



# Praise Me: Priest

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**Category:** Erotic, Romance, Adult, New Adult

**Description:** Father Rune McDaniel is determined to live as a faithful, pious man who serves only the church, distancing himself from the ways of the world. He never counted on crossing paths with Farrah, a beautiful thief who gets caught stealing chocolate in the marketplace...and steals his holy intentions right along with it. Now, he's been caught by his superior in a compromising position with the tempting girl and his collar is on the line. He'll have to pass a series of sensual tests, involving Farrah, to prove to the elder clergyman that he's not going to forsake his faith for the beauty. And if he passes a single one of them, it'll be a miracle...

**Total Pages (Source):** 27

# Page 1

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## Chapter One

### Rune

When I joined the priesthood, I expected a huge lifestyle change.

That's one of the major reasons I answered the calling.

Change.

There is one thing that continues to catch me off guard, however, and that is the way people react to me when I walk down the road in my cassock. Parishioners bow their heads or simply wave. They compliment me on the mass that morning.

Others are openly hostile.

They dislike the very sight of me and Monsignor Hannibal as we walk through the fruit stands and handmade goods vendors that make up the marketplace. Father Hannibal, hands folded at his waist, a rosary woven between his old fingers, doesn't seem to mind at all. His superiority appears to be unshakeable.

I'm more curious about that hostility and what I can do to change it. Isn't that why I became a priest at the age of twenty-eight? To spread good tidings in my community?

That's not the original reason you joined the priesthood.

You damn well know it.

I clamp my teeth down on the inside of my cheek, biting until I taste blood. Only a few months into this new chapter of my life and that voice in my head remains relentless. I figured it would have faded away, now that I've established myself in the church and developed a routine, but no. It continues to haunt me. Call me a fraud.

But I won't listen to it. I will overcome my self-doubts.

The church is where I belong, and nothing can shake that belief.

"I see a few choir members over by the silk trader," says Monsignor Hannibal, a cajoling glint in his eye. "They always have the best gossip. Will you join me in speaking with them?"

Normally, I say no to this weekly invitation. I don't want to engage in gossip, and it surprises me that Father Hannibal enjoys something that should be considered a sin. I do worry, however, that he's beginning to feel slighted, so I start to say yes...

But something catches my eye. Long, vibrant red hair among a sea of grays and whites. The figure of a young woman weaves through the busy marketplace, barefoot, her dress looking like one of the garments I see in the weekly poor box. It's tight. I know better than to notice the fit of her dress, but the blue material allows no mysteries. A deep breath could rip the bodice straight down the middle. And given she's so slight in stature, the damn dress must be meant for someone much younger. A child, perhaps.

She is...

She is not a child, though.

Perhaps I haven't seen her face yet, but the swells of her breasts make that clear.

I swallow with difficulty, the voice in my head laughing now as I try to look away. Try to look at anything but her.

I've almost succeeded when she lifts her head...and the sun shines down on the face of pure innocence and grace. She closes her eyes and smiles up at the sky, inhaling the steam from the nearby hot chocolate vendor, her hair fluttering in the wind—a red flag.

“Father McDaniel?” prompts the monsignor.

I clear my throat hard. Sure, I'll join you.

Those words, the right ones, are perched there on my lips.

But then the barefoot redhead turns her head and looks at me, blinking two arresting gray eyes and I forget the question. I forget the name of the very town in which I'm standing. And obviously, I'm not the type of man to be distracted by women.

I am a man of God.

And I am nothing—nothing like my father.

But there is a simmering intuition in my blood telling me I was supposed to stumble across this woman today. That I'm not meant to simply observe her and walk away.

I'm not sure I could if I wanted to.

## Page 2

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Get closer to her.

She's in need. Of course she is, or she wouldn't be barefoot in the dusty town square. Her dress would fit properly, instead of strangling her shapely hips, likely to the point of poor circulation. Her face wouldn't be pale, as if she hasn't eaten or gotten enough sunlight recently. She needs care, this girl.

The back of my neck prickles with alarm.

I'm supposed to be immune to the opposite sex. Not supposed to be looking at her body or marveling over the generosity of her mouth. I was raised in the household of a debauched man who flaunted sexuality, his promiscuous nature on full display. They called my father many names. Tom cat. Lothario. Womanizer.

The behavior and the shame heaped on my family name, including my mother and sisters, is what drove me to the collar. He humiliated us all by siring illegitimate children all over our hometown, acting like the victim when we finally left. That was the year I started studying for the priesthood. I won't be like him. I won't be a servant to lust. And I'm confident I can go speak to this girl and continue to abide by my vows. Principles.

"You go ahead and speak with the choir members, Monsignor Hannibal," I say, squinting into the afternoon sun. "I think I'll explore the market for a while."

There's a flicker of irritation in his gaze, as he looks past me, but he ultimately nods. "Very well." The corners of his mouth turn down. "I'll catch up with you back at the rectory."

“Great.”

I wait until he has turned his back to leave before I do the same, seeking out the red beacon that moves through a sea of mostly men, capturing more and more attention as she goes. Shoppers turn their heads when she passes, running lecherous eyes down her spine to her backside, licking their lips at the sight of her bare calves. She’s creating quite a stir and yet, she seems to be oblivious to the chaos she’s leaving in her wake.

“Do you think she’s for sale?” I overhear one man say.

“I’d pay a pretty penny for nice, hard lay with that one,” his companion responds, making a sound in his throat. “Never had a redhead before.”

“Shame you already spent all your coin on grain.”

“Aye, ’tis a shame.” He elbows his friend. “You’ve still got some change rattling around, maybe she’ll give us a two-for-one discount.”

My stomach turns sour at their laughter, and I walk faster, noticing the barefoot redhead is pulling on a scarf to cover her noticeable tresses. It’s a dove gray one, the same shade as her eyes, and it’s worse for the wear, but it helps take some attention off her.

A moment later, I realize becoming inconspicuous was her intention.

She steals a giant hunk of chocolate off one of the tables, hiding it among the folds of her dress, her gait never changing. The girl has only taken three steps when the man selling chocolate yells, “Thief!”

And he hoists a gleaming machete into the air.

The redhead's eyes widen in fear and she takes off at a dead run, her accuser hot on her heels. Skin going clammy, pulse haywire, I think of that blade damaging her beautiful skin, her features contorting in pain...and I break into a sprint.

Not on my watch.

## Chapter Two

Farah

Guess I've lost my touch.

The wordthiefrings in my ear as I run through the various groups of well-heeled men and women in the marketplace. There isn't a sympathetic face among them. Only pity or outrage that I would steal something that doesn't belong to me. Believe me, I wish I could pay for it with money. I wish that option was available. Don't they wonder why I've stooped so low as to pilfer chocolate for my lunch?

I'm starving.

I also make bad choices, apparently, because chocolate isn't really a substantial meal, is it? Bread would have been the more nutritious option. But it has been so long since I've had anything sweet. I was desperate.

Iamdesperate. Always. It's my default state.

"Come back here, you filthy piece of street trash!" shouts the man, who is rapidly gaining on me. One quick glance over my shoulder causes my blood to turn icy. A sword is being wielded over chocolate?

Tears sting my cheeks, the wind freeze-drying the patterns on my face. I take a hard

right into the field behind the market, keeping to the shadows of the clustered, stone buildings, mentally begging my pursuer to give up. I don't have the strength to keep running and I can't get caught. If I'm in jail, my aunt will have to use the last of our money to bail me out and then we'll truly be destitute.

We're on the verge of being destitute, regardless.

Unless I marry Mr. Tandy.



## Page 3

*Source Creation Date: June 25, 2025, 5:44 am*

Mid-stride, I shiver, thinking about the older man who visits the shelter every day, asking to bring me on walks or leaving me expensive trinkets. At first, I accepted the gifts, bartering them for food later. When I realized Mr. Tandy expected physical affection in exchange for his gifts, I stopped accepting them. He persists, however, claiming he'll marry me and bring me and my aunt to live in his big house. The very idea of sharing a home with the smarmy man makes my skin crawl and my aunt refuses to let me sacrifice myself.

But we grow more and more destitute each day, her illness not allowing her to work, and no local businesses are willing to hire a shelter girl who has no proper clothes.

Mr. Tandy is beginning to look like the only viable option.

“When I catch you, I’m going to chop off your hand!” bellows my hunter, his sword clanging off one of the stone walls. “That’ll teach you.”

Oh God, that last vow was made so close to my back, I’m as good as caught. This is it. I’m going to have my hand severed from my arm in a field and no one will care, save my aunt. Just another street urchin casualty. And I didn’t even get to taste the chocolate.

A hand fists in the material of my scarf, yanking and choking me where I’ve tied it around my neck. I’m jerked to a stop and thrown down into the grass, pain going through my elbow on impact, my noggin smacking off the hard packed earth, disorienting me.

“Please, don’t hurt me,” I cry, rolling over on my back and holding my hands up. “I’ll

give it back. It's in the pocket of my dress."

He looms over me, a maniacal look in his eyes. "Too late. You've already gotten your filth all over it. No one will buy it now."

"Please. I can work to pay for it."

The man does nothing but laugh, but my exposed legs seem to catch his eye, and the mirth turns to something else entirely. No. Please, no. I know what that sick light in his gaze means, the tightening of the skin around his mouth. It's lust. It's the way Mr. Tandy looks at me. A mixture of discomfort and interest. Anger at my body for putting them in a state of discontent.

Considering the fluttering hem of my dress, he taps the sword against his outer thigh. "The question is, do I cut your hand off before or after I have my way with you?"

My heart squeezes up into my throat and I scramble backward, my feet slipping in the slick grass. "Just let me go, please. I have a sick aunt and she'll be wondering where I am. She needs me to—"

"Shut up," he spits, dropping the sword in favor of unfastening his pants. "You should have thought of that before you stole from me. Now you'll serve your penance."

Run.

Find some strength and run.

I flip over onto my hands and knees, crawling several feet, surprised to find my vision is cloudy. From hitting my head or lack of sustenance, I have no idea, but his hand claws into my hair now, twisting, making my sob in pain.

“Stay still,” he hisses—

There’s a loud oof sound, accompanied by the thump of an impact. A grunt. I’m no longer impeded by a hand in my hair. I’m free. My pursuer’s shadow no longer looms over me, and I’m surrounded by sunlight. Run. I must take the opportunity to run, but I can’t help but stop and look behind me, needing to know what or who saved me.

The last thing I expect to see is a priest holding my attacker by the throat.

Two feet off the ground.

I gape at the imposing figure, my apparent savior, the fury etched in his interesting features. Yes, interesting. Not classically handsome, more hardened. Weathered. Rough. He’s far from a typical priest. For one, he’s young. Maybe in his late twenties. And he’s humungous. Barrel chested with raw, visible strength and...my goodness, his hands. The one holding my attacker by the throat is more like a mitt.

“I sincerely hope you weren’t forcing yourself on this young girl,” the priest says through his teeth. “No amount of confession would absolve you of that.”

The man makes a choked sound, his feet kicking in the air.

“How does it feel to be at someone’s mercy?” asks the priest, tightening his grip. “Someone bigger and stronger than you. How does it feel to be powerless?”

His response is to turn purple, eyes bugging out.

“Remember how it feels to be powerless the next time you want to use your strength against someone smaller.” I watch in shock as the vendor is thrown several feet into a heap on the ground, gasping for oxygen. “Do not go near her ever again. Or I’ll finish what I started.” He bares his teeth in a mirthless smile. “No one would suspect me.”

“Y-yes, Father,” wheezes the man, stumbling to his feet and fastening his pants. He starts to pick up the sword, but the priest steps on the weapon, keeping it pressed to the grassy earth.

“Do I look dumb enough to let you pick up a weapon?”

“No, sir. Father, I mean. Sorry.” The man backs away cautiously, cowering in the shade cast by the giant priest. “I’m going now. I’m going.”

“Good.”

## Page 4

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Neither one of us moves as the man quite literally runs for his life, as satisfying a sight that I've ever beheld. I'm safe. I'm not going to be assaulted or have my hand cut off. I can't believe it. I'm not accustomed to good fortune, but it appears to be smiling down on me today.

I look up at my hero as he approaches me, his height obscuring the sun momentarily, until he crouches down in front of me...and...

And all I can do is stare.

Into the most compelling pair of eyes I've ever seen in my life.

They're a hue of green I've never encountered. A shade from an exotic rainforest. Almost jewel toned. Amidst that painfully masculine face, they're even more arresting.

"What kind of priest are you?" I whisper.

"The good kind, I hope."

His voice, up close, causes my nerve endings to rattle happily. It's so deep. A husky balm to my invisible wounds. "I can safely say you're a good one."

Something akin to doubt flickers in his eyes. "Did you manage to preserve the chocolate?"

My lips curve. "If even a priest caught me, I need to work on my game." I dig the

hunk of sweetness from my pocket, holding it between us, shivering a little when I feel the priest's warm breath on my knuckles. "Would you like to share it with me? I can't possibly eat all this by myself."

"Don't lie to a priest, sweetheart."

There's a zingy little tug beneath my navel when he calls me "sweetheart" that I'm not familiar with and I don't understand. There are goosepimples rising on my arms, my bare thighs suddenly like jelly. I feel fluttery and ticklish. Do I have a concussion?

"Fine, I can eat probably twice this amount by myself," I say, tone light and breathy. Flirtatious, some might say, but they'd be wrong, because what self-respecting woman flirts with a priest?

"As you should." Do I imagine the way his attention wanders down to my throat and breasts, before ripping back upward? "What is your name? How old are you?"

