



In The Land Of Salvation And Sin

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Temptations of the flesh can consume even the most righteous of souls.

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Somewhere down where the Spanish Moss hangs and the Palmetto Trees grow... Garland, still hung over from the previous night's drinking, sat on the edge of the bed and glared angrily at the window air conditioner unit of his cheap motel room. He found the unit's incessant vibration and noise increasingly irritating. He then realized he still held the room phone in his hand. He looked at it and dropped it hard onto the receiver. As he sat there, much of his body still dripped with water from his recent shower, and the bed was getting wet. He grabbed the towel draped around his neck and continued to dry off his legs before he stood up and wrapped the towel around his naked waist. He started to walk across the room, but stopped to look at himself in the dresser mirror. "Damn I'm hungry," Garland grumbled out loud as he rubbed his empty belly. "I do hope they hurry and deliver my food." He gazed begrudgingly at his face in the mirror, angry and disappointed at where he found

himself in life. He wished he had someone to blame, but knew that he only had himself to blame for his fall from grace. Taking a pair of boxer underwear from the middle dresser drawer, he slid them on, allowing the wet towel to fall onto the floor. He did not pick it back up, instead, grabbing a pair of suit trousers that were draped over the back of an easy chair and put them on. Garland looked at himself in the mirror again before he grabbed the bottle of Southern Comfort from the nightstand and took a long, deep gulp. The liqueur seemed to temporarily quench his desire as it slid down his throat. "Thank you New Orleans," he said aloud in reference to the city that produced his favorite liquor. Another large gulp, and he sat back on the bed ignoring the dampness of the sheets and mattress. His mind wandered in retrospect to the better days of his youth, before his fall. Garland Jones grew up with his father and grandfather, who were both traveling preachers of moderate means. They put up tent revivals throughout the south, eking out a living from the donations they received passing the plate after a few hymns were sung just before their tag team style sermons. By the age of 8, young Garland himself was preaching. In fact, he was soon drawing much larger crowds than either his father or grandfather. Each of Garland's powerful, mesmerizing sermons soon led to dozens of people coming down to the altar to accept the Lord Jesus as their personal savior. By the time he was 14, he sometimes led hundreds to the Lord at a time. Amens were shouted loudly, praises were made, and many people would speak in tongues at his sermons. The once meager traveling tent ministry owned by his father and grandfather had become very profitable. By age 16, Garland had proved himself quite a prodigy and had already graduated from the seminary. By age 19, he had a syndicated television ministry that was broadcast throughout the United States and Central America. He had become quite famous and very wealthy. Garland finished off the bottle of Southern Comfort and tossed it across the room. He got up and walked over to the dresser and opened the top drawer. He smiled as he looked at the unopened bottle of Southern Comfort and took it in his hand. Upon opening the bottle, he sat back on the bed and took another deep gulp. He then retrieved his Bible from the top drawer of the nightstand, opened it and began to read some verses in preparation for that night's upcoming sermon. His mind was deep in thought as he contemplated the verses of Ezekial, wondering if the Lord would lay a message upon his heart. He concentrated, but unlike the early days when he was full of the Holy Spirit, he felt nothing. A knock at the door startled Garland to his feet. He quickly ran his fingers through his wet, mussed hair. Wearing only a pair of trousers, he walked across the motel room and opened the door. "Hi!" exclaimed a chirpy, cheerful feminine voice. "I'm Steffani from the diner with your order." Garland could hardly answer as he stared at the very pretty young redheaded girl that stood in his doorway holding a styrofoam container with his meal. "You ordered the fried chicken breast, cream corn, fried pickles, biscuits and gravy. didn't ya?" "Uh, oh yes I did." The very pretty and ultra-perky girl handed him the food container and said, "That'll be eight dollars and seventy-five cents please." "Oh yea," answered Garland. "Come on in while I find my wallet." "Okie dokie!" she perked. "You're that famous Preacher Jones, ain't ya?" "Yea," Garland answered as he grabbed his wallet from the drawer of the nightstand. He then noticed how the girl swayed back and forth from side to side excitedly. Her smile was large and very sexy and her breasts seemed to heave outward in her low buttoned blouse. Garland eyes really took her in. She was

