



A Strange Encounter by Al Steiner

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A Strange Encounter (Fm, nun)
by Al Steiner (al_steiner@hotmail.com)

Did your mother ever warn you that hanging out with the wrong sort of people could get you into trouble? Well mine did, plenty of times, but like most adolescents I didn't listen. After all, I was fifteen years old and I knew everything about life that needed to be known. I was certainly old enough to be picking my own friends. What did a thirty-eight year old lady, out of touch with modern times, know anyway?

Ron Doweling was the friend who'd gotten me there. A year older than me, from the so-called wrong side of the tracks, he was one of the school bad-asses. I was thrilled that someone so cool would choose to hang out with me. He introduced me to marijuana, binge drinking, and cigarette smoking.

On that fateful day he'd prodded and nagged me to steal some beer out of my parent's refrigerator. I'd made the mistake of telling him that my Dad had just made a run to one of the local warehouse stores and had picked up several cases of Budweiser.

Ron had not let the issue drop until I'd gone to my house, taken a twelve-pack out of the fridge, and replaced it with another from storage in the garage.

I hoped and prayed that my old man wouldn't notice the deficit in his beer, completely unaware that the next day some stolen beer was going to be the least of my problems.

We took the beer down by a local drainage canal and drank it; Ron having seven cans to my five and then we smoked a joint that he had with him. It was night by then and I was pretty well juiced, my better judgment, such as it is when you're fifteen, destroyed.

We began wandering around our neighborhood, looking for something to do when we happened across St. Anthony's Catholic School, one of the parochial in our town. Ron, who fancied himself a neo-nazi, not because of any political views, he was too stupid to have political views, but because it was cool among the white trash at our school to proclaim yourself so.

He became inspired by the statue of the Virgin Mary in front of the school, apparently remembering the cache of spray-paint in my garage, he suggested we deface the statue.

I protested of course. Defacing religious articles was a little beyond the manner in which I liked to express my teenaged rebellion. But my weakness then was that I was easily worn down, especially with a bloodstream full of alcohol and marijuana.

Soon I found myself returning to my house and appropriating a couple of cans of black spray paint.

We returned to St. Anthony's and proceeded to add a hairy bush, large nipples, a mustache, and glasses to the marble Mary. We were uninterrupted in our work and figured that we'd gotten away with it. Who would have thought that a catholic school would have a security camera system?

It didn't take Sherlock Holmes to track us down. The cops, armed with videotape of us in action, simply looked through their books of known juvenile delinquents that resided in our part of town.

Though they didn't find my picture among their mugshots, they found Ron's without much searching. Ron, apparently not well versed on the kid code of no finking, quickly gave them my name, telling them it had been all my idea. By two o'clock the following afternoon there were police officers at my front door talking to my mother.

When we went before the juvenile court judge Ron, his hair freshly cut, his clothing neat and pressed, explained for the record that the defacement of the statue had originated with me. He said that he'd protested sternly against such a thing but had

finally, reluctantly allowed himself to be talked into it, very much against his will. He told them that I'd supplied the spray-paint with which this heinous crime had been committed. He added that he never would have done such a thing but that I'd persuaded him by feeding him beer that I'd stolen from my father.

Needless to say I was shocked and outraged and more than a little scared. I was envisioning a prison sentence for my actions, being locked in a cell with some hairy, six-foot eight roommate who would want to butt-fuck me every night.

But the judge, a cynical looking old babe who had probably been dispensing juvenile justice for the past fifty years, seemed to know what the score really was. She read off Ron's previous record, which astonished even me. He'd been arrested for burglary, drugs, assault, and multiple counts of vandalism. She told him point-blank that she found it difficult to believe his tale of innocent persuasion. She sentenced him, in light of his previous history, to four months at the Boys Ranch, the juvenile version of prison in our fine community.

Hearing his sentence I became very scared. I naturally assumed that she would give me the same. But I was wrong. Present at the hearing was a representative of St. Anthony's. She was about thirty or so but it was difficult to tell since she was attired in a traditional habit of the nun corps.

"Sister Mary." The judge addressed her. "This young man has never been in trouble prior to this. At least he's never come to the attention of the police. I don't think incarceration is quite the answer in this situation. I am inclined to sentence him to a term of community service."

"Yes Your Honor." Sister Mary nodded. Her voice contained slightly more than a hint of an Irish accent. "I have no objection to that."