"Farrah. And I'm eighteen."

"Farrah. Eighteen," he rasps, before clearing his throat, seemingly taking a moment to find his voice again. "I'm Father McDaniel. Rune...to those who are familiar with me."

"Rune." He watches my mouth as I say it. "Thank you for saving me."

He nods once, as if his intervention was a given.

As if I've ever been shown such regard by a man in my whole life.

"Thou shalt not steal is a commandment," I murmur, hoping he'll lean in closer to

hear me better. “Shouldn’t you be punishing me, Father?”

Briefly, his Adam’s apple bobs above his black and white collar. “I’d rather watch you eat your chocolate in the sunshine.”

Oh. Oh my.

With my pulse fluttering in my veins, I bring the chocolate to my mouth, lapping at it once to test the flavor, then I close my eyes and bite off a small chunk, moaning as the dopamine wiggles into my nerve endings, the salty-sweet taste imploding my taste buds.

Before I know what I’m about, I flop back on the grass with a dopey grin, basking in the sun and happily sucking on my chocolate, grateful to be uninjured and have something, anything, to fill my empty stomach.

The priest remains kneeling near my bare feet, his chest lifting up and down, the sound of his breaths mingling with my suckling sounds and happy gasps. At first, I feel a sense of relief and camaraderie, but quickly I begin to feel other sensations. The priest is sitting in a position that looks right up my dress, and the hem is too short for me to do much about that. But he isn’t supposed to look. He wouldn’t.

Only, he does.

He looks.

That green of his eyes becomes obscured by the black dilation of his pupils, his hands fisting where they rest on his knees. What a picture we must paint. Me, in my short dress, lying in a field eating chocolate while the giant priest kneels in silence, staring at my simple, threadbare panties. Probably seeing right through them.

I don't know what possesses me to open my knees a couple inches wider.

But he reaches down and tears at the earth, his head falling forward. "Lord, forgive me. Lord forgive me."



## Page 5

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“For what, Father?” I whisper into the breeze.

He exhales shakily. “My sinful thoughts.”

“Everyone has sinful thoughts,” I say, a pulse beginning to thrum low in my tummy, lower even. “Right?”

I hear him swallow. “Do you?”

“Not until now,” I whisper, wanting to open my legs another inch, but I...I shouldn’t. I mustn’t. It’s bad enough that I’m talking to a priest with such familiarity. That my body seems to be responding to him the way a woman responds to a man when she’s ovulating. My aunt has explained the whole process to me. Is this what she calls “spring fever”? Being in heat? If so, I should be ashamed of myself. He’s a man of God.

“Farrah?” he says, voice low-pitched.

“Yes?”

His gaze flickers to mine, danger lurking in their depths. “Close your legs, before I shove them open them all the way.”

I don’t mean to do it. I don’t mean for my thighs to spread like the pages of a book, but they lose all power in the wake of his...confession? Threat? My whimper carries across the field as he looks upon my flesh, the cotton stretched tightly over my pussy.

Features rapt, taut, he dips his face between my open thighs, his mouth open and panting—

“Father McDaniel!” exclaims a voice behind him.

It’s another priest. A much older, visibly appalled one.

“I’ll have you defrocked for this.”

### Chapter Three

#### Rune

I’ll have you defrocked for this.

Those words connect with my chest like a battering ram.

My God, what have I done?

Stunned at how quickly I’ve embarked on a fall from grace, I watch as Farrah scrambles into a sitting position, her chocolate tossed unceremoniously into the grass. It’s impossible not to notice her nipples are hard, poking against the snug bodice of her dress. Impossible not to notice her cheeks are flushed pink from my attention, her tumble of red hair mussed from lying down.

What would I have done if Monsignor Hannibal hadn’t arrived?

You know what you’d be doing.

She’d be squealing in delight right now while I suckled her clit, the same way she sucked on that chocolate. I might even be riding her for broke, her panties ripped off

in my fist, my vow of celibacy broken in the most animalistic way possible.

Dear God.

I've never had a woman affect me like this.

Mere minutes in her tough but vulnerable presence and I've forgotten that I've dedicated my life to my faith. I've forgotten how a man letting his physical needs rule his life only leads to pain and ruin and humiliation.

"Don't worry," Farrah whispers for my ears alone, pulling me out of my thoughts. "I've got this." I'm still frozen with shock at myself when Farrah looks past me and addresses Monsignor Hannibal. "Oh, my goodness, I can't imagine how this looks, but Father McDaniel was being so kind as to help me with an injury."

She lifts her elbow and, for the first time, I see her elbow is soundly scraped and bleeding. Denial hits me like a blow. I was sitting here speaking to her, thinking impure thoughts about her, while she was bleeding?

"Someone chased me from the marketplace with ill intentions. I fell and hit my head, you see," she continues. "So I laid down, feeling all woozy. Father McDaniel was observing me to see if I was bruised or scraped anywhere else."

"We must bandage your elbow," I rasp, unable to focus on the main problem anymore. Not when she's hurt. "Farrah..."

"It's fine," she assures me, looking like she wants to touch my arm, but hesitating. "I've had worse."

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My muscles bunch painfully. I want to lay her back down and interrogate her about every second of her life leading until now, but I would only betray my fascination with her.

There. I admitted it. I'm fascinated.

Vastly.

To say nothing of this unholy attraction that has my loins in a knot.

"I know what I saw," sniffs the monsignor. "I might be a man of the cloth, but I know what it looks like when two people are preparing to...to...copulate!"

Farrah's flush deepens. "Oh no, Father—"

"That's Monsignor to you."

"Monsignor. I'm sorry. But—"

"That's enough out of you, siren."

I have no control over my reaction. One minute he's calling her a name and the next, I'm rising to my full height, putting the older man in my shadow. "Refer to her by name or nothing at all, Monsignor. She is Farrah to you. Say it with respect."

"You're defending her after she plagued you with temptation? Now I'm ever more positive of what I saw!" He shakes his head. "I'll be speaking to the cardinal about

this.”

“Don’t.” This is serious. Very serious. An elder finding me in a compromising position with a girl ten years my junior. Preparing to give her oral sex while she licked her stolen chocolate. More than that, very possibly. But I can’t let him petition for my removal. I won’t. This is my calling and I’ve never had a problem abiding by my vow until now. Until her. “I am dedicated to the church. I am one hundred percent committed.”

I mean what I’m saying.

I wanted a life of purpose and piety after growing up in the presence of such physical excess. I found peace in my decision to be the lord’s servant, and I won’t give it up. And to have sex be my downfall would be the ultimate blow to my self-worth. My pride.

I’d be just like my twisted betrayer of a father.

“Please,” Farrah says, wringing her hands. “Don’t penalize him for helping me. If Father McDaniel hadn’t intervened, I’d have been at the mercy of the violent man who chased me. Father McDaniel is a true example of a man of God if I’ve ever met one. If a misunderstanding led to him losing his position, it would be a travesty.”

Add guilt to my list of sins for the day, because I allow the lie to be spoken without refuting it. After a few beats pass, however, I realize I must. I won’t be untruthful on top of my chief transgression of bald-faced lust. “Monsignor—”

“I have an idea,” he says, interrupting me. “I...the girl is so earnest in her plea, now I can’t be sure of what I saw, even if my gut tells me I saw fornication. Plain and simple.” He looks off into the distance, towards where the cathedral and rectory sit atop the hill. “We will bring the girl back to the rectory and perform a series of tests,

so that I can be certain you're not attracted to her. If you pass the tests, my conscience will be clear and I won't feel duty bound to report this to the cardinal."

Strings pull taut in my throat. "What kinds of tests?"

The monsignor doesn't respond, his lips pressed in a stubborn line.

My attention is drawn to Farrah like a magnet and damn, I shouldn't have so much anticipation stirring in my belly over the prospect of bringing her back to the rectory. Where I sleep. Where I shower and eat. My balls are pulling higher by the second, though, my cock full and hanging heavily, very sorely aware that it has never—and will never—be inside of a woman...although it just came very close to sinking between two thighs of a mouthwatering redhead who likes to giggle and flirt with me.

God, please give me strength.

"Can you spare a couple of days in the rectory, Farrah?" asks the monsignor, still looking at her in a way I don't like. As if she's beneath him.

"I'd have to inform my aunt..." she hedges. "But I'm still not sure what I would be doing there."

"Simple. You'll be tempting Father McDaniel, doing everything you can to break him. If he manages to withstand the temptation, I will be satisfied in his ability to be a noble priest." He looks at me through thinned eyes. "I must say, my confidence is shaken at the moment. It's only fair that he works to get it back."

"You want me to...tempt him? A priest?" Farrah breathes. "On purpose?"

If my erection gets any thicker, no tests will be necessary. Just thinking about what Farrah might do to tempt me is almost enough to force an ejaculation.

No.

You'll fight the need.

You'll withstand her.

## Page 7

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You must.

“I’ll come,” she says, searching my face. “But...”

“But?” I fairly wheeze.

“Well. My aunt and I barely have enough money to make ends meet.” She looks a little embarrassed by that admission and I want to comfort her. Badly. “Would I be compensated for my time?”

“Yes,” I answer firmly for the monsignor. “She will. Generously.”

“Very well. As long as she performs to my satisfaction,” he sighs. “Go inform your aunt of where you’ll be for the next two days and arrive at the rectory by sundown.” He pauses, looking slightly devious. “For the first test.”

Farrah and I exchange a look that I pray isn’t too heated.

“Do not walk through the marketplace on your way home,” I say, gruffly. “And bandage your elbow as soon as you are home.”

“Yes, Father.”

She turns to leave and my muscles almost snap under the restraint it takes not to haul her back and keep her close. With me.

It’s going to take a miracle to pass these tests.



Good thing I believe in those.

## Chapter Four

Farrah

I've never been to the cathedral before, let alone the rectory.

Father McDaniel—Rune—is waiting for me in the courtyard when I arrive.

It's a testament to how attractive I find Rune that he's standing in front of a beautiful church adorned with angels, stained glass catching the final glow of sunset...and all I can do is look at him. He leans against the gate that marks the beginning of the church grounds and I can't help but compare it to the Pearly Gates leading into heaven.

Good thing this isn't heaven, because I'm not sure I would get in.

Not with this snaking ribbon of heat in my tummy when I look at Rune, so serious in his clerical attire, the white square beneath his jugular marking him off limits.

I'm here to tempt him, anyway.

It's wrong to be so warm...everywhere. As I walked here from the shelter tonight, my underwear grew wet, remembering what almost happened between me and Rune in the field that afternoon. Close your legs, before I shove them open them all the way.

Just a short distance from the gate now, I attempt to calm my racing pulse to no avail. I've never been with a man, never even shared a kiss, yet I would have let him spread my legs and have his way with me.

The priest makes my body feel so aware. So primed. So achy.

I'm here to help him pass the tests, though, aren't I?

I'm not here to make him fail. Am I?

I fear I'm going to be fighting the same battle as him. A battle with the hunger that only Rune has ever inspired in me. I want him to overcome temptation.

But a deep down, inexcusable part of me wants him to give in, instead. Show me what's possible when my body prepares itself for a man, the way mine has done for him.

I'm still wearing the same dress as earlier, but I've borrowed my aunt's sandals. There's a small bundle thrown over my shoulder containing a change of clothes, panties and some toiletries. I've prepared myself as much as possible for what's to come, but when I reach the gate and tilt my head back to look at Rune, the evening wind blowing his black hair to and fro, his jaw set in an imposing line, I almost turn and run back to the village. Not because he scares me. Because my body begins to clamor so intensely.

Rune takes my bundle but never takes his eyes off me. "Hello, Farrah."

Slow heat runs like oil down my spine. "Hello, Father McDaniel."

## Page 8

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The white square shifts with his swallow. “I wanted to speak with you before we go inside and meet with the monsignor.” He scrutinizes me. “I won’t allow you to be pressured into anything. If you need money, I’ll see that you get it. Without...what’s to come.”

“But how will you retain your collar unless we do as he asks?”

He considers my question, in a way that I can tell he’s already thought of the answer. “I could plead my case to the cardinal. There’s a chance he’d condemn me, but I find I would rather risk losing my collar than have you in discomfort.”

I’ll be in greater discomfort if you don’t touch me. The fact that he’s so concerned about me, so selfless, only makes me more eager to feel his warmth against mine. And sure, the virgin inside me is trembling a little over the unknown, but I’m not letting this man be kicked out of the priesthood because of my actions. No, I can’t let that happen. “I don’t feel any pressure,” I say softly. “And I don’t want to accept the money without doing as I promised.”

“Tempting me.”

Those two rasped words make my nipples throb. “Yes.”

“I don’t want to be the kind of man who gives in to temptation, Farrah,” he says, raking five fingers through his hair. “I’ve always aspired to be a man of conviction. A man of principle who looks out for the less fortunate. I was raised with the opposite values, and I’ve seen firsthand what becomes of a man who lets himself...indulge too deeply and freely of flesh, forsaking everything else. The broken shame of driving

your loved ones away for empty, temporary pleasure.”

I wet my lips. “Who set this bad example for you?”

“My father.” He hesitates to say more, glancing back over his shoulder before capturing my gaze once more. “We both know the truth of what almost happened in the field.” We regard each other for a long moment, taking measured breaths. “I...worry I have the same lust inside of me. Same as him. I can’t give in to it, though. If I’m anything like the man, sex will rule me after one taste.”

An image of this man on top of me, face screwed up in pain as he slakes his urges almost makes me moan. Out loud. Then and there.

