,” she replied earnestly.

Gabe couldn’t help a small chuckle at that, knowing all too well how hard the old nun rode poor Dotty. She also knew good news would cheer the girl up. “Well God smiled on you today, so let’s hope we can get you smiling back,” she told her, headed to the sink to wash the starch from her thick hands.

Drying them off on the front of her habit the big sister dipped under the counter, fishing out a small box and handing it over to the curvier nun. “We got together just under a hundred dollars for you Dotty,” she told the girl, “Make sure to get something nice.”

The curvy girlblonde hardly believe it, feeling her heart swell from the kindness of her sisters. Tears were welling in the corners of her eyes, making the dark haired girl step in the intervene with her words.

“Hey now,” she warned, “Don’t go crying, the whole point of this was to put an end to that,” she teased with a friendly smile.

Dorothea couldn’t help herself, jumping forward and giving the broad girl a hug, sinking her face into her modest chest. “Thank you Gabe,” she told the bigger girl.

The dark haired nun just chuckled, giving the blonde a pat on the veil. “I told you Dotty, don’t mention it,” she reminded her.

With a nod the teary eyed blonde slipped the box into the bag, next to her mirror.

“Alright, now get going before mother Cybil catches you Dotty,” Gabe started nodding towards the exit as she got back to her work. “I'll cover for you,” she promised.

The nun didn’t need more encouragement. With one last little “Thank you,” Dorothea slipped away, doing her best to blend into one of the crowds of visitors and get out into the city.

It always felt a little like walking forward in time. The monastery, save for a few modern conveniences, was built long before the surrounding city, and as a result the modernity of the rest of the world was foreign feeling to many of the nuns. The younger girls, like Gabe and Dorothea, of course were a bit more with the times, along with those who came from a life of sin looking to find salvation; the latter though always had a hard time adjusting to the more meager life the sisterhood lived.

It was only too bad the clothing stores were so far away from the more quaint downtown where the Menagerie and farmers market were, visiting Kasumi again had struck the blonde as a potential idea., if only to thank her for what she had gotten to experience last night. The other idea fluttering through her naughty mind though was finding a place to get that release again. Without the threat of mother Cybil her mind was free to wander, and the memories had her body a tingle with anticipation.

Maybe she should ask herself? Looking about to make sure she wasn’t drawing too much attention the nun fished out her mirror, seeing her modified reflection looking back at her. “Is there somewhere I can go to find some release?” she asked her enhanced self.

At the question the done up blonde broke her copying, stepping back from the glass. Compared to the habit wearing nun, the confident woman wore a little camisole; low cut and showing off an impressive amount of cleavage. As she continued away it became clear the other Dorothea wasn’t even on the same street as her real life counterpart. Turning over her shoulder their crystal blue eyes locked, and her mirrored self pointed to a store; a quaint little place with a simple sign in neon pink, *“The Garden of Earthly Delights”*.

It was hard to tell much else of the place, but her reflection made clear with some context clues which part of town she could find it in. Best of all it was on the way to the store she'd planned to get her replacement bra at. A small grin crossed her lips, and a fire started up in her loins at the idea of impending release. Without another thought she set off.

Suddenly in front of the Garden, Dorothea lacked much of the confidence that had brought her this far in the first place. Her cheeks were flush as she peered at the window displays; mannequins, male and female, clad in nothing but skimpy leather underthings that left little to the imagination. She was sweating bullets, pulling the mirror back out just to ensure this was the right place.

Her reflection was there, at the door and looking over her shoulder with a silent giggle before disappearing inside. It was the right place, but what would she find inside that her reflection was pushing her towards? The idea of her release was struggling against newfound nerves, keeping the nun rooted to the spot as people just walked by around her.

With a deep breath the blonde steeled herself. She hadn’t led herself wrong thus far, maybe much like in God himself she just needed to have a little faith? The faith to enter this den of hedonism. Biting her lip she stepped up to the door, pushing her way inside to the tone of a little bell.

As she finally obeyed her mirrored self's guidance that sensation from last night flooded into her once more. She felt the straps of her bra getting tight over her shoulders, as new flesh was piling onto her already impressive bust. Her gaze shifted down, face heating up as she felt her nipples flick over the tops of her cups, the pinky sized nubs showing prominent through her clothing.

She first reaction was to cover herself with her arm, embarrassment overwhelming her as she felt the fabric of her habit brushing her exposed erogenous zones. Her breath caught in her throat, and she was becoming painfully aware that they weren’t the only thing that was growing. Her rear was pushing out, her juicy cheeks pulling her modest underthings tight up into her sodden box, dragging it into her hood tease her clit; and making her want more.

A buzz cut woman at the counter turned to see the nun awkwardly making her way in. “Hey there,” she offered, pushing her thick glasses up her nose with a small smile. “Here for a party?” she inquired at the sight of the woman’s odd getup.

Dorothea was torn from her predicament, coughing nervously to try and drag her attention away from her body's needy demands. “N-no,” she answered truthfully as the growing started to fade, leaving the girl more voluptuous than ever. At least it was over, giving her a chance to look around as she held her arm tight to her overblown chest to keep her aching nipples hidden.

It was a simple little place, though its purpose was obvious. The opening was filled with more raunchy outfits like the ones in the window, and just steps in the shelves along the walls were lined with every sort of phallus a girl could imagine. They boasted any number of features, from vibration to one even labeled “electrostim” with a variety of warnings about safety training, and it all mixed together to create a feeling of unease.

She felt like she was suddenly in the deep end of the pool with danger all around. The shopkeeper was relatively relaxed about it all, simply offering a warm smile to the nun. “Well if you need help with anything, just let me know,” the thin girl offered.

With a nod the buxom blonde started to wander, taking in the sights of some of the toys; as well as their price tags. Even if she zeroed out what the other sisters gave her, they were way out of her price range. The further she made her way to the back the more the oddities were replaced with flavours of lubricant, and other things claiming to “enhance the experience”. The poor girl could only whimper at the pure sensory overload of it all.

The lady at the counter got up; she knew it wasn’t always the most comfortable experience to be in a sex shop for the first time, as well as the best way to handle it. “I’m Jocelyn,” she told the girl, coming over with that same small, friendly smile she had when the nun had entered.

“Dorothea,” the shapely blonde replied with a nod, holding out her hand to shake.

The helpful cashier took it. “Well Dorothea, what brought you in today?” she asked, still keeping that warmth to her demeanor.

Of course the girl was nervous to answer, after all she barely knew why she was here. “A… friend, suggested that I come here,” she offered, one arm still wrapped over her huge bust to keep at least a little modesty.

Jocelyn just nodded, “Well, did they tell you what we do here?”

The blonde shook her head, feeling rather foolish the more she thought about it.

“That’s okay,” she assured the curvy nun, “This is the Garden of Earthly Delights, we obviously sell sex paraphernalia,” she explained, gesturing to the shelves, “As well, we offer classes and sessions downstairs with our professional Dominants. Normally through booking,” she finished calmly, giving the woman a moment to collect herself.

Dorothea followed along as best she could, letting it all sink in. “Classes?” she inquired, that being the word she made the most sense out of.

The short haired girl nodded affirmatively, “Yep. I can see if one of our Doms are available to tell you a bit more,” she offered.

That seemed innocent enough, and the friendly tone was putting the nervous nun at some ease. “Yes please,” she replied with a small nod.

Without saying more Jocelyn waved the blue eyed girl along, to a door behind the counter that opened down into a staircase leading to the lower level. Immediately the smell of sweat and cleaning supplies accosted the girl’s senses, yet it wasn’t offensive as one would expect. To the contrary it aroused, making Dorothea squirm as her desires flared up over her nerves once more.

The further down the stairs they got however, the more colour sank from the blonde’s face. The walls were lined with tools that all to easily reminded her of mother Cybil’s ruler. Paddles and crops, hanging from the walls and neatly organized by size, coils of colourful ropes, and things the nun couldn’t fathom the uses for.

“No worries, nothing gets used without expressed permission,” Jocelyn assured the girl, seeing her little emotional roller coaster. “B.K., do you have a free minute?” the bespectacled girl called out as they got to the base, and the segmented basement of the Garden of Earthly Delights.

Dorothea wasn’t sure what to expect. At the summons a woman stepped out from behind one of the curtains separating the basement area into a series of rooms. She had a strange air of poise, standing tall on heeled boots that clacked on the smooth floor, yet otherwise dressed in much more male attire; a single buttoned short three quarter sleeve jacket over a blouse and tie. Masculine as her suit and pants look was though it did nothing to diminish her raw femininity. The sight of her bust, trying to pour over the neckline of her jacket, the flare of her hips from her sinuous waist. She was breathtaking.