"Good." The Judge smiled, a smile that seemed almost predatory. "Now since he has caused damage to your facility, I think it only fair that restitution should be made to you. Now instead of having him pick up garbage at a local park or some other such nonsense, I was wondering if maybe there was some work at your school that he could do? School is starting soon after all."

Sister Mary seemed to think about this for a moment. "I suppose," She finally answered. "That the gymnasium could use a good re-painting."

The judge smiled. "Excellent." She said. "And I've seen a videotape that shows me that he already knows how to paint." She picked up her gavel. "You are hereby sentenced to community service at St. Anthony's Catholic School, repainting the gym and whatever else Sister Mary here deems reasonable. Your sentence will comprise one hundred hours of work, starting tomorrow." She turned to the nun. "Agreeable

Sister?"

"Indeed."

"So ordered." The judge said, banging down her gavel.

Early the next morning I found myself being led by Sister Mary, dressed again in her habit, through the empty halls of the school towards a small gymnasium. There were two basketball courts, a set of bleachers, an equipment locker-room full of balls and other equipment, and a large scaffolding assembly. Stacked near the scaffolding were well over thirty one-gallon containers of white paint and some painting equipment; brushes, rollers, turpentine, tarps, masking tape rolls. The gym looked immense to me and I wondered if I would be able to complete it all in the prescribed one hundred hours.

I had never been in the presence of a nun before. My parents were agnostics at best and had raised me without religion. All I knew about them I'd learned from various books and magazines. My previous information had assured me that they fell into one of two categories. They were either saintly women who saw good in everything and everyone or they were harsh disciplinarians, always ready to rap someone's knuckles with a ruler. Sister Mary seemed to fit into the latter category.

"I suggest," She told me, her Irish brogue rolling off her tongue. "That ye start with the trim over in that corner. Don't forget to put down the drop cloths and to take the fixtures off the walls. That should take ye most of the day. Tomorrow ye can start with the rollers." She gave me a stern look. "And don't be spillin' no paint on the floor now."

"Yes Ma'am." I told her, and went to work.

She checked on me multiple times throughout the day. Her only conversation was to inform me that I was doing some aspect of the job incorrectly and to suggest a corrective action. At precisely noon she told me it was time for lunch and she offered me a bologna sandwich on white bread, no cheese, no mustard or mayo, and a glass of tap water. I ate and drank and then returned to work. By the end of the day I'd finished the trim and was ready to start doing the main work of rolling on the fresh paint.

The gym took me five days to complete. I'd thought I was done after the second day but Sister Mary insisted upon three coats of paint, complete with trim.

A routine was established. She would lead me to the gym each morning, check on me multiple times throughout the day, criticizing if I was doing something wrong, she would feed me the same stale bologna sandwich and glass of water at noon, and she would release me at five o'clock each afternoon.

She did not converse with me otherwise. She offered me no inspiring lectures on the grace of God or the value of a hard day's work, or anything else.

I had developed no firm opinions of her during this period. She was simply a woman dressed in a penguin suit who had power over me. Her face was always neutral. I could tell that she had reddish hair from the stray locks that protruded from her habit but other observations were hidden from me.

I could not determine, for instance, what her body was shaped like, the habit was too bulky. I knew she wasn't fat or terribly skinny, but beyond that I was clueless. My only view of anything other than her face had been a brief glimpse of her left ankle that I'd seen when she'd bent over to pick up the used plate that my lunch had been served on.

Certainly she'd never fallen into my mind's vast collection of sexually exciting women, the likes of which I masturbated to at least once a day.

Finally, halfway through the sixth day, just as I'd completed the gym painting to her satisfaction, things changed.

"Excellent job young man." She told me, gazing around the room, her blue eyes seeming to sparkle. I noticed that her accent was decidedly thicker than usual. "Now ye still have sixty hours left of your service but since ye've done such a foine job on the gym, I'm inclined to let ye go home early today. Tomorrow we'll start work on something else."

"Thank you Sister." I told her, grateful that I would be released from my prison early today.

"But first," She said, stepping closer to me. "There is something else that I require of ye before you retire for the day."

"What's that?" I said, suddenly confused. As she stepped before me, I was able to smell the unmistakable odor of alcohol on her breath. Surely I was wrong. Nuns didn't drink. Did they?

