

Flash fiction based on this prompt:

Day in the life of a nondenominational convent with one super busty nun who is getting in trouble even though she's the sweetest, most chaste and polite nun in the convent

Contains: *Chounyuu, Nuns*

Sister Chastity

Chastity awoke to the sound of bells ringing for Vespers. She sat bolt upright on her hard cot, making her head-sized breasts wobble in her rough woolen nightgown.

“Oh, shoot!”

She clamped a hand over her mouth and sent a silent, apologetic prayer to The Goddess for her “profanity.”

Chastity jumped out of bed, stripping off her nightshirt and donning her black and white robes. As always, the heavy material rubbed against her nipples, and she prayed for forgiveness for how good it made her feel. She tucked her long blonde hair under her habit, genuflected before the small carving of The Goddess on the wall of her cell, and dashed toward the chapel.

Chastity’s breasts bobbed and bounced as she ran, sending tingles all over her body.

“Sorry, Goddess... Please forgive me...”

Rounding a corner, Chastity nearly collided with two older nuns. It was Sister Prudence and Sister Grace. They were kind and longsuffering but stepped back in shock as Chastity appeared.

“Sister Chastity! No running in the cloister!” Sister Prudence said.

“If the Reverend Mother catches you, you’ll be doing penance for a whole cycle!” Sister Grace added.

Chastity bowed a curtsy, "Sorry, Sisters, you're right, so sorry."

As she spoke and bowed, Chastity stepped backward, bumping into a stand tucked into an alcove. Spinning in surprise, Chastity's bosom collided with the stand, sending a bust of The Goddess teetering.

"Oh, no!"

The bust was carved wood and likely would have survived the fall, but Chastity just barely caught it. Unfortunately, the bust of The Goddess fell down face-first into Chastity's own bust!

"Oh, Goddess! Oh, I'm so sorry!"

Sister Grace put a hand on Chastity's shoulder, lifting the bust with the other.

"The Goddess is fine, child. Get to Vespers. If you're late..."

"I know, I know! I'm sorry, thank you!"

Chastity trotted off again, hearing Sister Prudence call, "Don't run!"

The convent bells rang as Chastity made her way through the cloister, down the refectory, and to the chapel. The last clangs were reverberating as she stopped short, took a breath, and tried to look calm and serene as she entered.

The Reverend Mother, Sister Temperance, was waiting by the door as each of the nuns entered. She was a heavy-bodied woman, and her robes showed hints of her breasts and belly weighed down by age. Through wire-rimmed spectacles, she glanced down at Chastity's bosom, which, despite her lack of a bra, rose high and firm on her young chest.

Chastity nodded at the Reverend Mother, making another wordless prayer of apology for having such a sinful body.

She stepped down the aisle, genuflecting again before the full-size carved statue of The Goddess. Arms spread wide beatifically; The Goddess was the Ideal for all of her daughters. Long, golden tresses fanned out from her head. (The statue was wooden, but Chastity always pictured The Goddess as a blonde.) And a loose collection of cloth covered her Sacred parts, carved so artfully Chastity often thought she could see them fluttering in the wind.

Chastity reached her place on the pews, kneeling down to pray. As she did, her breasts bumped the back of the pew in front of her, making her let out a tiny squeak. Chastity looked down at the floor penitently and began reciting the Vespers with the other nuns.

She'd already decided to volunteer for P'ennance.