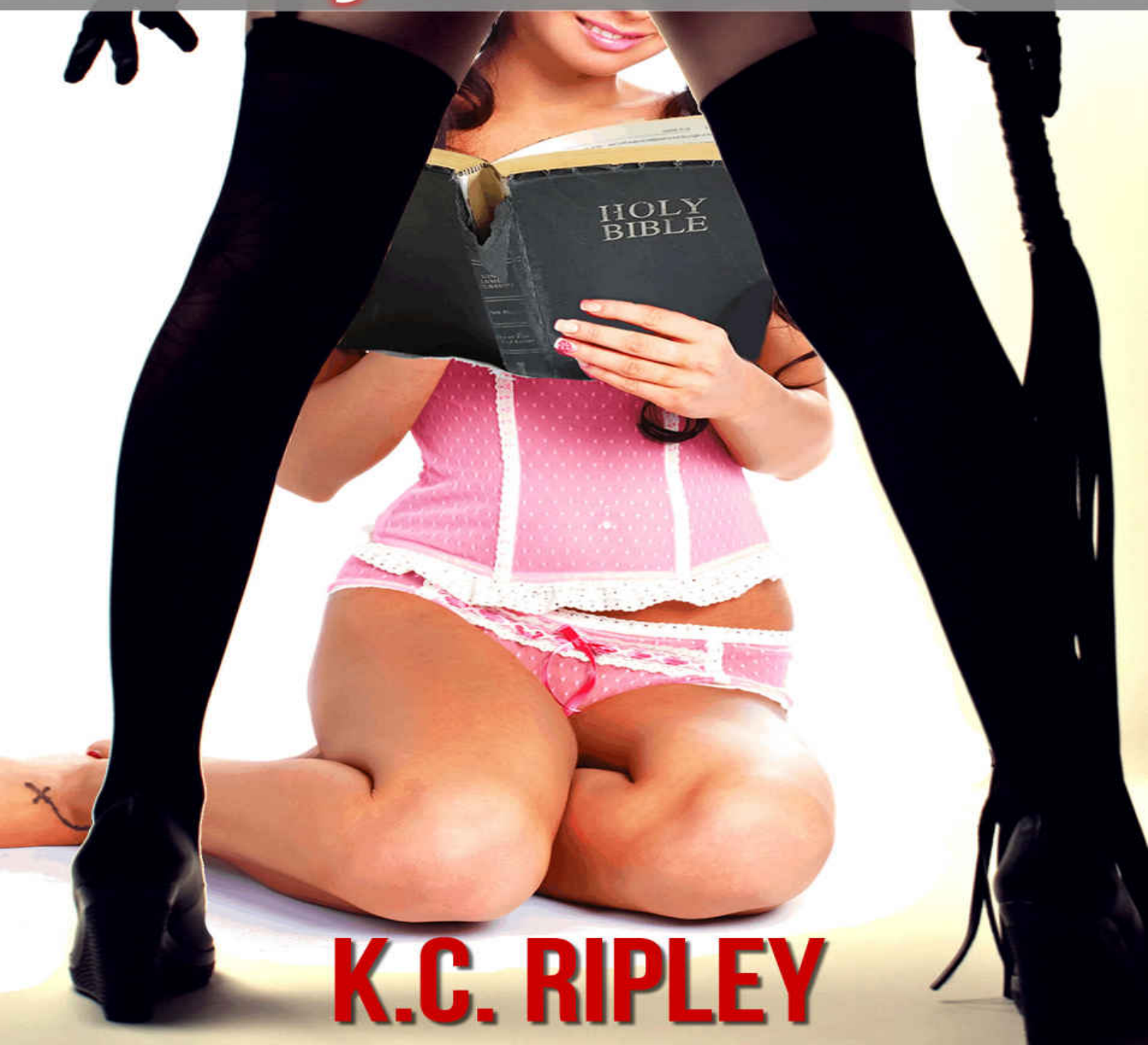


Collared *by* Catherine

Sunday School LezDom



K.C. RIPLEY

Collared by Catherine: Sunday School LezDom

by K.C. Ripley

Author's note: All characters depicted in sexual acts in this work of fiction are 18 years of age or older.