average height, with a very firm, sexy body with long, shapely legs displayed in a tight short jean skirt and she seemed to slowly twist on the high heeled wedges she was wearing. Just then, Garland realized she was completely aware of his gawking at her body. She twisted at the waist, her knees bumped together as the fingernail of her left forefinger slid between her teeth seeming to point at the mischievously sexy smile that had come upon her face. "Preacher Jones, do you think I'm pretty?" He walked over and handed her two bills, a ten and five, for the food. "Keep the change Steffani." "Thanks for the tip, preacher!" She exclaimed as she stuffed the bills into a pocket on her short skirt. "Oh yes, you are very pretty," Garland said in a delayed answer. "I'm legal." "Um what?" a startled Garland asked. "I'm 17, but I'll be 18 next month." Steffani declared. "I'm legal in this state," she said as she giggled and twirled her sexy body. Then, before Garland could get out any other words, the girl stated, "I've never seen a preacher with his shirt off." Garland looked down perplexed at his naked chest and stomach. "You have a nice firm body, Preacher Jones!" Garland quickly thought to himself, 'not again, not again.' But he had no strength to resist, nor did he have any desire to resist. "Don't you have to go back to work at the diner?" he asked. Giggling Steffani answered slowly and drawn out, "Naw, my shift ended and I offered to drop your food off on my way out. Ain't ya gonna eat it?" "Yes, but I might have to taste something else first," the preacher told her as he watched her mischievous eyes move over his naked upper body. Then his gaze dropped from her eyes to the full, round swells of her breasts pushing against her blouse. Steffani blushed some and then giggled as she twisted shyly and her toes touched. One finger seductively in her mouth, her head tilted and she looked at him through the top of her eye lids. "I ain't never been with anyone famous before." Garland sat down on the bed and patted his right hand at the spot next to him for her to come sit, which she eagerly did. He then brushed her long, straight red hair back from her face and looked deeply at her. "I could use some company," he declared. "Today is my birthday." "Really?" "It really is." "How old are you?" "Today I turn thirty." "Wow! That's awesome!" Before he could say anything, Steffani grabbed his shoulders and kissed him on the mouth. Her tongue slid playfully between his lips and she ran it sensuously along his inner lower lip and then across his upper lip. He pulled her tightly to him as her tongue explored deep into his mouth, flicking along his upper palate and twirling around his tongue. Garland felt his cock rise intensely to the occasion as it became excited and engorged with pumping blood. Steffani's deep kisses aroused his every sense and his cock was soon throbbing and aching with complete arousal. Her tongue continued its sensual exploratory journey throughout his mouth and he thought she tasted like strawberries. To Garland it seemed as if her kisses felt like a great erotic fire burning in his soul. He still could not understand why this was happening to him again. He knew he would have to pay a penance at some point, but he had no will to resist this newest temptation devouring him. His hand slid into her blouse to explore her heaving chest. Her firm breasts were like juicy melons perfect for harvesting. As he began to softly squeeze her firm but soft breasts, Steffani began unbuttoning her blouse but never pulled her mouth away from his. She pulled her blouse back over her shoulders and unsnapped her bra which slid down her body onto her lap. Garland slid her blouse the rest of the way off. He gently pushed her back onto the bed and began to kiss her navel and then slowly let his kisses maneuver their way upward to her breasts. His tongue

found her nipples hardened and erect as he softly kissed them before sucking them between his lips. Steffani's soft moans and heavy breathing were getting louder and more pronounced. He had always found those sounds to be immensely erotic to his ears. He had long ago been seduced by the entire aura of erotic pleasures and again relished being completely immersed in their intoxicating nature. After a few minutes of kissing, sucking and fondling Steffani's firm, youthful melons, Garland clenched the stretchy waist band of her denim skirt and easily slid the skirt down her long, sexy legs and tossed it back over his shoulder. He paused for a few seconds to take in the visual ecstasy of her precious pussy which was barely hidden underneath her ultra-sheer lacy blue panties. Her labia were slightly visible, along with a small, neatly trimmed tuft of red pubic hair. He let out a long slow moan under his breath as his fingers gripped the elastic of her panties and slid them slowly down her legs. "You sure seem to be enjoyin' yourself," Steffani snickered. "Oh I am. I most definitely am enjoying this," he told her as his eyes boldly devoured her fresh, young pussy. She snickered and smiled mischievously at Garland as her panties slid over her toes. She then spread her legs wide. "What's next, Preacherman?" Garland's eyes met hers and he smiled. He began kissing just inside her lower thighs and slowly made his way up her leg. He noticed her eager anticipation and could see her wetness building just inside the folds of her scrumptious pink pussy lips. He could hardly wait to have his tongue in her, but knew from experience that the slow teasing approach achieved the best results. Finally, his kisses and eager tongue arrived at her aroused wet labia. He slowly began to run his tongue up and down the length of her hot pussy lips, teasing them gently. Steffani's torso began to swivel and attempt to push into his face but he pulled his face back, only allowing his tongue to tease her pussy. Then he slowly began to work it around her erect little clitoris. Steffani began to moan loudly and squirm wildly. Her writhing body seemed in perpetual motion, as if it were slithering around him like a snake. Her hips danced up off the bed, her legs squirmed and squeezed against his head and her hands raked through his hair as his tongue made sweet love to her sopping cunt. Garland found himself completely immersed in cunnilingus, an art he had perfected over the years. His tongue teased and twirled, flicked and licked at and all around Steffani's aroused little clit. He sucked at her swollen labia and her body responded intensely. Her writhing torso twisted up and down as she moaned constantly, her own fingers pulling at her swollen, aroused titty nipples. He continued his relentless oral pleasuring as her squirming body allowed her soft red bush to tickle his nose every so often. As Steffani endured his relentless tongue, her hot body began to shimmer with sweat, catching rays of sunlight that made their way through the seams in the window curtain and reflected off of her ever wetter, shiny white skin. Suddenly, Steffani's legs clenched almost violently and convulsed around Garland's neck, and her feminine voice shrilled as her orgasm built and climaxed with his face buried in her wet cunt. Her right hand quickly pushed at his forehead and she muttered quickly, "Oh my God! Stop! I'm cumming! Oh My God!" she yelled. Garland rolled over on his back beside her as Steffani quickly curled up in almost a fetal position rocking her body back and forth. "Oh God! It hasn't stopped yet!" "Mmmmmmm..." Her body then relaxed and she looked at Garland who had turned over on his side facing her. "A good one huh?" he asked. "Oh God yes! For a little bit I thought it might never stop." He smiled at her and she broke into a big wide grin and giggled. "Your turn, Preacher