Goodness. Am I going to catch fire as soon as I set foot in this church, or what?

“I understand, Father.”

He steps closer, his hand lifting to cradle my face, but I only encounter the ghost of his palm, before he determinedly drops his hand. “Don’t let me give in, Farrah.”

“I’ll try not to,” I whisper, swaying toward him. Drowsy from an almost touch. “But if you’re feeling...desire for a woman now, won’t you continue to feel it again and again?”

Seconds tick by. Then he steps closer to speak an inch away from my temple, shooting tingles down the length of my neck. “I’ve encountered women of all ages, shapes and sizes throughout my work here. For years. I’ve never once felt need for any of them. It’s just you. I need to overcome...you. That’s it.”

My legs are so liquefied by that revelation, I’m surprised I don’t spontaneously sprawl out at his feet. “Okay,” I murmur breathily. “Overcome me, then.”

A rumble stirs in his chest, and I can feel him wanting to pull me flush to his body. Feel it with every fiber of my being. “Did you bandage your elbow, sweetheart?”

His concern is the next best thing to an actual embrace. “Yes,” I whisper.

“Good.” I can feel that his eyes are fastened to my mouth. “What did you tell your aunt about where you were going?”

“I told her I got a job cleaning the rectory.” I smile to myself, remembering her delighted reaction to me being hired, even though her exclamation of happiness sent her into a coughing fit shortly thereafter. “She’s happy that I’ll get a few days away from the shelter. It can get a little claustro—”

“Shelter?”

“Yes.”

Even in the rapidly fading sunset, I can see his face has lost some of its color. “There is a man who comes to confession...”

I wait for him to keep going. “Yes?”

“Every week it’s the same confession. He...” The priest’s right eye ticks. “He has impure thoughts about a girl who lives in the local shelter.”

“Is his name Mr. Tandy?”

All he does is stare down at me, haunted. Unblinking.

“It’s okay, I already knew.” I give him a smile, hoping to break the sudden tension. “The money I earn here should keep me out of his clutches a while longer.”

That phrasing makes him wince. “He’s offered to pay you...to lie with him?”

My face grows hot. “No. He wants to marry me.”

## Page 9

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Rune looks like I've just told him the devil has kicked God out of heaven and started running the show. "Farrah, you can't. The things he says." His barrel chest is puffing up and down. "The things he wants to do to you..."

I try not to let it show how disturbed I am that Mr. Tandy feels strongly enough about me to make confession. Or that his confessions are bad enough to make Rune look sick to his stomach. "You must hear a lot of good stuff in that confessional booth," I tease, my voice wavering slightly.

He closes his eyes, nostrils flaring. "You won't marry him, Farrah."

"Maybe I'll follow in your holy footsteps and join the nunnery."

Rune is still visibly not over the Mr. Tandy situation, but he's trying to follow my lead into a new subject. "Do you think you'd be inclined to live a life dedicated to the church?"

"I don't know," I say shrugging. Looking off into the distance where town is outlined in the purple evening sky. "Up until today, I could have taken or left men. Though I suppose becoming a nun is about a lot more than...celibacy."

A handful of moments pass. "Up until today, you could have taken or left men. What does that mean?"

"I don't normally..."

"What?" he breathes, seemingly against his will, his mouth so close to my forehead

that his words stir my hair.

Maybe it's the darkness surrounding us now. Maybe it's the fact that he's a man of the cloth who receives confession for a living. But something makes me tell the truth. "For instance...I've never wondered before today what it would feel like to have a man rut me on the ground."

The words are barely out of my mouth before Rune grips the meat of my arms, backing me into the darkness, the stone pillar of the gate blocking us from view of the church. "Just like that, then?" His mouth rubs side to side against mine, his breath coming in quick, harsh pants. "The temptation has begun?"

I moan at the texture of his mouth, my body encapsulated by fever—

"Father McDaniel? Miss Farrah?" The monsignor calls from the church courtyard.

We break apart, Rune pacing away to scrub frustrated hands down his face. "We're coming in now, Monsignor," he calls in a booming voice. "Farrah had a little trouble finding the entrance."

We each take another beat to calm ourselves as much as possible, then Rune takes my elbow, picking up my sack that he must have dropped at some point, leading me toward the cathedral and the rectory beyond.

Where I will tempt him to betray his vows.

I thought I could hold back. Tempt him, yes, but not allow him to cross into the point of no return. After only a few minutes with him, though...

Now I'm not so sure I'm in control of this attraction.



Or the outcome of this trial.

## Chapter Five

### Rune

I'm still vibrating like a tuning fork as Farrah, and I follow the monsignor down the hushed hallway at the rear of the cathedral. The one that leads to the rectory and the elder clergy's offices. I'm highly aware that we're the only ones here. That I'm about to undergo the trial of a lifetime, right on the heels of what Farrah said to me.

For instance, I've never wondered before today what it would feel like to have a man rut me on the ground.

Those words will forever be as familiar to me as the Bible, I fear.

As will the fact that she lives in a shelter.

That there is a vile man who wishes to marry her.

Once she leaves here, what power will I have to stop those things? My muscles tighten to the point of creaking at the very thought of her near that violent bastard, let alone standing before him at an altar. Promising to love and cherish him.

Fire has exploded to life inside of me.

Possessiveness. Protectiveness.

And those are two very bad emotions to be experiencing when tonight will be about withstanding her. Not giving in to the ripe fruit of her body. Overcoming the lust that she and only she has ever plagued me with.

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“In here, please,” says the monsignor, gesturing for us to enter his office, which is lit only by the fire crackling in the hearth. He’s very stoic. Curt. All business, as usual, and I have no clue how he can be so calm when we’re about to embark on something so unorthodox. “Father McDaniel, have a seat by the fire,” instructs Monsignor Hannibal—and I do as he asks, but in no way do I relax. “Farrah, there is a robe hanging on the back of the bathroom door, just there,” he says, gesturing to the small powder room on the opposite end of the office. “Would you go put it on, please, so that we may begin?”

“Oh, um. Sure.” She hesitates. “You want me to put the robe on over my clothes?”

“Oh no.” He gives her a tight smile. “You’re to wear nothing beneath the robe.”

She blinks rapidly. “N-nothing?”

“Correct.”

My ire is rapidly building. “Monsignor, she’s an innocent. Do not ask her to do things she isn’t comfortable with.”

“She agreed to come here for one reason. To tempt you. She came here with her eyes wide open. And if I saw what I think I saw in the field today, she might be innocent of flesh, but she’s certainly not innocent of spirit.”

“Do not speak about her with disrespect,” I growl, shooting to my feet. “You will—”

“It’s okay,” she interrupts. “It’s okay, Father McDaniel. He’s right. I understood my

purpose in coming here and I intend to follow through.”

I’m holding back another shout as she disappears into the bathroom and closes the door, her shadow moving in the sliver of light beneath. I listen to the unfastening of her sandals while facing off across the office with a very determined-looking monsignor. Does he want me to fail? Maybe he doesn’t think me right for the priesthood or maybe he already has no doubts about what he saw today and wants a fraud gone from his midst? Whatever his reasons, I have a hard time discounting his potential doubts in me when I hear the whoosh of Farrah’s dress landing on the bathroom floor and my cock begins to fill with pressure.

Dear lord. Already.

I resume my seat before he can notice the protuberance in my pants.

And out walks Farrah in a robe that leaves nothing to the imagination.

It’s made of delicate white silk, tied at her waist, the ends of the belt hanging down to shield her pussy, which I know I would be able to see if they were out of the way, because the dusky little peaks of her nipples are right there. Right there. Plump, rosy crowns on the bouncy mounds of her tits. Those nipples alone are enough to make me start sweating beneath my black shirt...

But her legs could very well kill me.

Long and bare and pale. Smooth, yet strong enough to lock around my hips if needed. And hold on for a good, long while.

“Farrah, go sit on Father McDaniel’s lap.”

Her mouth parts on a brave breath and she nods, crossing the office and stopping in

front of me, the glow of the fire illuminating the white silk to the point of translucence. Aware that I'm being watched closely, I keep my eyes locked on hers, chin notched up stubbornly. I never should have become a priest in the first place if I'm weak enough to fail my first test of will. But I'm not weak. I'm built for hard things, unlike my father.

Over Farrah's shoulder, I catch sight of the crucifix hanging on the wall.

God is watching me, too.

I will not give in to temptation.

"Sit on his lap like this?" asks Farrah, turning sideways and planting her butt on my thigh, her hands clasped tightly at her waist.

The monsignor shakes his head. "No, my child." He makes a whirling motion with his index finger. "Turn and face Father McDaniel. Your legs should be situated around his hips."

There's a mixture of apology and excitement in her eyes when she stands again, crowding into the V of my thighs, sliding one leg around my waist, followed by the other, sliding so smoothly into my lap, the voice in my head begins to taunt me. Look how perfectly she was formed for you. And then the swollen pressure of her naked sex settles on top of my stretched cock, and I grip the edge of the chair, nearly snapping the wood in two, my come on the verge of erupting.

"Now. Does Father McDaniel have an erection, Farrah?"

She winks at me. "No, Monsignor. He doesn't."

Clearly, the monsignor is surprised by this. As well he should be, because Farrah is

lying. I'm as hard as a frozen boulder and the rough extension of flesh, the utter weight of pain and need is wreaking havoc on my stomach muscles.

“Open the robe and show him your breasts now, Farrah.”

Her eyes drag slowly up to mine and again, there is apology, but there's heat. So much heat. She might be innocent, but we're both battling this inexplicable attraction and she doesn't have the life experience to hide her reaction as well as I. Just like in the field today, I believe I could lay her down on the carpet in front of the fire and slam her full of my shaft and she'd only scream for it deeper. The flames reflected in her eyes are an inaccurate representation of what she is. A little she-devil in an angelic disguise.

Now, her fingers pinch the edge of the robe's neckline and slowly, slowly tug the garment open, revealing her delectable tits to me, allowing the white silk to slink down around her waist, pooling there. I do everything in my power to keep my gaze from venturing downward to those young offerings that instinctively I know would greet my tongue like sugar, but I can't stop myself from looking. From marveling at the twin masterpieces that she's presenting to me, her back arched slightly, her tits, neck and face awash in the firelight.

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I have to look away just as quickly because my cock jerks violently in the face of such perfection and starts to drip into my pants. Pulsing. Dripping. Pulsing. Right up against the hot cushion of her pussy.

“What about now?” asks the monsignor. “Does he have an erection now? How is his body reacting to your nudity?”

“It’s not,” she lies again, smoothly, biting her lip and looking up at me through the veil of her eyelashes, her cunt flexing on top of my tortured flesh once, twice, three times. “He’s not attracted to me, Monsignor. Like we told you, he was only seeing to my injury today in the field.”

A skeptical sound from the monsignor. “No, I can still see that lustful expression when he turned around and realized he’d been caught. I know what I saw!”

“Perhaps it was a trick of light,” I say, my voice like sandpaper.

“You sound rather strained, Father McDaniel,” he observes, smug. “Are you having a sinful reaction to having Farrah in your lap?” He lowers his voice. “You only need unfasten your pants to experience her. As a virgin, she’d undoubtedly be tight. I’m told a snug hole affords a man a good deal of pleasure.”

“Please stop,” I bite off, trying to banish the vision he’s creating in my mind. My fist guiding my cock up beneath the silk robe where her wet entrance awaits me, rocking her onto my stiffness, all of her weight pressing down, down, down, my hips riding her around. Up, back and side to side, her mouth falling open in pleasure. Chanting my name.

My begging has caused the monsignor to look like he's won the challenge, however, so I rush to add, "Please stop. Do not speak of her as if she's an object."

Although...she appears to like it. Being objectified. Her eyes are glassy, the drenched state of her cunt turning the fly of my pants sopping wet.

"Isn't she, though?" the monsignor says, so low I almost don't hear him. "Move in his lap now, Farrah. Rub your sex up and back. Up and back. Dammit, earn your pay, girl."

Farrah might have been shrewd and lucid enough to lie for me before, but as soon as her hips scoot up and down the rigid length of my dick, a light of passion flickers on in her eyes and damn, damn, she's lost to the sensations now. Bare to the waist, she holds onto my shoulders, gets extra close and bucks her hips. Buck, buck, bucks them until I'm not breathing, only holding on, praying for perseverance that never comes. My cock only expands in size, the throb gripping me from root to tip, and I can only hold on, at her mercy. Bearing down so I don't ejaculate, while a baser part of me urges her on, wanting her to give me relief. Needing it so desperately, I can taste blood in my mouth, while she gallops on my lap, jacking me off between her pussy and my abdomen.

"Is he erect, Farrah?"

"No," she gasps, head falling back, lower body writhing eagerly.

"Then what are you rubbing against so eagerly, pray tell?"

"I.I..."

"McDaniel, stand up and prove she isn't lying."

I'm as good as defrocked. My cock is swollen beyond measure, ready to break through my zipper to get to her.

"Monsignor!" calls a man's voice from down the hall. "Are you in your office? You have a visitor in the cathedral. It's an emergency."

The monsignor slams his fist down on the desk. "Damn it all."

"Monsignor!" shouts the newcomer again. "Please make haste."

"I'm coming!" he calls back, before jabbing a finger at me and Farrah. "Keep rubbing. I'll be right back."

As soon as the monsignor has cleared the doorway, Farrah starts to babble. "I'm...I think I'm going to have p-pleasure, F-father."

