The Wages of Sin - Part 1

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Erica goes first...

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“Gotcha!” I said to myself in satisfaction as I reviewed the video feed from the security camera. “Gotcha, indeed!”

As the lead Verger at an Anglican-rite church, one of my duties was being the de facto head of the Worship Committee. A few years ago, towards the end of the summer, one of the Altar Guild ladies had informed me that they were experiencing “inventory shrinkage” in bottles of un-blessed wine. After discussing the matter with the Vestry, and due to the amount of wine going missing, it was decided that wine storage would be changed to the Acolyte Vesting room storage closet, as there were fewer people with keys; and, that a hidden video camera would be installed to monitor the storage room. That appeared to do trick, as no more wine came up missing that summer.

In fact, no one gave it another thought until at the end of the first month the following summer, when during regular supply inventory it was noted that wine was missing again. The head of the Altar Guild approached me, and we decided to wait another month, hoping that maybe it was a mistake but also hoping that if it wasn’t, we would have that much more surveillance video of the thief.

Well, at the end of the next month, more wine was missing. I contacted the off-site security company that stored the video and asked for the last two months. Now, sitting at my desk in the Verger’s office, I watched as, on several occasions, either one or two older Acolytes, still in their albs, got into the storage room and took a bottle or two of wine. Unfortunately, the video did not pick up any faces as the perpetrators were wise enough to have the hoods of the garments pulled up over their heads. But, the fact that they had hooded garments told me that they were at least Seniors (Seniors and above having special albs with hoods to signify their age and rank).

But, by comparing the dates and times on the video time stamp with the Acolyte schedule, it was easy to identify the possible culprits. In fact, one name was conspicuously present on each and every Sunday that wine was taken: Meredith, 19, one of our Graduate Acolytes. And that made perfect sense. Graduates were Acolytes who were away at college and who were typically only in town during the summer. They usually filled in for the Junior Acolytes in the primary grades who were out

of town for summer vacations, and were provided a modest stipend as an incentive.

Unfortunately, the schedule could not reveal who the sometime accomplice was, and a close look at the video made me think that it was not always the same person. Nevertheless, I had Meredith cold. Now the only issue was how to deal with the situation.

Looking over her file, I noted that previous Vergers and Acolyte Masters had their hands full with her. She was one of those kids who, to the non-discerning adult eye, was well behaved and a model for other children to emulate. But, the records showed that she was, in fact, a sneaky little imp that was constantly getting into ever-escalating mischief. Unfortunately, a combination of her parents' stature and position, both in the town and in the church, along with their "not my child" attitude, meant that Meredith never really suffered any consequences for her actions. Well, that was about to change.

I noted in the schedule that Meredith was due to serve the coming Sunday, as was Erica, who was 18 and a Senior, so I arranged for a direct feed of the video to be sent live to my computer. When Sunday came, I was at my desk watching as about a half hour before the last Mass was to begin, two hooded Acolytes crept into the storage room and removed a bottle of wine. Unfortunately, I could not confront them red-handed, as by the time I got down to the room, they were already out and on their way into the Sanctuary. Justice would be delayed, but only about an hour and a half.

As I was not Verging this particular service, I was able to sit in the pews. I made sure that I was front and center, in full view of the pair. I made every effort to maintain eye contact with them, a stern look on my face. Meredith was non-plussed, but I could tell that Erica was getting worried. As they lined up at the end of the mass to process out, I saw Erica exchange frantic whispers with Meredith; no doubt they were into some plan to avoid me. Rather than wait for the procession to pass, I left the Sanctuary before they had a chance to see me do so, and took station in the Acolyte Room.

The look on the faces as they rushed in was priceless. Meredith tried to act as if nothing was up, but Erica's guilt got the best of her. Before I could even say a word, she broke down into tears, sobbing over and over, "I'm sorry! I'm so sorry!"

"Shut up!" Meredith hissed.

"Why?" I asked. "Why should she shut up? Do you really think I don't know about what you two have been doing the last two summers?"

"Wha..what?" cried Erica. "What do you mean the last two summers? This is the first time! I swear!"

Looking at Meredith, I said, "Listen, I've got video of at least one, and sometime two, Acolytes

sneaking in and taking wine since summer began. Both are wearing hooded albs. Meredith, you show up on the schedule each time as the only Acolyte with a hooded alb each time. Do you deny it?”

She fidgeted for a minute, and I could tell she was calculating something in her mind. But, with a sly grin she finally said, “No, I do not.”

“And what about Erica?” I asked. “Is she telling the truth?”

Again, another mental calculation, followed by another grin and a “Yes.”

“Well, what do we do now? I’ll leave it to you. Do I call the police and your parents, or will you accept my punishment and penance here and now? I’ll give you a minute while I search your lockers for the wine.”