My confusion increased tenfold as her left hand stretched out and grabbed the crotch of my jeans. Her fingers began kneading and caressing me. My cock, not knowing or caring who was doing this responded immediately.

"Sister?" I said, startled, scared, adrenaline flooding through my body.

"Shhh." She hushed me, continuing her ministrations. "No words lad."

She fondled me for an indeterminate amount of time. My dick hardened into a rock hard protuberance and my breathing quickened. Her hand felt wonderful, even through the thick material of my paint-splattered jeans. What in the hell was she doing? She was a nun! And she was fondling my dick.

"Very nice." She said, almost under her breath, her face reddening and her eyes taking on a glassy sheen. Suddenly, with a quick motion, she pulled on the fly of my 501s, popping open all of the buttons in one yank. Using both hands, she pushed them and my underwear down my thighs, exposing my rigid cock to her gaze. I saw her lick her lips as she stared at me.

"Sister." I started again, unable to complete the statement.

"Hush." She admonished me again, pushing me backward towards the paint scaffold.

She had me sit on one of the lower support brackets, which felt cold as ice against my naked butt. Stepped closer, she reached down and pulled the hem of her habit upwards.

I was treated to a view of her legs. They were slightly chunky but by no means unattractively so. White as a sheet of paper, it appeared that they had never before seen the light of the sun. Her habit remained bunched around her waist, depriving me of a view of her crotch and the treasures they beheld but I could smell her, the odor wafting out from beneath the habit. I'd smelled pussy before in my life. Two times before I'd actually managed to get my finger into a vagina.

But these had been teen-aged girls, the same age as myself. Sister Mary's odor was worlds apart. It had a sharp, musty tang to it. It was the smell of a grown woman in a state of sexual excitement.

Any doubts about what was going on disappeared the instance that her musk hit my nostrils.

She stepped even closer, her legs overlapping mine. I felt the silky smoothness of her inner thighs as they slid slowly along my skin.

Her breath was in my face, the stale odor of alcohol (it smelled like whiskey) wafting into my nostrils. She rested her chin on my left shoulder, and I pulled at her hips to urge her further up my thighs.

Her left hand reached down between us and I felt it grasping my bare cock again. The feeling of her bare hand on my stiff cock made me go instantly crazy with lust. I would have done anything for her at that moment.

Her other hand seemed to be pulling her habit hem up higher. I felt the head of my

dick resting against a warm, slick wetness for a moment before her hips jerked forward, burying me within her.

She quickly sank down upon me with ease, my cock suddenly buried in a soft, warm sheath. I groaned in ecstasy. My previous experiences with sex had involved quite a fumbling and heavy petting in the dark.

With Sister Mary it was very different. I slipped into her like we were two puzzle pieces specifically designed to connect together, I had never imagined what a feeling of freedom I would have with my cock buried in a female like this.

"Ahhh." She sighed as her pubis met mine. "Hold still." She whispered into my ear. She then began to thrust. Her hips gyrated back and forth, sliding up and down my body, increasing the musky smell of our union and producing a wet, squishing sound.

I'd never felt anything like it before. She was actually moving herself atop of me, caressing herself with my cock. Her arms tightened around my back, her breathing increasing to a pant. She moved faster and faster, pushing my butt painfully into the bar upon which it rested.

I could feel her bare stomach, soft and pliant, pressing against mine, forcing the air from my lungs with each thrust. The top of her pussy was grinding into the top half of my cock, the pressure unbelievably erotic. Her thighs began to sweat, sliding against mine.

It didn't take long before I felt the familiar tingle of approaching orgasm traveling up my spine. My hips began to thrust involuntarily, meeting her thrusts. My breathing became ragged and hoarse. I grasped her, pulling her to me, my fingers feeling the coarse material of her habit and the soft curves of her body beneath it.

"Oh God." I moaned, not thinking for a moment that I was, in fact, inside of a house of God.

"No!" Screamed Sister Mary into my ear, frustration evident in her voice. "Not yet!"

But I couldn't help it. It was as inevitable as death and the tides. My thrusts increased to a near-frantic pace and within seconds I was shooting my seed into her body, more cum than I would have thought possible. It splashed into her, overflowing and pouring out around the seal of my cock and her cunt.

When my thrusts finally slowed to a halt and my dick wilted to its previous state within her, she pulled herself off me, sliding backwards until she was staring me in the eyes. Her face showed unmasked hostility and frustration.