Red and black were the dominant colours of her look, adding a dangerous yet sexy vibe, and doubled down with an unusual accessory; a sword she kept one hand on the hilt of as it hung from her belt. “I can spare a few,” the heathen woman answered the cashier, reaching up her free hand and revealing blade-shaped metallic nails that brushed away the dark brown locks hanging in front of her face.

The nun sat stunned, redness in her cheeks as her thoughts swarmed like a hive of bees. What was she doing? What had her reflection gotten her into? Despite it all though she could feel her erect nipples pressing into her wrist through her habit, the heralds of her body's cries for attention.

Jocelyn stepped aside, holding a hand out to the nun in her company. “This is Dorothea. She wanted to ask about the class options we have, and maybe you could give her a demonstration?”

The Domme's dark eyes fell to the beauty, a smirk crossing her scarlet lips. “A pleasure to meet you Dorothea,” she offered with a bow more bereft of the middle ages, “Around the Garden, I am the Black Knight. It is always a pleasure to provide my services to fair maidens like yourself,” she explained, holding out her metal-clawed hand.

That look in the woman’s eyes had the blonde tingling. She’d seen it before, it was that look that had faltered her faith to begin with. Nervous as she was, the nun couldn’t deny the draw, reaching her delicate hand out and resting it in the Dominant's palm.

The Black Knight took it readily, pulling it to her lips and planting a soft velvet-like kiss to the back of it. So simple an act had Dorothea flushing, the swarm in her head evolving into a full out war between the morality of her faith, and the burning desires of her body.

The dark haired woman gave a chuckle, “I can take her from here Josie,” the Domme told the cashier, giving her permission to leave.

She nodded knowingly, “I’ll be upstairs if you need me,” she assured the nervous nun before leaving to tend to her post.

“Come,” the sword bearing woman's words, even spoken so calmly, were like a command, beckoning Dorothea to follow her behind the curtain and into her domain. “I have an appointment coming shortly, so forgive me, but I will be preparing while you’re here,” she explained, pulling out a bench not dissimilar to the one mother Cybil had in her punishment room; though with more bells and whistles attached that had the girl curious.

The blonde swallowed, trying to figure out just what she wanted to ask. “Um, what is all this?” the words popped out of her mouth before she could wrangle them for further thought.

Giggling the Black Knight flashed her dark eyes at the girl, “This is my collection,” she told the girl, propping herself up on the bench. “A few things I've gathered over the years to spice up my play time. And make sure that my playthings have a good time,” she teased with a mischievous grin.

Blushing the blue eyed beauty just looked puzzled. “Play time? Playthings?” she questioned on.

The Domme paused at that, her smile fading and making her guest worry she'd said something wrong. “So that getup of yours isn’t just a costume,” she said, pointing one of her metal tipped digits at the girl’s habit. “You’re a bit of a sheltered little thing darling. No one taught you the proper ins and outs, the bird and the bees,” she asked openly.

The redness in her cheeks once again peaked, making her face feel like it was on fire. “Y-yes,” Dorothea admitted, embarrassed by her sheer lack of experience.

She was nibbling on her thumb as she rationalized everything. Her mirrored self had led her here, to this den of sin, to this woman. Everything she had ever been taught conflicted with what she felt herself wanting. A true struggle between her will and her needs. Was she in too deep to back away and flee back to the monastery, beg forgiveness from mother Cybil and God and hope for the best? If she did that though, would she ever find that peace and be happy like Kasumi?

As she went to speak she suddenly realized the Black Knight was upon her, standing but inches away and looking down at her. “May I touch you?” the experienced woman asked.

Why was she asking permission? She could just as easily have taken hold of her like mother Cybil and shown her whatever. Her crystal blue eyes drifted up to meet with the Knight's dark ones, and she gave a small nod of approval. “Y-yes miss Knight,” she told her.

Carefully the Domme's hands came up, the clawed digits tickling the blonde’s cheek as she gently peeled back the nun's veil. Slowly her blonde locks were revealed, and the light around the small room flooded in to brighten her face. “May I undress you?” the dark eyed woman asked.

Her touch was so gentle, sending tingles through Dorothea’s body that had her quivering. Slowly this powerful woman was melting away the trepidation that had been all but overwhelming her, and she found herself agreeing once more. “Yes,” she gave permission, feeling the warmth of her own breath over her lip.

The space between their bodies lessened, the Black Knight taking delicate care to undo each little knot, and each little pin of the girl’s uniform without tarnishing it. The voluptuous girl just closed her eyes, feeling the weight of her layers lifted off of her one by one by the woman’s careful hands, savouring the little touches they shared. Finally, with the unzipping of her tunic she was left in just her criminally ill fitting underthings, breasts pressing out above and below her undersized cups.

The Domme took a moment to take the buxom girl in, marveling in the blonde’s natural beauty. As she look however she found something that made her blood boil. The sounds of her heels circled the girl, and those clawed digits gently traced over the bruising from last night’s caning.

“Who did this to you?” the dark haired woman demanded.

She was flinching at even so light a touch on her tender backside. “I-I was punished,” she admitted to the woman without falter, “Last night I…” she was flustered, nerves building once more as the heat built up inside her at the memory. “I um… I… m-masturbated,” she said out loud, the gravity of her sins weighting on her.

Before she knew it the Domme's arms were around her, a hand running through her blonde locks and down her back. “Oh darling,” she cooed softly, “Come here, you didn’t do anything wrong,” she assured the girl, holding her close into her bosom.

There was something familiar about this embrace, making Dorothea sink into it without question. It took her a minute to put it all together in her busy mind, but the Knight reminded her of sister Gabe back at the monastery. A more experienced woman, there to help and guide her along. Someone that she could trust, even with the turbulent worries swimming through her head.

Nuzzling against the Domme the young sister whispered a “Thank you,” savouring the moment until she was released.

The Black Knight was looking her over again, her hand resting on the hilt of her blade, sitting just above her hip. “God, do they not clothe you?” she teased with a little smirk, prodding the girl’s overflowing bust and making the blonde gasp. “You’re spilling every which way.”

Much more comfortable now the blonde turned away, “I had a recent growth spurt,” she explained, “The sisters gathered up what they could so I could get a new bra.”

Those dark eyes scanned down, resting on the panties currently pulling high into her mons, “You need more than a bra darling,” she pointed out. There was another thought taking precedent in the Domme's mind however, something that didn’t quite add up. “So what did you come here for then, if you traveled out of your little shelter to get new clothes?” she asked.

Shyly Dorothea wrung her hands, holding them down in front of her needy box, “I um…” she began, her cheeks pink with arousal, “I was hoping to find some release before I went back to the monastery. So that mother Cybil doesn’t punish me again,” she told the Domme, bearing her sinful desires.

Even the professional couldn’t help a small giggle, covering her mouth with her clawed hand. “Well, you could certainly find that here; for a price,” she told her, sinking the girl’s spirit a little, “Hmhm, you’re quite my type though darling, so how about we make an arrangement?” she offered.

The nun’s box was positively simmering, clouding her thoughts with the desire to get off. Caution was nearly thrown to the wind, and her glazed blue eyes looked up to the Black Knight hopefully, “What kind of arrangement?” she asked, feeling a buzz in her skin.

Certainly an excitable little thing. The Knight's scarlet lips curled into a smile, “As I said, I have an appointment coming in. You obviously need a hand with getting some stuff that fits, and you've got an itch that needs scratching, just like he does,” the woman explained, “Would you be willing to be my plaything this evening? I'll compensate you for it, and you'll get your rocks off in a way you won’t soon forget,” she purred as her smile turned to a devilish grin.

Dorothea's eyes lit up a bit, and her nethers were purring excitedly to the point she was grinding her thighs to relieve the ache. Something did trouble her though, a reminder of mother Cybil’s punishment last night. “H-he?” she stammered nervously, “I-I can’t get pregnant, I'm supposed to be chaste,” she told the woman.

The Knight raised a hand to calm her. “Nothing gets done without your okay,” she explained, walking over to the corner of the room where she kept a filing cabinet and fishing a sheet from the top drawer, “The Garden has rules, you have to read them over regardless before making your decision,” she explained, handing the document to the nun for approval.

Looking it over the page was a contract, adding yet more of the nervous feeling she might be making a deal with the Devil. It wasn’t as menacing as it seemed however, mostly rules and regulations like needing to use condoms, clauses about harassing the Dominants, and the use of something called “safe words”.