As the girls whispered in conference, I opened Erica’s locker first. Other than her purse and some gum, there was nothing. I closed the locker and went to Meredith’s. To no surprise, the wine was in her locker, along with what appeared to be the street clothes that she had been wearing when she arrived at church earlier, which seemed rather curious. Removing the bottle, I closed her locker.

“Well ladies, what will it be? Parents and police, or punishment and penance?”

“Punishment and penance,” they both said.

“Are you sure?” I inquired. They both nodded yes. Taking out two sheets of paper from the Acolyte desk, I handed one to each and said, “Okay then, first I want you to write in your own a hand a simple confession that on this date you both conspired to steal wine, that you both did in fact steal the wine, that you have no valid excuse for your actions, and that in lieu of being reported to your parents and the police, you deserve and have agreed to accept the punishment and penance that I will administer; as you are both of legal age to make such decisions for yourselves. You will then sign and date them.” Meredith started to say something, but my glare stopped the words before they left her throat. Both completed their papers, and after being satisfied that they were completed properly, I turned to Erica.

“Erica, as this was clearly not your scheme, and a one-time participation, I shall deal with you first so that you can be on your way. Tell me, if I had told your parents, what would they have done?”

“My father would take a belt to my ass…er, I mean my behind, sir.”

“Really, “ I said, “at your age?”

“Oh yes, sir. My father is a firm believer in ‘Spare the rod, Spoil the child’”

“Really, and how many hits would you receive?”

“The rule is one for each year of age, sir. Plus a severity penalty if what I did was particularly bad.”

“And what would that be in a normal case?”

“At least another five, sir.”

“And has he ever disciplined you for such a severe offense?”

“Oh, no sir. I’ve never done anything this bad before.”

“So then it would be safe to assume that the severity penalty would be more than just five; say, at least ten?”

“Probably, sir.”

“So, twenty eight at least. Very well, I shall administer the same. Take off your alb, hang it up, and then stand facing the wall, three feet back with your feet twelve inches apart.”

After taking off her alb, she assumed the position instructed. Locking the door to the room so as not to be disturbed, I turned back and said, “Now, lean forward at the waist so that your hands are about three-quarters of the way up, and you are looking straight down to the middle of the space between your feet and the wall. You will count each stroke of my belt, and thank me after each. Your hands will not leave the wall, nor shall you kick. You will remain in position until I signal that your punishment is over. Understood?”

“Yes, sir.” And so saying, she bent over.

As I removed and doubled the leather that was around my waist, I noted that Erica had quite a pleasant looking rump. Not only that, but the tight jeans that she was wearing accentuated her womanly curves. I also noted that her bent over position made her breasts dangle in a most provocative way, apparently unrestrained by any brassiere beneath her loose blouse. Standing to her left side, I asked, “Ready?” She nodded, and SWAK! I delivered the first blow.

“One. Thank you, sir,” she sobbed.

SWAK! “Two, thank you, sir.”

SWAK! “Three, thank you, sir.”

And on it went. Incredibly, other than the rippling of her ass flesh at each blow, and the jiggle of her young tits as she absorbed the punishment being delivered, she did not move. This was okay, because any extraneous movement on her part would have interfered with my realization that spanking her quivering tush and seeing those swaying breasts was inexplicably arousing.

Now, to be certain, I have done my share of light spanks on a partner’s upturned derriere during rear-entry sex. But this was different. I was spanking this young lady as punishment, not as an extra to a carnal act. Yet, in my mind’s eye she was naked, each swing of the belt raising a red welt; each blow transmitted to the oscillating orbs on her chest. On auto-pilot, my member began to surge.

While I had intended to give Erica a break and only deliver twenty blows, I was so mesmerized that I actually delivered thirty, having totally lost track of the count. Bless her heart, she still counted out each, and thanked me; waiting for another. Snapping out of my reverie, I told her that she was through, and only then did she make any effort to rub her abused bottom. I couldn't help but watch, wishing that it was my hand on her bare, caressing away her pain. My penis was now at full engorgement.

Still lost in the thought, she had to remind me that I needed to give her penance to do. Thinking quickly, I said, “You will serve every Sunday until summer is over, whether you are scheduled or not. You may go.”

Thanking me again, shegrabbed her purse from her locker and rushed out the door; which was a good thing, as she failed to notice my now throbbing erection visibly tenting the front of my slacks.

Re-locking the door, I turned to Meredith, who had watched Erica’s ordeal in silence, and said, “Now, what do we do about you?”

Looking into my eyes, and then at the prominent bulge at my crotch, the smug look that had been on her face the entire time vanished.

And one came to mine.

To be continued…