"God damn you boy!" She stated, sliding the rest of the way off and dropping to her

knees before me.

Suddenly her face was at the level of my crotch, my wilted dick inches from her. She pushed my legs as far apart as my jeans would allow, which were still around my ankles, and slurped me into her mouth. She began sucking frantically, licking all of the accumulated sperm and vaginal secretions clean.

"Oh!" I said, in rapture. I had never had a blowjob before, despite having begged all of my previous girlfriends for one. Her tongue swirled around me, teasing every inch of my meat. She withdrew her mouth and took each of my balls into her, sucking them gently. I even felt her tongue licking between my butt-cheeks, fleetingly caressing my asshole. Within minutes I was hard as a rock again.

This is a nun doing this to me, I kept telling myself in disbelief. Part of me couldn't help but wonder if I was really lying in bed at home and that this was an elaborate wet dream. God knew I'd had strange nocturnal emissions in the past, but this was too real. I could only conclude that this was really happening, that a nun dressed in a habit was really sucking my dick and tonguing my asshole.

Finally, satisfied with the state of my renewed erection, she pulled back. Remaining on her knees, she scooted backwards across the gym floor about three feet and then spun around. She hiked the rear of her habit up over her hips, affording me my first view of her nether region.

I was immediately struck by how hairy her crotch was. Her pussy, which was gaping open, a thin drool of white sperm running out of it, was covered with thick, red hair. I ran all the way up to her asshole, which was also gaping open, looking at me like the eye of the Cyclops.

"C'mon." She commanded. "Fuck me from behind. Fuck me like a dog damn you."

I didn't need a second offer. I slid off my perch on the scaffold and dropped to my knees, inching up behind her. Taking my cock in my hand I placed it between her swollen lips and thrust forward, burying myself in her.

"Yes!" She cried, pushing her ass back against me until her butt cheeks impacted my pubis. "Now fuck me hard Goddamit. And don't you dare come until I have!"

I started to thrust, grabbing hold of her hips, which were soft but somewhat flabby, for leverage. I kneaded them as I fucked her. My balls slapped against her with each thrust. I watched her pussy lips expand and contract around my shaft. Her left hand, which had been supporting her weight on the floor, suddenly reached up and began caressing her clit, rubbing it furiously.

"Yes!" She screamed in ecstasy. "Fuck me harder, fuck me harder you little shit!"

I increased my thrusts, sweat now dripping off of my forehead onto her back.

"Stick your finger up my ass!" She commanded.

I obliged, sliding the middle finger of my right hand between her butt cheeks and into her anus. It slipped in easily, sliding up past the second knuckle.

"Oh God." She cried. "Finger-fuck my ass!"

I began thrusting my finger in and out, at first finding the simultaneous action of doing this and thrusting with my pelvis difficult but quickly adapting to the rhythm.

"Oh fuck!" Sister Mary yelled, panting uncontrollably now. Her ass slammed against me frantically, almost painfully. Her hand on her clit became a blur. "Yesss!" She cried, almost knocking me off-balance with her thrusts. She seemed to reach a peak and then her thrusts slowed down rapidly as she exhaled a long, drawn out sigh. Her hand left her clit and began caressing my balls.

"Now come in me." She said, her voice much more in control now. "Come in me again. Hurry!"

I increased the tempo of my own thrusts finding myself, for the first time in my life, having to concentrate in order to come. Finally, after several moments, the proper connection was made in my head and I was once again emptying myself into her body, groaning in rapture.

When my cock, satiated, slipped from between her velvet nether lips, she crawled forward, pushing her habit down over her hips again. She stood up, taking a deep breath, the only evidence of what we'd engaged in, on her part anyway, a thin sheen of perspiration on her face.

She looked down at me, not seeming to notice my spent cock resting against my thigh or the fact that my jeans were down around my ankles.

"Okay." She said, her face neutral, her eyes appraising the gym. "Good job. Take the rest of the day off. I'll see you bright and early tomorrow morning."

With that she strolled casually out of the gym, her sneakers squeaking softly on the polished wood floor.

I lay there for a few more minutes and then stood up. I pulled up my pants and began the long bike ride home, wondering what was in store for me tomorrow...

It's okay to *READ* stories about unprotected sex with strangers. But it isn't okay to *HAVE* unprotected sex with strangers!! You only have one body per lifetime, so take good care of it. OBEY KRISTEN'S LAW AND LIVE!

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