Jones!” Steffani exclaimed as she sprang toward the bottom of the bed, arriving between his naked thighs. Her hands clasped his swollen erect cock and she looked at him with the most endearingly mischievous smile. Her left hand softly stroked his testicles as her right hand softly ran up and down the length of his throbbing pecker. “You know,” she said, “you might have the thickest penis I’ve ever seen. Close to the longest too, maybe as long as Jimmy Bob Bowen’s over at Frog Gig Creek, but yea,” she nodded and paused, “I reckon it is the thickest.” Garland, up on his elbows by this time, watched eagerly as Steffani’s tongue began running up and down his long, pulsating shaft as her lips then engulfed the head of his cock and her tongue teased the end of it. His eyes rolled back in his head. The corners of Steffani’s lips smiled at him just before her mouth took his cock deep. He could not believe it as this small town, southern teenage girl then swallowed his entire cock in a deepthroat that would be the envy any highly compensated New Orleans French Quarter courtesan. A long, guttural moan growled from his throat as Steffani continued passionately licking and sucking his cock, making sweet love to every inch of it. Her wet, warm tongue made its way down his balls and swirled around his scrotum, bringing his buttocks off the bed in pleasure. He soon realized that her amazing oral skills would quickly bring him to orgasm, so he stopped her, saying, “Let’s save some of me for that beautiful snatch of yours?” “Okay!” answered Steffani eagerly as she sat up at his feet, spreading her long, toned seventeen year old legs before him. His eyes gazed wantingly at her wet pussy lips exposed beneath that thinly trimmed red bush. She was sitting leaned back on her arms and hands, looking at him and smiling sweetly. Garland then leaned into her and grabbed her hands and pulled her quickly over on top of him and tongue kissed her passionately. He rolled her over and slid in between her legs which instinctively wrapped around his lower back. He pushed his throbbing, venous cock up against her pussy lips and rubbed the head of it up and down inside her swollen wet labia before slowly pushing into her wet cunt. “Oh God! Oh yea!” she cried out as he began to push his cock deep inside her tight, wet pussy. She rocked her body back and forth with him and held her arms tightly around his neck. “You feel so good, Preacher!” “You like it huh!” “Oh yea preacher! Fuck me!” Garland pushed his swollen pecker deeper into Steffani’s tight, young cunt. He noticed the wet squishing noises her vagina made as his cock pressed in and out. Steffani’s long fingernails began to dig into his back. He could feel them scratching his skin as he continued his rhythmic, pelvic thrusts, bouncing and squeaking the cheap box springs of that motel bed. The rhythmic sound of the box springs made him feel calm and relaxed as it was a sound that had comforted him many times on his evangelical journeys across the south. By this time he had long ago lost track of the number of women that had wrapped their legs around him. He felt Steffani’s fingernails rake across his back, leaving fresh scratches to go with the ones left by the revival’s pianist the night before. Unlike the slutty, young teen whose juicy cunt was feeling the wrath of his cock at that moment, the pianist had been older than he. Garland really did not care about their age, and he had once been ravished by a United States Senator’s wife nearly twice his age, and had loved every sinful, raunchy moment of it. He did like them to be toned though, and this seventeen year old redhead was certainly toned. “Let me on top!” yelled out Steffani. ‘Why not?’ Garland thought. He took her in his arms and rolled over on his back, leaving her straddled atop him ready for action. “Show me what ya got babe.” Steffani took