"An orgasm," I correct her, my teeth bared against her mouth. "God help me, I'm going to have one too, sweetheart. You're too beautiful and it's breaking me." I grab hold of her ass, doomed to find those pumping cheeks fit my palms like a dream, and I compress her tighter to my straining cock, the rapid friction of her mound driving me to the brink. "Was it God or the devil who sent you to drive me mad? Which one of them?"

She can't answer, because lust grips her, clearing her eyes of any rationality. And if I thought I was doomed before, watching this creature climax has sealed the deal. It's the most divine experience of my lifetime, more rapturous than anything I've witnessed through the church, as blasphemous as that is to admit. But look at her, shocked by the ability of her body to seize up and shake through a release, her spine gripped by the invisible rush, her thighs trembling around my hips.

There is no option available to my awed brain but to kiss her.



It's the point of no return and I run blindly down the path to my own destruction, sealing our mouths together, suctioning her, anchoring her, then losing my head when she parts her lips to gasp and allow my tongue to sweep inside, to taste the bliss that's coursing through her. And she falls on me with a husky mewl, climbing the trunk of my body with those shaking thighs, giving me her tongue like she's been longing for it for a millennium, our lips meshing, twisting and taking.

Voices cut through the noise in my head, my chest, and Farrah must hear them, too, because she breaks away, studying my face with a troubled expression.

"You can't be erect when he returns, Father." She works her hips and light bursts in front of my eyes, my balls beginning to squeeze. "Won't an orgasm make it less stiff?"

"Yes." It's coming. It's coming. She moves so wickedly, I'm right on the verge. "It's no use trying to hide what you're doing to me. He'll know from the mess I'm about to make."

"No, Father," she whines, sipping kisses from my mouth, her pussy pressing and circling and rubbing, her hands twisted in the shoulders of my shirt. "No...we'll hide it."

“Where?” I say, raggedly.

She chews her lip. “Inside me?”

“No.No, I will not make your first time all about my pleasure.”

“Can I swallow it?” she asks me, so innocently, this red-haired temptation with her tits high and perky, her panties drenched in her own moisture.

And I become an animal, wrestling her down to the floor between my open knees, unbuckling my belt with hands that belong to someone else, someone overcome by need so intense it becomes his identity, gritting my teeth while unzipping my pants without injuring my shaft. Because lord. Lord, I am abundant, purple with pressure, my crown shiny with the beginnings of my load, and when she leans in and grasps me with two pale, curious hands, I delve a handful of fingers into her hair and guide her forward, as if I was born to be accepted into this girl’s mouth. Born to slide right in.

“Drink your milk, sweetheart. Drink it all for Daddy.” Her lips wrap around me, warm and wet. Excitement flaring in her eyes when I call myself that name, her fists flexing a little tighter to my length, pumping, stroking. “Hide my sin down deep in that tummy.”

She moans, burying me inch by inch in her hot, suckling mouth—

Lucifer himself designs my reaction to feeling the curvature of her throat with my cock, the release of semen so swift and violent, I feel suffocated and exultant all at

once, my hips jerking crudely to the edge of the chair, guttural grunts paining my throat, my balls milking thymically as I spill into her horny little mouth. She watches me with wide eyes, her throat working with dutiful gulps, her red hair spilling over the tops of my thighs.

“Good girl, Farrah,” I pant. “You’ve nearly got it all. Nearly...there. Oh myGod.” I paint the back of her throat with my final spurt, tugging myself free of her mouth, stopping to rub some remaining semen on her parted lips. “Am I to pray to your sweet mouth from now on? Is this my new lord and savior?”

“Yes,” she breathes, kissing my tip, her eyes brimming with promise. With a touch of the devil...and we both have it in us, don’t we? Dark sexuality...but only for each other. We’re bound by a powerful lust for one another and now that I’ve kissed her, now that I’ve encountered the pleasures of the flesh firsthand, as has Farrah, I fear one taste will not be enough.

The monsignor’s voice grows louder in the hallway. Closer.

Farrah and I don’t break eye contact with we both work to fasten my pants, engaging my belt in its buckle. Then she climbs back onto my lap, our mouths seeking and sinking into one final, breathless kiss, before the monsignor reenters the office, his assessing gaze darting to us where Farrah straddles me in the chair.

“Now. Stand up, Father McDaniel.” His voice snaps like a whip. “Prove that you are unmoved by her ripe, young body. Prove that your body hasn’t hardened in order to mate with her on that very chair.”

Farrah pushes back on my thighs and stands up, bowing her head forward. “I do not tempt him, Monsignor,” she says softly, the firelight outlining her mostly nude figure. Damn, she looks amazing. It’s everything I can do not to wrap her in my arms and praise her, learn all the places she enjoys being touched. Make vows to her. Vows

that would mean violating the ones I've already taken. More than I already have, that is. "He remains soft."

My legs are still unsteady from the king's treatment I received from Farrah's mouth, but I stand up, as well, loath to lie, but having no choice but to do so if I want to remain a member of the priesthood. This is where I belong. I've known that truth since I was a boy, covering my ears while women screamed and bed springs groaned in my parents' bedroom. The look of continual horror on my mother's face.

I look away while the Monsignor crosses the room to examine the crotch of my pants, my temper stirring at the indignity.

He hums in his throat. "It appears you passed the first test, Father McDaniel." He splits an ominous look between the two of us. "The next one will not be so easy."

## Chapter Six

Farrah

I'm a whore.

I sit on a stone bench overlooking the green valley surrounding the cathedral, watching the sun lighten the sky. It's a beautiful sight. One I rarely have a chance to witness from inside the high walls of the village, but I cannot fully enjoy the splendor, because I am accepting my true self.

I'm not a good person who was simply born into bad circumstances.

I'm the kind of woman who easily lies to a priest. A monsignor, no less.

I enjoy sexual acts. To a degree that I fear is unnatural.

When I woke up this morning, I sank my teeth into the feather down of my pillow, remembering Rune's thickness against my panties. How I bucked and ground myself so shamelessly on his lap in nothing but a pair of underwear. How much I loved the fullness of Rune's stiff, heavy sex in my mouth, how rewarding it was to elicit his climax, taste the salty wash of him down my throat.

Hide my sin down deep in your tummy.

I press my hands to my cheeks, feeling them burn. But the redness is not from humiliation. It's from the horror of what I learned about myself. I'm a whore. I'm a woman who wants Father McDaniel to lie on top of me, to rut me. Despite the consequences.

Daddy.

That word continues to whisper through my mind, making my palms clammy, my pulse inconstant. Low and syrupy one minute, pounding the next.

I want to whimper that name in his ear while his big shaft stretches me from the inside. I want to sit with him in the stillness, have him to stroke my hair lovingly and call himself that name. She's a good girl for her Daddy.

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Something must be wrong with me.

Who gets paid to tempt a priest from his calling?

Who wants that priest to touch her naked body in reverence and praise her?

A whore.

A swallow gets stuck in my throat, the horizon blurring in front of me—

“Farrah,” says a voice, coming from behind me.

Rune.

I swipe the moisture from my eyes, turning my head to look up at him and...oh my, he's incredible in the morning light, his vivid green eyes serious, his hair being pulled this way and that in the wind, his extra-large hands folded in front of him, a rosary twining through his fingers. He's wearing a black robe this morning, that white collar resting against his jugular.

The picture of holiness. And all I can think about are his kisses.

How they made me feel like I'd been set on fire. How happily I'd perish in that blaze.

“Farrah,” he says, frowning. “You're upset.”

“The sunrise is just so beautiful,” I say, haltingly.

A beat passes. “You’re crying over the sunrise?”

He sounds skeptical and honestly, I don’t have the strength right now to lie. Not after the whoppers I told last night. So I simply stare straight ahead, letting the wind dry my face, trying desperately to keep my breathing even when Rune takes a seat on the bench beside me, his attention zeroed in on me. “Now tell me the truth.”

“The truth from me?” I say with muffled sarcasm. “That would be a first.”

Rune’s head tips forward briefly. “You regret our actions last night. That’s why you’re crying.”

“No,” I whisper, fussing with the hem of my worn, mint green morning dress. “I’m crying because I don’t regret them.”

He attempts to take a slow, measured breath, but it’s as rocky as I feel. “Continue.”

I close my eyes, because looking at him makes me feel achy between my thighs, in the furthest down regions of my belly. In the middle of my chest. “After my parents died from an illness when I was a toddler, my aunt raised me. She did as fine a job as possible, considering her limited resources. She taught me to read and write. The difference between right and wrong. We’ve stolen to eat on occasion and found ways to make coin that some would consider lowly. But through all of it, I managed to believe I was...good. But I’m not. I’m not good at all.”

“What?” He’s visibly perplexed. Maybe even outraged. “Not...good?Farrah—”

“One time, Mr. Tandy said my hair is red for a reason. I was born to be a man’s plaything. After last night, I’m starting to wonder if he was right.”

“He wasnotright, that bastard. You are better than good, Farrah. Your spirit is a wild

and beautiful thing.” He slams a fist to his chest. “It’s me who has corrupted you.”

“You were fine being pious and celibate until I came along.”

“I could say the same to you,” he says, reaching out to cup my face, the coolness of the rosary beads pressing to my jawline, cheek, and I can’t help leaning into his hold. Absorbing his touch like a flower soaking up the rain. “You are a decade younger than me, sweetheart. Eighteen. You will not blame yourself when I’m the one who should know better. Be better.”

“But, I…”

His thumb slips into the corner of my mouth, sending a shock wave of shivers down my calves to my toes. “You what?”

“I liked being corrupted. I didn’t want it to end.” I turn my face slightly, looking him in the eye while razing the pad of his thumb with my teeth. “I’m a whore, Father.”

“No, you are not,” he says choppyly, obviously trying to focus, but distracted by my lips. How they kiss his thumb, allowing it to dip into my mouth and fish around. “You are magnificent. I will hear no contradictions.”

“But I like being that to you,” I whisper, pressing my knees together. “A little whore. Only for you.”

His green eyes are eclipsed by black.



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He surges close and we moan against one another's mouth. "Farrah..."

"What?" When he hesitates, I lift my hand and stroke the morning stubble of his face. "You can tell me anything."

"I...the way I am with you...controlled by hunger. It's everything I swore I would never be. I crave this...intoxicated feeling of being your lover and letting the lust run rampant, but I can't help but be ashamed of it, too."

In other words, I'm his ruin.

His downfall.

In my absence, he'd be strong. The man he needs to be.

"We shouldn't be seen like this," I whisper, pulling away.

Just as quickly, he draws my face back, mashing our foreheads together, and I want to crawl into his lap so badly and hear the word "lover" again in his deep, deep voice, that my chest throbs like an open wound. "I will not have you thinking badly about yourself because you are my one and only temptation, Farrah. You can't control it. You can't control how I respond to you."

I stay silent, because he's wrong and I don't want to argue.

I want him to soothe me. I've been raw since last night. Restless. And it's hard to put my finger on why. I'm caged and irritable and sad.

“I can see you disagree.” Of course, this man reads me like a book and yet, I can’t have him. Must live without him and his astuteness where I’m concerned. “Walk with me.”

“I don’t think that’s a good idea,” I gasp, tasting his breath.

Pushing him away, when I really, really want to get closer.

“There’s a disquiet in you this morning,” he observes—and I go still, wanting him to assess me. “It’s more than your fears and self-doubt making you this way.”

“How do you know?”

“I don’t...I can’t explain. I just know I need to bring you somewhere and hold you for a while.” Before I can guess his intentions, he’s scooping me off the bench into his arms and carrying me into the woods that border the church grounds.

I have no explanation for my eyes welling with tears twice in one morning. I’m not a crier. But he must have peeled back a layer of emotion I can’t define, because the imminence of being held is making me almost light and lethargic at the same time. I press my face into his shoulder and pout with no explanation, except that I’m happy with him and mad at him. Concurrently. What is happening to me?

We stop beneath a canopy of trees and Rune settles me on my feet, pulling me into the warm circle of his arms, rubbing circles onto my lower back. It feels divine and I want to stand there all day, but when he lifts me off the ground and rubs his mouth back and forth against my temple, I begin my lesson on the meaning of contentment.

Oh. I see.

It’s praise. For me...it’s praise.

“You deserved to be held last night after taking all that come for me,” he breathes. “I’ve never had my cock sucked before, Farrah, so how do I know your mouth is the sweetest one this side of heaven? I just know. I felt every pull of your mouth in my balls. I’ve never emptied so much at once. Your lips are like fucking elastic, sweetheart, and that throat?” His hand closes around the part of my body in questions. Squeezing. Massaging. Staring at it, mesmerized. “If I was a man of the world, instead of a man of God, I would find a way to wrap it in diamonds. Feel the shape of them when you allow me deep, you sweet little thing.” He chants so sweet, so sweet into my hair and I’ve melted.

He cradles me, rocks me, but he’s far from done.

“You’re beautiful and brave and curious and sensual. You are perfect.” He kisses the crown on my head. “From here down to your toes.”

I let out a shaky breath, imbued with ease. Joy.

“This...really is what you needed last night and this morning, isn’t it? To be wrapped up in my arms and cared for?” He kisses my cheeks and my hairline, that hand back to rubbing soothing circles into the middle of my back. “I’m sorry you didn’t get what you needed from me after giving me everything I needed and more.”

“You did give me something I needed, Daddy,” I whisper, without thinking—and immediately his frame stiffens, his presence looming larger than before.

“Did I?” he says, hoarsely, his thumb digging into the base of my spine. “What was it, Farrah?”

