

The Wages of Sin-Part Three

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Published on Lush Stories on 20 Aug 2011

Erica wants the full experience...

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This is part three of a series. I suggest reading “The Wages of Sin Parts 1 and 2” first. It was the following Sunday. I was standing outside the Acolyte Room waiting for Erica and Meredith to get done changing. Meredith and I had some “disciplinary matters” to “discuss”. I could hear them talking, and was about to knock to see when they would be out when I overheard... “So what happened?” asked Erica. “I waited as long as I could, I had to leave. If I had gotten home late, my Dad would have added eighteen lashes to the thirty that the Verger already gave me. My ass was already on fire.” “I got thirty, too.” “How come only thirty? That’s what I got for one bottle of wine. You’ve been taking wine all summer; I know because the Rock twins blabbed.” “Well, remember how you had to take your alb off?” “Yeah, so?” “Well, so did I.” “Wait, he made you take off your alb? But, you weren’t wearing anything underneath. Not even underwear. You mean...” “Yep, thirty with a belt on my bare ass.” “Forget that part, Mer; he saw you naked!?” “Oh, yeah. Real naked.” “What does that mean?” “You know how you had to lean against the wall and not move? Well, I’ve never, and I mean never, been spanked; much less spanked on my bare ass with a belt. I couldn’t hold still, so he tied me over the prayer desk with my legs spread. EVERYTHING was sitting up for him to see.” “Oh my god! What was it like?” “It was...stimulating.” “What does that mean?” “C’mon, you mean you didn’t see that huge bulge in his pants after he got done whipping you?” “Well, yeah, but so what. My Dad is the same way after he gets done whipping me.” “Geez, Erica, how naïve are you? The Verger had a boner! A stiffy! An erection, for god’s sake!” “Ew, gross! You mean he was getting off on spanking me?” “Yes, and apparently so does your Dad.” “I don’t even want to think about that! What about you? Did he get off hitting you?” “Oh yeah, big time.” “Oh, wow...” “And so did I.” “What!?” “It was, I don’t know, hot. I mean I’m bent over, and he’s whacking my ass and each time he hit me I could feel it on my ass and it hurt; but I could also feel it in my pussy and it made me wet. Then he started rubbing my ass with lotion, and I’m like out of control.” “He touched you? On your naked butt?” “Amongst other places.” “Meaning?” “Well, first he’s rubbing my ass with lotion, and I’m getting super horny; and suddenly he’s fingering my asshole and my pussy while diddling my clit. I’m no virgin, but I’ve never had anything up my pooper. It was the most amazing orgasm I ever had.” “You came?” I needed to stop this conversation. I quickly rapped on the door, hard and loud, and asked “Are you girls done yet? I’ve got things to do and I need to get into the room.” There was silence for about thirty

