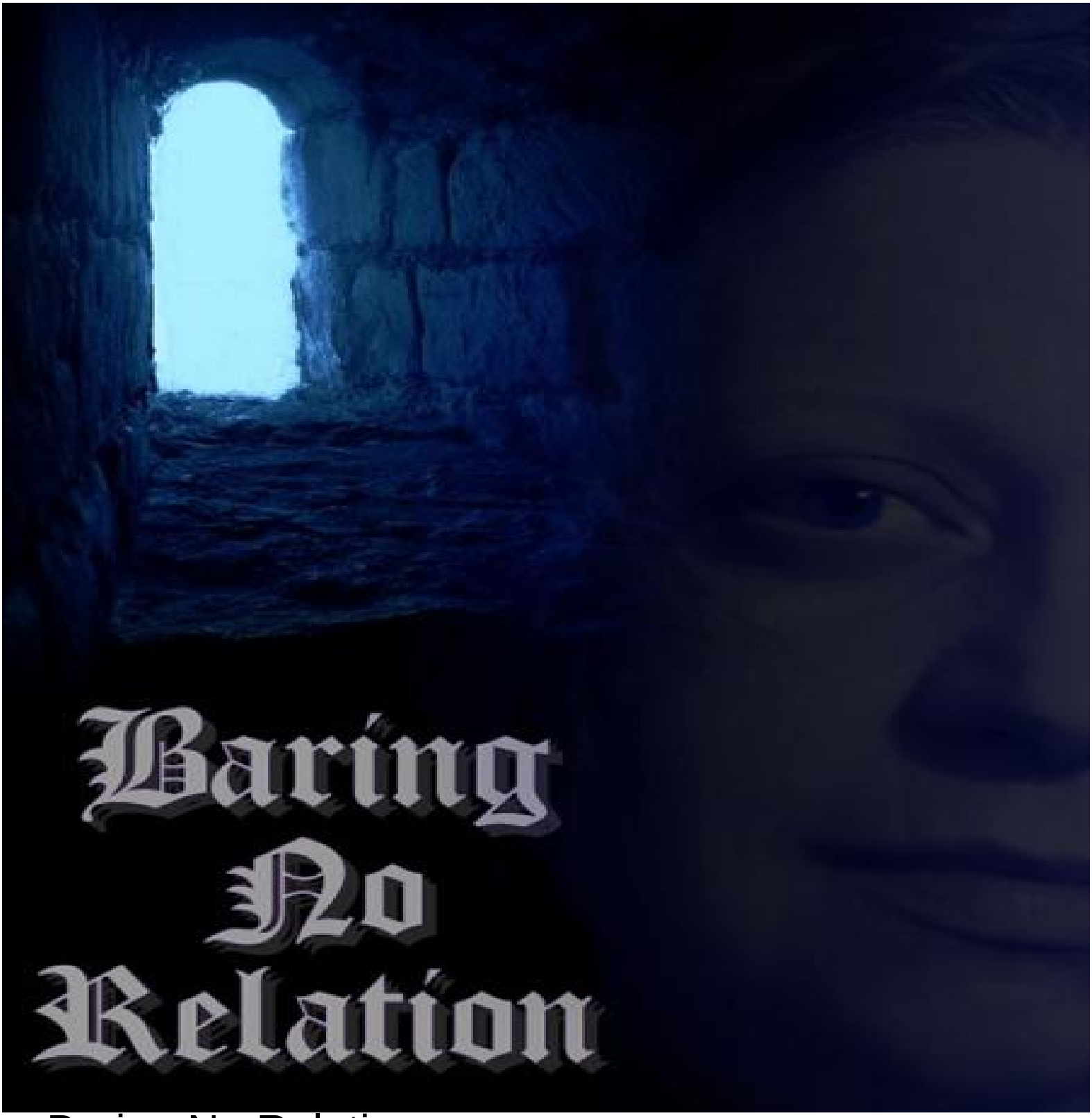

Baring No Relation

By Shylass

Published on Lush Stories on 25 Feb 2012

Copyright ©2013 Daisy Shylass. All Rights Reserved. This material may not be reproduced, displayed, modified or distributed without prior permission. Please be respectful of my intellectual property.