“Mmmm.” More than anything, I wish he wasn’t wearing the thick robe, so I could feel more of his stiffness against my belly. There is a distinct outline through the robe, but I want more proof of his attraction to me. More. “You know what it was,” I

tease, nuzzling his nose.

“I want to hear you say it,” he says, beginning to breathe hard.

“You gave me my first orgasm.” I lean up and glide our lips together, side to side, gratified by the long groan he issues. “I don’t know what I liked more. The way you made my pussy so hot, or the way you kissed me when I was coming.”

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He snarls his way into kissing me now, urging my lips wide and invading me with unmitigated hunger. That hand that was massaging my back is now bruising my backside in its grip, yanking me higher and tighter to his body, our mouths locked in a frenzy. “I feel like I’m going to go mad when you call me Daddy, Farrah,” he rasps, sucking a line down the front of my throat. “But I’ll go mad if you don’t call me that, too.”

“Daddy.Daddy.”

“Music to my ears.” He begins gathering my dress in harried hands, pulling it up to my waist, kissing me hard again, again, again. His hands slide down the back of my panties, take hold of my cheeks and lift me, my thighs locking around his robed body. He drops to his knees, laying me down on the soft earth, his mouth raking over mine, drugging me with exceedingly deep and thorough kisses. “And a nail in my coffin.”

No.

No, I can’t let myself be that for him.

I open my mouth to tell him we need to stop. To apologize for spurring on this magnetic attraction with my words, my actions—

The church bells toll. Loudly. Surrounding us.

Rune curses in a very un-priestly way. “I...” He pushes five fingers through his dark hair. “I’m scheduled to say mass.”

“When?” I breathe.

He closes his eyes, hissing, “Right now.”

“That’s probably for the best,” I murmur, resisting the impulse to roll my hips. I’m thrumming everywhere. My blood is beating his name. Rune. Rune. Rune. I want to be flattened into the ground and used by his big body. Banged. Isn’t that the word I hear men using in the marketplace? I want him to bang me. Hard and unapologetically.

I want him to call me a whore while he does it.

But after how he praised me, cared for me, that word doesn’t feel filthy.

Not at all.

It feels exciting, now that he’s balanced me out with praise...and I allow myself to explore that excitement now.

Maybe I’m a girl who loves sex. Loves the idea of it. But only if it’s with Rune. Even the suggestion of another man’s touch makes me feel ill.

It’s him. He brings this out of me.

He’s turned on this lust.

And I don’t know if I can turn it off.

Even if it means his destruction.

Chapter Seven

Rune

My concentration is shot.

I'm standing behind the altar reciting the liturgy of the eucharist. A sacred rite, honoring our savior for his sacrifice. This is meant to be a meaningful moment not only for myself, but the parishioners who fill the pews. Yet all I see is her.

Farrah.

She sits in the back of the church in her green dress, hair set ablaze by the sunlight streaming in through the stained-glass windows. To say she stands out among a sea of drab clothing and expressionless faces would be an understatement. I can barely remember the words I've said thousands of times, my mind going back to the woods.

I don't know what I liked more.

The way you made my pussy so hot, or the way you kissed me when I was coming.

My cock thickens behind the altar, my gaze straying to her for the umpteenth time. She has her legs crossed now, but she uncrosses them every time she needs to kneel.

I like overseeing when she kneels.

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It stirs...everything. My blood, my wayward fantasies...my heart.

Farrah stirs my heart.

That's what scares me. We've awoken something insatiable in one another. A chemistry of the flesh. But it's impossible to pretend like there isn't much more to the connection between us. When I woke up this morning after a restless night, my immediate need was to hear her voice. To find out how she passed her first night in the rectory walls. To experience her smile. To know more about her.

Problem is, the more I know about Farrah, the more I ache to know it all. Every fear and insecurity. Everything that brings her joy. Her favorite and least favorite memories.

How she would look carrying a child.

Mine.

I exhale through a shudder, momentarily pausing in my recitation as a drop of come beads on the head of my cock, soaking into my robes. My hands are unsteady, the muscles of my stomach knit in a torturous pattern. No relief in sight. Because the only thing that will fully relieve me is Farrah's soft, virgin cunt and I cannot let myself have it.

Remember your vows.

With a hard swallow, I raise the chalice of wine and complete the ritual—



Someone enters the back of the church. A man. He slips in through the shadows and steps into the light, allowing me to see his face. Ice forms on my skin when I recognize Mr. Tandy, the man who wants to marry Farrah.

The man who has told me in confession on multiple occasions that he fantasizes about tying Farrah up and whipping her.

Even from the front of the church, I can see his reaction to spotting Farrah in the back row of the church. His eyes widen, like he can't believe his good fortune, but just as quickly they dim with something sinister. He advances toward her seat rubbing his hands together, a vampire stalking a lamb. As if sensing she's in danger, she sits up straighter and looks around, discomfort transforming her expression when she notices Mr. Tandy.

He slides into the pew beside her, so close their shoulders touch, Farrah shrinking into herself before my very eyes. Destructive rage unlike anything I've ever felt sings my nerve endings and I almost drop the chalice in my haste to set it down, lest I cast it down the aisle. Now, Mr. Tandy leans toward Farrah, whispering something in her ear that makes her lose color, quickly pull away.

She stands to leave, but he grabs her wrist and yanks her back down into the pew—and I belt a command from deep in my chest, five words whipping through the cathedral like a gale wind. “You will not touch her.”

The candles on either side of the altar flicker, several parishioners gasping at my tone. At what must be a drastic change in my demeanor. I'm bristled behind the altar, ready to attack. Ready to break commandments to defend what's mine. Mr. Tandy is frozen, staring at me in bald-faced shock, but he hasn't let go of her wrist and that drives me off the altar, my feet carrying me without consent from my brain. I can only think of ripping his fucking arms off. Protecting Farrah from this man who would put welts on her skin for his own enjoyment. This man who dares whisper in

her precious ear.

I will crucify you.

Those words burn in my throat as I reach their pew and take Mr. Tandy by the collar, hauling him into the aisle and dragging him bodily toward the exit. Gasps and furious whispers follow me. I can't do anything about those. I simply need to remove this monster from the presence of my sweetheart who has been assaulted by men twice in a matter of days. Who protects her outside these walls? No one. She is entirely vulnerable in her current situation—and I can't stand that. I could choke to death on the knowledge.

“Father McDaniel,” sputters Mr. Tandy. “What are you doing?”

“Seeing you out.”

“I don't wish to leave!”

“Then you shouldn't have put your filthy hands on my—” I cut off my telling statement. “On Farrah. She is not yours to touch.”

“She will be one day. I'm just getting a head start.” He attempts to free himself from my grip but doesn't succeed. “Soon, she will have no choice but to accept her fate. Remain in the shelter on the street, hungry and penniless. Or accept my proposal.” He looks back over his shoulder, seemingly to catch a final glimpse of Farrah and frankly, that sends me deeper into rage. “It's the red hair, Father. It riles me so.” He backpedals when he sees my ferocious glare. “But all I want to do is speak with her.”

“You forget I've received your confession, Mr. Tandy. I know you want to do much more than speak with her.” Finally at the exit, I pull him outside and slam him up against the ancient wooden door, screeching the hinges. “Consider this your warning

to stay away from Farrah. Permanently. Or I'll whip you, instead. Is that clear?"

Spittle flies from Mr. Tandy's mouth as he attempts to suck down oxygen. "What business is this of yours, priest?"

"She is my business and my business alone," I growl, twisting my fists in the front of his shirt. "That's all you need to know."

On the heels of that too-revealing statement, I sense we're not alone.

Farrah watches through a crack in the door.

One glance in her direction is all it takes to see her eyes sparkle with gratitude.

Adoration.

Yearning.

For me.

My heart booms at a choppy pace. I want to toss Mr. Tandy aside and reach for her, pull her into my arms and comfort her. Oh lord, how can I withstand this connection?

“Farrah,” I say hoarsely, throwing Mr. Tandy to the ground. He scrambles away and starts to run back in the direction of the village, but I only have eyes for her now. I draw her out of the church and into my arms, stroking her long hair, moaning in my throat when she crosses her wrists behind my neck and molds her body to mine. “If he touches you again, sweetheart, I will end his life,” I say, in a hushed vow. “Never. Again.”

“You’re making a habit of saving me,” she whispers back, looking at my mouth. “Now, I’m going to save you. It’s only a matter of time before someone comes looking for you, Father. You must go back inside and finish mass.”

“One more minute,” I rasp, holding her tighter, so tight I can feel her heartbeat. “I take it back. No amount of time is enough with you.”

She looks up at me with solemn eyes, pulling out of my embrace slightly, visibly conflicted. “You can’t say things like that.”

“It’s getting harder and harder to stop myself.”

“But—”

“Father McDaniel.” The monsignor’s voice crackles through the morning air and I

watch Farrah's eyes widen on the man beyond my shoulder, her hands dropping decisively from around my neck. "That was quite a show you put on in there."

Still in the grip of my anger, I turn on my superior, managing to process the revelation that he witnessed my behavior in the church. "He was manhandling Farrah in the back row. Hurting her. I would intervene every single time."

The Monsignor arches an eyebrow. "And would you comfort just any woman in the same way?" His gaze ticks from me to Farrah and back. "I highly doubt it."

I say nothing. Any protest to the contrary would be a lie.

"You've just failed your test," drawls the other man. "Mr. Tandy has confessed to me many times, we well, you see. I invited him to morning mass to see how you'd react to having him near Farrah."

Ire stabs me in the dead center of my chest. "How dare you," I growl.

There's a flash of awareness in his face, as if he realizes he's pushing me too far now, and he starts to back away. "You have passed once, failed once. Tonight will be the tie breaker that determines if my suspicions hold water—and I believe they do." He turns to leave. "I suggest you prepare yourselves."

I spend the rest of the day in a daze, vacillating between trepidation and lust and outrage over the monsignor's actions. Wondering what challenge the evening will bring.

If I have the strength left inside me to pass any test where she's concerned.

I don't see her for the rest of the afternoon or evening, but I catch glimpses of her red hair when I turn corners. Catch her scent lingering in the hallways of the rectory.

She's an apparition haunting my heart, my soul, my body, and so by the time I've retired to my room for the night, I am battling an undeniable impulse to wait until midnight, then go find her. Enter her room and join her in bed so that we can have our fill of each other, once and for all. My cock is stiff as a pike at the prospect of finally uniting with her wet pussy, making her gasp and whimper over the girth of my sex, which stretched her lips so wide when she knelt and sucked me just last evening.

I close the door of my room and lean back against it, closing my eyes, attempting to replace my carnal thoughts with holy ones...and failing. There's only her—

“Thank you for joining us, Father McDaniel,” says the monsignor.

My eyes fly open to find my superior sitting in my bedroom by the fireplace.

Wait. He said “us.” Thank you for joiningus.

Pulse kicking into a riot, I drag my attention to my narrow twin bed...

And see that Farrah is there.

Chained to the headboard.

Completely nude.

“What is this?” I ask, raggedly, stumbling toward her as if in a trance. “Why...is she chained?” And then a bellow builds inside of me, shaking the rafters. “You should not be seeing her like this.”

Just like this afternoon outside of the church, he looks hesitant, as if realizing he might be playing with fire. You have no idea.

“You will sleep in bed with Farrah tonight. If you can make it to morning without...indulging in her charms, I will not approach the clergy with my concerns.” He leans back in his chair. “I’ll be serving as witness to your triumph. Or your ruin.”

## Chapter Eight

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*Source Creation Date: June 25, 2025, 5:45 am*

Farrah

When the monsignor instructed me to remove my clothes and allow myself to be chained to Rune's bed, I initially declined.

No. No, I can't do it.

Why? Do you think he wouldn't be able to withstand the temptation?

I didn't know how to answer. I still don't. If we were alone, there is no chance we'd make it through the full night without Rune rutting me. Both of us are aware of our highly potent attraction. But maybe he'll overcome his needs while the monsignor observes?

Will I be able to overcome mine?

I'm ashamed to admit that...I like being chained to this bed, waiting for Rune to remove his priest's robe and join me. I like the way my body looks in the firelight, my breasts crowned in rosy peaks, my sex a mysterious shadow between two smooth thighs. Licked in fire. An offering. A helpless offering for my Daddy.

I'm trying very hard not to dampen myself, lest the monsignor sees.

Lest Rune sees me dripping in his honor and not be able to control himself.

But oh, my goodness, my flesh is sensitive, warmed by the fire.



Ripe. Ready.

And when Rune stands above me, his eyes black and starved, my body prepares itself with twice the fervor, my inner thighs prickling, ticklish, my tummy fluttering with anticipation of the unknown. Rune's hands on my body. Sharing a bed with this man who has been my first and last temptation. And I his.

“What are you waiting for, Father McDaniel? Disrobe and join the girl in bed.”

His chest lifts and falls on a shudder, his attention riding up and over my body, his white-collar bobbing when he absorbs the sight of my sex, shielded only slightly by a dusting of red hair. I try not to have an outward reaction to his perusal, but my toes curl all on their own, my throat evaporating of moisture.

Looking like a man on the way to the gallows, Rune begins the process of removing his robe. He angles his body away from the monsignor and a moment later, it becomes clear why. He is stiff behind the zipper of his black pants. Incredibly so. His erection curves out of necessity, but I know from kneeling before him that once freed, it will stand up proudly, a swollen soldier of pleasure.

I'm not prepared for Rune to remove his shirt.