seconds, and then the door slowly opened. "What was taking so long?" I demanded, knowing full well but testing to see how much they'd admit to. "We were just comparing our punishments from last week, Sir," Meredith quickly offered. I noticed that they were both still in their albs. "You're still vested. How much longer will you two be?" "Give us another five minutes, Sir, and we'll be done," chirped Erica. "Okay, five minutes. And try to nip the gossip, please." I closed the door, but remained just outside. I wanted to see how much more Meredith would reveal. But all I heard were whispers. At the end of five minutes, I knocked again. "Ready?" "Ready!" they replied in unison, and the door opened. They were both still in their albs, standing shoulder to shoulder in the center of the room. They were hiding something behind them, but I couldn't tell what it was. "Okay girls, what's up? Fun is fun, but you two are still in your vestments and I already told you I've got things to do," as I looked Meredith square in the eye. "We know, Sir," Erica replied. "We're sorry we wasted your time. We deserve to be punished." "Wha...?" "Yes, Sir. Punished; just like I was last week," Meredith chimed in. I was stunned, to say the least. Obviously, at least part of the whispering was Meredith filling Erica in on the rest of the events that had taken place. But that couldn't have taken a whole five minutes considering they had not even changed. Something else was going on. "What exactly do you mean?" I asked. The girls parted, revealing the brass "prie dieu" that I had tied Meredith to the week before, back in position in the center of the room. "I want to be punished like you punished Meredith, Sir. I want you to spank me on my bare bottom; I want you to...well..." "She wants you to take her virginity, Sir. You know, pop her cherry," Meredith offered for her. "You don't need me to punish you to get that," I said. "I'm sure that there are any number of boys your age willing to take on the task." "I would rather it be you, Sir. Here, and now, Sir." I could feel my cock beginning to swell at the thought of having another naked young girl at my mercy. "Are you certain?" I asked. "Do you know what this means?" "Yes, Sir," she said, in a meek voice that sounded much younger and innocent than her age would otherwise indicate. "Meredith explained how I got you excited when you beat me last week, how your penis became huge and hard. She told me how you saw her naked, and spanked her naked; how you rubbed your hand on her bare bottom. She told me about how you put your fingers into her anus and vagina, how you fingered her clitoris until she had an orgasm. How you then shoved your swollen penis into her vagina while you fondled her breasts and pinched her nipples until you both had an orgasm. No man has ever seen me naked or touched me naked. No man has ever put anything into my anus or my vagina. I've never had an orgasm. I've never made a man have an orgasm. I think I want those things now, Sir. I want them from you, Sir." I was stunned, but even more so when Erica loosed her cincture, unsnapped her alb, and let them drop to the floor; revealing herself to me just as Meredith had done. And what a revelation she was. A little taller than Meredith, she was also a little slimmer, her body not quite as fully matured as evidenced by the lack of any real curves at the hips. If there was a plus to her lesser development, though, it was that her breasts sat firmer and higher than Mer's. Glancing down, I noted that the hair on her Venus mound was also more sparse, but her vulva and labia were just as swollen as any woman I'd ever fucked. If my mind had any doubts, my dick didn't. It was now hard as nails. "Okay," I said. "If that is what you truly want, then bend over the front of the prayer desk." "Yes, Sir. But there are two conditions, Sir. First, please don't use your belt. That

would remind me too much of my father punishing me.” “Okay, I will use my hand. And the second?” “I want Meredith to stay and watch. I do not want to be alone.” I looked over at Meredith, and the look I got back was curious. There was a hint of a gleam in her eye. “Well?” I asked. And she agreed. Erica walked over to the desk and assumed the same penitential position that her mate had. I was about to pick up the cincture to fasten the girl in the same exposed position when Meredith took off her own and said, “Please, let me do it.” “Okay.” As I stood back and watched, I noted that Meredith seemed to be getting some sort of thrill from trussing up her fellow server. There was an unstated sensuousness as she moved each extremity to its spread position before tethering it to the desk. I got my first glimpse of Erica’s untapped sex, the part of her lips directly between her legs devoid of hair; making it just that much easier to see the arousal she was feeling in such a vulnerable position. I could see her cute little pink rosebud, slightly flexing open and closed to her increased breathing rate. I could tell that Meredith was looking also. “On with it then,” I announced. “Now this will hurt, even though it is my hand and not a belt. We will start with ten. You will not need to count them or thank me, as this is not a true punishment.” I slowly ran my hand over her bare flesh, feeling the tautness of her youthful posterior. WHACK! WHACK! WHACK! At ten I stopped. Her cheeks were a nice shade of dark pink. I ran my hand over the punished area, feeling the heat. As with Meredith, I let my index finger trail down the crack between her cheeks, lightly brushing across her sphincter. She flinched, but moaned. I could see the dew beginning to form along her slit. WHACK! WHACK! WHACK! At ten more, I stopped again. Again, I examined the effects of my work. Erica moaned and pushed back at my touch. Her arousal was even more evident, her more delicate inner lips now starting to protrude from between the thicker outer lips; her pronounced clit fully engorged, echoing her pulse. She was so wet now that her juices were running down her legs. I was sorely tempted to bend down and lick her pussy lips; to bury my tongue in her hot, wet crevice; to take her nubbin between my lips and suck on it until she came. Instead, I stood back. “Final ten now.” WHACK! WHACK! WHACK! Thirty. Her ass was really red. So was my hand. I looked over to Meredith, intending to ask for the hand lotion she carried, Erica and I both needed it. She was mesmerized. “Hand lotion,” I barked, snapping her out of her reverie. Taking the tube, I squirted some onto Erica’s abused butt; then began rubbing it in, soothing us both. Just like Meredith, this elicited groans and a backwards thrusting. Taking my cue, I moved on to the next stage. As this was her first time, I decided to skip the anal play, and work on getting her pussy prepared for deflowering. I slowly drew my finger up and down her crease, each pass going deeper between until I was able to locate the entrance to her tight tunnel. I then began to inch my finger in, pushing until I came up against her maidenhead. “This might hurt a little,” I warned, as I pushed through the tightness. She moaned, but it sounded more like pleasure than pain. I withdrew about halfway, then pushed in again. Still tight, but still no pain as far as I could tell. Getting braver, I started a slow, shallow pistoning motion as I got her used to the feeling of an in-and-out penetration. I was rewarded with sighs and moans as she rocked her hips in time, her juices flowing unabated now. Aided by her natural lubrication, I inserted a second finger; stretching the opening and her hymen even wider and pushing both in even deeper. Erica continued to move in response, apparently feeling more positive than negative stimulation as I worked to loosen her up for what was