It flew in the face of what she’d been taught in the monastery, “Don’t condoms not work?” she asked.

The question earned her a flick in the forehead from one of the Knight's metal claws, “What nonsense are they filling that cute head of yours with over there?” she grumbled. “Only thing more effective than a properly used condom is abstinence, yes, but by the later isn’t for everyone. These rules aren’t just for the sake of them darling, they’re safety rules. Follow them and you won’t get hurt, one way or the other, and you can have a good bit of fun while you’re at it,” she explained.

Rubbing the point of impact she looked it all over once more. With that perspective it was similar to what the sisters preached, and there was nothing here about selling her soul or anything. The more she read, the more she realized the Knight was being truthful, it was just safety stuff. “If I don’t want something, you won’t do it?” she clarified.

The Black Knight crossed over her heart with her clawed index finger, “Promise darling, you say the word and the session ends. I'd be a shitty Dominant if I didn’t abide to that rule,” she told her.

That was enough for the nun to put her faith in her. “Okay miss Knight,” she said, “I’ll be your plaything,” she offered with an innocent smile.

It was adorable, inciting another giggle from the Domme, “Alright then, I'll need you to sign that, and then we'll be headed to the wall,” she said, pointing to her selection of tools hanging on the wall from hooks.

Without need for further encouragement Dorothea looked around for a pen, only to have the Knight present her one. Even if this was signing herself away to the Devil, this Devil was unlike the titular fallen angel; much like another she had met not long ago. With a quick scrawl she signed, and presented it back to the Domme.

With a smirk she took the form, resting it on the cabinet before waving the girl over. “Alright,” she mused as the bouncy blonde skipped over in her ill fitting underthings, “As I told you, nothing gets done without your okay; that includes what toys get used on you. You choose what's on the table for any session, if you aren’t comfortable with something it stays on the wall,” the dark eyed Domme explained.

Dorothea nodded her understanding, looking to the myriad of toys nervously. “I’m afraid I'm not sure what any of these things are,” she admitted, looking through the whips and paddles until her eyes came to rest upon a cane. “Save a rare few,” she whimpered as her shoulders arched defensively.

“We have some time. I can give you a demonstration of anything you’d like,” the curvy Dominatrix offered, coming over and brushing her fingertips over the girl’s bruised rear, “And you have my word darling, I'll be more gentle with you than whoever thought you deserved this,” she promised.

Just those words and she was at ease. Giving the wall another look she was still paralyzed from all the options, then she recalled something else that was in the room, turning over her shoulder to the unusual bench. “How does that work?” she asked, pointing to it.

The Knight giggled lightly, she would pick one of her favourites. “That’s a sex bench,” she told the girl, walking to it and patting the lower part of the seat. “If you want to get on your knees here I can show you how it works,” she offered.

Sex bench? The idea of committing sin and breaking her chastity vow brought a redness back to her cheeks. The heat in her needy loins though screamed louder, and urged her forward. She crawled up on her knees, as instructed by the Domme, and found herself eagerly waiting for what was next.

“Bondage is all about trust darling,” she said, running her clawed hand up the girl’s back and sending a pleasurable tingle up her spine that had her gasping. “You don’t move unless by my guidance, is that understood?” she asked.

With a breathy sigh Dorothea nodded, “Yes miss Knight.”

The Black Knight nodded her affirmation of the agreement, “You’re also to refer to me as ser Knight during scenes. If you don’t, then I will stop the scene. This is non negotiable, understand darling?” she continued.

There were so many rules, but after reading the contract that made sense. “Yes ser Knight,” she replied obediently.

“Good girl,” the Domme praised, making the nun swell up with a mix of pride and excitement.

That clawed hand made its way to the base of her neck, gently pressing down and bending the randy blonde over the bench. Her swollen breasts touched down before she did, squishing out past her sides to the point they were easily visible, even behind her, and it felt good. Tenderly the Knight took her new plaything’s arm, guiding it forward until one of the girl’s slender wrists was slotted nicely into an open cuff.

Pulling the strap over the dark haired woman rested two fingers against the nun's skin, making sure there was room enough not to cut off circulation before clasping it and locking the girl down. “How’s that, too tight?” she asked.

The blue eyed beauty was so distracted she hardly even noticed. She gave her wrist a small tug, feeling how the leather caught her and kept her bound. Still she was more than comfortable, “No ser Knight,” she replied, “I’m curious though, how am I going to…” she flushed a bit as rather than speak she curled her fingers and mimicked her last night’s motions.

So innocent, the Domme once again gave a laugh at such purity. “That becomes my job darling,” she cooed, stepping around the girl to demonstrate.

Running her clawed digits over the girl’s rear the blonde shivered excitedly. Poor Dorothea could do little more than let out a whine as she felt her panties peeled away from her oozing sex, unable to see for herself what the woman was up to. Then lightning struck as the experienced Knight ran two fingers along the girl’s simmering lips.

She couldn’t help squirming, the pleasure twofold when the reigns were taken from her by the dark haired Dominatrix. Her toes curled, and she let out a lewd mewl as two soft fingertips traced inside her hood and teased her clit. Then all too quickly it stopped, the Knight stepping away with a giggle as the horny nun whined.

“Why did you stop?” the blonde pleaded.

The woman gave her whiny plaything a tap on the nose, “My appointment isn’t here yet,” she told the girl, “And this is a demonstration remember, you haven’t agreed to any toys darling,” she reminded her.

Already part of the way done up the voluptuous girl gave a needy whimper, “I-I’d like to use the sex bench please ser Knight,” she told her.

The Black Knight couldn’t help chuckling, “Anything else you’d like to use?” she offered, gesturing to the wall.

The done up nun shook her head, eager to begin and content with her current situation.

“You’re certain?” the dark haired woman clarified, “New toys won’t be allowed to be added during a session,” she warned.

Dorothea paused, looking over at the wall. There was still so much, and the cane instilled a nervousness in her. She gave an affirmative nod, turning her crystal blue eyes to the other woman, “I’m certain ser Knight,” she told her.

A smirk crossed the woman’s scarlet lips, “If you’re sure darling,” she said, running her clawed digits up the girl’s other arm as she guided it to its cuff. “To the matter of your chastity; if it’s important to you then I can ensure our playmate isn’t allowed to penetrate you. If it’s just pregnancy you’re worried about, I can assure you the condom will do fine. Plus I'm here to make sure if anything goes wrong that your safety comes first,” she explained as she locked the clasp on the girl’s other wrist.

Biting her lip the nun mulled it over in her head nervously. She trusted the woman’s word, but perhaps breaking her vow to the Lord and giving up her chastity was going too far. Something Kasumi had said to her though made its way into her conscious, *“All the more reason you want to see if there’s more out there than being a servant to the divine.”*

Her toes were wiggling, and she turned a glazed look to the experienced woman who’d bound her here. “Can I try it? Without it happening?” she asked.

The Knight chuckled, “I have a few toys that can give you a little taste, but the real thing is a different beast darling,” she told the girl.

Blush once again filled the chaste girl's cheeks. “I’d like to try ser Knight,” she told the woman.

With a nod the Domme wandered to the wall, grabbing up a silicon paddle with a phallic, ribbed handle. “You’ll have to okay this tool darling, rules are rules, I can’t use anything on you that you don’t explicitly allow,” she told the girl.

Dorothea looked at it, feeling her rear tighten reflexively. “You won’t hurt me with it?”

Once more the woman crossed above her breast with her clawed finger. “We’re not using it for impact darling, the handle's a dildo,” she explained, flipping it over in her hand, “and I told you, you give the word and I stop whatever we're doing.”

That was all the horny girl needed to hear. She could already feel her pussy purring for the attention. “Okay then ser Knight, you can use it,” she replied.

“Alright darling,” the Knight flashed a grin, walking about the room and collecting both a condom and her bottle of lubricant. “Let me finish strapping you up and then you can have a taste,” she purred.

The blonde was left giving small gasps at the woman’s touch, as her waist was tied down, leaving her breasts to squish further up towards her chin. Her toes curled eagerly as the Domme held down her calves, those cool tipped digits poking into her pale skin as her ankles and knees were secured in place. She was trapped, vulnerable, and it just had her all the more eager.

“Everything comfortable?” the dark haired temptress checked in, receiving a happy nod as the blue eyed girl squirmed in her restraints. “Alright then,” the Dominant purred, tearing the condom open with her teeth and unrolling it down the toy's lewd handle.