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I had been going to the First Baptist Church and its Sunday School down on Washington Avenue since I was a little girl. But soon after I turned eighteen, Pastor Catherine came up to me after one of the Sunday services and took me by the arm.

“Do you mind if I borrow little Darcy here for a minute or two?” she asked my mom.

“Go right ahead,” my mom said, turning to chat to a group of her friends.

Pastor Catherine led me under the shade of a pecan tree that grew on the lawn in front of the church. She wore the black robes of the church that fell just past her knees, with black hose and sensible heels on her shoes. Her long, dark hair was pulled up into a bun at the back of her head, exposing her beautiful white neck. She was a stunning woman, even with the modest makeup that she wore, and I had remembered telling my mom more than once that I wished I could look that good.

She had to dress modestly, though, even around town. Her recent appointment as pastor after our last one, Pastor Rick, had been controversial. Most Baptist churches still didn’t allow women to be pastors, and our church had been divided. But I was glad that in the end they had appointed her. She seemed to know the word of God very well. She was gentle and kind. And like I said, she was very pretty to look upon every Sunday.

I was surprised she had pulled me aside, though. We’d never really spoken except to exchange hellos and maybe a few other friendly words.

She looked at me with intense green eyes and smiled nervously. “Don’t you look beautiful today?” she said.

I felt myself blush a little. “Thank you, Pastor Catherine.”

“Listen,” she said, glancing back at the others in the congregation as they milled about on the church lawn and chatted in the bright sun. She lowered her voice. “I’m offering a new Sunday school class, and I wondered if you’d like to join?”

“Oh?” I said. “I already attend Miss Baker’s Sunday School for young adults.”

“Right,” she said. “This is a more advanced course. Designed specifically for young women in the church.”

“Really? That sounds pretty cool, actually.”

“I’m actually holding the first class today at three o’clock,” she said. Her cheeks looked flushed, even in the shade, though I didn’t think she was wearing any blush. “Can you come?”

I thought about it. I had plans to do more test prep for the SAT, which I’d done horribly on my first try. I wanted to get into Southwestern, and there was no way I would if I didn’t get my scores up. But advancing myself spiritually was important too, right? And I barely knew Pastor Catherine. She seemed to know the scripture inside and out, and I guessed there was a lot she could teach me.

“Sure,” I said, smiling.

Pastor Catherine smiled back. “That’s my girl,” she said. “Oh, please don’t mention this to your mother, if you don’t mind.”

That was weird. “Why not?” I asked.

“I’m pretty new here,” she said. “Not just the church, but the town. I don’t want people to think I’m pushing too hard, changing the way things have worked for a long time. I’d rather it just be our little secret for now.”

I didn’t really see how a supplementary Sunday School class would be a big deal, but I really liked her, so I nodded my head.

“Great,” she said. “See you at three, then.”

I gave her a little wave and turned to head back to my mom.

“Oh,” she said. “Don’t forget your bible.”

After lunch, I changed into a pair of white shorts and a light yellow summer blouse. A little before three, I kissed my mom on both cheeks and told her I was headed to the library to study. I had a stack of books in my hands, my bible wedged in the middle.

I kind of hated lying to my mom like that. I still wasn’t sure why this had to be a big secret. But I trusted Pastor Catherine to know best.

I drove back to the church in my little white Kia, and parked. The lot was empty. That was weird. I figured she'd asked a few other girls. I was wrong.

When I stepped inside the cool offices of the church, no one was around.

"Hello?" I said. I figured Miss Babitch, the church secretary, would at least be in her office, but no one answered.

"Hello?" I said louder.

"In here," a woman's voice said from the sanctuary. It sounded like Pastor Catherine, but I couldn't be sure. Why was she in the sanctuary? We never had Sunday school in there.

But I walked down the hall to the door that led into the worship hall, carrying my bible. I'd left the rest of my books in the backseat. When I entered, I sighed and smiled, seeing Pastor Catherine standing between the pews, still wearing the black robes from service.

"Oh, hi Pastor," I said. I hope the thumb back over my shoulder. "I thought we be meeting in the—"

"Behold, thou art fair, my love," she said.