to come. Finally, with two fingers and a good rhythm going into her hole, I began to rub around her clit in little circles, eventually touching the sensitive pea directly. That took her over the edge, as suddenly her cunt started clutching my fingers, her whole body shook, and her little pucker opened and closed wildly as if gasping for air. As she grunted and bucked through what was probably her first ever conscious orgasm ever, I heard moaning and groaning that was clearly not Erica's. I looked over at Meredith. She had her alb open, and she was also naked beneath. She was squeezing her left breast with one hand, and had two fingers of her other buried in her sopping quim as she flicked her thumb over her clit, obviously extracting an orgasm herself. Well. Everyone had now come but me. Taking my fingers out of Erica, I quickly shed my own clothes until I too was naked. With my eight inch erection leading the way, I stood behind Erica's splayed thighs. I ran the purple crown of my manhood where no man had gone before, getting good and slick. Placing the head of my dick at the entrance, I again slowly pushed in until I felt the resistance of her stretched but still intact tissue. Again I warned that this might hurt, then with steady effort pushed past the barrier; cautiously inserting myself into her essence until I was up against her cervix. I paused, letting her get accustomed to the difference between the thickness of my two fingers and the substantial girth of my shaft. Then, holding on to her hips, I slowly withdrew halfway, and then slowly re-penetrated to the hilt again. I repeated this about fifteen times until I was certain that she could accommodate something more forceful; then began to thrust harder and faster, my dick almost fully withdrawing before ramming home. Up until now, except for the orgasm, Erica had been very composed. I recalled that she had absorbed the strapping last week without sound, so I assumed that she must be stoic by nature. But as I began to pound her pussy in earnest, she began vocalizing her pleasure; alternating between mantras of "Oh god, oh god!" and "Harder, harder! That's it!" Assuming that a naïve virgin couldn't possibly be on the pill, when my balls told me that they were ready to deliver their payload, I pulled out and asked her where she wanted me to spew my spunk. "Come inside me!" she pleaded, "I want to feel it inside me! It's safe, don't worry! Please!" Lining back up, I shoved back in, my balls slapping against her little man. Two more thrusts and I was shooting the first load of gism ever into her newly fucked cunt. The feeling overcame her, and she rocked out a second coming; her spanked ass cheeks undulating in primal movement. I pulled out again, just in time for Meredith to power through her own additional finish; everyone's sex now covered and glistening with bodily fluids. I untied Erica from the desk; she staggered to stand. I took her in my arms and held her, letting her come to grips with the emotion of the events that had just transpired. Thinking we were now over for the moment, I started to pull my jockeys back on. "No! Wait! We're not done!" Erica suddenly blurted out. I looked at her in curiosity as she came to me and knelt. Then it dawned on me; Meredith had told her every single detail. Erica took hold of my flagging erection and looked up into my eyes. I nodded, and she took me in her mouth, tasting herself on me as she cleaned off the liquid evidence of our act. Meredith, who by now was dressed, looked on in a combination of awe and envy. As Erica and I dressed, I bravely asked if she had gotten what she wanted. She gave me a pensive look, and then said no. I must have shown more of a crestfallen look than I had intended, because she immediately took my hand and said, "No, you don't understand. Everything was wonderful. It was everything that

Meredith described...except...well..." "What?" I asked, "What wasn't right about it?" "Well, and don't take this the wrong way or anything, but I don't remember anything going up my bottom; and I don't remember you grabbing my breasts." "Maybe next time?" I ventured. "Well, I am on the schedule again next week." "Hey wait!" Meredith retorted. "What about me? When will it be my turn?"