

The Pastor's Sin, Chapter 2

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An Attraction Grows...

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The Pastor's Sin, Chapter 2 I came downstairs the next morning to find Jessica and Ashley on the couch watching TV. While I usually would have politely greeted the girls, after what happened last night, I was feeling a little guilty, and a little embarrassed, so I made a beeline for the kitchen and started making breakfast. Of course, Jessica would call for me. "Good morning Daddy", she shouted from the living room. I sighed, my plan to avoid Ashley already having failed. When I walked in, Ashley was already flashing that sweet smile of hers. I smiled back at her. "Good morning girls", I said. "Looks like you both have been enjoying yourselves." I cursed myself silently for the unintentional sexual innuendo. Neither girls seemed to notice or care though. "So what are you girls doing today?" I asked them. Jessica answered for them. "Just watch TV, maybe go up into my room for a bit. We'll see", she said with that sweet grin of hers. "Oh ok, well you girls stay out of trouble then", I said, looking at Ashley with a wink. I cursed myself silently again, not intending to act flirtatious. But she didn't seem to notice, she just smiled back. I nodded at the girls and went into the kitchen to make breakfast. Not being much of a cook, I simply toasted a bagel and slapped some cream cheese on it. As I was preparing breakfast, I eavesdropped on the girls' conversation. They were talking about Ashley's recent 18th birthday party, and how Jessica couldn't wait til her 18th. I couldn't believe my little girl was almost 18. As I sat down to eat, I tried to get my mind off Ashley, and picked up the book I've been reading, Lolita, a book about a young girl and an older man who fall in love and run away together. It was a story of a passionate love, if not a misguided one. Maybe that's why I've been thinking of Ashley so much in that way, I silently think to myself. I don't get more than a few pages into it before Ashley interrupts me. "Is that Lolita?" she asks me. "I read that last summer." This surprised me, that a girl her age would be allowed to read such a provocative book. "What did you think of it?" I asked her. "It was...interesting", she said, looking down. "It's weird though, how two people so different in age can be so attracted to each other. Do you think its possible?" Suddenly sexual tension began to fill the room, or maybe it was just my imagination. She was looking at me, seemingly pleading with me to answer her. As if the question was really important to her. I answered the best I could. "I think anything's possible", I tell her. "If two people love each other, sometimes they look past their differences, and...come together." She nods. "That's very wise", she says with a slight smile. I smile back. "Thanks", I tell her. We sat there for a few seconds, just looking at each other. To

most people, it might be awkward, but between us, it wasn't. There was something about Ashley, something about us, I couldn't put my finger on it. But I could feel the attraction between us in the room. And being a married man, a pastor, it scared me. The silence was broken when my bookmark fell out of my book and slid onto the floor. Ashley was quick to bend over to pick it up. "Oh, let me get that for you", she said as she bent over. I felt a little guilty as I stole a quick glance of her small, roundly-shaped butt. I broke out of my trance. "Oh, no, it's fine", I said as I bent to get the bookmark off the floor, as well. As we both reached down to get the bookmark, my hand landed on top of her. All of a sudden, I was holding her soft, slender hand. For a brief second, I studied it, admiring her small hand, and imagining how it would fit in mine. She looked up at me, and I stared back at her. I admired her pretty, beady blue eyes, and I found myself getting lost in them. We were still holding hands for a brief second before she smiled and let go of the bookmark. She stood up, and started to back up nervously. "Well, I guess I should go back to Jessica", she told me. "I'll see you later, okay?" She seemed nervous, and so was I. "Okay", I stammered. "Have fun." I put down the book immediately, not wanting to read anymore, at least for now. I felt myself grow hard at this encounter with Ashley, and I hated it. I hated being attracted to this young girl who was barely of legal age. I'm a married man, a pastor, a pillar of the community, and I was having these thoughts, these impure thoughts that I'd never had quite like this before. All my guilt didn't stop me from finding my way to the bathroom, where I quickly shed my pants, and wrapped my hands around my hard cock. I was losing control, I couldn't stop myself. My cock was raging for her, I wanted this girl so bad, and I couldn't figure out why. I never even felt this way about my wife. As I stroked myself, I thought of Ashley, I thought of removing her clothes and taking her into my bed as I fucked her with my big, hard cock. I thought of her screaming my name. "Oh Pastor John..." I grunted as I heard her voice inside my own head. "You're such a naughty man Mr. Christian". I groaned as I begin to feel my balls tighten. "Fuck me John, fuck me harder..." I felt my hot semen rise up my shaft, and as I hit my orgasm, I cried out, "Ohh Ashley baby, yes! I'm cumming for you baby, I'm cumming for you so hard..." And with that, thick jets of cum sprayed out of my cock, more cum that I ever remember coming out of me. I groaned as I wiped myself off with a towel, and as I put my pants on, I continued to play with my conscience. What is happening to me? Why must I have such a strong attraction to this girl? Does she feel the same way about me? When I opened the door of the bathroom, I felt even more guilty as I saw her, standing there. "Well, you took long enough", she said with a flirty smile. "I have to use the bathroom", she said. I nodded as I stepped away from the door, allowing her access. As I stood there, I wondered whether or not she was standing there long enough to hear my name. I got my answer when she turned around before closing the door, looking at me with a sly smile and wink. My stomach dropped. She knew I was thinking about her. But judging by that smile, it didn't seem to bother her. It was at that moment when I realized that this was only the beginning... To Be Continued...