



# The Fallen

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**Category:** Erotic, Romance, Adult, Fantasy, Dark

**Description:** Pray to God all you want... on Game Night, he turns a deaf ear to your delicious suffering.

Before Game Night, the omega nuns under my care were safe, sheltered, and kept innocent from the ways of Alphas and their desires.

Now, on that one, hellacious night, when the implant holding my deviant urges in check is turned off, I'm no longer a holy priest.

I'm an Alpha. A monster. An unbridled animal like every other Alpha out there.

But I am the worst beast of them all... a wolf amongst my sheep, an unsuspecting predator hidden in the grass ready to consume and destroy.

... And my prey approaches.

My soul may scream out in guilt-ridden agony in the morning, but tonight, my body will revel in the delight of her innocent flesh.

Forgive me, Father, for I am about to sin.

The Fallen is a dark omegaverse romance shared world within The Annual Game Night series. Please read the author's note to determine if this story is too much for you.

**Total Pages (Source):** 30

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## Chapter One

### Father Draven

Game night.

It's the bane of every Alpha's existence. That is, every Alpha who wishes to contain the baser urges flowing through him. Yet, with one stroke of a pen, the Universal Governance Council doomed us, gave us the freedom many didn't want, nor need.

Though, I could just be delusional. I don't claim to be a reliable narrator, seeing as my thoughts are consumed with lusts of the flesh and not the Body and Blood of Christ as I should be. It would probably be better to say they doomed me and me alone.

But then, that's just hubris, isn't it? To think that the government wants to see me fail so spectacularly that they enact a feast of the flesh, a bacchanalian celebration of sorts where chaos is god and righteousness is nowhere to be found, just to tempt me, to draw me back into the depths of depravity. The depths I fought tooth and nail to crawl out of.

It would be far too easy to leave on this most unholy night, to travel to another sector and be done with it all. But I've never run from anything before in my life, and I don't intend to start now. It's laughable, really, thinking this night should have any effect on me, any hold.

He was tempted in all points like we are. And yet, I'm sure Christ never faced this.

The virus that swept through, transforming us into monsters - predators versus prey - has only had its effects scorching the earth in this last millennium. He was never forced to fight against base urges so strong it makes you want to claw your skin from your bones and weep at your inept weakness.

He could never know. Never understand. But such thoughts are blasphemy. Grabbing my rosary, I finger the familiar beads as a calmness drifts over my mind and soul. I just have to have faith. Everything else will work itself out.

A heavy sigh flits from my lips, pulled from the deepest recesses of my being as I look out of my barred window, watching the flecks of snow drift over the empty courtyard. Silence. Everything is too quiet. We are all supposed to spend this time in silent contemplation, yet my mind continues to wander.

I should be better than this. Beyond all this. But I'm not. I'm a mere mortal man. Gripping my rosary even tighter, I grit my teeth as I force myself to concentrate. I need to get my mind and heart right before morning Mass. Unfortunately, every time I close my eyes, it's not wholesome thoughts that fill my brain.

It's the newest Sister to our abbey—Sister Emily Agnes. Agnes. My mind trips over the saintly name bestowed upon her. Chaste, virtuous, everything a Sister should be. And yet, here I am, wondering what she looks like underneath her habit.

A groan eases from my lips, breaking the silence, as I squeeze the rosary so hard the cord snaps and beads plink all over the floor. My vision wavers for a moment as a buzz fills my brain. Until she came here, I had things under control. I was able to keep myself calm.

And yet, here I am, brought to my knees as electricity surges through my brain, forcing me to stop all action as it tamps down the aggression and sexual need coursing through me like a live wire. An animal. Nothing more. At least, that's how

the government paints us.

Forcing young Alphas on the cusp of adolescence to cede their power over to some foreign bit of nanotechnology to keep omegas safe. As if that is all that's needed. It's a heart issue and not a control issue.

As a practicing Father Confessor, I've heard the stories. I've listened to other Alphas as they recounted in cold calculation the things they and others have done. All without the implant stopping them. It's not foolproof by any means.