Dorothea couldn’t help herself, trying despite her restraint to see what the woman was up to. Even looking over her shoulder she couldn’t see past her presenting rear, held aloft by her bound position. She heard the snap of a cap, making her shudder with giddy anticipation. Those claw-tipped digits slipped into her underthings, peeling them down the girl’s thighs and around her knees to properly expose her hungry sex.

She found her body eagerly trying to press back, only to feel the tug of the straps on her wrists and across her back. “Hmhm, calm down darling,” the Domme teased with a sultry purr, “You’ll get it.”

There was a sudden feeling of cold against her simmering lips that had the blonde gasp out, wriggling to try and escape; an act that had the Knight once again giggling delightedly. “I know it’s cool,” she told the girl, running her lubed fingertips over the girl’s already soaking box, “Ready as you are, you'll appreciate it,” she promised.

Nodding the nun curled her fingers. She didn’t need to tolerate it long, as the woman’s caresses warmed and were gliding along her walls smoothly. The pleasurable shocks from the attention to her most sensitive areas shot through her very being, drowning her in the happy bliss she'd first encountered the night before. Her breaths started coming hot and heavy, and she could feel her heartbeat in her loins as they pulsed around the woman's digits.

And then they withdrew, leaving the poor girl squirming to try and keep the contact as long as possible. “Alright, I'm going to take this slowly,” the Knight told her plaything, as she smeared the remaining lube from her fingers over its covered surface, “You don’t feel comfortable you say so, and we stop, understand darling?”

The blonde nodded eagerly, “I understand,” she whimpered.

The dark haired woman didn’t move, “You understand…” she chided, reminding the girl of the rules.

Red tinted the needy girl's cheeks once more, “I understand ser Knight,” she hurriedly corrected herself.

“Good girl,” she praised with a smile on her scarlet lips, making Dorothea swell with pride at doing well. The metal tips of her claws rested against the pliant flesh of the girl’s rear, as she lined everything up for the big moment.

Slowly the tip of the tool's ribbed hilt was pressed to the girl’s lips, making her gasp softly at the sensation of being spread. She could feel every pump of blood through her body stoking her sensitivity as her walls tried to suck the toy into her; and the Domme didn’t leave her waiting. When the first inch of the toy entered her the blonde saw stars, her legs quivering as she felt her own warmth dribbling down her thighs. With the second she was in bliss, moaning lewdly as the toy's ridges stroked along her walls.

Even though she could guess the answer, the Black Knight still gave the girl’s plush ass a soft pat to get her attention, “Doing okay darling?” she asked, holding the toy steady.

It was hard to think, and that was fine. The buxom beauty just nodded, wishing the euphoric pleasure to continue. She knew she had to vocalize her desire though to the Knight, or else lose it. “Yes ser Knight,” she babbled out with hot breath, “Please keep going!” she pleaded, needily wiggling her hips as much as she could for more of the delicious sensation.

The Dominant gave a happy little laugh, “As you wish darling,” she purred, sliding more of the hilt into her, only to be interrupted by Jocelyn. The bespectacled woman gave a tap on the wall outside their curtain, drawing the Domme’s attention. “What is it Josie?” the dark haired woman asked, giving her the okay to enter.

Dorothea gave a whimper, left teetering on the edge of her rising pleasure. The buzz cut cashier wasn’t even phased by the situation, peeking in through the curtain. “Your appointment is here BK,” she advised, “Shall I let him in, or do you need a few more minutes with this one?”

With a smirk on her scarlet lips she gave the blonde a pat for her attention, “Sorry darling, I've got to pull out,” she told her, slowly pulling the ribbed toy from her simmering box.

The nun let out a whine, as each ridge caressed over her ready lips; drawing her attention to the growing empty feeling inside of her. “Don’t worry,” the woman purred as the toy left the girl’s drooling sex empty, “You’ll have it again soon enough,” she promised.

Peeling the condom off the paddle she turned to Jocelyn, “You can show him in,” she ordered the cashier.

Raising a thumbs up the shorted haired woman pulled back the curtain, letting a black haired boy in; slender in build and dressed as darkly as his locks. Seeing the buxom blonde bent over the table provided an obvious tent in his oversized jeans, as he couldn’t keep himself from staring. An act that earned the ire of the Black Knight.

She stepped up, heels clacking on the smooth floor, and took his chin in her clawed hand. “Did I tell you to look at that worm?” she growled with a leer.

He winced at the suddenness of it all, his member twitching in his trousers, “N-no ser Knight,” he stammered, locking his brown eyes to her piercing gaze.

Dorothea, even sex hazed as she was, didn’t understand. Was this even the same woman that had been tempting her earlier? “Your errant eyes have earned you punishment worm,” she told him, violently releasing him as she stepped back, “Undress and present, before you further infuriate me,” she commanded.

“Yes ser Knight,” he was quick to reply, starting at the buckle of his belt with slightly nervous fingers.

Within seconds he was stripped to nothing, his respectable cock fully erect and standing at attention. He was quick to drop to his hand and knees, rear in the air for her to levy her punishment upon him. The blonde peeked over her shoulder, watching as the Black Knight walked up with paddle in hand. It rose high, only to come down on his exposed bottom with a resounding smack that made the nun flinch. Where she expected him to cry out in pain however, the toned boy let out a moan, and she watched as the tip of his cock wept a drop of arousal.

The silicone paddle rose up again, striking across his other cheek with the same result and leaving a pair of angry red marks. “Now then, fetch your collar worm!” she ordered him, leading to the boy scampering to his feet and over to where his bag lay discarded to fetch what his Domme had asked for.

It was sobering, enough so for the bound nun to raise a question or two, “I thought nothing got used without permission?” she asked.

Turning back to Dorothea the Knight's patient smile returned, “The worm has been around enough that we have a few unspoken rules. Things agreed upon beforehand,” she offered with her prior pleasant demeanor.

The tonal whiplash led to her next question. “Why do you call him that ser Knight?”

The Black Knight couldn’t help a little laugh. So naïve, so very fun. “It’s a part of the scene. The worm likes it when I berate him for being the worthless piece of meat he is,” she slipped back into the more vicious persona, “Isn’t that right worm?” she questioned him.

The worm nodded, coming up with a thick leather collar in his hands; a metal ring welded to the front. “Yes ser Knight,” he answered with a red faced smile.

A smile on her scarlet lips she was back to the kind teacher for the nun. “You remember the part of the contract about safe words?” she reminded the bound girl, “If I get too rough with him he knows he just needs to say it and we stop. It’s a matter of earned trust. He has to trust that I will stop if he asks me to, and I need to trust him to tell me when I go too far,” she explained.

That made sense, and hearkened back to the buxom beauty’s earlier play, when the dark haired woman had consistently paused to make sure she was okay. “I get it,” she mused, realizing she almost forgot to address the Domme properly, “Ser Knight,” she added quickly.

A fast learner, which made things easier. “If anything goes too far, or you fail a check in, we stop; okay darling?” the Domme verified one last time.

Dorothea gave a nod, unable to help smiling herself. “Yes ser Knight,” she replied eagerly. What was this feeling swelling up in her? It wasn’t like anything she quite recognized. Despite her position, how she was on display, it wasn’t bothering her like before. She knew the, even unnamed, Black Knight would keep her safe.

Laying the paddle across her palm the dark haired woman shimmied her shoulders happily, “Good girl,” she finished, turning to the boy in her presence. “You know the rules worm. You will lose my good graces if you scar my new plaything, understood?” she hissed.

He gave a nod. “Y-yes ser Knight,” he replied obediently, holding up his collar.

The Domme scoffed. “Impatient aren’t you worm?” she scolded, making him flinch while his needy member throbbed. “Do I need to tan your hide again?” she warned as she fetched a lead from her wall.

“No ser Knight,” he stammered as her heels bore her to him once more.

Reaching out the Black Knight took the accessory in her clawed hand, twirling a finger on her other and making her worm pivot around and turn his back to her. The blonde watched, seeing how he was just as eager as she was bound on the bench. There was just something enchanting about the type of power the Dominatrix held over people.

With a click the collar was locked, and the Knight ordered the worm to “Turn,” so she could clip the lead to the metal ring. With a few twists of her wrists she had him on a short leash, tugging him forward forcefully over to the bound beauty.

