

That Boynton Slut Part IV

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Published on Lush Stories on 12 Oct 2011

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THAT BOYNTON SLUT PART IV

Penelope knew her visit to the see the rector was long overdue. His treatment of her poor posterior, those years before, was seared into her memory and fueled her indignation. While it was true she was under the vile control of her depraved stepfather Colonel "Stonewall" Boynton, she had never suspected the devious old man would throw her body to the whims of his drinking buddies like a piece of unwanted meat.

What really bothered her about the kindly old rector was the fact that she had respected him ever since she was a little girl and had often bounced on his knee with glee and playful exuberance. His unhesitating acceptance of the use of her body for sexual pleasure dismayed her even that fateful night. Her own guilt for achieving orgasmic gratification at the impalement of his over-sized cock convinced her she had to change her slutty ways. It was the primary cause for her departure from Boynton Crossing.

Pastor Hornweather was beginning to show his age. He was in his late fifties now and had added a noticeable paunch to his somewhat stooped frame. His chubby wife Hortense was accustomed to his nightly demands on her body and she accommodated his numerous demands with a cheerful attitude. The only thing she really objected to was his habit of pushing his fingers deep into her bum hole. It was so very annoying and she felt it was beneath the dignity of an ordained man of the church.

Even now, poor Hortense was on all fours being rammed mightily by the rector's immense cock. She did enjoy this position because his meaty balls kept swinging against her inside legs with an exciting slapping sound that made her pussy juice ooze out of her no longer tight vagina.

If the matrons in her garden club could hear her now, they would be astonished at the way in which she encouraged her spiritually guided husband to cleave her flesh.

"That's it, Harry! Right there you go. A little deeper please, make me take it deep, dear Harry. You may slap my bottom now, Harry. Nice and hard, please, the way you know I like it."

The reverend Harold Hornweather was very lucky to have a wife like Hortense. She was ready to go day or night and never seemed to tire of being the receptacle of the rector's creamy cum in her well-stretched vagina. Harry knew enough not to request entrance to either her mouth or her curvaceous rump.

It was this deprivation of oral and anal activities that led to the unfortunate rector's fall from grace.

His most recent sortie was the spiritual guidance he generously afforded the widow McDonald with a number of carefully planned expeditions into her more than willing mouth and her tight but enthusiastically offered bum hole. They prayed together twice a week now in the alcove off the sanctuary proper.

Hortense was proud of her Henry showing such tender concern for the bereaved Mrs. McDonald. Not every rector would commit such a healthy degree of their time to parishioner consultations.

In their recent meetings, the kindly old rector had allowed the sexy widow to even use her tongue on his normally unattended bum crack. He used his hands to spread his cheeks wide for the pretty widow's face to get up deep into his quivering anus. This entrance of a wet tongue into his most private spot was erotically stimulating and he quickly shoved his nearly erupting cock into the widow's mouth for her to swallow his sanctified emissions.

"That was most gratifying, Mrs. McDonald. You are endowed with a uniquely talented tongue!"

The widow McDonald licked the cum from around her lips and replied,

"Tis I should be thanking you, your reverend, sir! My Donald never made me feel the way you do, your worship. You are a true Godsend to this poor widow."

Outside the little church, Penelope waited patiently for the widow McDonald to leave.

One look at the widow's face allowed her to surmise exactly what kind of consultation she had received from the horny rector.

Penelope walked into the church and spied the rector washing stains from the alcove floor. It didn't take a genius to deduce what kind of stains was released onto the sacred ground.

"Penelope, my dear girl, how long has it been? You are looking splendid as usual, my dear."

She did her best to hide her contempt for the paunchy, middle-aged man of religion and replied,

"Rector Hornweather, how good it is to see you again. I often look back on days together with much longing. Is your wife, Hortense, well?"

The rector put his arm around Penelope and allowed his long fingers to momentarily touch lightly on her full breast. Penelope shuddered in revulsion. The reverend wrongly assumed it was a delightful shiver of sexual anticipation.

The overheated man of the church pushed the young girl against the stone baptismal fountain and slowly inserted his finger under her skirt and flimsy panties. He lifted her chin with his other hand so he could look into her eyes when he entered her hot little pussy with his middle finger. It was the middle finger that was only recently exploring the pussy of the bereaved widow McDonald.