Learn to game the system, and you can have the various sectors eating out of the palm of your hand. Learn the rules well enough, and you can bend them to your will with no one being a bit the wiser. If only I were such a specimen.

But no. I wear every emotion on my sleeve. My brain sizzles and snaps with every untoward thought. It's as if God himself seeks to punish me directly.

Either way, I've been able to keep my heart and mind in check. Once I committed myself to a life of service to God almighty, the incidences of needing the implant to remind me of my place and role became less and less until it was nearly zero.

But then there was her.

Until Sister Emily Agnes, I've been able to maintain my role here with piety and dignity. I've never felt this with any of the other Sisters under my care, never felt such loss of control. They were sheep for me to lead, poor, innocent women for me to protect. Now, I feel like the vilest of wolves set to devour them.

No.

Not them.

Her.

I lie there on the cold floor, breathing in and out as my body remains immobile, held hostage by this implant forced into us at such a tender age. Perhaps it's because we're so close to Game Night. Even though I was not an active participant last year, it's as if my body is gearing up for something, becoming primed and ready.

But ready for what?

Last year, I sequestered myself into my room as the Sisters took to the main chapel and prayed. They were phenomenal at offering sanctuary to any omega who requested it. They were so generous in their outward showing of love and faith. Unlike me.

I didn't dare chance leaving the confines of my room. Not when the idea of being unfettered was so new, so unexplored. But even then, even when their myriad scents of fear and lust permeated the abbey, I stood firm.

Nothing shook me then. It's as if I were untouchable, protected by God Himself. I was a lone Alpha able to conduct the game in prayer in supplication with little regard to any carnal needs that could have arisen.

Not now. God seems to have abandoned me at this time of need. It's as if He's testing me, seeing how far I can go before I break. That means this year I have no clue how I'm going to keep myself behind these paltry bits of wood and iron. Not when I already long to burst out of my bonds of the flesh to bathe in the sanctity of the Sister who haunts me at every turn.

## Page 2

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I'll have to do something else. Something drastic. Closing my eyes, I take in a deep breath and push myself off the floor. Down beneath the abbey lies old catacombs and long deserted prison cells. They were in order long before the central government took over.

After that, there was no need to house anyone down there—criminal or otherwise. That should hold me. It should keep my flock safe. Keepersafe.

Who am I kidding? As long as I have these animalistic thoughts pounding in my brain, she'll never be safe. Granted, all Alphas have this constant stream of consciousness, but as a member of the cloth, I should be above such things. I must purge them from me, drive them from my body and soul. Weary aches flood my system as I hoist myself up and walk over to my armoire.

I should be over this, over her. It's times like these I wonder why I even went into the priesthood, anyway. It seems as if I've been doing more harm than good.

As the Sisters file out into the bitter chill, my fingers wrap around the thick handle of the flogger I keep hidden inside. No one else knows about this, about my secret shame. Setting myself in front of the window, I pull my robes over my head and place them neatly on the edge of the bed.

I watch each omega as they scuttle off to the chapel, preparing themselves for Mass. A Mass I'm supposed to lead them in. A Mass I feel wholly unprepared to conduct.

Thwack.

The hardened tips of the beads slam against my back, sending a shudder through my body. Pain explodes over me, making me fall forward just a touch.

Thwack.

Wetness trickles down, making my stomach flop as queasy nausea brings bile bubbling up to the back of my throat. It's like hot-white fire searing me from the inside out, a pain I'll never get used to, never desire. And that's how it should be.

Thwack.

My breathing evens out as I force myself to remain calm. It's not a penance if I trigger the implant and it allows me to slip into oblivion. No. I need to feel every moment of this remorse as I confess before God the lustful thoughts that plague me at every turn.

Thwack.

Harder now. A bit more bite and sting. My back becomes accustomed to the abuse, and so I must increase the force of each strike to ensure the message drives home. I cannot have her. I cannot want her. I cannot desire another woman over the need I have to give myself to God.

Thwack.

The sickening squelch of striking wet flesh fills the room, making my brain fuzz around the edges. It's not enough to tip the scales, but close enough. Taking in a deep breath, I fill my lungs to capacity, dragging copper-tinged air into my very soul, my very being.