"Excuse me?"

"The Song of Solomon," Pastor Catherine said.

"Oh," I laughed a little nervously. This was pretty weird. The lights were off in the sanctuary, only the sunlight streaming through the stained-glass windows.

"Can I ask you a question?" Pastor Catherine asked.

"Of course." I shifted from one foot to the other.

"Are you a virgin?"

I felt myself blush. I was, but I didn't see how that was any business of hers. "I'm not telling you that," I said. "And this isn't Sunday school, is it?"

"Clever girl," she said.

I turned to go.

“Darcy,” she said. I paused in the doorway. “I chose you,” she said, “because over the past few months, as I’ve looked out over the congregation and seeing you sitting in the pews, I saw something in your eyes as you watched me deliver the sermon.”

I turned back around to look at her. She took a step towards me and slid the black robe from her body. I gasped.

“I saw desire,” she said. She wore the black heels and black hose that had been under her robes earlier. But the hose only extended up to the middle of her thighs. She wasn’t wearing any panties, and she was shaved completely smooth. As my eyes moved up her body, I saw she was wearing a lacy black bra, only it didn’t have any cups, so her breasts, held up by the shelves of the bra stood out in the shadows of the sanctuary, the small nipples erect. Her breasts were the biggest I’ve ever seen, but they were small either. Actually, they looked perfect.

I must’ve been staring at her breasts for a long time, because eventually she laughed.

“Yes,” she said. “That’s the look.”

I realize my mouth had been hanging open. I snapped it shut, clicking my teeth together. I looked up at her beautiful, smiling face.

A mock expression of surprise lit up her face. “You didn’t even know you liked girls, did you?”

I was so confused. I hadn’t been with many boys, that was true. My mom was so conservative, she barely let me go on any dates. And when I did, when the boys inevitably leaned over to kiss me, something had always felt a little off. And when I had showered with the other girls after tennis practice, I had always felt a little flutter in my chest. And not just in my chest.

At night, I’d sometimes slide my hand down into my pajamas and run two fingers over my own lips. When I was feeling naughty, I’d slide a finger up inside me. When I was feeling especially naughty, I’d slide two. Then I’d close my eyes. And it was never the boys I would think about. It was always the girls, their slender wet bodies, their giggles and squeals as they showered. Oh my God.

“There’s nothing wrong with feeling this way,” Pastor Catherine said, taking a step towards me. “There’s no shame.”

As she drew closer, I could smell her, an intoxicating combination of honeysuckle and musk. I began to feel dizzy. She took another step towards me, close now. She was wearing more makeup now, her cheeks a deep red, her lipstick thick and shiny.

She reached out and gently took the Bible from my hands. “The Bible teaches us to love each other,” she said, setting the book down on the pulpit. “Will you let me show you a whole new world of pleasure? And if you are feeling guilty, I can help you with the punishment part as well.”

My nipples hard against the inside of my bra. I felt myself getting slick between my legs. She was so beautiful. And she was my pastor.

“Yes, Pastor Catherine,” I said. “I want to learn whatever you have to teach me. I’m just a little nervous.”

She reached out and put her finger under my chin, tilting my face up to hers. She leaned in and put her lips on mine. They were so soft. The lipstick was sticky as she kissed me slowly. I never kissed like that by a boy. I’d never been kissed like that by anybody. I felt like I was in some kind of dream. I kissed her back, feeling her tongue slide into my mouth. I reached out with my own tongue and licked the tip of hers.

She leaned back, and I felt like all the air had been sucked out of me.

“Oh my God,” I said. “That was—”

“Incredible?”

“Yeah,” I said. I looked at her perfect breasts, hanging before me.

“Would you like to touch them?” she asked. “Lick them? Suck them?”

“Yes.” I nodded.

A wicked grin slid across her lips. “Only later, if you’re a good little girl,” she said. “You have to do everything I say, exactly as I

say it. This is Sunday school after all, and I'm your Pastor and your teacher."