He was doing his best to keep his eyes off the blonde, locking his gaze to the Domme tugging him along as she spoke. “You’ve been granted quite the honour worm,” she mused, running her clawed digits up Dorothea's back and making her moan from the tease, “This delicate darling would like to be deflowered, and has trusted the task to me,” she explained with a small leer. She pulled him close, less than inches from her face, as she went on, “You represent me with this task worm. If you don’t show her a good first time it reflects on me, and I refuse to have garbage like you tarnish my image. Do you understand me?” she growled, her breath on his face driving the idea home.

The boy gave a nod, his cock starting to go dark from his painful arousal, “Yes ser Knight,” he replied quickly.

That was all she needed to hear, giving him some slack of the leash as she walked across the room, to her bowl of condoms. “Good,” she gave him the lightest praise, grabbing one of the contraceptives and throwing it to him. He knew better than to miss it, catching it against his chest. “Put that on worm, and get into position. Leaned over her with your hands on the bench. If you so much as think about entering her before my say you'll have my heel lodged firmly in your pathetic ass, do you understand me?”

He was tearing the condom open already, rolling it down his turgid meat to oblige her orders. “Yes ser Knight,” he assured her, his hands falling on either side of Dorothea's waist as he did his best to line everything up.

The blonde let out a whine, as the Knight orchestrated everything like they were just puppets on strings. Her cunt was hungry, dripping onto her thighs at the promise of more attention. She was once again squirming and humping her hips back to get what she craved; or trying as the strap around her middle kept her firmly in place.

Setting the paddle down the Domme collected a crop from her wall to replace it. “So eager darling,” she teased, shortening the slack on her worm as she drew close again; ensuring he couldn’t escape from his place knelt over the nun if he tried.

Leaning down the seductive woman nibbled on Dorothea’s ear, letting the girl feel the warmth of her breath on her neck. “Ready darling?” she asked.

The buxom beauty whimpered and nodded, squirming further just to feel her nipples tweaking against the bench. “Yes ser Knight,” she pleaded.

With a smile on her scarlet lips the Knight gave the lead a tug. “You heard her worm, start,” she ordered.

He didn’t need telling twice. The swollen head of his dick pressed against her moist box, and immediately the nun let out a breathy sigh. He was bigger than the toy before, spreading her as he pressed the flared head into her, then with a little pop the world washed away. She felt her walls tightening on the intrusion, wringing it and revelling in the feeling of its every pulse. The Knight was right, this was a whole different beast.

She mewled lewdly, face flushing as she practically drooled at the feeling of more and more of him entering her starved box. Each withdraw dragged the rim of his cockhead over her sensitive folds, only for the accompanying thrust to drive more of the beast into her. Could she even get it all in? It felt like every dip she was full, only to have the next fill her more and make her babble out more words of pleasure.

Her very world was spinning, as that tingle inside of her started building faster and faster. Was in minutes, hours, who knew? All she knew was this euphoric bliss of sex, bound to the bench and thoroughly pleased by the Domme and her worm in ways she hadn’t even been able to imagine the day before.

She heard a giggle, the Black Knight's next to her, “What do you think darling?” she checked in.

It was like alarms rang in her head, not for her lost chastity but for the rules of this engagement. No matter how good she was feeling, it would stop if she failed her check in. “I-I like it ser Knight,” she babbled, turning her glazed blue eyes to the Dominant.

The woman seemed almost disappointed, “Only like?” she mused, rising up and walking back to the man currently pounding into the voluptuous blonde. “You hear that worm?” she hissed, her crop cracking down on the man's rear and making him moan, thrusting himself into the bound girl harder and making her cry out. “I told you, you represent me in this, and I would have her a dripping mess by now,” she chastised him, striking him again across the other cheek as he kept it up.

Dorothea let out a whimper, feeling how his cock throbbed inside her whenever he was struck. The eruption of pleasure he echoed onto her with that hint of pain. She turned her head over her shoulder, wanting to experience that same sensation herself. “Would you hit me too ser Knight?” she pleaded.

The curvy Domme perked a bit, a knowing smirk crossing her lips. “Sorry darling,” she mused, “You didn’t put any tools on the table for me this time, and the rules stand. No new toys once the session starts,” she reminded her, “Maybe next time?” the woman teased like a mother scolding a child's indecision.

It was true, and it had the blonde whining, feeling edged by her own indecision.

“Tut tut,” the Knight mused, “I can’t have you being a brat darling. I guess I will have to punish you with the one tool I have,” she said raising her lead-wrapped hand.

Without further warning the woman’s hand slapped across the bound girl's upturned rear. It was like fireworks, as the pain mixed with the pleasure and exploded through her. She wanted more, but knew not how to ask for it beyond a happy squeal. That seemed to work, as the Knight's hand dropped down again on her other cheek. She couldn’t take anymore, her body reached that peak and she moaned at the feeling of her pussy tightening around the girthy rod filling her with every heartbeat.

The dark haired woman chuckled at her plaything’s climax, hearing as her worm's breaths started becoming taxed. “Did I say you could cum yet worm?” she growled at him, pulling on his lead. “I expect you to give her two more before you finish, understand?”

Two more? She could have more? The idea was barely conceivable to the blissed out nun, yet the boy pounding away at her replied with a “Yes ser Knight,” and got back to it with a vigor.

It was incredible, as her body tried to calm down from her high only to be caught near the line and dragged back up once more. Her second crest was better than the first, leaving her struggling against her bonds as her body thrashed with pleasure. She could feel the leather digging in, marking her with little burns that tickled that desire for pain along with her climax.

She could feel the sweat on her skin, making her shine and stinging her pores as her nipples chaffed against the bench. She couldn’t even form words in her head anymore, only babble with a blissed out look on her face. Her senses were focused only on the heat flowing through her and the thing filling her full, fucking her silly; that and the voice of the Domme giving it all to her.

“Getting there darling?” the dark haired woman purred, tracing those claws down her back and making her scream with pleasure.

She had to make words, had to or it would stop, “Y-yes ser Knight,” she managed with a slur.

It was like she was far off, only the feeling of the woman’s breath was evident. “Then cum. Wring this worm for all he's worth,” she ordered.

Dorothea didn’t think it was possible, but those words pushed her over. Every muscle in her body tightened as she rode through her third climax. Something was said but she was too far gone to hear it, only feel as an explosion of heat ballooned inside her along the worm's twitching cock. Then everything slowed, the hardness filling her softening as she was allowed to ride the high to its completion.

She felt the Black Knight's hand petting her golden hair, helping her come down from her high, as the other went about undoing her bonds. “Hmhm, you've earned yourself some pretty marks darling,” she purred, running her claws over the buxom blonde's wrists.

With her control returned the nun pulled her stiff arm in, body groaning in protest at the action. Her glazed eyes saw them, the little burns around her wrists, and the reminder of her recent euphoria positively tickled her. She loved them.

The Knight had aftercare to attend to, rising to her feet and unclipping her worm. “Had a fun time?” she asked him, in the same kind tone she used with the blonde.

The boy was still catching his breath, a grin crossing his features, “An amazing scene as always ser Knight,” he told her, not entirely willing to drop the role-play.

She gave him a rub up the back, handing him a fun sized chocolate bar. “Thanks for showing my new darling a good time. I know you didn’t really get a heads up she was coming, so just let Josie know I'm offering you ten percent off next session,” she offered him.

Taking the treat he went to collect his things. “Thank you ser Knight,” he replied, pulling back into his pants before leaving the two girls to bask in the afterglow.

The nun was almost sad to see him go, like a part of her needed him to stay. When the Knight came back to her side and presented her with her own little candy bar though, she couldn’t help but swell with a warm happiness. “Chocolate helps with sub drop,” she told the dazed blonde.

She wasn’t sure what that was, but she trusted the dark haired woman knew what she was talking about. Without a word, her eyes just taking the Domme in, she unwrapped and nibbled up the miniature snack.

Pulling out a business card the poised woman handed it to the nun, once she had finished filling her cute cheeks with the last bite, “It might not happen today, or tomorrow, but it could happen. If you’re feeling down at all just give me a call, no matter the time I'll make sure I'm available for you darling,” she explained.

All the blissed girl could do was give a nod that she understood, looking at the small card and pulling it close to her inflated chest; reminding her she had come out here at all to get a bra. “Um, ser Knight,” she managed as things rode down, “You said you'd compensate me?” she brought up.

That soured the moment a bit, but the woman kept her smile. “I did,” she agreed, getting up and leaving the girl a few moments alone before coming back with a purse. “You need proper fitting clothes, so here,” she said, handing the girl a credit card, “I trust you'll return this to me next time you’re here?” she posed.

