

The Sin

An illustrated short story by laserpaints. Contains sexual themes, obviously.

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Brother Nerin shifted uncomfortably on the stone bench. The coarse fabric of his habit did not agree with the stirring in his loins, perhaps that was by design, although in his current state it seemed to only magnify the desire of his flesh. The stinging sensation was emulated by the occasional glance from the younger monk transcribing another copy of the large tomes before them.

“Eyes on the work”, Nerin commanded. He would not be embarrassed by the halfbreed boy, and the tunic easily obscured his excitement. But in Truth, he had a nagging feeling that if this continued for long, he would begin to leak right through it. The seasoned Monk was curious how the younger man would react to that. Unthinkable. The Order of Truth mandates celibacy, and things such as the image of the fox initiate bent over the angled stone table, robes hoisted over his bare, amber furred buttocks, were farthest from the Truth. A large wet spot was forming around the throbbing length obscured by his habit.

“That’s enough for the night. We will continue in the morning”, he attested, slamming the Book of Truth shut. His companion seemed relieved, and imitated him before hastily retiring from the study room, obviously on a mission of his own. That elicited an impious smile from the middle-aged Friar. Chaste life imposed a heavy burden on the brothers and sisters of the Order, and Nerin was personally all too aware of the fact that even the most devout and mature ones sometimes submitted to a tiny bit of temptation.

The midnight bell hadn’t rung yet, but maybe a little walk across the monastery yard would clear his head before he would eventually make his way to the long hall.

Mother Artha held a perked brown ear to the old wood. There was a quiet shuffling behind the door and she busted it open - to find the two young women occupying it seemingly fast asleep in their beds. Artha’s confident hooffalls along the highway alerted all but the deepest sleepers of her flock when she made her

nightly rounds, and she was usually content with projecting order in the sisterhood, rather than enforcing it. Her position was one of the very rare ones in Thelmbridge, where a horse halfbreed could have power over a human, and part of her enjoyed exercising some of it over the human girl pretending to sleep, just like her equally chaste mouse chambermate in the other bed.

“Up!” she commanded.

“Mother Artha?” the freckled one said with faux dozziness.

“You heard me.”

Hesitantly, both of them crawled out from under their jute blankets, revealing their stark naked bodies.

“Is the summer so unbearable that you have to sleep naked?” The equine superior inquired, as she examined their beautiful forms, shifting abashedly and glistening with the freckled girl’s sweat in the dim light of the hallway braziers. Not that she was currently wearing the mandated undergarments herself. A tinge of jealousy nagged at her when she imagined their pristine bodies entangled in each other, as they must have been moments before. Discipline was in order – bearing the loneliness these two gave in to was a pillar of Truth. She didn’t want to torture them, however, and she had somewhere to be. She contented herself with having them squirm in front of her some more.

“Perhaps this will cool you off some. Face the wall.”

They obeyed and turned their backs to each other, allowing the mare to take in their shapely buttocks as well. *This will suffice*, she thought as they continued to involuntarily parade their curves by uncomfortably shifting from one foot to the other, occasionally glancing to the side and not quite meeting their superior’s icy stare. Meanwhile, a fiery heat began to spread from between Artha’s thighs and for a few minutes they continued like this until the midnight bell released all three of them from their discomfort. Oh truth, she could actually feel her slit winking with each stroke of the bell. It was time. “Back to bed”, she barked. “The door stays open. I will check on you again.”

She slammed the door behind her, and spiritedly strode out of the dormitory towards the long hall that ran along its twin on the Brotherhood’s side of the monastery. The wall separating the nuns’ clausure from theirs was interrupted by a sequence of large openings, permanently barred with metal rods. When seeing to their ecclesiastic tasks, the brothers and sisters of the order could see each other in this hallway and quietly contemplate their shared faith, but never cross over onto the other side. Artha currently contemplated the unsanctified itch deep inside of her womanhood, that intensified unbearably with every opening she passed. Eventually, she reached the most remote one, before either side of the hall bent into stairs to the cellars.

There, a robed figure stepped into the firelight on the other side of the metal bars.

“Are you finished with your rounds, Sister?” the monk inquired stoically, arms tucked into the side of his habit, as was the brothers’ custom.