Thwack.

By enduring this agony, I can atone and show my remorse. Maybe, in time, it will drive these base needs out of me so I can once again be a gentle and doting shepherd and not the ravenous monster that lurks just under the surface. But with each stinging lash, I wonder how much of this is just wishful thinking.

Thwack.

As much as I want to look away, to drag my gaze from the women in front of me, I cannot. I will not. I need to get their safety and sanctity in the forefront of my mind. They are why I do this. They are why I debase myself before God. Somehow, it lends me strength, allowing me to continue through the last few strikes I have left.

Thwack.

Off in the distance, a solitary Sister turns around. At first, her face is obscured by the snow and the billowing veil threatening to conceal her, but I know it's her. Though these windows are made so that no one can see in, her sapphire gaze pierces me as if she's looking at me.

Sister Emily Agnes.

There's a sorrow in her eyes, a tinge of grief as she continues to watch. Breath haggard, I lock my gaze with hers and finish out my punishment.

Thwack.

I crave her.

I want her.

I need to have her.



Thwack.

I must consume her.

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I must feast upon her virginal flesh.

I must make her mine in every Biblical sense of the word.

Thwack.

Agony bows up my back as the skin is now raw and freely bleeding, splattering the dark vermillion over the floor. The pain gives me clarity as I watch her retreating back as she joins the rest of the Sisters.

She's just like them. She's an untouchable gem, a jewel in the crown of God.

Thwack.

A loud cry punctuates the air as the tips rip through jagged flesh. Dropping the flogger onto the floor, I huddle into myself, rocking back and forth as I continue to send up my prayers. It is enough for now, but what will happen tomorrow? Or the day after that? Or the day after that?

Ragged breaths flit through my lips as I wait there for my vision to stop swimming. The Sisters await me, and I cannot keep them there for long. As always, there is much to do, and I can't sit here, prostrate, as I bemoan my inner longings.

With a soft groan, I rise from my place on the floor and grab a damp rag to clean the wood where my blood stained the light browns. More and more, I contemplate leaving. Not only for their sake, but for my own. Shaking my head, I toss the rag into a bucket, not wishing for anyone to know my secret shame.

Better that they think of me as careless with my things than know the blood I shed for their continued salvation. As I crank on the shower, the hot steam caresses my body like invisible fingers trailing over my skin. Cupping my balls, I roll my head back onto my shoulders and look up at the heavens.

“Please take this temptation from me. It is a cross too heavy to bear.”

Every inch of me aches as I plunge myself into the heat. Most of all, my balls are drawn up to the point of pain. Yet one more bit of penance I’ve come to accept. Daily, the very act of sitting becomes uncomfortable, and it’s all because of her.

I cannot send her away, because she has done nothing wrong. The only thing she’s guilty of is being a temptation sent from a different sector to test me. When their convent closed down, we welcomed her with open arms. Now, I wonder if it was wise.

She looks different, speaks differently, and worst of all, smells differently. There’s an underlying note of raspberries, a tang of decadence underneath the chocolaty overtones surrounding her lithe, tiny body. How does no one else smell it? How are these Sisters able to carry on with their duties as if there’s not an omega presenting herself as a snack to be devoured?

I can’t think like this. I won’t think like this. Instead, I grab my soap and pour it down my back to clean out the wounds. Slamming my fist against the warm tile, I quell the agonizing scream threatening to rip from my lips. I must suffer in silence as He did. I must take my punishment, all of it, with the grace afforded me.

As I turn to allow the warm spray to cleanse me, swirls of blood eddy around my feet. A small sacrifice, a minuscule bit of torment for a much greater good. Leaning forward, I stretch out the skin, allowing no spot to go untouched. Minutes tick by like hours as I force my body to stay under my control.

I can't trip the implant now. I have work to do. I must stay focused.

Eventually, the pain quiets to a dull roar, filling a small corner of my mind. My skin feels flayed and bruised as I dry myself and toss the towel into the flames with the sullied rag. Each scrape of my cassock, the holy robes I wear around the abbey, against my back sends tendrils of torment shooting through me, but I must persevere.

