



Paperclip fake

## **FLYING NUN: Decameron Minus 99** *(mf, first, religious)*

**Story by "Uncle Mike" - Photo by "Paperclip"**

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Introduction: Carlo sees an angel descending from the skies; upon alighting, the angel becomes a nun; Carlo tells the sister of the demon that besets him and she helps him fight it; another day, the nun returns and they do battle with his demon again; at last Carlo can take the battles no more and sends the nun off to find other demons.

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Know, then, that in the woods outside our city lived a poor man, Carlo, some fifty years of age, who eked out a bare existence farming the poor soil in a small clearing he had made; and he had been married once, but lost his woman to an itinerant tinsmith, who, taking away Carlo's bedmate, condemned him to a life of solitary pleasures, such as they were.

One day -- it being too early in the spring to plant, and yet pleasant enough to tarry out of doors -- Carlo was sitting on a stool outside his little shack, watching the clouds roll past the small opening in the trees that surrounded him, when a bit of movement captured his eye, and he, looking at it, rubbed them for a moment. An angel! Or so it appeared, for as the vision drew nearer he could see that it had something of the manner of a human, in a robe, but truly there were wings, for it was flying through the sky!

Still lower the vision came, and now Carlo could see more clearly through his rheumy eyes, and the angel had an angel's face, round, like a cherub in the old, thick Bible on his top shelf; when it drew still nearer, though, it appeared this angel wore shoes.

At last the vision drew very near, and the angel seemed to be verily a fallen one, for its hands were flailing and its feet nearly touched the treetops; it cleared them, though, and the angel descended into the clearing, landing but a few feet from Carlo's stool, he having risen to greet the apparition.

But greeting it, Carlo was hushed, for the angel told him she was, indeed, not an angel, but rather a nun from the nearby convent; she explaining further that the wings were those of her habit; she having been perhaps the lightest ever to wear the habit, it was found that a stiff wind could render her airborne, but she had not fully mastered the art of flight and sometimes was forced to land whither she could, rather than whither she would.

Carlo heard her words, and understood, but still marveled at the sight; then a twinkle in his eye appeared, and he addressed her thus, saying, "Be you not an angel, still you may be sent by one, for I have a demon that I cannot slay. Perhaps you were sent to be my strength."

The angel, who calleth herself Sister Bertrille, expressed puzzlement at the nature of this demon, for though she was but still young she had listened to the words of the old and she did not believe demons still roamed the land.

But, lo, he told her, his demon did not roam, but had entered Carlo's own body, and tormented him day and night; whereupon he pointed to his lap, and truly Sister Bertrille could see that something had taken possession of the man, for a large bulge had appeared there and was growing as she watched.

"This is my demon," Carlo told her, "and a wicked demon it is, for it issues forth from me and I must battle it, trying to force it back in, lest it erupt and take with it my very soul; but it resisteth my struggle, and only after much toil can I subdue it. Alas, I grow weak, for I have not the strength of the young, nor the grace of the godly."

"Tell me what is required, and I will battle your demon for you," the nun said; and thus Carlo told her, drawing forth the demon from his pants and laying it in his lap.

"Oh," Sister Bertrille said, "surely I can see it is a demon, for it has but one eye, and that an evil one."

"Yes," Carlo told her, "but we shall vanquish it and force its bile to issue forth, and I shall have peace."

And so, following his instruction, Sister Bertrille grasped the demon in her soft hands, which had never known hard work, and Carlo said that it was good; whereupon he urged her to push the demon into him, and she attempteth to do so

by pressing down on the head, but the demon was cunning, and resisteth, and Carlo cried out in pain, and said the demon was too strong, but might be conquered by another method.

Whereupon Sister Bertrille began to rub her hands up and down the demon's length; it grew longer, and thicker, and seemed to stiffen, but Carlo said that he felt it was working, and urged her continue. Which she did, rubbing her hands mightily until Carlo began to groan, and she would stop; but he urged her on, through gritted teeth, and she did, and the demon at last leaped in her hands, and issued forth its bile, and sank back.