“Next time?” the blonde repeated, a pleasant smile crossing her lips at the thought of doing this again.

An E-cup. Compared to what she was only two days ago the nun was absolutely massive. She nearly didn’t find a place that sold her size what with her still petite waist; and the stares that came with her new physique. With the new awakening of the pleasure she could experience came an all new wave of desire and enjoyment to the looks she drew.

Her curves were obvious through her habit, the round globes of her breasts standing proudly up front while her rear pushed her tunic out in a flare that showed off every roll of her hips. Her look didn’t slip under mother Cybil’s watchful eye, as the blonde snuck back into the monastery with her bag over her arm. With the Black Knight's charity she'd managed to get two full sets of underthings. One more conservative that she was wearing now, and the second a more provocative treat for the dark haired Domme; tucked into her bag next to her mirror and the donation from her fellow sisters. She owed it to sister Gabe to return the funds her sisters had graciously given her in her time of need.

The broad shouldered sister was hard at work, prepping for dinner when the oversexed girl scampered in. “You were out a while,” the woman chuckled looking over and seeing just how obvious the girl’s form was even with so many layers, “Wow, you were bigger than I thought. Proper fitting support does wonders,” she joked at the round masses jutting from her chest.

Dorothea's cheeks flushed. Once again, she couldn’t exactly explain that she’d grown out of nowhere, again. “Thanks,” she said, fishing into her bag and pulling out the small box with the money she'd been given.

Sister Gabe smiled, shaking the water from her hands before taking it. “Change?”

The blonde shook her head, “Actually, I-“ she paused, trying to word it in such a way that didn’t oust what she’d been doing all afternoon, “made a friend, who offered to help me out,” she told the fellow nun, as the tint in her cheeks deepened.

Naturally the statement sparked curiosity, “A special friend?” the dark haired girl asked, setting the box down on the counter. She’d seen looks like the curvy girl was wearing before.

“What? No,” she stammered in quick reply, “Nothing like that, it wouldn’t be appropriate,” doubly so. Especially considering how many of her vows she'd ruthlessly shattered today.

Gabe just gave a laugh, shaking her head. “Hey, it’s okay Dotty,” she assured the girl, getting back to work. “You just better have an excuse lined up for when mother Cybil rears her head,” she warned.

Her shoulders arched up defensively at that, “Yeah,” the buxom sinner replied, mulling it over in her head. Regardless she had things to put away still, lest she be caught with lingerie. “Thanks again Gabe,” she offered the bulky sister.

The woman chuckled in reply, “I keep telling you not to mention it Dotty, it's what God put me here to do,” she told her, shooing the girl away to do what she had to.

Quietly Dorothea snuck away to her bunk, slipping her new things under her bed, along with the mirror. It had been such a day, she was still tingling all over as she looked at the marks fast fading from her wrists. She couldn’t wait to go back to the Garden, but she would need some sort of excuse if she was going to keep slipping away. Maybe her reflection could help?

As she went for the trinket the door to the room unceremoniously flung open, the old crone Cybil catching the blonde on her hands and knees. Her yard stick was in hand, ready to deliver punishment to the absent nun. “Where were you today?” she asked, tapping the tip of her tool against her ankle.

The buxom beauty steeled herself, letting out a silent sigh. “I went out to get new underwear mother Cybil,” she answered truthfully.

The woman spat at that, “Your 'admirers' pay for it? Or were your sinful hands in the donation box?” she accused.

The younger nun clenched her fist. She didn’t deserve such accusations. “Actually I got a job,” she retorted, rising to her feet and boldly lying to cover where she had been. Not that it was entirely untrue, she had offered a service, and been compensated.

“A job?” mother Cybil scoffed in disbelief. “I highly doubt that, where?” she pressed.

Lies had tendency to crack under pressure, especially under not only the old nun's eyes but under those of God, as the crucifix hung on the wall behind her. It didn’t matter though, she wasn’t going to just let the old bag beat her senseless. “At a garden,” she eluded, “I’ll be returning tomorrow for my next shift,” she hoped. Oh God did she hope, as her loins tingled at the idea. She had to return the Knight's credit card if nothing else.

The nun looked at her incredulously, “Let me see your hands sister Dorothea,” she ordered.

Uh oh, the blonde’s face flushed, and she found herself rubbing the bond marks on her wrist. If she showed them, what would mother Cybil think? Would she know?

Evidently she took too long, “I’ve warned you about lies in the house of God sister,” she hissed, pointing to the bed.

Dorothea felt her body tighten, her heart jumping up into her throat. She was lying, and more would only make it worse. She walked over to the bed, kneeling down with her rear in the air.

The crooked woman stepped up, tool tapping across her hand as she threatened her approach. The voluptuous sinner could do nothing but tighten herself, wincing as she braced for the impact. “Repent for your sins!” the old nun cried out as she brought the yardstick down.

Something happened then. Dorothea’s eyes widened as the tool came down, the crack resounded around the small room. She was struck, but it wasn’t pain that flashed through her. The sting shouted from her rear, but the sensation instead stirred thoughts of the Knight; of being bound and spanked for her disobedience. Her pussy quivered delightedly, and her breath came out as a hot whimper that expressed her eagerness for more.

Thankfully it sounded enough like pain as to not tip off the old crone, “The truth sister Dorothea,” the woman demanded.

Her blue eyes fluttered, conflict raging in her head. She could tell the truth, be a bad girl and get hit again and be flooded with that amazing feeling. Or she could just keep lying, who cared? If she got caught she'd get another hit, if not she could still have her excuse to go back to the Garden tomorrow. Cybil had no power over her anymore. “I was gardening,” she whimpered, pink in the cheeks as she turned her hands over to the woman.

Mother Cybil inspected, “No dirt, and what’s this?” she grumbled, smacking the yardstick on the girl’s wrist burns.

She let out another whimper, feigning a flinch to keep up her ruse. “I wore gloves,” she lied, “They were a little tight. I have to save to get my own,” she told the woman.

That made enough sense, enough for the sceptical nun to back off. “So what’s your schedule? I'll have to work your daily chores around when you’re here. And you will not work on the Lord’s day,” she grumbled.

The blonde had to fight back a pout, tingling and wanting more. “I’ll get it tomorrow,” she told the woman.

“See to it you do sister Dorothea,” the old crone replied, turning on her flats and leaving the room.

The young nun let out her breath, squirming with need. She was on fire again, even after everything today, begging for more. Perhaps she was a dirty sinner, maybe she was making a terrible decision turning her back to the Lord? Right now she didn’t care about all that though, just her deceptions; and being able to see the Black Knight again.

She fished under her bed, moving past the mirror and grabbing up the Knight's business card. *“The Garden of Earthly Delights, ‘The Black Knight' Isabelle,”* so that was her name, with her number right under the flowery lettering. Holding it close she wandered out to get to the only phone on the grounds.

It only took two rings for a familiar voice to pick up, “Hello?” the Knight replied to the beckoning with a small yawn.

Her body was a tingle at just the woman's voice, making Dorothea's breath catch. “Hello ser Knight,” she said softly, falling back into that moment.

She heard a small chuckle over the line, knowing those scarlet lips were smiling. “Hey darling, everything okay?” she asked.

The nun nodded, not that the woman could see her, “Yes,” she managed. “I um… was wondering if I could come to the Garden tomorrow?” she asked.

“Sure,” the woman didn’t even hesitate on the other end, the sound of a creaking bed reaching the receiver. “I’ve got a few appointments so I may not be able to give you my full attention depending on when you come in, that okay?”

With a smile Dorothea couldn’t help quivering happily. “Yes ser Knight,” she giddily chirped as her excitement started to swell.

Over the coming weeks Dorothea found herself spending more and more time at the Garden with the Black Knight, learning more and more about her budding sexuality. She was incredibly thankful to the woman, who not only let her slip into her schedule without the normal charges, but went out of her way to support her lies; even playing the role of the nun’s boss when mother Cybil had insisted on following up on her new “job”. Not to mention giving her a portion of her pay so the blonde could not only keep getting herself clothes and other necessities, but even give a bit back to the church to clear her guilty conscience that tiny bit.

Her guilt wasn’t only for lying to God about her new endeavors, but also to the Knight; the woman letting her sponge off her charity for so long. They were winding down in the aftercare, the dark haired Domme, done up with a leather corset and a pauldron, slowly untying the naked blonde from a rope suspension.

“Ser Knight,” Dorothea piped up as she enjoyed the feeling of the woman's hands over her.