My Sisters need me.

Especially Sister Emily Agnes.

## Chapter Two

### Sister Emily Agnes

The bitter cold grips me even from deep within the bowels of my habit. The other Sisters seem unaffected, but no doubt it's because they're used to this weather. Perhaps when given the choices of where I wanted to end up after our small congregation was dismantled, I should have taken the elements into account.

Huddling in as deeply as I can, I look back at the window as a strange gnawing tears at my insides. I know he's there. I cannot tell how I possess such a knowledge, but it's as clear to me as my own heart pounding in my chest. Up ahead, the others make their trek to the chapel to set up for Mass, but I do not wish to go with them.

Something makes me long to stay rooted at the spot and stare at the window, hoping it will reveal the priest inside. But that's absurd. Every morning we make this same pilgrimage, and every morning I see nothing but a reflection of cold desolation.

Behind me, the Mother Superior gives a soft harrumph as she urges me on. One week here, and already I'm on her bad side. I mustn't tarry, or else I'm sure she'll find yet

another abysmal chore for me to do.

Though, if I'm being honest, I really shouldn't complain. Coming here after being sequestered in a convent is a breath of fresh air, a freedom I never knew could be afforded to me. Here, I can come and go with relative ease.

In some ways, it's still all so new and frightening. We had a priest who would assist in our prayers and partake in the Liturgy of the Eucharist, but he was always distanced, separated from us by a fence. Here, I can see the Father Confessor at all turns, even when I do not expect him.

Shoving these thoughts to the side, I hurry my stride to catch up with the other Sisters. There is still so much to do before our official day can begin. As I help prepare for Mass, I let my thoughts wander, doing my best to steer them away from the priest and onto things of a more holy nature.

Unfortunately, they keep drifting back. Hopefully, it's a discomfort that will ease the longer I am here. I'm simply not used to being around a male, much less an Alpha. Biting down on my lower lip, I kneel and cross myself before taking my place in a pew.

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The others file in beside me, hemming me in. For a moment, I feel trapped, unable to breathe. Where it was once far too cold, it is now stifling, threatening to choke me as I reach for my rosary. I only need to breathe. Just one deep breath.

As I pray to myself, I run my fingers along the worn beads, allowing the familiarity to comfort me and shore me up. Soon, the tight band squeezing my heart loosens until I can draw in a full breath of air. Next to me, the other Sisters seem to not notice my distress.

Not that I want them to. It's silly to have my heart pound so hard at the very idea of taking communion from this Alpha. My muscles clench, nearly drawing a groan from my lips, but I manage to stifle it before drawing any extra undue attention myway. Perhaps after Mass, I'll see one of the Sisters practiced in medicine. Maybe she can tell me what ails me.

I squeeze my eyes shut, begging God that I am well, and that nothing is truly wrong with me. I've never felt this way before, never had the very air I breathe pulled out of my lungs by some unseen hand set to rob me. Again, the hysteria rises as I clutch my rosary.

As I chant within my mind, the door opens from behind us. The other Sisters stand as still as a statue, but I long to turn and look, to see the priest as he enters these holy chambers. Again, my heart pounds in my chest, so hard and strong, I fear the others must hear it, but they make no mention.

They all stay with their eyes affixed to the crucifix, the same place I'm supposed to be looking. All my thoughts should be there, residing in Him who we serve. And yet,

as the spicy scent of incense and man hits my nostrils, I am nearly brought to my knees.

An odd cramp twists my uterus, nearly doubling me forward. Though I catch myself on the pew in front of me and hold myself still, my actions garner curious glances from the other Sisters and a stern glare from Mother Superior. Next to her, the Abbess shakes her head and straightens her shoulders, silently chastising me.

But then, they can't possibly know there's something wrong. None of them have any look of concern on their faces. Does this mean I am fine and merely going into hysterics for nothing? As I force myself to stand up straight, the Father Confessor edges ever closer, his feet silent against the cool stone.

