

That Boynton Slut (Part I of 3)

By harrylime

Published on Lush Stories on 12 Aug 2011

All Harry Lime stories are copyrighted under application made August 15, 2011 #441275 copyright @ directlegal.com All requests to download or reprint these stories will be granted after contacting the author at this site or at kattawatta33@hotmail.com. All Harry Lime stories will soon be available on Amazon.com as kindle E-books Volume I is released. Vol II will be released October 2011 and Vol III will be released December 2011. Additional copyright information will be posted on the Amazon. com site.

Many a cock deprived young woman near the Army depot had her skirts lifted for a quick go.

<http://www.lushstories.com/stories/incest/that-boynton-slut-part-i-of-3.aspx>

Boynton manor had survived various wars, storms of a violent nature, and the onslaught of time eroding the sturdy bedrock foundation. It was situated in a narrow valley between craggy heights impassable by vehicles of any description. The single road that traversed the valley bordered the Estate on West. The land holdings were quite extensive comprising some four square kilometers of cleared land and a substantially larger section of forest.

That single road was well paved and in good condition. It was the primary North-South route in the region and it was much more direct than the dangerously crowded expressway about 30 kilometers to the East.

Despite its superior choice as a safe and sane alternate route, the road past Boynton manor was sparsely traveled and often quite devoid of vehicles of any size or shape.

Many of the commercial-minded inhabitants of the tiny village called, most appropriately, Boynton Crossing; were not overjoyed at the dearth of traffic through their places of business. Some of the other less profit-oriented residents thanked their lucky stars at their relative insignificance in the overall scheme of things. The majority were quite content to remain in the safety of an obscure little village in that rarely traveled part of the British Isles.

All of that changed the day Penelope Boynton came home to Boynton manor.

Understanding Lady Penelope Boynton really required some familiarity with the personages of her

long departed Mother, Cecilia and her stepfather, Colonel Stonewall Boynton. The dear departed Lady Cecilia was a favorite of the townspeople. She would often be spied going about the district spreading good cheer to the less fortunate. In Lady Boynton's case, just about everybody else was less fortunate.

In fact, her demise was attributed to a very same mission of mercy frequently performed by this creature of good will and perpetual optimism.

The delivery of several large containers of decidedly volatile fuel for the kitchens of destitute tenants went tragically awry on an early winter morning. All that remained of poor Lady Cecilia was a huge puff of black smoke on the outskirts of Boynton's Crossing. It lingered for a dreadfully long time leading resident pundits to observe, "Our angel of mercy does not want to leave us".

This somewhat abbreviated CV of Penelope's Mother will have to suffice for purposes of brevity. For this is a simple tale of misguided perceptions and base misunderstandings. It is merely a relating of the constant struggle of coexistence between the working classes and the "Leisured Life" of the upper class gentry in a Democratic Monarchy.

Colonel Stonewall Boynton got his name of "Stonewall", not in the same way the famous Stonewall Jackson of American Civil War fame received his commendatory title. Stonewall Boynton as a young Captain in the early days of World War II was so frozen in fear that he neglected to withdraw his men to fight another day. He was found hiding behind a stonewall on the road to Dunkirk. All of his men were unfortunately captured and they spent the remainder of the conflict in a Nazi Stalag.

The Colonel returned to a Hero's welcome having survived the debacle without a scratch.

The War Office, having gotten wind of the true circumstances of the good Colonel's performance under fire, assigned him to a logistics depot in the Midlands for the duration of the hostilities. Colonel Boynton was not at odds with the banishment. It gave him ample opportunity to sample the female stock of the Midlands quite extensively with a severe shortage of virile males all gone to war.

Many a cock deprived young woman near the Army depot had her skirts lifted for a quick go in his secluded office. He figured his seed was spread pretty thin throughout the district. A number of young married women were sore pressed to explain the miracle of pregnancy to distant husbands. The fact that these far away spouses did have other matters on their minds helped ease the suspicions they were likely to have.

Many of you have reached a reasonable conclusion about the moral and ethical character of Colonel Stonewall Boynton already, but let us consider these additional facts.

On her Mother's wedding night, Penelope was in the downstairs bedroom to allow the Bride and the Groom to consummate their nuptial obligations with some degree of privacy. Her Mother was a great catch for the Colonel because of her true blue blood lineage.