Caught in the act - but who gets punished?

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/taboo/baring-no-relation.aspx

This story only available on Lush Stories. If you are reading it elsewhere, it has been stolen.

He stroked his erect penis first with just his cold fingertips, tracing his way up from the base on the topside of the shaft, circling the rim of his helmet, and then down the underside, to his balls. But it was too painful in the icy night air to finger those – he didn't want them to disappear altogether!

He was thinking of her again. He loved how she smiled softly at him when they saw each other, how she waited for him to stutter out what he was trying to say when he was sent on errands to the kitchens. She was the only one who seemed neither irritated nor amused by his awkward, twitching speech. He loved how her eyes roamed over his face, betraying what he hoped were intimate thoughts as she looked down and up his gangling seventeen year old frame. He feared he would never be what he considered a grown, filled-out man, for all he was strong and wiry. But that did not seem to matter in the way she had always looked at him. At one year his junior, her body had yet to fill out too.

He thought of the way little blonde curls peeked out the sides of her coif, which in turn made him lust after how her bush must shine in the sunlight were she to expose herself to him outside on a summer's day. He thought of the curve of her slim little buttocks when he peeked through hedges at her as she bent over the beds, wishing he could see her bare skin and push his throbbing cock into her tight little tunnel, even though he knew such thoughts and acts were abhorrent and he carried the shame secretly and heavily.

He thought of how delicious it would be to see her standing before the stone slit of the cold Norman window of his room, dressed only in her thin sleeping shift, with the frosty pearly blue of the moon glorifying her silhouette, shining an outline of her shoulder-length curls like a halo and tracing the soft, still-changing figure as she grew from leggy foal into a sleek mare, perfect for being mounted and bred.

"Brother!" The urgent girlish whisper made fear rise, peppery and burning from his stomach into his throat. He lay there on his straw pallet, his coarse nightshirt bunched up around his waist, eyes and legs wide open, and his hand frozen on his stiff cock, with a tiny little bead of pre-cum winking at the

top.

From hot summer fantasy of gazing at her nakedness to icy winter reality of her gazing at his nakedness… he couldn’t move.

“Brother!” she whispered again. “Let me in your bed, I need you!” She stood there, the moonlight showing her anxiety and she hopped on bare skin from foot to foot, hugging her pointed little breasts with her thin arms.

He could feel himself growing even stiffer at the bizarre mix of fantasy and reality, his hand still clenched around himself.

“Please!” More urgent, now.

He quickly let go of his cock, awkwardly pulling down his shirt over himself as he shifted over on the narrow mattress. She leapt across the room and landed on the unforgiving bed, thrusting a cold arm over him and shaking with the burning cold. He hurriedly pulled the meagre scratchy blanket over them both, making sure she was covered and feeling the awful draughts crawling up his still-naked legs and buttocks.

She shook against his body, teeth chattering frantically. As her lithe form shuddered against him, he closed his eyes tightly and pursed his lips, willing his still-growing cock to go limp and camouflage itself somewhere else, far from there. But it wouldn’t. He knew she could feel it, stiff and hard, digging into her hip.

He took a deep breath and stammered, “W-w-w-w-what’s wrong?” She nuzzled her face into his bony shoulder, still shaking.

“Sister.” There was no stammer! Confidence suddenly surging through him, he lifted his shaking hand to her face and lifted it towards him.

“T-t-t-t-t-t-t-t-t-t…” Again, that cursed stammer that made his face contort brought more agony to him. Why did he have to be like that? He looked into her eyes, the moonlight making them look like deep, limpid pools of navy blue.

“Tell me what’s wrong. Why have you come? We shall be w-w-whipped if we’re caught.”