I was so turned on I thought I was going to explode. Before, I had just thought I wasn't that sexual. And that was fine. I would just concentrate on school and church. But Pastor Catherine had seen into my soul. She'd seen my own desire. And it turns out I was sexual after all, just not in the way I thought. And having her teach me, command me, and take me in whatever way she wanted sounded like the most amazing thing in the world, even if it did feel a little wrong, maybe even a lot wrong. But maybe that's what made it feel so right.

"Yes, Pastor Catherine," I said. "I will do whatever you say."

She smiled wider than ever. She had a beautiful smile. "Well the first thing, little lamb," she said, "is to bare yourself before me." She took a step backward.

I hesitated. "What if someone walks in on us?"

She laughed. "That makes it all the more exciting, doesn't it? But no one's going to walk in on us. Miss Babitch is gone for the day."

I let out a little sigh, then began to unbutton my blouse. I watched her watch me, her eyes wide. She licked her red lips. I let my blouse drop to the soft gray carpet of the sanctuary floor. I reached behind my back with both hands to unclasp my bra. I felt so self-conscious. My chest was a lot smaller than hers.

"Go on," she said. "If you're worried about your size, don't be. I actually like little titties."

I blushed hard at that. I unhooked my bra, and shrugged it off, letting it fall to the floor with a soft thump.

"Oh yes," she said. "Those are very pretty." She reached out and flicked both my nipples with her fingernails. I didn't think my nipples could get any harder, but somehow they did. I felt goosebumps break out across my tiny breasts.

She nodded at my shorts. "Now those."

I unbuttoned my shorts, hooked my fingers in the sides, and slid them down my legs. I kicked them away gently, leaving me standing

in the middle of the sanctuary wearing only my pink panties and a pair of sandals.

She stepped forward, seeming a little impatient. "I do like a tease sometimes," she said. "But just right now you are moving a little too slow for my tastes." She grabbed the sides of my panties, and jerked them down. I felt more embarrassed than ever, wondering all over again if this was a bad idea. My bush felt like a wild tangle in contrast to her, shaved so smooth and neat. She didn't seem to mind though. She just seemed hungry.

I stepped out of my panties and kicked my sandals off, leaving me completely naked.

"So first things first," Pastor Catherine said. "You need to show respect for your elders. How do we show respect?"

I stood there feeling like an idiot. I wasn't really sure what she wanted me to do. So I decided to get down on my knees.

"Well, that's a start," she said. "While you're down there, kiss my shoes."

My heart was beating so fast as I leaned down, tossing my hair to one side, and pursed my lips to kiss her right shoe. It tasted a little oily and a little leathery, but the act itself made me feel so submissive I felt myself getting even wetter between my legs.

"And the other one," she said, not bothering to move her feet to make it easier for me. I bet my head down to her other shoe, and kissed it.

"Hm," she said. "I'm not sure that's quite enough of a show of respect. Go ahead and lick my shoes completely clean."

I looked up at her from the floor, and saw her staring down at me with those beautiful eyes, gazing at me from between her breasts.

"Yes, Pastor Catherine," I said, turning my eyes back to her shoes. I bent down and stuck my tongue out as far as it would go, and began to clean her shoes with large, flat licks.

"Faster," she said. "We've got a lot to cover, and not all that much time."

I began to lick like a dog, moving my tongue over her shoe as fast as I could. I felt my mouth trying out a little, and try to work up more spit. When I was done with one shoe, I moved to the other.

As I was licking her second shoe, I saw the shadow of her arm fall across me. She was reaching for the pulpit again. I heard a noise as she picked something up. Then I heard a whoosh through the air, and I felt a crack on my right ass cheek. I yelped a little in surprise and pain. There was now a thin stripe of throbbing heat across the flesh of my butt.

"Nobody told you to stop licking," she said. I lowered my head, tears standing out in my eyes now. But I would've been lying if I said this wasn't turning me on more and more by the second. "You're still not going fast enough. You look like you need a little more motivation."

I glanced up just for a second to see the thin black switch in her grip. Then I put my head back down and tried to lick twice as fast, my mouth tasting only of oil and leather. I heard the stick whistle through the air again before I felt it. Then the switch bit into my ass on the other cheek. I let out another cry, then grabbed her she with both hands and licked furiously.

"That's better," she said. "But why weren't you doing it like that from the beginning?"