Penelope was so angry she could almost spit, but she smiled up at reverend Harry and in her most seductive voice she invited him to the manor for drinks on Friday next.

In disbelief at his good fortune the rector agreed on the spot and told her he would be coming alone because Hortense was not feeling up to par recently. He removed his wet and scented finger from Penelope's pussy and sniffed it like it was vintage wine. Penelope brought his finger to her lips and sucked it dry of her succulent juices. Poor Harry was so heated he wanted to bend the sexy girl over the baptismal and open her wide with his rampant erection.

Penelope left town with only one thought. She had to make sure everything was in place for Friday evening. She would have her revenge on the rector and her despicable stepfather as well.

Just before the arrival of the rector on Friday evening, Penelope gave Jonas a severe session of anal discipline that alternated between her stinging flexible cane and her long black strap on dildo. She stroked off the young man's cock with her delicate hand as she rammed her hard black cock into his tender young ass. Jonas loved every second of her mistreatment.

She told Jonas she would let him return the favor by putting her ass at his disposal after her little “party” with her stepfather and the rector. Her stepfather was already in the basement safely trussed and ready for his anal impalement and humiliation in front of the servants. She had paid them all well to watch and laugh at her stepfather’s and the rector’s embarrassment.

When the rector arrived, she gave him enough wine to loosen up his tongue and his caution. He followed her expectantly to the basement and was obliging to her suggestion that he be tied to the spanking table. She promised him that she would be gentle with his soft white ass cheeks. It was a promise she had no intention of ever keeping.

Both the rector and her stepfather were blindfolded and could not see the giggling and laughing audience. They both mistakenly assumed they would be pounding Penelope’s sweet ass cheeks in the basement but found that they were the center of attraction after all.

Penelope and Jonas were totally naked. Jonas’s real cock and her imitation cock stood ready to take turns on the two older gentlemen’s raised ass holes in front of the appreciative audience. The roar of the crowd was almost drowned out by the wails and screeches from the two proud men as they received their due from Penelope and her cohort. She employed her cane with much enthusiasm and left numerous welts on both men’s posteriors. One young upstairs maid was so excited that she ran up and began to slap and spank both men’s cocks and their soft swing balls with her punishing little hands.

Despite his discomfort, the horny rector was quick to spurt his cum in long creamy ropes all over Penelope’s foot and ankle. She put her foot up to her stepfather’s face and told him to lick it clean if he wanted to end his punishment. The old befuddled man licked as hard as he could and begged his stepdaughter to allow him to eat her delicious pussy. Penelope pushed his face in between her legs and felt his familiar tongue lap up all her juices. She could see he was really enjoying himself as was the rector who had really taken a liking to having Jonas’s long hard cock riding his bottom with complete authority.

Penelope went down on all fours and pulled Jonas on top of her. She wanted him to give her some of his cream inside her needy ass. Her anal impalement was complete and the audience was watching with a high degree of interest as Jonas’s long thick cock stretched her bung hole wide. The spurting of creamy cum did not fill her empty rectum and she did not object when the rector mounted her for his promised ride. She forgot completely about revenge and thought only of her own pleasure. The rector’s load was immense and she was close to being filled. He pulled out with a loud slurping sound and the white cream pie dripped down the inside of her leg. Penelope looked over her shoulder and saw her stepfather’s long cock slide up into her gaping bum hole. He entered her with little effort

because she was dripping with her own juices and the heavy loads of Jonas and the rector.

Her stepfather really knew how to handle her bottom. He rammed her so hard that she shouted out like a Trollope taking it in a dark alley. She panted and moaned and whined like a crazy woman in an erotic frenzy.

This was definitely not revenge; this was That Boynton Slut doing what she does best.

Several of the male servants came up to the front and used Penelope both anally and orally to her great satisfaction. She watched the upstairs maid being fucked hard in her pussy by Jonas while her stepfather filled her mouth with his dripping cock. Both Jonas and her stepfather managed to cum at the same time and left the poor girl in a sticky heap on the basement floor.

The next morning, Penelope packed her bags and left Boynton's crossing for good. She realized she did not want revenge after all; she just wanted to get another taste of what she was missing the last four years in University.

Penelope had absolutely no doubt whatsoever; she was "That Boynton Slut".