

# *Sister Leila*

*(M-teen/F, sacrilegious, forced, preg)*

**By AB-2003**



---

*Written especially for Kristen's Illustrated Archive*

---

**Sister Leila! I mean what kind of fucking name is that for a Nun anyway? I never heard of a Nun named Sister Leila before.**

**I shouldn't have been going to that Catholic high school anyway. I was 18 and incorrigible. I'd been kicked out of public school for fucking up some dude who didn't know how to give me respect, or the blowjob I wanted him to give me to show everybody that I was tougher than him.**

**Then my folks just about broke my arm taking me down to this fucking Catholic school. And then I had to sit there looking at this hot bitch Nun teaching us English every day. It**

was just too much to take.

I'd have to jerk off every evening after school; just thinking about the body that was under those robes. It was making me so fucked up I wanted to hurt someone. So finally I figured I'd teach that bitch Nun a lesson. She'd be taught that looking so fucking hot wasn't good for a Nun.

Yeah. That was the idea; only I didn't want the authorities down on my head. You know, getting all fucked up for banging a Nun wasn't something I wanted. No sir, not me.

I'd been fucking around in class and one afternoon the hot bitch Nun told me I'd have to stay after, that she wanted to talk to me. She told me that she was calling my folks that evening and that I would probably be suspended for fighting.

There was no way I was going to let this hot little cunt fuck me over, so I planned then and there to take her mind off our little dispute. After school was over I followed Sister Leila to the Nun hut, that's what we all called their living quarters. It was almost past seven when I saw her room lights go on. Yeah, I knew where she lived. And I also knew that she'd be calling my folks any minute.

I pulled my ski mask down over my face and sneaked up to her ground floor window and peeked in. The bitch was sitting there reading her fucking bible. I knew she'd be on the phone in no time so I resolved to get her before she did.

I'd prepared for this and had a pair of handcuffs and a gag and pulled the gag out of my pocket and wrapped it around my fist. One quick punch and the window shattered inward. Sister Leila jumped up and looked at my mask-covered face in fear.

I wasted no time in jumping into her room and pushing her down on the floor. I grabbed her hands and closed the handcuffs over her wrists and then I gagged her mouth. I knew what I was going to do to her, but it took a moment or two to get up the nerve.

I was on top of her trembling body, holding her down, waiting to see if anyone would respond to the sound of broken glass. I could feel Sister Leila's body under mine, her chest was raising and lowering as she panted in fear, she smelled clean like soap.

I don't know why I did it but I licked her ear, making her gasp in fear through her gag. Then I rolled her over on her belly and ripped her robe up the back. And I stared at her naked body. What the fuck? She wasn't wearing anything under her robe except long black nylons. I couldn't believe my eyes.

And what a perfect body she had! I mean we're talking a beauty queen or something. What a hot looking bitch she was. I could even see her cunt crack from behind and the long black nylon stockings made her look like a slut ready to be used.

I pulled my pants down and was almost ready to cum when I pushed my fucking cock up against her cunt from behind. I was so sloppy from pre-cum I don't think there was anyway I wouldn't go in easily. And sure enough I shoved and slipped right in to her unprotected cunt. No need for a condom with a Nun, right?

As I shoved in I felt the slight restriction that I figured was her hymen, "Mmm, that's fucking great," I whispered in her ear as I bottomed out in her cunt. All Sister Leila did was grunt into her gag in pain, but I didn't care, her cunt felt so fantastic, and to know that I was her first made me want to cum even more.

And that's what I did; I fucked her with a few thrusts until I gushed into her with a huge load of cum. I gasped in ecstasy as I thrust and came and thrust again into her. Soon my cum was sloppy all over the place and I was panting like a dog, but I kept fucking her.

Finally I'd pumped everything I had into her and I collapsed on top of her back, panting for breath. After a while I reached up and removed the gag, I didn't want her to suffocate. Sister Leila only sobbed quietly as we lay there with me still firmly planed in her cunt.

Then as if it was the most natural thing in the world I scootched up and kissed her, pulling her face around I kissed her on the lips, then I shoved my tongue into her mouth. My dick was growing hard again at the feel of her plush lips against mine and I began to ride her again, this time slower and deeper.

Now that her gag was off I could hear her exhale in gasps each time I buried myself into her. It became a rhythm, thrust, gasp, thrust, gasp, etc. I was enjoying myself immensely, as I fucked Sister Leila's sopping cunt.

Then to my surprise she was begging me to let her turn over, and because it was so unexpected I pulled out of her and unlocked her handcuffs and flipped her over on her back. Looking down at her in her ripped robes and disheveled habit, her legs spread wide with my cum oozing out of her flame red pussy lips I wanted to cum right then and there.

But when she stretched out her arms out for me it was all I could do to get my cock back in her before my body was bucking in another tremendous orgasm. I fucked her deeply as she hugged me close and I came and came like nothing before.

Finally I was running on empty again and had to pull out or I would faint. I collapsed beside her, gasping for breath. I didn't even protest when Sister Leila tugged my mask off and said, "Ah, I thought so." Then she leaned down and kissed my on the lips. It was a long intense kiss, and I could feel her hands massaging my balls while he locked lips.

We fucked a third time and then Sister Leila got up, grabbed a cigarette and lay there smoking it looking at me like a lover might. I looked back at her blowing smoke rinds and wondered fleetingly what I'd gotten myself into.

\*  
It turned out that Sister Leila had been attracted to me all the time. You know, the bad boy thing. And when I attacked her and took her virginity, she figured what the hell, might as well enjoy it. And so she did men, so she did. Sister Leila made me come over every night that semester and we fucked our brains out.

The bummer is that the stupid crazy bitch didn't take birth control, you know those Catholics and birth control. So I got her pregnant and she had to go to a convent to have the child and confess her sins. I never saw her again, but I'll never forget that body and the wonton way she used mine for her pleasure.

There's nothing like repressed sexuality released. I'm her to tell you.





---

It is not the intention of this archive to infringe on anyone's copyright. We accept the word of the contributors at face value -- but if an author or photographer finds an unauthorized work within this archive -- and wishes it removed, we will do so immediately. We will not respond to hearsay or assumptions, only to originators. Thank you. *The Staff*

[Kristen's Illustrated Archive](#) of [erotic stories](#) hosted by [free 2 find](#) sponsored by [offer fun](#)