"I don't know, Pastor Catherine," I said. "I'm so sorry."

"Less talking, more licking." The switch struck my right ass cheek again. I lowered my ass to the ground to try to make it harder to hit. She just bent over and cracked my left ass cheek harder than any of the other blows. "Don't squirm away from me. Get that ass nice and high."

I move my knees forward as I continue to lick crazily, pushing my ass high up into the air. I move my tongue around to the heel and took it all into my mouth, sucking on it like a lollipop.

She landed three cracks with the switch in rapid succession, left, right, left. The pain rippled up through me, into my belly, and I felt the first tears begin to roll down my cheeks.

“That’s enough,” she said, taking a step back and looking down at me. I reached back with one hand and rubbed my sore ass, feeling the ridges of raised flesh, and the heat radiating off it.

“It hurts, doesn’t it?” she said.

“Yes, Pastor.”

“But it feels good at the same time, right?”

That was the crazy part. She was right. I nodded vigorously.

“It feels good because deep down you’re a dirty little whore,” she said. “And being punished feels right because you feel a little guilty for being such a dirty little whore. Do you understand?”

“Yes, Pastor Catherine,” I said. “Thank you for teaching me.”

She let out a little laugh. “I knew you’d be a good student. Now crawl around to the front of the pulpit. There’s a box inside on the floor. Bring me what’s inside.”

I turned around in my hands and knees and crawled over to the pulpit. A black wooden box the size of a shoebox was right where she said it would be. I opened it, the lining red velvet. I gasped.

Inside was something I had only seen on the Internet, a shiny, black rubber dildo. It was fixed some kind of harness, with leather straps and buckles.

“Hurry up, little lamb,” she said. “We haven’t got all day.”

I reached out to touch it, the cool rubber feeling forbidden. But as soon as my fingers curled around the shaft, Pastor Catherine spoke again.

“Use your mouth,” she said. “Don’t touch it with your hands.”

God, I felt so dirty as I leaned over and picked up the dildos between my teeth, like a dog picking up a bone. I backed my head out of the pulpit, dragging the straps and buckles across the floor.

I crawled back to her. I felt like I was going to explode with lust and anticipation. I dropped the dildo at her feet like a faithful pet.

“Did I tell you to drop it on the floor?” she asked.

I shook my head.

“Then why did you do it?”

When I didn't answer, she leaned forward and gave me three more rapid smacks with the switch. The pain in my ass had dulled to a faint hum, but the news strikes lit the fire all over again.

"I'm sorry, Pastor Catherine," I said. "It won't happen again." Then I quickly stooped down and pick the dildo backup in my teeth.

She reached out her open hand, and I craned my neck to put the dildo in her palm.

"Better," she said. "Now you can finally get up off the floor. Go put your hands on the first pew, and get that ass high up in the air."

I crawled to my feet, my leg shaking. I nearly ran to the pew, planting my hands against the cool, hard wood. There I waited as I listened to her fasten the strap-on around her waist, with the tiny clink of the buckles.

Then I heard her heels thud across the carpet as she came up behind me. I prepared myself for the feeling of her pushing up against me, maybe just sticking the dildo into me.

Instead, I felt a broad smack against my ass, not the switch and not her hand. It felt like something heavy, like a paddle wrapped in leather. I looked over my shoulder to see her holding my Bible and grinning.

"Put your head down," she said. I obeyed, and she punished my ass with nine more smacks, the leather cover of the book stinging both my cheeks with every blow. Finally she tossed the book on the pew near my head.

"Your ass should be good and tenderized now," she said.

I felt the heat of her as she sidled up close to me, positioning her thighs along the backs of mine.

"You're going to remember this for the rest of your life," Pastor Catherine said. "That moment when I snatch away your fucking cherry."

Before I could say anything, I felt her reach up with both hands, grabbed the base of the rubber cock, and jammed the head into my tight, wet pussy. She thrust forward, and I had to reach up with one hand to grab the top of the pew to keep my balance, to keep from tumbling forward.

God, it was so big. I was dripping wet, but I'd also never had anything but two fingers inside me. And that dildo was way bigger than my two little fingers. I felt like I was being split open, like a train was driving its way up inside me. But it also good, like being filled up. I had never realized just how hungry my pussy was, and what I had been missing.