Those dark eyes turned to her, dark painted lips wearing a small smile, “What is it darling?” she asked, cradling one arm under the blonde’s bust and across her waist as she started to lower the girl to the ground.

A light blush tinted the girl’s cheeks at that smile. “I was wondering, would you teach me to be a Dominant at the Garden?” she asked.

That paused the woman a bit, as Dorothea’s knees touched down. “I’m always happy to teach my techniques,” she started, her tone dropping a little, “In terms of being a Domme here though darling, there are additional requirements you'd need to fulfill. For one, you need a clean bill of health, which means regular STI testing monthly. You also need to be on birth control to avoid any potential incidents, which I think would further violate your vows. I’m supportive of helping you explore yourself, no woman should feel they’re forced to deny themselves what comes natural, but you'd probably get kicked from the sisterhood if they caught you pill popping daily,” she explained to her.

She was on the nose with that one, making the nun’s spirits sink a little. “Oh,” she sighed sadly as her arms were undone to fall to her sides.

“Hey, I didn’t say you couldn’t darling,” she said, helping to rub the stiffness from her plaything’s limbs, “just that it’s a pretty big decision to make. Think hard about it, I'll be here to support you either way,” she offered with that friendly smile.

It was infectious, raising the nervous blonde’s spirits a bit; especially as she was given her sub drop chocolate. “Thank you ser Knight,” she said, sitting up and leaning against the woman’s half exposed bust. She’d come to learn cuddling was one of the necessities of her aftercare, and the Knight knew to oblige, wrapping her arms around the girl as she nibbled on her treat.

As she was going back to the monastery, think about it she did. For as much as her self discovery was clearing her turmoil a bit; it was hard to be worried when you had something balls deep fucking your thoughts away after all, she still had those base worries. She was lying to God, sneaking around and breaking her vows left and right. It was bound to catch up with her, and even if mother Cybil’s ruler had lost its sting, that heavy guilt remained.

The old crone gave her the usual dirty look as the “gardener” returned from work. Most of the sisters had become aware she had a side job by now, and she had woven her web enough that she knew it was little more than scrutiny. Jealousy at worst as she only vaguely remembered Kasumi saying. Maybe all of the sisterhood were sinners in some way, and no one was perfect? It was a wishful thought at best to justify her actions. She needed advice, someone to ask who wouldn’t judge her, and she could only think of one person; herself.

Quietly she slipped up to her room, fishing under her bed for her now box of underthings and basic clothing; things she could still wear under her habit that were a nice little treat for the Knight. Even this was its own little web of deceptions, as the first layers were all simple, plain things that mother Cybil would approve of, then beneath were her more risqué pieces for the Garden.

She dug deeper, to the bottom where she'd hidden the mirror. Her reflection was radiant as ever, voluminous golden locks, lightly makeup touched face. She’d had the odd moments just like her lately, like she was reaching that “potential” more every day. Today though her conflicting feelings were strong enough even knowing that wasn’t helping her cheer up.

With a deep breath she tried to ease herself, looking into the crystal blue eyes of her mirrored self. “What should I do?” she asked, hoping for an answer.

The perfection in the mirror gave a smile, one reminiscent of the ones the Knight always gave her, as she stepped away to demonstrate. It wasn’t anything intense like the last two times, the scantily clad doppelganger was still in the monastery. In the kitchen, with the broad shouldered nun that worked there.

“Sister Gabe?” she wondered aloud.

The buxom blonde in the mirror gave a nod, simple as that, before fading back to her role as her reflection.

As she did Dorothea felt a tingle that she hadn’t experienced for a while now. Her breath caught in her throat, and she felt the straps of her bra digging in. She was growing again?

She reached up, taking her tits in her hand and moaning softly at the sensation. They were rapidly adding mass, the flesh billowing over the edges of her wide cups and into her hands. She had just put together a wardrobe, she didn’t want to have to start that over again; even if she did have some finances to cover it. “Why?” she whimpered as she felt her nipples dragging up the soft inside of her underthings.

The mirror reacted, drawing her blue eyes to her reflection as her copy held up a version of the mirror. Those glossed lips mimed a “Why?” to it, and immediately the pumped up version of herself swelled a number of sizes, the cleavage showing in her tube top deepening to a dark line. With breasts rivaling the size of her head she turned to her real life self with a teasing grin, wiggling her massive melons to demonstrate.

So it was using the mirror? The nun let out a gasp, feeling a quivering in her loins as the sensation doubled down on her and her fingertip sized nipples finally flicked up over the edges of her E-cups to tickle against the rough inner texture of her habit.

There was more to the story, as her reflection stepped back, showing off her hourglass curves. The Knight was there, wrapping her arms over the mirror Dorothea’s shoulders as she let out a silent moan. More eyes took her in, and men and women alike that she’d spent time at the Garden with were crawling up to offer her their affections.

Her real life counterpart understood. “You’re helping,” she gasped, wincing as her straps were beginning to dig into her supple flesh. When she relied on it, it was upgrading her; giving her the body she needed to get the attention she desired, and achieve the pleasures she craved.

Her reflection gave a wink, satisfied her other self understood and returning to normal to reflect the mixed look of shock and arousal the growing bombshell wore.

Dorothea let out a whimper, as her tits grew heavy and made her back ache from the lack of support. They weren’t as big as the over exaggerated curves of her reflection, but for sure she wasn’t fitting into any of her bras anymore. Hell, her breasts weren’t even fitting in her hands anymore, it took both to try and wrangle just one of the huge globes to try and get some comfort out of her poor bra. She could feel her clit throbbing against her thong too, indicating she'd put on some additional size down there as well to add to everything.

As she managed to at least get her rock hard nipples covered she got up, adjusting to her new center of balance. She looked positively provocative, even with all her layers, the way her poorly held tits were standing out proud in front of her. She couldn’t take much more, her mirror had said going to Gabe was going to help, so she needed to get to it. She hadn’t led herself wrong yet.

Her tits jostled with every step, the zipper in front of her tunic letting out little pops as it was dragged down by her gigantic chest. The idea of the cleavage underneath her covering was tantalizing as she thought about the attention; the potential the Knight could use it for. She had to stay focused though.

As she entered the kitchen the dark haired Gabe was busy as ever, prepping for the night's dinner. “Hey Dotty, back from the garden?” she asked, only to turn and see the worried look on the girl’s face. Immediately her chipper demeanor fell and she dropped what she was doing. “Everything okay?” the concerned sister asked.

Dorothea shook her head, “No sister Gabe, I'm… conflicted,” she admitted, shoulders sinking a little and relieving some of the strain on her bust, “I was told you might be able to help.”

The big girl nodded, drying off her hands and leaning against the counter. “What you say is between us sister Dorothea,” she said, making a cross over her chest. “I assume this is a work thing?” she asked.

Right on the head. The blonde gave a nod, her veil tumbling forward and her breasts bouncing from the motion. “Yeah, I'm… I’m not sure I'm a very good nun. I've had faltering faith these past few weeks, and I don’t know what to do,” she explained, trying the keep it vague.

The green eyed women just smiled warmly, coming over and wrapping her thick arms around the distraught girl. “Oh Dotty,” she whispered, running a hand up and down the girl’s back, “It’s okay,” she assured her.

It almost brought tears to her eyes, as the buxom beauty reveled in this familiar comfort. “What should I do sister Gabe?” she pleaded to know.

Releasing her the broad nun knelt down, locking their eyes. “You do what feels right to you Dotty,” she told the girl. “God has a plan for all of us, and yours doesn’t have to be here. Follow your heart,” she went on, reaching out and touching the girl’s heavy chest, “it’s calling you away, to where you know you really belong. There’s nothing to be ashamed of about that,” she finished with a smile.

Now she was crying, big crocodile tears blurring her crystal blues. “Sister Gabe,” she whimpered through her tears.

The sister took her back in her arms, “Hey hey, no crying,” she chastised playfully.

They stayed there a moment, the oversexed girl letting out the stresses that had been plaguing her for so long now. “Thank you Gabe,” she croaked out.

Shaking her head the nun just kept up her comforting. “Don’t mention it Dotty,” she whispered to her.

Rubbing her swollen eyes the girl finally managed a smile. “I think I'm going to leave the sisterhood,” she settled.

Sister Gabe just nodded knowingly, letting the girl go. “I figured,” she admitted, “Say hi to Izzy for me, I know she’ll make sure you’re taken care of.”

“Hmm?” the blonde paused, looking up at the nun to try and understand.