Her teeth were still chattering. Suddenly she wriggled out of her thin shift, and before he could move, she grabbed his nightshirt and pulled it up, squeezing their naked flesh together. He could feel the

welts upon her back from where she had obviously been whipped in the last day or so. He wondered if it had been for some minor fault like last time, when she had been whipped both for falling over a stool and spilling milk, and for cursing at the pain as she hit the floor. Involuntarily, he groaned. She squeezed her hips against him more, and he could barely stand it. The million thoughts running through his head were a lust-filled frenzy of everything worldly and inherently evil. He wanted to fuck her, this sweet little sister squeezing herself against his throbbing member, knowing that he would burn in hell for even the thought of it.

She lifted her curly head from the pillow and reached her mouth up to his ear, teeth still chattering.

“I wanted to be with you. I need you. I hardly see you any more. I used to see you all the time, and now they won’t even let us eat together. I need you closer to me than you’ve ever been; I need a secret just between us, so even if we never get a chance to be with each other again, we will have this one secret thing”.

He fought hard against the spasms of his hips, as they tried to thrust into her. His mind was screaming, “EVIL! WRONG! NO!” even as his body and heart crushed against themselves for her. She was nestling into his neck again, and she reached down with her hand to pull his cock between her legs, just between her thighs so that he was not inside her, but he could feel her wetness, warm like a small bowl of water set on the hearth.

He couldn’t speak. He wanted her so, so badly. He couldn’t fight the thrusting any more and he pulled away, standing over the bed and looking down at her. That gross and perverted moon gloated down at him from his right, caught in his private hell of lust and desire, crawling over his whole body and lifting his penis higher, making her juices glow almost iridescent and clamping around him so he could not escape her molten core possessing him, little tiny stinging bites of white heat in the icy air.

He looked down at her on his left, caught between the old, dry slit in the wall from where the moon thrust itself inside the building, and shone down on her now spread-eagled and displaying her fully opened, juicy slit for him. Just as the moon painfully needled his shining penis, so too did that filthy, luminous lecher lap up all he could of her open flower, that dripped with sweet juices rolling down onto the mattress.

“I need you,” she whispered in the harsh light. “Come, brother.” She held her open arms out to him, visibly shaking, whether with cold or desire he didn’t know. All he knew was that he was going to hell anyway, so he may as well share that brief moment in time with the one he dreamed of and lusted over every night whilst he could.

He gave himself over to the passions within, to the need of his body to be inside her. He couldn’t wait.

He climbed upon her, not even mindful to pull the meagre blanket over to afford them protection from the cold, and he held the end of his cock between thumb and forefinger, and searched for her little hole with the other three as he supported himself over her. He could feel his fingers sliding all around her precious areas, and moaned with the joy of his sin.

Her legs came up and around him, opening herself still further. His helmet found her sopping hole and rested there for a second.

He looked into her eyes again and said, no trace of the stammer in his passion, “Are you sure? What will be done cannot be undone.”

She gazed back into his eyes, and said, “Then do me, brother.”

He thrust inside her, no holding back. She gasped at his entry, feeling his girth, bigger than she had thought he even looked. She closed her eyes to the feelings of him inside, retreating, back inside. She bit her lip and finding it not enough as he pounded into her, began to bite his arms on either side of her head, and then reaching her arms up to pull his head closer, she bit his shoulders and neck too, leaving little teeth marks and reddened patches where she sucked in furious lust.

He was lost in passion for her, grunting with each thrust, feeling her bites like kisses from an ice sprite, her hands reaching round to grab his buttocks, and then erratically slapping first one and then another, kneading and punching as she urged him to take her harder, as if such a thing was possible.

Finally, biting him was not enough – she wanted control. Breaking his rhythm and wriggling out from underneath him, she pushed him down on the bed and turned away from him, standing over him on the hard pallet. Her slim body, with her pointed nipples reaching towards the heavens in a a proud and arrogant gesture, and beads of her juices shining like diamonds and dripping down her legs towards the bowels of the earth in a supplication, was bright with that moon, still leering at them through the impassioned window slit. He was confused until he saw her straddle him backwards. She stood there, so that he could once more see her haloed silhouette, free of the shift that had veiled her before, tightly curled pubic hairs oozing her fluids that he had smeared over her.