Thus did Sister Bertrille conquer Carlo's demon, for which he thanked her mightily, but she being a modest nun, declined his thanks, and a stiff wind now coming through the trees, she lifted off and flew away.

Two weeks later Carlo was in his small garden, tilling the hard soil and cursing his loneliness, when a voice from above summoned him; he looked up, swallowing his curse and beseeching the Deity for forgiveness, but seeing a familiar shape, grew silent; for Sister Bertrille was slipping down through the overhanging branches again, and drifted to a landing nearby.

Greetings they exchanged; Sister Bertrille asked after his demon, and, alas, Carlo had to admit the demon had returned and troubled him even then; whereupon, looking down, the nun could see that it was true. So she led him to the stool and bid him issue forth the demon, that she might battle it again, for she had said special prayers that the victory be hers.

But Carlo said he feared her hands were too soft and her arms too weak for the demon, who was strong and hard and had survived many battles and many temporary defeats; still, he suggested, there might be hope if the good sister were willing to try another means; she being indeed willing, Carlo issued forth the demon, and truly it was fierce of appearance that day.

Then he bade the nun remove her underclothing, for, he said, she had a weapon which might slay this demon, mighty as it was, and that weapon was beneath her, in a holy place; whereupon she did so, removing her many layers underneath, but leaving on the habit above; until, prepared, Carlo instructed her to approach him, that he might ready her weapon for combat.

And he did so, inserting his fingers into her holy place and moving them about until he deemed her ready; then she moved upon him, and he held his demon steady, that it might not escape, and she took the demon into her.

But the demon resisted, as she told Carlo, and would not enter all the way; whereupon he warned her that the demon might bite, but she, saying that she feareth not the demon's bite, bid them try further, and they did.

The demon then did bite her, and Sister Bertrille cried forth; still, she said, her pain was but small price for Carlo's salvation; he, agreeing, began to help her battle the demon, and they battled forth for many minutes, Sister Bertrille rising and falling on the demon's shaft, trying to force it back into Carlo; and truly he said, the battle was going well; for he could feel her weapon plunging down upon his demon and it was good; Sister Bertrille said it was good for her, too; until at last he cried out, and truly Sister Bertrille felt the demon's bile enter her, and it was still.

Just a few days later, while Carlo was planting seeds, he noticed a shadow on the ground, and looking up, saw that it was his angel descending again; whereupon Sister Bertrille inquired about his demon, and finding that it had not left, did not seem unduly upset, but bid him prepare her to battle it again.

And so they did, and mightily, and the next day, and the day after that; when came a day that Sister Bertrille arrived, and the demon would not issue forth, but lay small and shriveled on Carlo's lap, and it seemed the battle was won; but, seeing the disappointment on the good sister's face, Carlo said he suspected the demon was merely tired, but not beaten.

Sister Bertrille said that in that case it would be best to continue the struggle; Carlo, agreeing, told her she must call it forth, and perhaps it would do battle, and she agreed. So he instructed her to take the demon into her mouth, and draw it forth, and again, and again, and lo! soon the demon did indeed come forth, and thicken, and grow long and hard, and the nun was pleased.

They battled the demon that day; indeed, three times did Sister Bertrille battle the demon, until at last Carlo called enough; yet still he had to promise the nun that she could return anew the next day to continue the struggle.

She did, and the day after that, and the next, and Carlo despaired, for the demon was indeed weakened, and so was Carlo; whereupon the good sister's attempts to

call forth the demon availeth not, though mightily she tried, and taxed the poor man's vitality; until at last he declared that she had won.

His demon was beaten; but, he said, it might return, and the good sister should be so kind as to return every week just to make sure. Which she agreed forthwith, but still looked downcast, and asked if it might not be safer to come every day, or at least every other; but Carlo said no.

And yet she tarried, and he took pity; whereupon he told her that other men had demons too, and saw her eyes brighten; and he told her that young men, boys even, had especially powerful demons, that needed battling many times a day.

Sister Bertrille was glad, and her joy shone forth, and she flew away, promising to return in a week's time.

Would we all have such guardian angels watching over us!

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