He walks as if floating on air, as if he himself can also walk upon the waters. Such thoughts are blasphemous, to be sure, but I find myself unable to keep such ideations away. Perhaps this is something I can seek help for in confession.

And yet, the instant that thought comes into my mind, I shove it right back out. Any time spent alone with the Father Confessor is dangerous. At least it is until I can get these wild machinations out of my mind. The last thing I want is to be sent away again, cast upon the breeze, to land in an unknown place.

Though it's rough being so new, I've already found somewhat of a home amongst these women and the students I tutor. It's not perfect by any means, but it can only grow. At least, that's what I hope.

To be forced to leave, to start over anew yet again... it's somehow more painful to imagine than standing in front of the Alpha Father Confessor himself as he berates me for my numerous sins.

My body twitches as he passes by. His scent invades my nostrils, bringing that odd

cramp back into my body. Cool wood meets my palms as I dig my fingers into the curve of the pew, forcing my body to remain upright.

He pauses. The Alpha Confessor pauses. Why? Why has he stopped?

Turning, his gaze locks onto mine. For a moment, time stands still. His light blue eyes bore into me, darkening by increments until they're black and glazed over. However, as soon as I blink, they're back to his normal color. I must have imagined it.

Now, more than ever, I worry about my very sanity. What can this possibly mean?

"In nomine Patris, et Filii, et Spiritus Sancti," his deep voice booms into the small crowd.

My vision swims as I cross myself. "Amen." The other Sisters cry out in unison, their voices drowning out my own.

"The Lord be with you." Each word caresses my skin as if he's touching me with them, tracing the holy greeting onto my body with his fingertips.

"And with your spirit." Though my lips part, moving in the same words the other Sisters pronounce, no sounds come out.

I am silent, unable to trust myself as I go through the motions, sitting when I'm supposed to sit, standing when I'm supposed to stand, and moving my lips when I'm supposed to speak. On the outside, I am every inch the dutiful Sister, a paragon of holiness. However, deep inside, it's as if a cavern opens up, as deep as the pits of hell, threatening to consume me with every haggard breath.

His words as he reads from the Holy scriptures sound like static in my brain, a



fuzzing around the edges threatening to pull me under. Around me, the others perform the call and response with an enthusiasm appropriate to the ceremony, and yet, I cannot.

I'm far too consumed with the way my pulse slithers over my body and settles between my legs. I ache and throb, my insides twisting as if my body is pulled into a spasm. But I've never had a spasm between my legs before. To be sure, my arms and thighs have had their fair share, but it was nothing a quick, thorough massage couldn't cure.

Hopefully that's all that's needed to bring my body and spirit back to rights. Exquisite agony shatters through the muscles of my thighs as I dig my nails into the skin through the thick fabric of my habit. The sudden bite of pain allows my head to clear, just in time for the Father Confessor to begin the Liturgy of the Eucharist.

I do my best to follow along, to say the right thing, do the right thing, but I'm distracted, unable to put all my attention toward God and His word. All I can think about is the Father Confessor's dark, unruly hair as it curls around the nape of his neck, his long, strong fingers as he skims them over the altar book, and his haunting gaze that seems to somehow always land on me.

Heat floods my system, nearly driving me to my knees. What unholy feeling is this? It's as if hellfire laps at my heels, threatening to engulf me.

A sharp nudge to my ribs slams into me, causing the small muscles in my ribs to seize up for a moment. What breaths were already difficult to draw are now near impossible as I force my mind back to the ceremony. Already the Sisters next to me on the left are in the aisle, making their way up to where the Father Confessor waits with the Eucharist.

Saliva pools on my tongue as I make my way forward, inching ever closer to the man

who haunts my days and nights. Though there are still others before me, it's as if he's watching me, studying my every move. Every twitch causes his gaze to slide over to me, like a predator hunting his prey.

A wolf among the sheep.

But such thoughts are blasphemous if not outright absurd.

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Again, my pulse quickens with every chaste step, with every minuscule bit of space between him and me. The distance closes far faster than I'd like until I'm face to face with him—my tormentor and my salvation.