She knelt slowly, and whilst he could not see as she eclipsed the light of the moon with her arse, he knew her puckered little hole was staring him in the face, daring him to have dalliance with it. But before her could even think about it, he saw the shape of her open pussy, two gentle swells, lower to the tip of his cock which she had now grasped in one hand, and carefully guided it into the valley between her lips. Transfixed by the beauty, he watched and felt her once more take him into her deeply. The pain of wanting to find release, but with her guiding the thrusts was almost too much for

him to bear, but he was helpless between her legs. All he could see was moonlight spilling around her form. She closed her eyes against that blue light, soaking and bathing in it like an ice queen, feeling his hot shaft enveloped in her tunnel. She used her muscles to squeeze him as a sister had once whispered to her to do in a moment of naughty intimacy. She had practiced with a finger inside herself so that she would know how to do it when she had him inside her. And now she squeezed him as hard as she could.

She felt him reach his hand under her between a thrust and run his hand between her pussy lips. It put her off her new, slower rhythm for a second, but when he removed it, she found it again and carried on, eyes closed and delighting in the evil lusts that had tormented her for so long.

Suddenly, she felt his hands on her tight little buttocks, firm, stopping her for a moment. She tried to look round, but he slapped a cheek for it. She turned her face to the window again and felt as his fingers probed her cleft for that smaller hole. She could feel her own wetness on his fingers, sliding inexpertly around. And then he found it! She clamped her pussy walls around him as she felt his thumb slide into her anus! She was happy for it, a welcome, new, if horrifying, sensation. He let her sit for a minute, fingers splayed upwards, as if reaching towards the two tiny hollowed dimples on either side of her spine.

Blind to the moon, she slowly began again, rising and falling on his hardness, feeling gentle movements of his thumb also moving inside her. She wondered if he could feel his own cock through the little wall. She gradually increased the rhythm again, soon back to full thrust, as fast as her legs could bear the strain.

Lost in their abandon, gasps and terrified attempts to control their voices, this evil thing they were doing together, thrusting them ever towards the gates of Hell, was bringing them closer to Heaven than ever anything they had been taught so far. He lifted his own hips, thumb now removed and placed with an iron grip on hers, he suddenly rose up, taking the weight of them until both their faces were spotlighted through the window. The momentum carried her forward until both hands slapped on the floor and he was holding her weight, buttocks laid bare in his face, like a human wheelbarrow, and he felt her cum, her pussy involuntarily spasming around him, an altogether different feeling than when she was clenching it for him. He came himself, trying to hold back the shouts that had been building within, hot and urgent. Still thrusting as he came, his sperm came flooding out of her upturned pussy like a miniature barrel of water with pebbles dropped into it. Their mingled juices, nature’s potion, drenched them both hotly, both awful and healing.

As his thrusts slowed and her muffled sobs quietened, they both heard a sound that stopped them dead. Their heads shot to the doorway, which was bathed in shadows, making their blue-white nakedness, their wild, staring eyes, her upturned arse and his bare chest a giant, grotesque two-

headed demon caught by the hand of God in an act of utter depravity.

They heard the low moan again. Another low moan came from out of the shadows, not the same place as the other sounds, and a soft splatting sound on the floor. Then the slide of coarse fabric as someone who had been leaning against the wall slid down it to the ground.

“Who’s there?” she whispered, panicked.

Breaking apart, the two teenagers dived for their clothing.

“Who is it?” she hissed.

She felt a thrill of fear course through her body as an older woman stepped from the shadows.

“You dirty, disgusting beasts! You shall be whipped and flogged for this! Filthy creatures! I shall have you stripped naked in front of the whole house for this and whipped within an inch of your lives!”

“Mother, please!”

“Never in my life have I seen such depravity! You are demons and I shall have you purified before everybody!”

“P-p-p-p-p-p-p-p-p-p-p-“ The stammer and facial spasms overtook the young man once more, momentarily forgotten in his joy of just a few seconds ago.

“Stop your excuses this instant, you devil! It is God himself who causes you not to speak, for only lies and filth can come out of your mouth!”