I could never be prepared to absorb the heft of him. The brawn. He's naturally thick in neck and torso. Combined with his ample height, he reminds me of the men who fight for money in the town square. How ironic that a man with so much physical strength should pick a profession where none is required. Although, that could just mean he's been storing it up for the right time. My theory would stand to reason after watching him lose his temper twice at the men who mistreated me.

Rune is a powder keg.

I'm the fuse.

He's watching me react to the sight of his naked chest, his tongue skimming along his bottom lip, eyes glittering with untold emotions. Hunger.

"I'll remind you of this bed's squeaky springs," says the monsignor, almost casually. "You're the newest priest, so you have the worst bed. It's fine for sleeping. But anything else...any movement would be rather difficult without someone hearing."

Jaw clenched, Rune quickly sheds his pants and gets into bed, but not before I see the solid strength of his buttocks. The hard and hefty penis bobbing, straining at the front of his body. He gets in beneath the covers and turns on his side, facing me.

Analyzing my face.

"She can't be comfortable like this," he says, visibly concerned, his attention drawn to the bonds keeping me secured to the headboard. "At least unchain her."

"I'm fine," I whisper.

Rune is skeptical. "But why is she chained? She's a willing participant in your tests."

Monsignor Hannibal looks a little devious surrounded by the firelight. "I'm a priest who is not tempted by the pleasures of the flesh, but I've taken a lot of confession. And I know a man's mind." He pauses. "Perhaps there is some psychological appeal to knowing she can't reject you, even if she wants to. She can't get away."

Rune doesn't like that at all. His thunderous frown says it all. "I'm starting to realize how many sick men there are in this town. Maybe everywhere."

"I wouldn't try and get away," I whisper to him, longing for his body to press into my

side so I can feel his heat. “It’s okay. I’m safe. I’m comfortable.”

“You heard the girl. She’s fine,” snaps the monsignor. “Now. You’re not going to be able to sleep, balanced on the edge of the bed like that. Get closer to her.”

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Yes, I want to wail. Please.

“I’m simply to sleep beside her? Without engaging in...intercourse.” I hear Rune swallow hard, his voice dropping on the word intercourse. “That’s the challenge?”

The older man’s eyebrow arches. “You think it will be so simple?” No. Rune doesn’t give his response out loud, doesn’t alter his expression, but I know in my heart and mind what his answer would be. “As an impartial observer, even I can see she’s a tasty morsel that would make a young, virile man second guess his vows. A virgin with a tight puss would relieve that gnawing ache that plagues all men in their weak moments.” He nods at me. “If I was a betting man, I’d say this one is eager to relieve her own aches, as well.”

“You will cease to speak of her with any carnal knowledge,” rasps Rune, a deadly light flickering in his eyes. “You know nothing of her body or her needs.”

“Already so possessive, aren’t we?” taunts the monsignor. “Why not take full possession? The girl has entered adulthood tender and ripe. It’s only a matter of time before another man lays claim.”

Rune’s jaw bunches so tight, I can hear the tendons straining in his cheek. “Enough.”

“Get closer to her,” the monsignor counters, raising his voice. “The fact that you’re keeping your distance only convinces me you’re afraid of what you’ll do if you touch her.”

To me, it’s easy to see the other man is right. Rune hasn’t even touched my naked

body yet and he's flushed, breathing heavy, but he has no choice but to move closer, due to the narrow confines of the bed. I bite the inside of my cheek to contain a moan when his heavy erection presses against my hip, his uneven exhale bathing my shoulder. Even closer he comes and he starts to rest his head on my arm, which is stretched overhead, but hesitates, clearly worried it's going to be uncomfortable for me. Reaching up, he yanks the chains hard until there is enough slack to turn me over on my side, facing away from Rune. And it takes every ounce of my concentration not to whimper when he draws my bare backside into his lap, his long shaft nestling between my cheeks—pulsing, lengthening—his palm pressing low on my belly, securing me tight against him.

"I'm not even going to ask you if he's erect this time, Farrah. Your face says it all."

"Me?" I murmur, trying not to squirm against that big, smooth pillar. Rub against it until he climaxes all over my buttocks. "This is my first time laying with a man, even if we're only going to sleep. I'm sure I do look a little nervous."

"Well done, Farrah. Remind him you've never lain with another." Once again, he drops his voice to a taunt. "What a pleasure it would be to mount something so tight, hmm, Father McDaniel?"

"Stop," Rune grits. "She is a girl, not an object."

"Ah, but as my confessors delight in telling me, deep in the throes of passion, they all become nothing more than a warm, wet hole. A place to bury one's cock. A belly to breed. Wouldn't you like to breed a chained-up virgin, Father?"

"Enough!"

Rune's tone of voice is livid, but his body tells another story. He's let loose a river of cream into the split of my bottom, his fingertips slipping low on my tummy, toward

my sex. Is he going to touch me there? In front of the monsignor? For a moment, I think the answer is yes, and goodness, such an act would be so wicked, but my flesh is moist, eager, empty without those fingers to touch and fill it. I've never experienced a man's fingers inside me, but my body tells me it's time. It's time to be occupied. By Rune.

"Go to sleep," Rune says hoarsely, curling his fingers into a fist at my belly button, attempting to control his breathing...and I match mine to his. I try to calm down. Because as much as I want him to rut me, even if the monsignor is watching, I don't want to be Rune's downfall. I don't want him to regret making love to me, do I?

I clamp my teeth down on my lip, trying not to sob in frustration, trying to sleep.

Next to impossible when Rune's inches spurt droplets of semen every few minutes on my back entrance, his chest and stomach flexed against my back, his body so tense it could explode with a simple roll of my hips. Hold steady. Don't let yourself take what you need at the cost of his livelihood. His calling.

I close my eyes tightly, focusing on my breathing. I stay in that state of suspended heat for so long, that when I open my eyes and find Monsignor Hannibal asleep in the chair by the fire, I have no idea how much time has passed. An hour? Two?

One thing is for certain, though. Rune has noticed the sleeping monsignor, too, his breathing growing decidedly shallow in my neck. As I stare into the waning fire, hot shivers snaking down my limbs, Rune firmly covers my mouth with his left hand. Then he slides his other arm beneath my hip and the bed, pulling me back against him, hard, his fingers tracing down to where they were before.

But this time, he traps my moan in one hand, while pumping two long fingers inside of me with the other. Heaven erupts on all sides of me, white flashes going off in front of my eyes. "He does make a good point," Rune pants, slipping his fingers free

of my sex and lightly teasing my clit with the pad of his middle finger, around and around and around until I'm jerking, whimpering. "I want to breed a chained-up virgin." He slaps my pussy quickly, so quickly, eight times at least, before squeezing it in a rough fist. "This one."

## Chapter Nine

### Rune

I've been driven to madness.

An hour with Farrah's lithe curves aligned with my strength. Her soft breathing. The scent of her, which calls to mind a meadow after rain. And the monsignor's words circling my brain like vultures, feasting on my compassion. My gentleman's nature.

What a pleasure it would be to mount something so tight, hmm, Father McDaniel?

Wouldn't you like to breed a chained-up virgin, Father?

My flesh is winning this battle. I'm in unimaginable pain from having my cock crowded up against her asshole and the slick underside of her cunt. I can feel myself snapping. I can sense the deviant sexual genes that lurk inside me taking over. The devil on my shoulder tells me to claim what's mine. Part of what's driving my darker urges is knowing Farrah wants to be fucked.

She releases wetness that gives her away.

Every so often, she rides her bottom up and down my groin, perhaps an unconscious attempt to snap my tether.

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Now, Monsignor Hannibal has fallen asleep, his snores filling the small bedroom and there is nothing that can stop me from taking her. Not the prospect of being defrocked. Not my determination to be a good, pious man. Nothing stands up to the velvet dampness of her pussy, so ready for a man's seed. When I woke up two mornings ago, I was born to serve the lord. Here in the near darkness, my sole mission is plying my tight girl with sperm.

Fuck her.

Sweat breaks out along my hairline, my willpower attempting to wrestle back control, but then she shifts an inch against my dripping prick, and I moan silently into the air above her head. She is tempting me. She is breaking me. And in the demented heat of extreme arousal, I forget she's a delicate, vulnerable girl. I forget that I'm supposed to be the one who treats her better than everyone else. The chains glint in the firelight and she becomes a vessel of relief for my pain. An offering for the gnashing beast that has been subdued for far too long inside of me.

Fuck her.

My left hand moves on its own, molding the front of her throat. Her surprised intake of breath only excites me more, God help me. My right hand slides beneath her hip, further around the front to her drenched cunt, squeezing two fingers into her damnably tight slit, pushing, pushing until I've filled her and she's pulsing around my knuckles.

Oh, sweet Jesus. No wonder sins of the flesh exist. Men are doomed. Especially me, because I have the greatest gift of all. A beautiful, horny redhead trapped in my bed,



her desire evident in my palm. Her need on full display.

“He does make a good point,” I manage, slipping my fingers free of her sex and lightly teasing her swollen bud with my middle finger, circling it until she starts to sob and squirm, smearing her wetness in my lap. “I do want to breed a chained-up virgin,” I admit, my tone gravelly. I slap that part of her that teases me to the edge. I slap and slap and slap her bratty cunt out of punishment, then twist it in my grip. “This one.”

“Y-you’re going to breed me?” she whispers.

Her question shouldn’t anger me, but I’m not myself. The overcome man I am right now in the darkness is only incited. A bull being shown a red flag. “You soak my dick for an hour in sticky temptation, then act surprised when I prepare to use it?”

I sense her shiver is from excitement, not fear. “N-no, I just...”

My fingers push deeper into the tight recesses of her, a low rumble compelled from inside me when I find the deeper I go, the snugger she gets. “This is at my service now.”

She takes two whimpering breaths. “Yes it is, Daddy.”

That title is a flame being thrown into a trunk of explosives. Yet somehow, I maintain the wherewithal to remember we’re not alone. The monsignor is asleep in front of the fire, his head tipped back, mouth open and snoring.

“Turn over on your back,” I say in a low voice, keeping one eye trained on the other man. “You’re going to hold still and stay very quiet while I rut you.”

Farrah whispers a soft yes and rolls over, my heart tugging hard when I see her

angelic face in the dying firelight, her eyes wide and innocent, wrists wrapped in chains over her head. That imagine should be enough to rouse my decency, but it doesn't. My baser urges are in control now and itlikeshaving a captive.

A young body to ravage.

And she arches her back while I look, teeth leaving dents on her bottom lip.

She wants to be filled. She wants to be conquered.

That's what my gut tells me, and I have no choice but to listen, because my balls are on the verge of an exodus as I position myself between her legs, my cock arrowed toward that shiny place of no return, the red hair at her juncture wet and plastered to her mound, her wet flesh twinkling in the firelight. Beckoning me closer...and I go with a prolonged grunt of agony. I flatten her, my eagerness causing the chains to rattle lightly, one hand between my thighs to guide my painfully engorged shaft to her entrance, wincing in horrible ecstasy as I rub it there, coating my tip in her juices.

"Remember. Hold still and keep your mouth shut."

She nods like a good girl, opening her thighs another degree.

Oh God.

Who sent this girl to break me?

I press my sex into the breach and thrust my hips forward, the bed creaking loudly, so loudly, beneath me. I shout a silent curse up at the ceiling, half enraged by the bed's traitorous nature, half in shock by the sensation of her virgin cunt accepting me with only a thin tear of resistance, drawing me in and rippling around me, sending warm shockwaves to my balls. Farrah looks up at me in glazed wonder, flexing herself,

reveling in the feel of me inside of her, her delicious body writhing, reveling, mouth open on a silent moan.

I release the bunched muscles of my ass, drawing my cock out.

Both of us watching the steel trunk of me exit her body, carrying with it a tint of blood, before pounding back in, her eyes shooting satisfyingly wide, her cunt making a wet squish sound—

That is only slightly drowned out by the squeak of the faulty bedspring.

“Goddammit,” I grit through my teeth, needing badly to fuck her brains out without any interference or distractions. Or obstacles that might wake the sleeping monsignor. There’s no stopping, though. Lord knows there’s no stopping when she’s this hot, this horny, her thighs spread in welcome. In need of my length and the seed it will provide her. Soon. Too soon, if my twisting spine is any indication. This might be my first time inside of my woman, but I find it hard to believe a man could last long in something so perfect.

I find that if I move only my hips in quick, short pumps, the bed doesn’t squeak quite as much, so I do that. I squeeze out and rejoin with her body with quick flexes of my hips—and her wrists pulling the chains taut, her knees jerking wildly, tells me she likes that.

“Please,” she whispers. “Don’t stop.”

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“Quiet,” I growl in her ear, lowering my mouth to bite her neck. Without gentleness.

“I...I...” Her pussy grinds around me, rolling my eyes into the back of my head. Mercy. Mercy. Have mercy on me. “I’m afraid I’m going to scream.”

“You cannot,” I pant, the fervor of my pumps increasing the volume of the bedsprings, the squeaks low, but insistent. Squeak squeak squeak. I manage to tear my eyes off the treasure beneath me to check on the monsignor, but he’s still blessedly asleep, despite the noise we’re making. A scream would definitely wake him, though. “Shall I pull my cock out and put it in your mouth to keep you quiet?”

She locks her legs around my hips, shaking her head vigorously. “No, Daddy. Please.”

I drop my forehead down on top of hers, watching her expression melt into bliss when I grind, pressing and rubbing myself on top of her clit. “You’ve been asking for a hard fuck from your Daddy, haven’t you?” I rasp. “I’d say it didn’t take much convincing to chain yourself to my bed for play time, did it?”

“No,” she whispers, licking the seam of my mouth, an action that makes my balls jerk. “I just wanted to be a good little whore.”