Penelope at the time was a naïve virgin of just 16 summers. She had lived a very sheltered life with her widowed Mother in a rustic environment. She had just recently begun to masturbate in the bath and even in the pantry with various fruits and vegetables. Once in school right after her 16th birthday, the headmaster had delivered a serious correction with a ruler that made her experience her first orgasm. Actually, she didn't even know what it was at the time, but she thought it was bloody marvelous.

She was wide awake that wedding night listening with a well-tuned ear to the moaning and the whiny pleas from her Mother as the Colonel banged her very smartly into the headboard. His laughter was the thing that made her frig her own little cunny with energetic fingers.

When there was silence from above her bed, Penelope lay on her hand face down on her bed and rubbed out a very satisfactory orgasm. She could feel her own juices on her hand and wrist and brought her soiled hand to her nostrils to inhale the female scent from her own pussy.

Penelope heard her bedroom door open. Her heart was beating faster and faster. She could smell the cigar stench and the booze still on her new stepfather's breath as he approached the bed. There was no point in pretending to be asleep because she was certain he had spied her masturbating on the bed already.

"I am sorry, Sir, I was just playing a little bit. I didn't mean any harm. I am usually a very good girl."

"Easy, little rabbit. Did we keep you awake down here?"

"Yes, Sir, I mean, No, sir, I was a little restless is all."

"Your Mum is out cold, my sweet little girl. She had much too much at the wedding party, I am afraid."

Penelope's heart was beating fast again. She realized it was because the Colonel was cupping her breast with his one hand while his other hand slipped under her nightgown and was resting like a hot poker right on her dripping pussy.

She was mortified.

“He must know what a dirty girl I really am!” she thought to herself.

She opened her legs a little bit wider for the Colonel to find her special place.

The Colonel’s fingers probed up against her intact hymen.

“By Jove! A Virgin! What a treasure you are, little Penelope. I must rectify that right away. “

The Colonel flipped Penelope over onto her tummy and pushed her pillows under her hips. She now found herself in a strange position with her bum raised high in the air. Her head rested flat against the mattress as all her pillows had been put to use in the deflowering of her stupid cherry.

“I am scared, Stepfather. Please be gentle with me.”

Colonel Boynton was almost trembling in his desire to impale this maid without delay. His cock was sticking out and pulsating with the need to enter Penelope’s brimming pussy lips.

Penelope looked over her shoulder at her new Stepfather and asked in a timid voice,

“Oh, dear Sir, is it in?”

“Not yet, my love, but breathe in through your mouth and relax your womanhood. This will hurt for an instant but you will soon be begging for it deeper.”

Penelope’s Stepfather positioned his legs to the young girl’s posterior and brought his cock into contact with her dripping pussy. Soon his rock hard cock was given lodging within the slippery pussy lips. He grabbed her shoulders and pulled her back into his impaling cock. There was an audible tearing of the hymen and some blood spurted onto the clean white sheets. The servants would be sure to surmise the Colonel had bedded two brides on his wedding night. One a virgin and the other the virgin’s Mother.

She was so full and decided this stretched feeling was the nicest thing she had ever felt. It was ever so much better than masturbating. Right then, Penelope decided to ask the Colonel to tend her garden whenever she had the urge to play with her own pussy. The humping action was in full blossom and Penelope started the familiar down spiral into the throes of a full body orgasm.

The small girl rolled and pushed her soft ass cheeks up high to get the cock in deeper.

“You see, little daughter! I told you it would not be long before you wanted my cock in deeper.”

Penelope was at full throttle now. She had begun to howl like a wolf caught in a trap as the orgasm swept over her 16 year old body. She was convinced she was a nasty girl to enjoy this dirty thing so very much. She remembered all the dirty things the other girls had told her in school. They often teased her about the way their boyfriends used their mouths and even their private rear holes to shoot streams of creamy cum into their bodies. Penelope understood now.

The Colonel threw back his head and rammed into the young girl’s pussy as hard as he could. The spurts of semen began to splash into Penelope’s vagina. At first, she didn’t know what it was, but then, she opened wide to receive the liquid gift from her new Daddy.