"Oh God," I cried. "Thank you, Pastor. Thank you for fucking me so good."

She rocked her hips, slamming into me. I could feel my tender ass cheeks ripple with the force of each thrust. She reached forward and grabbed a wad of my hair in one hand, twisting it painfully.

"You like that, you dirty little bitch?" she said.

"Yes, oh yes!" I yelled. I could feel my own warm pussy juice streaming down my inner thighs. My little titties bounced as she fucked me, the nipples painfully hard. I felt something building inside me. Every time I touched myself alone at night in my bed, that had felt good. But that had been just a steady, pleasurable sensation. This felt like a ticking time bomb about to explode inside me.

I began to pant, to gasp. "Oh my God," I said. "I think I'm about to—"

"About to what, you little slut?" she asked, twisting my hair harder. "You feel like you're about to come?"

"Yes. Yes, Pastor Catherine."

"Did you ask me with that little whore mouth whether you could come yet?"

My whole body was shaking now. I felt like I was going to pop, like some giant balloon.

"Can I come?" I asked, nearly yelling. "Please!"

Then all at once, she pulled out of me, letting go of my hair. I fell forward, slumping into the pew, my knees falling to the floor. I was right there, right about to have the most amazing experience in my life. And she pulled it out from underneath me like a rug.

"I giveth," she said. "And I taketh away. And I let you come when I decide I'm ready. And I'll be damned if your sweet, freshly popped ass is going to come before me."

"Please," I whispered, reaching down to finger myself, to finish what she had started.

"Stop that!" she yelled. "Get your ass over here." She pointed at the floor in front of her. I swallowed hard, withdrew my hand, and crawled to her feet. I looked up at the shiny black dildo staring me in the face, covered with my own juices.

"Put your hands behind your back," she said. "And suck it clean."

I did as she commanded, putting my hands behind my back, and grabbing one wrist with the other hand. Then I leaned forward, open my mouth, and slid my lips onto the wet rubber cock.

I winced and tried to keep from gagging. It really didn't taste that bad, maybe a little tart and a little musty. It was mostly the idea of tasting my own pussy juice that repulsed me.

But as I slid my mouth along the shaft, looking up into her eyes, I began to feel like a porn star. I was a dirty little whore. I was her dirty little whore. And then my own pussy drippings began to actually taste good.

I'd never sucked a boy's cock before, but I'd seen a couple of videos, and I'd even practiced with a carrot once to be ready for the day when it came. But this was nothing like what I imagined.

I bobbed my head back and forth, twisting my mouth around the cock, slurping it clean. Pastor Catherine put her hands on her hips and looked down at me, smiling.

"I see you're good with your mouth," she said. "That's good, because the next thing you're going to do is eat my pussy. In fact, you're going to be eating a lot of pussy during these little classes."

"Yes, Pastor Catherine," I said, but with the rubber cock in my mouth, it came out: "Yeth, Athor Atherine."

She patted me on the head, then pulled the cock out and took a step back, unbuckling the straps.

I was disappointed that I hadn't been allowed to come, but it made sense. She should come first, and I was eager to taste her pussy, and see if I could make her come.

She dropped the dildo to the floor, and ordered me to put it back in the box under the pulpit. I crawled to it, scooping it up with my mouth, and returning it to its resting place.

As I did, Pastor Catherine moved to the front of the sanctuary and lied down underneath the big golden crucifix. I looked up from putting the dildo away, and saw her lying on the floor, her legs spread wide, her knees up.

"Well get over here, little lamb," she said. "Today is full of firsts for you."

I crawled across the carpet to where she lay, looking down between her legs at her smooth, perfectly shaved pussy. The mound was creamy white, the folds of her lips a dark, rich purple. I lowered my head between her thighs, stuck out my tongue, and tasted her for the first time.

I licked the outside, where she had already begun to leak out some juice of her own. I felt self-conscious at the dirty taste of my own pussy compared to the sweetness of hers.

"Don't be shy, bitch," she said. "Get in there and show some enthusiasm. You better fucking make me come, or I'm going to jam a butt plug up your ass and make you hold a stack of Bibles while I go run some errands this afternoon."