My reaction is twofold.

I want to admonish her for calling herself that vile name.

I also want to treat her like one. Give in to the filth she’s offering me.

And I'm so close to climaxing, so ruled by lust, the latter wins.

"Yes, you are." I pound deep, covering her mouth with my hand to muffle her moan. "You're the best whore money can buy." A rush of wetness from her sex, the languid loss of power from her neck, tells me she likes this treatment. Needs it. "But you're such a horny brat, I bet you'd fuck for free."

It's a good thing I'm covering her mouth, because she does let out that scream and it results in rapture for me, because her cunt wrenches my shaft with the force of her orgasm, her feet kicking like she's being assaulted, her hips lifting, legs doing their best to break my hips, but I'm too strong. I'm too mighty for that in this moment, with my hot, little sacrifice rippling around my dick, her mouth open and whining against my palm, her sexy body being flooded with so much pleasure, she's shaking the bed.

"Feel me unload," I grunt, forehead rolling side to side against hers. "Call me Daddy with those eyes, since I can't hear it from your mouth."

Just like that, she transforms into a man's deepest fantasy, blinking up at me with open adoration, like she wants to play a secret game, and I fuck her for that. I ram so deep and so rough, she chokes like I'm pounding her throat, pussy a tight, wet mess that accepts me no matter how poorly I treat it, no matter how loudly the bed protests, it's over now. My brain is off, my body is on and there's one objective. A pregnant belly.

Pound, pound, pound.

Then, freedom.

I smother her, cursing hoarsely into the pillow beside her head while my balls pulse, sending electric spurts of seed up the column of my cock where I offer them to her

womb, tendons twisting beneath my navel, every cell in my body on fire. Oh God, oh God. I can't get close enough to the source of my pleasure, biting her shoulder and drawing my knees up beneath us, grinding into her for everything I'm worth, pouring my frustration and love and shame and exultation into the only body that I'll ever touch.

"Mine. Mine, Farrah. You are mine."

"You're mine, too," she gasps as I remove my hand, falling into the bed beside her, staring at the ceiling without really seeing it. Seeing only her, the only thing I want to see for the rest of my life. Blind me to anything but her. I don't care.

Remembering her need to be soothed after pleasure, I turn her toward me, rubbing my palms up and down her back and ass, laying kisses on her cheeks, in her hair, on her mouth. I kiss her until she passes out, deep in the pillows.

And then, with a sinking sense of dread, I begin to pray for guidance.

## Chapter Ten

Farrah

I wake up with a smile on my face that quickly dissolves.

Monsignor Hannibal is leaning over me, uncuffing my wrists. Morning light fills the room, forcing me to squint at my surroundings. Thankfully my nudity has been covered by a blanket, but when I turn to seek the comfort of the man beside me...

Rune is gone.

Rune is not here.

My wrists are freed and I rub the soreness away, while watching the monsignor warily. With a thick trench between his brows, he appears irritated, but I have no idea why. Does he know what Rune and I did in the darkness last night and his agitation stems from having to denounce a priest? Or is he annoyed because he thinks we passed his final test with flying colors?

Nothing could be further from the truth.

A prickly flush creeps up the sides of my face. Rune showed me last night what it is like to be desired to the point of desperation. Suffering. And I want that feeling again, as soon as possible. I want him on top of me, calling me his. Filling me. Degrading me at my own behest and cherishing me in the very next breath. Beneath this man is where I belong. My blood has never sung a truth so clearly.

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But he is not here. I have no idea what he's thinking. Is he ashamed of our actions last night? Does he still wish to remain a priest above all else? Even love?

Merely thinking that four-letter word sends my heart into a tizzy.

I love him.

I think I've loved him since he came to my rescue in the field.

My body knew it before my heart, surrendering to him. Now, I want to fully surrendereverything toRune. My heart, soul, pride, trust. I want to lay all of myself at his feet.

But would he accept?

I wet my suddenly dry lips. "Is Father McDaniel saying mass this morning?"

Monsignor Hannibal pauses in the act of gathering the chains. "No, he is deep in prayer, asking the lord for guidance."

My pulse starts to quicken. "Guidance on what?"

He eyes me with speculation. "I have my suspicions."

Tread carefully. "Do you?"

"Yes. I still sense an undercurrent of lust between the two of you." He hesitates,



seemingly unsure. “But I have no choice but to admit failure, now that you’ve passed a majority of the tests.”

I let out a slow breath. He doesn’t know that Rune and I made love.

Part of me is elated, as I haven’t caused Rune’s excommunication from the church.

The selfish half of me is deflated. If he’s to remain a priest, that doesn’t leave a future for us, does it? Not unless we kept our relationship a secret. Would that make me happy? No. Clandestine meetings with Rune would make me his private shame. My body might rejoice in that arrangement, but my heart would break more each time.

“What happens now?” I ask, mostly to myself.

“You go back to the village,” the monsignor states, matter-of-factly.

“Now?” My pulse misses several beats. “This morning?”

“Yes,” he fairly hisses. “Or would you like to engage in another round of temptation? Maybe this time he’ll fail and you will win.”

“I...of course, I n-never wanted him to fail—”

“Didn’t you? That’s the only way you’d get paid.”

Dizziness hits me, along with a slow yawning of dread. “I...you said you were going to pay me for my time, no matter the outcome.”

“No, I didn’t. I said I would pay you for your services if they were to my satisfaction. Your services didn’t meet the required standard, or you would have seduced him.”

A realization dawns, thickening my sense of impending doom. “You wanted him to fail your tests. You never wanted him to pass. Why?”

His sneer turns my stomach over. “He thinks he’s so much better than me. Refusing to engage in innocent gossip or condemn even the vilest of parishioners. Thieves and beggars. He allows them into the church to sit beside good, honest people and has the nerve to question me for not doing the same.” His laughter is dark. “Yes, I was looking forward to taking him down a peg, that’s for sure.”

“You...hate him because he is too good. Too accepting and kind.” Warmth presses in behind my eyes. “But that’s exactly what a priest is supposed to be.”

“What do you know, you penniless street trash?” He glares at the outline of my body beneath the sheet. “You’d be wise to make some coin selling that body, before you lose your appeal.”

I’m going to be sick.

I’m actually...scared being alone with this man. He’s an imposter. A fake. He’s no more holy than the prisoners being held in the local jail. Or anyone in the village, really.

And the village does need Rune.

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That is being made obvious to me right now.

Without Rune...Father McDaniel...they'll be left with this hateful hypocrite.

This town needs Rune's goodness. His authenticity.

I can't be the one who takes him away from the church—or the church away from him. And I can't let this man win.

“You have until the hour is up to leave the rectory,” Monsignor Hannibal says. “Get back to where you belong, girl. And thanks for nothing.”

My aunt. She's probably starving by now. On the verge of being cast out of the shelter. “You're really not going to pay me the money you promised?”

He takes a menacing step in my direction. “What are you going to do about it?”

Nothing. I have zero recourse. I can't very well approach the law officers in town and relay the events of the last few days. Not only would they condemn me as a strumpet, but they probably wouldn't believe the Monsignor is capable of such depravity.

Unfortunately, not getting the promised coin means...my aunt and I are now truly destitute. We have no funds whatsoever. No money to eat or pay the pittance required by the shelter to recure a bed. Without any job prospects for me and myaunt unable to work because of her illness, we're at the end of our rope.

I'll have no choice but to marry Mr. Tandy or we'll be left vulnerable in the street.

“Maybe you should have tried a little harder to corrupt Father McDaniel, hmm?” he says, with a nasty smile, as if he’s read my thoughts. “Be gone with you, girl. By the end of the hour and no more.”

I choke on my request to please, please see Rune before I go.

Surely, he wouldn’t want me to leave without saying goodbye.

But once I’m dressed and my sparse possessions are packed, my time expires...and that’s exactly what I do. I leave without saying goodbye to Rune...

And I prepare to face my fate.

I never could have expected my fate to find me at the gates, demanding my soul.

Rune

I kneel at the altar with my head bowed, a rosary dangling from my fingers.

But I haven’t come to pray. I’ve come to say goodbye to this part of my faith.

I’m choosing her. I was always going to choose her.

Having Farrah or not having Farrah is a choice with as much gravity as life or death.

And lord almighty, do I love her. I’ve known since the marketplace, when my entire world shifted around me and starting spinning in a new direction. She’s the sun. She’s my sun. I ache to be her lifelong protector. I ache to see her every day, every night. To make her laugh, dry her tears and raise children together.

I ache for her cunt.

I ache. And ache. And ache.

These thoughts of mine have no place at the foot of an altar. Thoughts of her spread thighs, her hitching breaths, the sleek grind of her pussy when she climaxes. I've lost the battle with lust...but my lust, my need, is not some disgusting sin as I always imagined it would be. No. Because my passion for Farrah runs deeper than skin. It descends to the bottom of the fucking ocean. She makes me feel found.

She makes me feel more righteous and good than the church, as blasphemous as that is to admit. And love...should be celebrated. This love cannot be hidden or ignored. It's too consuming. Too huge. Too urgent. The surety and joy in my chest are real. They're something I had no idea I was missing.

"Until Farrah," I breathe into hands locked in prayer.

My entire being sighs at the mention of her name.

There is no way I could ever give her up. My will to live would be nonexistent. And if I can feel this devoted to one single person, I will never become my father. I reach up and finger my collar, removing it with a tweak of my wrist, settling it down on the altar in front of me—

"Does that mean what I think it means?" asks Monsignor Hannibal from the front row of the church, catching me off guard. How long has he been sitting there? "You are forsaking the church for a brazen hussy?"

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I come slowly to my feet, but my ire is not so slow to rise. No, it's swift and sharp. "Your tongue is the next thing I drop on this altar if you speak ill of Farrah again."

The monsignor pales but doesn't lose his smirk. "Well? Where have your prayers led you this morning?"

"To her," I rasp, eager to hold my girl. "Everything has been leading to her."

He's surprised. "And yet you've resisted her considerable charms for the past two days."

"No, I didn't." Low moans. Squeaking bed springs. Our mouths hot, seeking. "We partook of one another quite...intensely. She is likely already pregnant with my child. And I will rejoice to the heavens if she is." Happiness making me almost dizzy, I turn and look up at the crucifix above the altar. "If God has sent her to me, I must have been a righteous man at some point—a good man—to deserve such a treasure."

A long pause. Is he battling a smile or is that my imagination? "I see."

I don't like the way he's looking at me. Like he knows something I don't. Suddenly, there is a very urgent need to see her. My palms are sweating, too, with an intuition I don't understand. "I must go to her and ask her to be my wife."

"She might already be someone else's wife," drawls the other man.

The church might as well be falling around me for the roaring in my ears, the crumbling sensation in my middle. "What the hell does that mean?" I wheeze.

“Farrah!Farrah!” I start shouting, though I have no idea if she’s even nearby. I just need to yell for her. Yell her name. Implore the universe to bring her to my side, immediately. When there’s no reply, I lunge for the monsignor, gripping him by the front of his robe. “Explain yourself.”

He fears me, as he should, yet he is still visibly enjoying my panic. “I might have arranged for Mr. Tandy to meet her outside of the church gate.” He smiles with teeth. “To escort her to the justice of the peace. There’s no time to waste. She’s destitute. And he’s got some very pressing plans to enact with your little Farrah.”

My legs are barely holding me up. Pain is lancing me like a hot blade, the fear and denial so intense, I can’t think straight. “Why? I don’t understand. Why did she leave?” I bellow. “Why have you done this?”

“Because I have the power to do so. And it pleases me to watch you flounder.” His eyes flash with something sinister and a chill blows down my spine. “You thought you could get the best of me by being so kind and pious, well, I showed you, didn’t I?”

Those words leave so much to examine, but for now, I don’t waste another second on this cretin. Time is too valuable with Farrah on the line. I simply strip my robe off over my head and start running as fast as my legs will carry me toward the village, the words “someone else’s wife” ringing in my ears.

I’m coming, Farrah.

Please trust that I’m coming.

Chapter Eleven

Farrah

I stare through a veil of tears at the justice of the peace, my cold, dead fingers clutching a cheap bouquet of daisies. I'm numb. Thank goodness, too, because if I wasn't numb, my skin would be crawling over the way Mr. Tandy leers at me while the justice recites the marriage rites. Bart. My husband-to-be's first name is Bart.

Kill me now.

A hysterical laugh sneaks out of me.

My aunt weeps louder in the corner of the small, poorly lit room.

There is no furniture, save a podium and a little table that holds a candle and a picture of the king. Briefly, I think about snatching the candle and setting fire to Mr. Tandy. Prison is preferable to marrying this sadistic man, but it wouldn't solve anything. I'm out of choices. I won't let my aunt deteriorate in the street.

I close my eyes and imagine I'm back in the woods, being held by Rune. His knuckles are stroking circles into my back and he's murmuring praise in my ear, while the wind drifts softly through the tree branches above. This image will be my happy place forever, the memory I retreat to when life becomes unbearable. There will be the memory of us, even if our time was horribly brief.

I open my eyes again, but the tears are abundant now, so everything is blurry.

"Do you take this woman to be your lawfully wedded wife?"

"I sure do," Mr. Tandy says with a sick enthusiasm that makes me tremble.

"Do you—"

The sound of a door being ripped from its hinges with a loud screech interrupts the



justice and we all go still, turning to look at the entrance to the ceremony chamber.  
That's when the bellowing starts.

“Farrah!”

I drop the daisies to the floor.