The dark haired woman chuckled, walking over to the sink and dipping under to the usual hiding place she used for things kept from mother Cybil. As the busty girl watched she turned bright red, seeing the nun pull out an all too familiar business card. “You left it at the phone the other day,” she explained, handing the “Black Knight” Isabelle’s card to her, “I was wondering when you were going to come looking for it. It’d been a while since my sister and I talked, but she let me know all about what was going on when I called.”

The redness in Dorothea’s face deepened and her shoulders arched up defensively, taking her bust with it up towards her chin. “You knew the whole time? And you didn’t-“ she stammered nervously.

It took a lot of her self control not to laugh at the flustered blonde. “I told you Dotty, God has a plan for everyone,” she reminded her, “How do you think Izzy managed to get mother Cybil to drop her case so easily? She had an inside woman to help sell it,” she went on to explain.

That just doubled down on the blonde’s guilt. “You were supporting my lying?” she whimpered.

Gabe just shrugged it off, “God will forgive me for a few white lies to get one of his children on the right path,” she teased, giving the curvy girl a nudge. “And if being happy with this life isn’t the right path, well then maybe I should consider leaving the sisterhood too,” she joked with a hearty laugh.

That laugh calmed her, set everything at ease for the to be ex-nun. “Thank you Gabe, you’re…” she hardly had words, just smiling as happy tears trailed down her cheeks, “God made you too good,” she tried with a chuckle.

The broad woman shook her head, “It’s my purpose in life,” she told the girl. “You want me to help you with your things? Tell Cybil what’s happening for you?” she offered, “Omitting where you’re going of course, as usual.”

With her boobs basically ready to burst out she thought about it. “I think I'll be donating a lot of it to the monastery. I'm not the only big girl after all, and I think I need new bras anyway,” she teased, pushing her chest out. “But um, yes please sister Gabe,” she changed gears with a blush, realizing she was being a bit brash.

Gabe nodded, giving the blonde one last hug, “Don’t be a stranger Dotty,” she whispered, giving her one last squeeze that had the poor girl’s melons forcing that zipper down a few more notches, “Alright, go call Izzy and I'll start collecting your things.”

With a nod and an “Okay,” Dorothea took the Knight's business card and was off.

It was like a weight was lifted off her chest; not literally of course, as her humungous feeling tits threatened to pull her down with every step. The guilt she had been stewing on, and the wavering faith though were gone. She could feel the genuine smile on her face, and how her cheeks were sore from the first truly just pure happy sensation she'd had in a long time.

Her body tingled excitedly, as the last ring sounded and the Knight's voice filled her ear. “Hello?”

Dorothea couldn’t help a happy chuckle, “Hello ser Knight… er, Izzy,” she added to the end.

The Domme laughed on the other end. “Gabriella finally spilled the beans then darling?” she asked.

“Yeah,” the girl answered. “She’s helping me out, I'm gonna leave the sisterhood,” she told her, feeling the swell of pride in her chest.

She could hear the Knight moving on the other end, “Need me to pick you up? I imagine you don’t have a place set up yet, so you can stay with me. If you want of course,” she offered.

Smiling the ex-nun gave a nod. The sisters were both saints looking after her, “Yes please ser Knight,” she told her, hearing another of her zipper's teeth popping that drew her gaze to her bust, “And um… Can we go bra shopping on the way? I'm noticing my current ones are all a bit too small,” she laughed nervously.

The top-heavy blonde was smiling, waiting at the city hall counter. Her hair was done up and shining, her lips lightly glossed, and the lightest eye lining making her crystal blues pop. She was in a low cut spaghetti strand top, proudly displaying the cleavage from her borderline enormous breasts, squeezed into a custom sized G-cup to fit her slim frame. They drew eyes where she went, and she liked it. She was allowed to like it, and it felt good. She did get in a little trouble on occasion, but she knew how to rely on herself.

“Alright,” the clerk at the desk mused, rolling up and sliding a page across to her, “Your name change is officially complete. You are Renée,” she explained.

First an ex-nun, now an ex-Dorothea; well, mostly anyway. It was like she was properly reborn as the woman she was meant to be. “Thank you,” she offered with a warm smile, pulling out a folder from her oversized purse and slipping the document away, next to a full body picture of herself; wearing her traditional veil but below the neck rocking a skimpy bra and a provocative thong. She even had her business card clipped in, recently printed while she was waiting for everything to finally go through with *“Garden of Earthly Delights, ‘Mother Dorothea' Renée,”* in beautiful script.

Never had she been so happy as these last two months, acclimatizing to her new life. She was still living with Isabelle, but neither woman seemed to mind; even when the blonde brought a date home for fun. And the best if it was she had done it herself. She didn’t even ask her reflection for help anymore, proud and in love with the feeling of guiding her life by her own terms.

She still had one person to thank though, as she departed the official building and fished out a sealed letter she'd made for the punk rocker. Walking up the street her eyes scanned for the Menagerie that was the first step on setting her on her new life. As she came to where it would be however she was met with nothing but a blank wall.

A frown crossed her pink lips. She had hoped to be able the thank the woman in person, and give her letter herself. It was magic though, maybe she just needed to have a little faith the heathen would get her thanks? With a giggle she knelt down, laying her letter where once there had been a doorstep that had opened up to show her the way.

Finished with her goal the buzzing of her cell sounded off in her purse, drawing the voluptuous girl's attention and granting her a renewed excitement. Getting back on her way as she fished it out she immediately recognized Isabelle’s number across her screen with the text, *“How did it go?”*

Her thumbs danced on the screen to tell her, *“It’s official, mother Dorothea is just my Domme name now. You’re rooming with Renée! ;D,”* she texted with a smile.

*“That’s awesome darling,”* the woman’s reply came back quick, along with the telltale little icon that she was writing more. *“Would you like to go out tonight to celebrate?”* she asked.

The curvy girl didn’t need to think hard on that one. *“Of course,”* she replied excitedly.

There was another small delay as Isabelle typed away, *“Awesome,”* popped up, followed by another, *“I want to ask consent for something darling, something I'd like to do,”* she explained.

Renée couldn’t help giggling, typing back, *“Lol! You’ve electrocuted my clit Izzy, I don’t think there’s anything you could ask I wouldn’t consent to,”* she teased.

She could picture the woman chuckling at that one, it had been quite the day at work after all when she was introduced to electrostim. Still there was a longer delay than expected before her little request came up. *“May I kiss you?”* was all it said.

The blonde stopped dead, a bright blush filling her cheeks as she read it. She had to think about it. Kissing was something she reserved for personal encounters, it basically never got done at the Garden. The idea of it though, as she was realizing what was really being asked with so simple a request.

She bit her lip, feeling her nerves rising up inside her huge chest as she let herself imagine being in the dark haired woman’s arms, and feeling those ever sensuous lips against her own. Her fingers trembled a little as she punched in her reply, a simple answer to a simple request. “*Yes ser Knight. <3”*

Sitting quietly with her guitar Kasumi made a few experimental strums, humming a note to make sure it was just right. “Maybe I need new strings,” the punky woman mused to herself, making a few tweaks to the knobs.

A knock from behind broke her away, making her turn her attention to the rest of the back room, and the disturbance. Squeezing from between the orb-filled shelves was a robe of all things, one of its sleeves pinched tightly around a sealed letter. The dye haired woman smiled, setting her guitar aside as the garment made its way over to hand her the package; only to then slip over her shoulders with its sleeves cupping and squeezing at her full tits.

“Hey keep those to yourself!” she warned, slapping its groping appendages away. It recoiled, but didn’t remove itself from her. Instead running those cuffs down her sides to rest on her hips.

It wasn’t often she got mail, which always made each parcel that managed to make it this far all the more of a treat. Opening it up the singer was rewarded with a nice picture of the top heavy blonde falling into her lap, showing off a work costume with a thank your signature and everything; and a handwritten letter.

*“Dear miss Kasumi,*

*I just wanted to say thank you for everything you did for me. I never would have discovered myself and gotten to where I am were it not for you, and the mirror you gave me. (Kinda wish it hadn’t blown me up the way it did. They’re great for my work but bras are so expensive.)*

*Anyway, I wish you the best! Just like you were able to give me.*

*‘Tasty’ Renée.”*

“Just like I was,” the punk chuckled, a smile on her pierced lip as she took up the picture resting on her thigh. She could feel the sleeves quivering on her sides, eagerly waiting, forcing her to roll her hazel eyes at the robe's persistence. “Fine, but just a little bit, then I have to turn all this over to Matty,” she conceded, giving an aroused gasp as her breasts were caressed and squeezed without delay.