The mare moved to the bars and immediately reached across, into his robe, where she found his hands already fondling his hard, pre-slicked cock. Gently, but with determination, she clutched his balls and pulled him against the bars.

“You’re early, brother Nerin. How uncharacteristic of you!” she breathed into his ear of the smaller human, a good foot below hers.

“And Truth! You’re eager.” He replied.

“So are you, evidently.” She circled her finger over his cockhead, gently manipulating his foreskin around it.

Each of them glanced to the sides to assure their staying undisturbed, and Nerin returned the favor, sneaking a pre-lubricated hand into her nun’s habit and squeezing her already leaking, engorged marehood.

“Truth, you’re drenched already”, he expelled, failing to keep his voice down in his surprise.

“I anticipate our meetings more strongly every time” Artha squirmed, the monk’s touch only served to intensify her earthly desire. Their schedules lined up only once every two months with the convenience of being the only two souls having a good excuse to be up at this hour, ever since the first time two years ago. That was an improvised, awkward and rueful affair. In the dozen encounters since, they have managed to settle into a more comfortable rhythm of sanctimoniousness:

“Fuck me already, you old dog!”

The mare spun around and rid herself of the main part of her garment, undoing the strings at the front that were normally hidden by the scapular connecting to the headpiece. All that was too risky to remove, and too slow, seeing how the lower half of her body had already decided to grind itself against the metal bars, her vagina contracting and forcing her exposed clitoris against the smooth obstruction. She didn’t have to wait long for the equally needy man on the other side to plunge himself into her.

She had never been with one of her own kind, or any male for that matter, hide or human, before him. Artha had fooled around with the occasional sister since her initiation as a girl, and from what she had heard from later-in-life initiates, the equine males were much more well-endowed than humans. She found that he filled her rather nicely though, sliding in and out of her with increasing ferocity. The horse woman wondered if he as a human would disgrace himself with a halfbreed in another life outside of the cloister walls. Many only do it for the reason that, while it is difficult for hides of different species to get each other pregnant, it is impossible for a human to knock one of them up. That stray thought was laid to rest quickly, however, as he began to hornily play with her asshole. His fingers fondling the extended ring of supple flesh was a novel sensation, a stout adherent to the Truth like Artha couldn’t have even imagined such a thing. He was evidently very enthusiastic about her, positively probing the mare like that.

She imagined a horsecock plowing her like Nerin's did – however those might be built. Surely, they must have a form specifically designed for a mare. That sounded logical and True to her. Pondering the mechanics of the more modest shaft currently pumping into her, the nun figured she could help brother Nerin have an easier time reaching that delicious spot at the roof of her passage.