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Conversely, my heart shoots up into my mouth. “Th-that’s Rune.”

“The priest?” spits Mr. Tandy. “The monsignor warned me he might be a problem.”

Monsignor Hannibal organized this. Of course he did. Evil man.

“Farrah, where are you?” Stomping and crashing ensues, growing louder by the moment. Closer to the chamber. “Which door is it?”

“This one,” I whisper, then louder, “this one! Rune!”

My breath catches when the doorknob rattles. It’s locked.

“Finish the ceremony!” shouts Mr. Tandy.

No! I want to scream back, but have I forgotten why I’m marrying Mr. Tandy in the first place? For security, if not happiness. I’ve left Rune behind, because it was the right thing to do. He loves being a part of the church. He’s a good man who defended me when I was weak and vulnerable. A man of the people, not self-interest. And I’m the woman stealing him away from his purpose.

But we should at least be given a chance to say goodbye, right? For closure?

I bite my lip, not knowing what to do, though I desperately want to tear from the room and bury myself in the sanctuary of Rune’s arms.

Mr. Tandy grabs a handful of my hair, yanking my head around to face the justice

again, pain rippling along my scalp. “Say your vows, you little bitch—”

The chamber door splinters down the middle. A foot kicks through the wooden panels, and then the entire obstacle is ripped down. Rune is revealed on the other side, bare-chested and sweating, looking like a savage brute, his face a mask of utter fury. “You were already warned to stay away from her,” he growls, pointing a shaking finger at Mr. Tandy. “Now you pay the price.”

Mr. Tandy relinquishes my hair and puts his hands up in surrender, backing toward the corner. “I’m only trying to help the girl—”

Rune’s fist streaks through the air and connects with Mr. Tandy’s jaw, sending him airborne across the room where he slams into the wall and slides down into an unconscious heap. He strides forward to pick his adversary back up and slug him again, but I step into Rune’s path to intercept him.

“You’ll kill him,” I whisper.

“Good.”

“No. You’re not a killer. You’re better than that. You’re a good man. That’s...” I exhale rockily, in pain from being this close to him without touching. “That’s why I left. You are in the right place with the church. It’s what you love—”

“I love you, Farrah,” he says, stepping forward, his voice an emotional scrape. “I love you. My right place is where you are. Where we can be together.”

I gulp a sob. “But you’re a priest.”

“And I could have gone on being one for the rest of my life, except for one girl. One incredible girl. The only girl for me walked into my life and now I have the honor of

changing my path so she can walk beside me.” He delves his fingers into my hair, and I almost collapse at the pleasure of his touch. The safety of it. “I cannot claim to be righteous and reject the gift I’ve been sent by heaven.” He leans down to breathe against my mouth, our lips grazing softly. “My Farrah.”

Yes, I am. His Farrah. Completely. “But you’ll miss it. You’ll miss who you were.”

“I’m not going to change. I’m going to change my circumstances. Ours.” He slants his mouth over mine in a groaning kiss. “Do you honestly think I could survive a world where we’re not together? Where you’re married to a lunatic?”

Tears burst from my eyes, but he only wipes them away with his big thumbs, looking down at me in open adoration. “No. I don’t know. I-I didn’t want to cause your ruin.”

“Without you, I’m ruined. Without you, I was going through the motions. You showed me more. You showed me I’m meant to be a husband.” His gaze transforms with passion. Intensity. Determination. “Marry me, here and now, Farrah. Marry me, instead. Trust me to care for you and your aunt. Trust me enough to build a life with me.”

A moment ago, a miserable existence was inevitable. Now I am floating. More hopeful than I can ever remember being in my life. Maybe for the first time ever. “I trust you. Of course I do,” I manage, though my throat feels banded with emotion. “Love and trust go hand in hand, and I love you to my very bones.”

His eyes mist, but he doesn’t take them off me. He lets me see the promise of our future there. All the joy it will hold. “Say the words, preacher,” he demands, his voice breaking. “Unite me and this woman. Until the day I die.”

Epilogue

Rune

Five Years Later

Isit in the last pew of the church, a worn leather Bible in my hand. I'm supposed to be mentally preparing for the sermon I'll deliver this afternoon, but I can't help but look at what I've built and marvel. I couldn't have built a church from the ground up and assembled a congregation without my wife at my side.

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Thankfully, I'll never have to know what it's like to be without her.

We're never apart and we'll never be apart.

The spine of the Bible creaks in my hand and I slowly release my grip, breathing deeply and reminding myself Farrah is only in the supply room arranging fresh flowers for the service. Only fifty yards away. Still, it's not good enough.

"Farrah," I shout, my voice echoing through the still, empty church. "I need you where I can see you, please."

A beat later, I hear the sound a door swinging in the right wing of the church and Farrah walks out into the open, holding a golden vase of flowers...and I'm transported back to our wedding day. We spent that night at an inn just outside of town, her aunt in the room next door. God help me, I don't think I let Farrah close her legs for ten hours, taking her mercilessly until sunup—and it would be far from the last time I did that. Now that I've freed myself of the notion that sex will turn me into a dishonest degenerate, I am insatiable. That hunger is only aroused by one woman, though.

I don't see anyone but her.

My beloved. My mischievous redhead. My Farrah.

I watch her walk to the altar of the church and place the vase of spring blooms down in front of the pulpit, bending forward as she does so, the blue material of her dress stretching over that tempting ass. I must lean back in the pew and flex my thighs open

to accommodate the gathering girth between them, the rush of blistering lust that punches me in the stomach, elongating my cock. The fact that I tried, even for a short while, to hold onto my celibacy once I'd met Farrah is laughable. I never stood a chance in hell once she started licking that chocolate in the field, her knees opening to show her Daddy what he'd spend the rest of his life obsessing over.

Farrah walks up the aisle toward me, a draft fluttering the hem of her dress, teasing the long, loose strands of her hair. The dress is nearly indecent. Not fitting for the preacher's wife whatsoever, but this is who we are. We are dark and light, Farrah and me. We launched this congregation to spread goodness together and that's what we do. We help those less fortunate. We organize charity in the town I once served as a priest, her aunt feeling well enough now to head two committees.

But behind closed doors, my wife and I are anything but holy.

Farrah makes slow progress in my direction, tossing her hair back as she approaches, running fingertips down the front of her throat. Lower. Drawing my attention to her sweet, supple tits where they're plumped together in her neckline.

I hear myself swallow. Sweat dapples the trail of hair beneath my navel. Not for the first time, I field the impulse to recite a Hail Mary, but I remind myself I'm no longer a priest, but a preacher. A preacher who is allowed a wife, thank Christ. A preacher whose dick is swelling so rapidly, he has no choice but to unfasten his pants and lower the zipper, shuddering when his need is out in the open, rigid in his lap, stiffening further with every step Farrah takes closer to him.

Sunlight beams in through the south window behind her, while the other side of the church is buried in shadows. Light and dark. We are definitely that. Our lives are full of light. Good. Service to the community. But in our private time, we live to indulge our fantasies. You might say we're religious about it.

“Hi there, preacher,” she drawls, reaching the end of my pew, trailing her finger along the wooden back of the bench as she saunters toward me. “I don’t mean to interrupt your quiet time, but I wondered...” She stops right in front of me, bracing her hands on the pew behind her, arching her back to show off the titties she can barely keep from popping out of her dress. “...if there’s anything you might need before this morning’s service?”

As if she can’t see my cock pulsing eagerly against my thigh.

As if we didn’t arrange for her aunt to babysit our sons for an hour, so I could burn off some of my incessant and obsessive hunger for this woman.

“There’s nothing I need,” I say, but there’s a very clear burr of tumultuous need in my voice. “Why don’t you go outside and wait with the rest of the congregation for the service to start?” I rasp, starting to breath hard.

She bites her smiling lip and pushes off the pew, bringing that incredible body closer, the fingers of her right hand slowly sinking into my hair, dragging her nails over my scalp. “We both know I’m not like the rest of your flock, preacher. Don’t we?”

The pulse in my neck is hammering. “I don’t know what you mean.”

“Don’t you?” she leans down and whispers against my mouth, licking my upper lip in such a seductive way, my balls turn to stone. “I’m the only member of the church you can’t seem to stop fucking.”

“Wehaveto stop,” I say raggedly, because oh lord, she’s walking her fingers down my chest, my belly, and wrapping my cock in her fist, jacking me off in a firm, perfect way that contracts every muscle below my neck. “I’m supposed to be setting an example for worshipers.”



“But you worship me so well,” she purrs, setting one knee beside my hip, followed by the other, until she’s straddling me in a kneel, still beating me off in her fist while our mouths venture closer, closer. “You might preach about salvation to them, but...you show it to me, don’t you? And I show it to you right back.”

It’s taking every iota of my willpower not to pin her down and stuff my cock up that tight slit between her legs, but damn...she loves this. Loves playing the bad girl who seduces the holy man. And it’s not really an act at all, is it? She’s so much more than a seductress, but when we’re playing like this, that’s all she wants to be. My bad little whore. If I wasn’t assured beyond measure that she knows the opposite to be true, I would have a hard time engaging in these fantasies, but my wife knows she’s my treasure. Knows I would burn the world down for her. So I absorb the pleasure in her eyes when I snag her wrist, ceasing her torturous up and down strokes of my cock.

“You force me into sin with your harlot’s body,” I manage on a hot shudder, perusing the body in question. “You give me no choice but to partake.”

“You do have a choice,” she murmurs, pulling her wrist from my grip and slowly slipping free the buttons of her dress, tugging wide the neckline to show me her young, aroused tits. “And you always choose to bed me like an animal.”

“Don’t say these things,” I choke out. “We can’t do this.”

“But I need it so bad,” she pouts. “You make sure every member of your flock gets what they need, preacher.” She rakes her indignant, open mouth up the side of my face, whispering, “And I need my Daddy.”

“Stop,” I rasp, but my hands are sliding up beneath her dress, up the outsides of her smooth thighs, finding her without panties and groaning up at the rafters, my palms fastening to her ass and jerking her down onto my lap, our mouths locking and moving in wet slants, her thighs opening so blessedly wide, I feel the downward

pressure of her pussy where God intended, her hips moving in tight, little humps. “Stop,” I say again, even as I’m molding her sexy bottom in desperate hands. “No.”

“Just the tip?” She whines the question, nips at my bottom lip. “The tip is my favorite part. It’s how you put your pleasure in me.”

“No,” I pant, but hell if I’m not angling my hips, holding the base of my cock for her to sit on top, watching an exhilarated flush spread on her face when she wiggles her hips to work my thick head inside her narrow opening, an excited gasp falling from her mouth, her tits heaving up and down, eyes momentarily losing focus. “No more than that,” I grit out, slapping her ass hard with my free hand. “I’m warning you.”

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“But Daddy, I want to sit on the whole thing. Please.”

“No.”

Yes. God yes.

“Just a little more,” she cajoles, sliding her knees open wider on the pew. “Nothing makes me feel closer to the lord than your great flood. Give it to me.”

“Oh God,” I moan when she scoops her hips and squeezes me in to the hilt, leaving me in danger of spilling prematurely. “Don’t move!”

Too late. She’s riding me like she wants to make me blow, bucking and bouncing in turn, her sweet ass slapping off my upper thighs, her mewling sounds going to my head like the finest wine. I can’t even allow myself to look at her jiggling tits or I’ll probably launch her ten yards from the force of my climax. All I can do is clutch her spread ass cheeks in my hands, drop my head back and feel the push and pull of her cunt, the wet suck and slide of it on my sensitive shaft, my balls preparing to give up the fight. Of course they are. She’s not merely a woman, she’s an experience. A daily resurrection.

The love of a lifetime.

As deeply and profoundly as I love my wife, I know what she likes to hear. What’s going to make her come the fastest and with the most intensity.

“Ride it faster for Daddy,” I say through clenched teeth. “My tight little whore knows

just how I like it, doesn't she?"

A loud sob breaks from her lips.

Her pussy seizes up around me and begins to spasm, but I bring my hand down on her ass nonetheless, the successive slaps resounding through the empty church, her wetness seeping and gathering around the throbbing width of my cock, her body tensing on my lap and shaking violently. But her eyes, they're locked on me, trusting and brimming with bliss, and that total trust along with the rhythmic squeezes of her sex bring me off with a roar, my hips jerking off the pew to combat the intensity, my frenzied upward pumps verging on beastly, my spurts releasing in heavy loads deep in her recesses, one after another, hollowing out my stomach and piercing my vision with light.

"Oh God, oh God, thank you for making her so sweet and tight," I grind out, unable to stop coming, and she loves that, too, her hips ticking up and back, her fingers playing with her rosy nipples, encouraging me to unload more than ever, right there in the back of the church. And when I'm finally, finally emptied of tension, I pull my beloved wife down to me, kissing and stroking her the way she needs after sex. The care I love giving to her. Crave giving her. I take her mouth in a slow, thorough kiss, looking her in her eyes while stroking her wild, red hair back from her flushed face. "Sometimes, when I'm preaching at the pulpit and I see a skeptic in the crowd, I want to tell them, if you question the existence of God, look no further than my wife. She's proof enough."

Her face softens even more. "I would say the same about my husband." She kisses my chin. "Who I love more than anything."

"I love you, too, sweetheart." I wrap my arms around her. "You didn't just steal chocolate in the market that day. You stole my heart and soul."

She presses our foreheads together, our bodies beginning to heat again, her thighs

restless on the pew. “And I’m keeping it,” she whispers. “Forever.”

I lick a pathway up the front of her throat. “Halleluiah.”

THE END