His eyes turn black as coal as he stands there, watching me. For a moment, he sways, but it's so slight, I cannot say for sure I'm not just seeing things. Inclining my head forward, I do my best to be reverent and respectful, but his scent overwhelms me.

It's dark and masculine, something I've never experienced before moving here. No doubt the other priest that assisted through the gates was a beta and not prone to such odors. Or maybe it's just him. Maybe it's just Father Draven.

Closing my eyes, I draw the forbidden air deep into my lungs. It's like the salty spray of the ocean as it slams against the rocks, of the scorching sun as it bakes the warm sand, and of dark twilight with only the stars to light the way.

He's familiar and foreign all at once, an amalgamation of longing for the past and desperation for the future. As I lift my eyes, he smiles down at me, but it's not tender. There's something cruel lurking behind the depths of blue that calls me to sink further into the spell the Father Confessor weaves around me.

Just as quickly as it's there, it's gone again. Perhaps it's merely the higher elevation and cold that makes me see such odd things and feel such conflicting emotions rioting through my body. Either way, I'm lost as he looks at me, holding my gaze for far longer than he did with the other Sisters.

I kneel at the altar, my breath coming in haggard gasps. If the Sisters around me

notice, they make no mention. Sweat beads at my forehead as he starts from one side of the altar rail and moves over each Sister before coming to me.

“The Body of Christ, The Bread of Life,” he eventually murmurs, holding out a bit of bread for me to take.

My fingers tremble as I cross myself and slide it into my palm. The other Sisters slip it into their mouths, but I merely kneel there, holding onto it as my stomach revolts. I’ll have to partake, eventually.

Thankfully, I have these few minutes before he comes back with the wine. Just a few moments where I might collect myself and bring my attention back to Christ. But it doesn’t work.

All I can concentrate on is the maddening swirl of his cassock as he moves about, agile and seductive, like a serpent circling its prey. The glint of the silver chalice drives me to distraction, making my vision splinter and shatter until I have to close my eyes to keep the headache at bay.

Again, I hold out my palm, keeping the bread in the center as he comes back my way. The other Sisters can drink from his hand with nary an issue, but it seems as if I am not that strong. I don’t even dare look at him as he takes the bread from me and dips it into the chalice.

“The Blood of Christ, the Cup of Salvation.” His words pour over me like warm honey drizzling over a hot, buttered roll.

It does things to my calm, disturbs me in a way I cannot articulate. A soft moan, so slight that it’s nearly unperceivable, flits past my lips as I hold my mouth open to him, inviting this Father Confessor to slide his fingers inside to rub the Holy Communion against my tongue. He hovers over me, looming over my bent,

submissive form.

I don't even question the intrusive thoughts as they thrum through me, making me burn once more as he sets the thin wafer against my sensitive organ. Instead of pulling back, he keeps his fingers there for a moment, pausing, rubbing me as he pulls back out.

For just that infinitesimal instant, my world goes dark as I pitch forward, forcing his thick digits even further into my mouth until I gag. With a loud roar, he pulls back as I fall against the altar rail in a slump. His hands are rough as they grip me hard through the billowing sleeves of my habit.

So strong, so virile, and so masculine. So inappropriate for me to contemplate. Soon, other hands, softer, gentler, feminine hands, scoop me up and carry me away.

As I blink, the other Sisters come into focus, their eyes traveling over my body as they lead me away. For a moment, my feet refuse to find the floor. They splay out from under me as if I'm a newborn colt in need of assistance.

"Are you well?" one of them asks as she lays her hand against my cheeks. "She's warm. Perhaps the infirmary?"

"No," I croak, glancing back at the Father Confessor, noting the worry pinching his brows as he finishes serving the wine to the other Sisters. "I think I kneeled wrong, is all. Possibly cutoff blood to my brain. As for feeling warm, I think it is just the contrast between the outside and here. I- I think I'll be fine."

"Be that as it may," Mother Superior murmurs, pulling me further off to the side to not be a distraction. "I feel a day in bed will serve you well. You're still getting used to things here. At the convent, you were not overwhelmed with all this extra stimulation. I fear it might be too much for you."