He tried again. He wanted to plead with her, to tell her that it was not the girl’s fault, that he had forced her – anything to save her the humiliation and pain. But he couldn’t get the words out and he stood there crying, turning his eyes away from the dark fury in the older woman’s face.

But the girl stood there, watching her. She knew lust when she saw it. She had seen it in the eyes of the villagers as they coupled down alleyways and in the stables. She knew exactly what those moans had meant. And she also knew somebody else was in the room.

“Who is with you, Mother?”

“What?” She was thrown for a minute by this sudden confidence.

“Somebody is with you, and that somebody enjoyed watching us fucking each other.”

“Insolence!”

“Not so. Who is it?” There was silence. She strode across the room into the shadows, found who she sought, and pulled him roughly from the floor, pushing him into the light so his own shame could be exposed.

“My god! Our Father who wanks in chambers, pervert be thy name.”

“Blasphemy! You should be burned alive to purge your filth, you little whore,” the older woman gasped.

“It-t-t-t-t-t-t-t isn’t b-b-b-b-b-b-blasphemy, it’s p-p-p-perverted, is what it is!” The young man would not let her be so abused.

The woman turned incredulous eyes on the youth.

“And the B-b-bible says he who is w-w-w-without s-s-s-s-s-sin should cast the f-first stone.”

“Are you suggesting he was joining in your depravity?”

“Yes he was!” the girl said. “Look at the front of his gown.”

The older man was just standing there with his head bowed; shame had darkened his cheeks and they all stared at the damp patch on his gown.

“Then I shall whip you all! But I shall show you mercy. I shall do it here and now.” Her own cheeks were flushed, her eyes bright and shining with adrenaline.

“Oh no you won’t, Mother.”

“What did you say?” The older woman stared at her. Never before had her authority been questioned, and certainly not by the two youngest members of the household.

“If we, who are caught in our sin, are to be whipped for our perversion and lusts, then why not you?”

“I am not a filthy-minded little harlot like you. You must be punished and repent or so help me, even

Almighty God Himself could not pull you from the fires of Hell.”

“I tell you this, Mother. I know what you were doing when we were fucking. You were watching us just as Father was, and wishing it was you!”

The older woman stepped back with her hands up.

“Get thee behind me, Satan!”

“Y-you’d like that, w-w-wouldn’t you? I bet y-y-you’d like Satan to f-f-fuck you up the arse.”

She stared at him, open-mouthed.

“I’ll strike a deal with you, Mother. You show us your pussy is as dry as the old shrivelled woman you are, and you can whip us all as you say, naked in front of the household. But if you’re wet, it shall be you who gets the whipping.”

She gasped and shook her head. Putting her hands on her hips and drawing herself up, a trembling jaw betraying her fear, she backed away more.

The older man had looked up with interest and a sly smile on his face.

“Come now, what have you to fear? Do you not submit yourself to inspection of your holiness?”

The young man suddenly bolted for her, catching her sideways-on with her under the crook of his arm. He picked her up and carried her into the light so that her robe shone dully. The girl leaned down to her face and smiled at her impudently.

“Now Mother, shall we see how our sinful activity has affected your fear for our eternal lives? Is it not fair that you should be examined as we are, to accept punishment as we must?”

The older woman squirmed under the young man’s arm, fighting to get away, but he held her tight.

“What say you, Mother?”

She squirmed again, and then went still.

“Come, Mother, are not all equal in the eyes of God?”

“Very well,” came her voice, quiet and heavy with shame.

With his free hand, the youth grabbed the hem of her robe and lifted it over her hips, exposing saggy buttocks and fleshy hips.

Under that greedy moon, it was clear, as she wriggled under their scrutiny, that she had indeed enjoyed herself watching the two youngsters in their ecstasy. The smear of illicit leaking from her pussy seemed to call for attention even as she tried to hide it by clamping her legs together. The older man let a low moan escape again and retreated back into the shadows.

The girl ducked down to her face again.

“Who’s a bad, bad Mother, then? Watching us fuck from the corner of the room and then threatening to whip us for it? You could have joined in, you know. I know you wanted to.”

The woman stared up at her in horror. The girl grinned, and left the room.