that as a challenge and she squeezed her torso down on him, feeling his hard pecker push in almost to her cervix. She clamped her vaginal muscles together, squeezing them in and out as she slowly slid herself up and down on the length of his thick, penetrating cock. She thought that his cock felt amazing inside her as she had never experienced the combination of both thickness and length that he possessed. As she peered underneath herself, she could see his shiny shaft completely wet with her creamy love juices. She was so excited and moaned loudly as she picked up speed, pushing herself up and down, grinding tightly on him on her downward thrusts. Garland lay there enjoying himself immensely as Steffani continued fucking him. He rather enjoyed feeling her sweat drip onto his body as she worked herself physically on top of him. He grabbed her warm, sweaty tits and began gently squeezing her nipples as she continued grinding herself on him. "Let's change things up," Garland suggested. "Climb off and I'll take you doggy." "Woof! Woof!" laughed Steffani as she climbed off him and onto her hands and knees on the bed. Garland grabbed her hair hard as he moved in behind her and slid his juiced up pecker easily into her well lathered cunt. He thrust hard, slamming his torso into her wet, sweaty buttocks. His free hand slapped her ass cheek with a loud smack. "Oooh!" shouted Steffani in pleasure. "I like it!" He smacked her ass cheek again as he continued pushing in and out of her pussy from behind. Her pussy was so soaked by that point that loud, squishy noises came from every thrust. Her moans and sighs played heavy and loud in Garland's ears like a church organ belting out a well-loved hymn. Garland loved women and sex. He was loving every moment of this latest, wild juicy fornication. He knew he would feel guilty later, but that did not diminish from the purely erotic joy he was experiencing. Nothing pleased him better than feasting his eyes on Steffani's perfect, teenage rump bouncing against his torso. The shiny wet sheen of sweat that covered her body accentuating her tight, youthful muscle structure was an orgy for his eyes. He loved it even better when he noticed she had dropped her head to the mattress leaning on one arm so that she could finger her clit while he continued fucking her from behind. By then, Garland felt himself succumbing to the desire to orgasm. He felt his swollen scrotum tighten and the intense tingling had begun. His eyes squinted shut and he clenched his teeth as he felt the ejaculate build and shoot through his scrotum, exploding out of his penis and into Steffani's wet, waiting cunt. She realized it also and she yelled out in pleasure. "Cum baby! Cum!" "Oh fuck I am!" grunted Garland. "I can feel you cumming!" "Uuuuh uuh," Garland moaned. He continued pumping into her pussy several more times until he finally succumbed to his flaccidness and then collapsed on the bed. Steffani rolled over onto the bed next to him. "Damn, Preacher Jones!" she exclaimed, "you fuck really good." "So do you." "You have lots of experience, don't ya?" "Yea, I guess so." "Shwwwwew!" she sighed. "That was sweet! How many women have you fucked?" she asked. "A lot." "Like a hundred maybe?" she quizzed. "I'm not sure how many, but a lot more than that," answered Garland. "Enough with the questions." He swatted her leg, "You better get your clothes on, I need to eat and study for tonight's sermon." "Okay." "Oh just oo--oone more question pleeeeeeeze?" she pleaded. "All right, I guess." "You gonna order lunch from us again tomorrow?" "Yea, why not?" Garland answered, "I'll order about the same time." "Oh great! Thanks!" she squealed excitedly. "That way I can deliver it to you at the end of my shift like today and we can do this again." "Sounds great," grunted Garland. Steffani

jumped out of bed in her youthful zeal and quickly got dressed. Just before leaving, she kissed Garland on the cheek as he still lay on the bed and she skipped eagerly over to the door and opened it. "See ya tomorrow, preacher man!" and she was out the door. Garland rolled out of bed and grabbed the styrofoam food container. He noticed the food was no longer hot but his appetite was severe by now and he began to eagerly devour the meal. Just then the phone rang. He licked the chicken grease off his finger and picked up the receiver. "Hi Reverend Garland, this is Nancy." "Hey Nancy," he answered. "I'll be over at 6 to drive you over to the revival again." "Sounds great Nancy," he said, "are you gonna play piano again tonight." "Of course Reverend, don't be silly," she giggled. "After I drive you home, would you like for me to stay over for a while again?" She asked suggestively. "Why sure honey," Garland answered. "Well I have a surprise!" she exclaimed. "What's that?" "My cousin Bella Sue is with me tonight." "Oh," Garland said inquisitively. "We can do that little threesome thing you mentioned," she said and giggled wildly. "Excellent!" he answered. "See ya at 6." Garland hung up the phone and opened his Bible to Ezekial as he munched down on his cold chicken. A big smile broke out on his face as an idea for a great sermon had just come to him.

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