That got me going. I felt my mouth filling up with water as I began to lick, like a hungry pussycat lapping at a bowl of cream. I nuzzled her pussy with my nose, getting the end all wet. Then I began to push my mouth deeper inside her, exploring her with my tongue.

I must've been doing something right, because she put her head back, closed her eyes, and began to moan softly. I slurped up her juices, swallowing them, making as much noise as I could. I began to moan myself as I licked her.

I moved up to the folds of the top of her pussy, and probed for the little sensitive nub. I ran the tip of my tongue around it, kissing it

softly, sucking on it gently, then flicking it lightly with my tongue.

Her breathing intensified, her wonderful breasts heaving. Her moans became deeper, and I began to move my tongue faster, my saliva flowing into her pussy, mixing with her juices as I worked.

Her back arched, and she reached down with one hand to grab my hair, twisting. My scalp still ached a little from when she had just fucked me, and it hurt all over again when she grabbed my hair a second time. But I concentrated to maintain my rhythm, to make sure she came. I want her to come even more badly than when I wanted to come.

Thankfully, she did, yelling as her body lurched, pushing her pelvis up into my face, and twisting my hair even more viciously.

She slumped back onto the carpet with a heavy sigh. Then she chuckled, sitting up on her elbows. She looked down at me.

I must've been a sight. My face was wet with her pussy juice from the nose down. She looked down between her legs where a wet spot had soaked into the carpet.

"You were supposed to catch all the juice, stupid girl," she said.

"I'm sorry, Pas—"

"Just clean it up," she said. "The janitor's closet is just outside the sanctuary door."

She got to her feet, and walked to where she had left her robe on the floor. She picked it up and pulled it over her head.

"When you're done with that," she said, "Clean yourself up and go home."

That was it? I thought I had been a good girl. I thought she was going to let me come. "But I thought—"

"Perhaps next week," Pastor Catherine said. "But you did well for your first time." She walked to where I still knelt on the floor and patted my head. And then she walked out of the sanctuary, leaving me alone.

I did as she said, of course. And as I scrubbed the carpet, I was already looking forward to next week's lesson.

I sat in the pew asked my mom, listening to Pastor Catherine lead the closing prayer. All through the sermon, which was about finding God in unexpected places, I felt my pussy getting uncomfortably steamy. All I could think about was the black rubber cock sitting in the box at Pastor Catherine's feet. I thought of her strapping it on, turning me around roughly, and fucking me until I exploded with pleasure.

"Amen," the congregation said in unison.

"Are you okay, Darcy?" my mom asked. "You're sweating."

"Oh," I said. "Am I?" I pulled a Kleenex out of my purse and wiped it across my brow. It came away soaked with sweat. I looked up at the pulpit, but Pastor Catherine had already walked down the aisle, had already gone outside to mingle with the churchgoers.

"I'm fine, mom," I said, kissing her on the cheek. In fact, I was better than fine. I had woken up to a whole new way of seeing things. My sensitive nipples hurt as they scraped against the inside of my bra. My pussy ached for this afternoon's Sunday school lesson with Pastor Catherine.

"Should we go outside now?" I asked.

Outside, mom went to chat with her friends. I waited a few minutes, then found my way over to Pastor Catherine, standing alone under the tree.

"Are you ready for your lessons this afternoon?" she asked me. "I've got a few surprises for you."

"I can't wait," I said.

She smiled, holding out her hand. When I took it, I realized there was something in it. She handed it to me, and when I looked down I saw it was a dog collar. It was black leather, studded with spikes, and looked to be around my size. A silver cross dangled from where a name tag would usually go.

"Put it in your purse," she said. "But bring it to today's lesson. Before you enter the sanctuary this afternoon, I want you naked, wearing only that." She nodded at the collar in my hands. I wanted so badly to put it around my neck, to buckled it tight, and to feel the leather choking me ever so slightly.

“I’ll see this afternoon then,” she said.

It was my turn to smile. “Yes, Pastor Catherine.” I turned to go back to my mom.

“Oh,” she said. I looked back over my shoulder. “And don’t forget your Bible.”

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