Nobody said anything. Several times, the woman kicked and wriggled until her robe covered her again, slapping against the young man’s legs. He felt himself stirring again, but had no desire to wank himself as he heard the unmistakeable sounds of the older man from the corner. Once, when the she pinched him, he gave her two hard slaps, one on each buttock. The sound was so loud that nobody moved for a minute, in case the other nearby sleepers were woken.

The girl came back carrying a birch whip – the same one that had been used on her. She ducked down again, grinning.

“Now, Mother. Are you going to be a good girl and accept your punishment and be cleansed? We could wake the whole household and let them see you like this. Shall we?”

“No! No! Don’t call them!” The woman stared at the floor, then swallowing hard, she closed her eyes.

“I’ll take my punishment.”

The young man released her, as the sounds from the corner grew steadily faster. She pulled at her gown to make sure it completely covered her.

“Oh no, Mother. You make me strip naked for this. Take it off, won’t you?” She grinned at her slyly, enjoying the chance to be the one to deliver a punishment for once.

The woman stared at the floor again, hands grasping folds at the waist desperately, tears spilling over and trickling down her cheek, in a cruel mimic of her pussy juices earlier. She nodded slowly with a pouting mouth. The young man lunged for her again and, sitting on the bed, turned her over his knee. He pulled up the robe again, stunned to see a large dark handprint on each buttock from here he had slapped her earlier.

“Mother was naughty whilst I was away, I see,” the girl giggled. She pulled the rest of the robe off her whilst the young man held her firmly.

“Now, be a good mother, and lean over the bed, or you shall have to be held.”

The young man got up, depositing her on the bed. She sniffed and didn’t move.

“Come on, Mother. Stick out your ass like I know you wanted to earlier.” The noise from the corner was now furious, a loud thapping sound cantering its way over the stone floor to remind them all why they were in this situation in the first place

She sniffed, and stuck out her sagging buttocks, clenching them against the pain she knew was about to come.

“Remember, Mother, this is for your own good.”

There was silence. It seemed to drag on forever. Suddenly, there was SWISH! She gasped and waited for the sting, but it did not come. SWISH! No pain. SWISH! SWISH!

SWISH! “AAAHHHHHHH!”

“Quiet, Mother! Do you want them all to find you with your pussy up in the air for them all to see? Maybe they will all want to fuck you!”

She sobbed helplessly into the pallet with the patches of wet and its musky smells of countless nights of the young man’s fantasies. She bit her fist, and the birching continued, two, three, four; she had lost count by 12 and was biting straw as the birch criss-crossed her skin and began to swell into a net of welts where two lashes formed kisses over her. Everything was agonising, burning pain, and she screamed inside for forgiveness for whippings she’d administered not only to the one who was punishing her now, but all those who had been unfortunate enough to cross her at other times.

She lost track of all sense of time and reason, and it was with some shock that she realised that the whipping had ceased as she sobbed into the bed. She felt a little mouth by her ear.

“Naughty Mother. I know you liked that. You’re all wet again, and Father has cum on the floor in the corner.”

Shame filled the older woman even more, but she could not speak for sobbing.

DONG! The sound of the bell calling them to Lauds shook the room. They all looked up frantically. The rest of the household would be stirring and the two women would have no excuse as to why they were in the part of the house.

DONG! The girl shot out of the room like a whippet, the older woman struggling to get up, and limping in agony across the floor.

“M-m-m-mother!” She turned to look at him through tear-filled eyes.

“Y-y-you forgot y-y-your robe.” Kindly, he strode over to her (after all, he had rather enjoyed himself tonight, and felt like he owed her a little something), and helped her pull on the coarse fabric. She hobbled through the door, and he turned to put on his outer robe, studiously ignoring the figure in the corner. He left to go and wash, and meet the brethren for the first office of the day.

And the abbot, waiting until he was sure nobody was in the corridor, went strolling out with a little smile on his face. He loved it when Mother Superior caught the novices fucking in the moonlight.

This story only available on Lush Stories. If you are reading it elsewhere, it has been stolen.