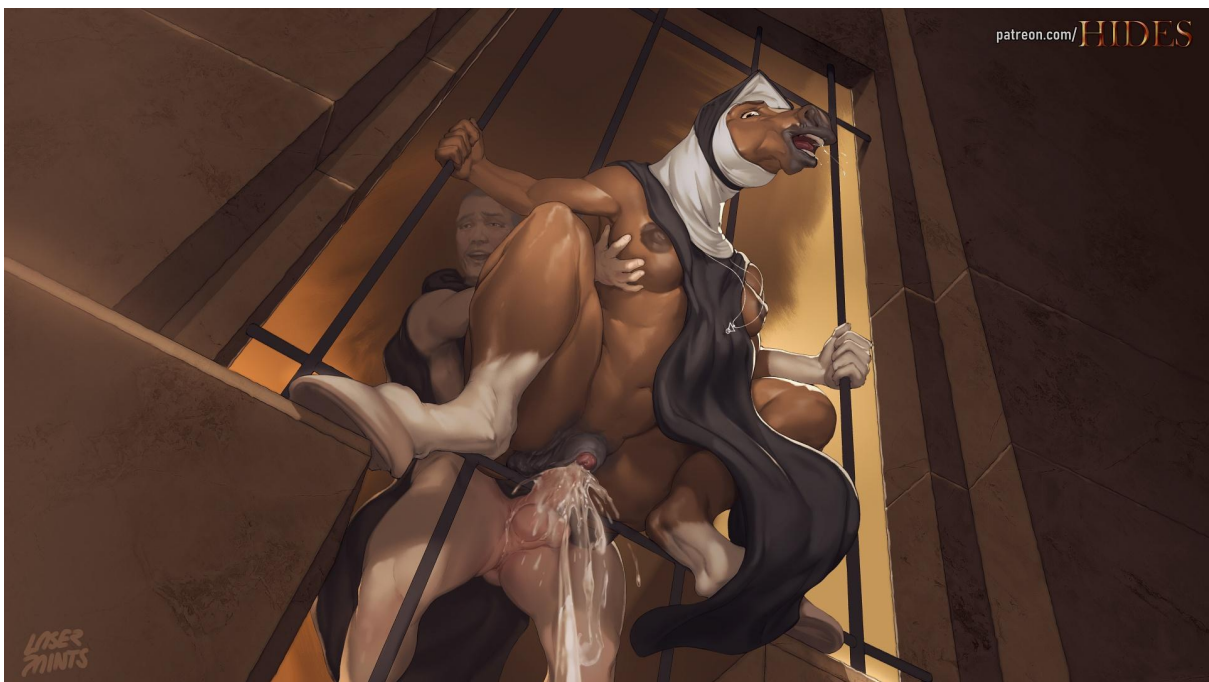
Artha abruptly pulled away from her lover, whose throbbing manhood slid free of her with a sad string of fluids connecting it to its former home. She glanced back at the surprised monk, who made for an amusing sight, hanging in the bars with arms and cock extended. She planted her hoofed legs on the stone slabs at the base of the wall and squatted back into the longing embrace of the friar. His hands returned to her breast and lower back and he thrust his length upwards into her, eliciting a suppressed yelp from the mare. Truth, that did the trick, and then some!



Mother Artha didn't masturbate, because that was against doctrine and as an abbess she had to lead by example (also, the miniscule fact that she couldn't reach so far inside herself might have had something to do with it). She only knew of the spot thanks to the slender hands of a particularly lost soul that had once been a sister of the Order. The rhythmic prodding by the monk's respectably thick cock was an entirely new level of stimulation up in there, and she found herself forcing a continuous moan through her throat. The unusual noise was enough to get her lover over the edge, and he futilely pleaded with her to "be - quiet, - sister, - please!" as his bucking loins began to unload themselves into her.



Her engorged mare pussy suctioned and squelched on his skin every time he bottomed out, and she began rhythmically contracting herself, on the verge of her first *proper* orgasm in - Truth - ever? Suddenly, her pelvis tilted forward and with a tremble, released a torrent of what seemed to be her own fluids mixed with his. A cry of ecstasy escaped from her throat, surely loud enough to wake up half the clergymen and women on either side of the wall.



The celibates stood there for a moment, shaking, fused with each other and the metal bars between them. A steady stream of wickedness leaked from where they

were still joined, until Nerin's softening cock finally retreated and unleashed another outpouring of man- and marecum onto the ground. The monk tore himself out of his orgasmic bliss and frantically pulled his habit back down, suddenly freezing at the sight of the mess they made: a massive off-white puddle of concentrated sex, struggling to seep into the cracks of the stone floor.

"I believe this time it's your turn to get that, brother Nerin." the woman said with a self-satisfied smile.

Nerin spared her a tortured glance before pondering over lake orgasm some more. He was evidently not keen on the prospect of a fellow monastic, roused from his sleep by their climax, happening upon the extensive traces of their sin. Defeated, he squatted down and soaked the front of his habit in it, wiping up cum from the smooth stone and shoveling it into his robes with his bare hands. With his cock exposed and cradling a leaking bladder of cum-drenched robe in his arms, he waddled down into their cellar.

Artha grinned at the idea of Nerin bumping into the severe, senescent abbot like this.

With a refreshing feeling of clarity, the clergywoman made her way back to the dormitory. As her hooves clattered past the chamber of the two human girls, she was immediately aware that they were still awake. Undoubtedly they had heard the strange noise from the long hall. Mother Artha forwent the inspection she had announced earlier. She was content to show some leniency for a little while. In fact, she even considered introducing the two of them to a friend of hers in a month or two.