“No!” I cry out, gripping the front of her habit. “Please, don’t send me away. I will try harder. Do better-”

“Silence, my child. No one is sending you away. I merely worry about your health.”

I glance over her shoulder, watching as the service continues without me. “I don’t know what to do,” I finally admit, unease slinking over my body like an oily film.

“Fear not, Sister Agnes. In time, you will learn our ways and become used to dealing with the public. In the meantime, I’m restricting you to the abbey. You may assist with chores around here and one of the other Sisters will take over your tutoring.”

“But-”

She holds up her hand. “No buts. My word is final. It was against my better judgment that I allowed you so much unfettered access at all. Why, with your history, I should have kept you secluded from the onset and allowed you freedoms at a much slower pace.”

Then I wouldn’t have seen the Father Confessor until I was far stronger to handle the pure Alphaness about him. A romantic notion, to be sure, but I’d wager my very soul that the outcome would have been the same. Nothing would have prepared me for him.

With great reluctance, I hang my head and allow the Mother Superior to guide me back to my room. The only blessing is the frigid wind that bites at my face, cooling the heat still climbing my cheeks. As she opens my door, I turn, my insides still twisting as I make sense of everything.

“Will I have to spend my time in silence?”

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Her lips turn up into a soft smile. “This is not a punishment, dear child. Merely a form of protection. You may speak to the other Sisters as you normally would. I leave you to your rest.”

Unfortunately, as the door clicks behind me, I find that rest is the very last thing I want or need. Frantically, I pace about the room, my fingers trembling as I try to make sense of the cacophony in my mind. Storming over to my armoire, I wrench open the door and remove my habit, taking great care not to take out my anxiety on the fabric.

I slide into a soft nightgown and pad back over to the bed, determined to take the rest I’m ordered. But I cannot sleep. I cannot get comfortable. Even now, my thighs ache and burn as an odd liquid drips from between my thighs.

Being raised within a cloistered order from the time of my infancy, such things have never happened at my old convent. Not like this. I have no reference, no ability to understand what it is my body is enduring.

Pulling up the hem of my nightgown, I slide my fingers down my thighs, kneading the sore flesh as I’ve done on countless occasions. Unfortunately, the ache does not subside. Deep down, I know that’s not the part of me causing discomfort.

And so, I spread my thighs and touch myself, caressing the intimate flesh that aches and burns in a relentless need. The moment I graze my fingertips across the raised bundle of nerves, my body bows up. Pleasure surges through me, robbing me of my breath, much like the Father Confessor.

What in heaven have I discovered?

### Chapter Three

Sister Emily Agnes

For a moment, I lie deathly still, listening as the Sisters go about their work. They sing softly under their breaths, and for a moment, I long to join them. Camaraderie, a shared purpose, a desire to serve God. Yet, all I can think about is the agony coursing through my veins.

Warning bells ring out in my mind as I bring my fingers between my thighs once more. This is wrong. It has to be. And yet, I have no memory of the Nuns I lived with lecturing me about such actions. I've never heard anyone ask for prayers because they rubbed out an ailment.

No one here has even spoken of such. They certainly have not warned me or given me any preemptive admonition. With everything else they've told me, you'd think something like this would come up.

The main thing giving me pause is the sense of euphoria slithering over my body, twisting and contorting it until I'm breathless on the bed. More of that strange fluid seeps out from my private area, nearly soaking my hand and the bed. I run my fingers through it, scooping it up and using it as an oil to rub myself with far more precision.

Strangled moans catch at the back of my throat as I slam my hand over my mouth and continue to caress my slick flesh. Pleasure floods my system, overloading my synapses as I bow up, my inner thighs quaking as I strain toward some unknown precipice.

The sensations continue to build, twisting my insides as I continue to rub the ailing



part of my body. Who knew I was carrying so much tension in such a small spot? Yet, with each stroke, the stress of today simply melts until all that consumes me is the need to press forward.

There is no Father Confessor. There is no unholy yearning or longing. In this moment, there is no God. Only man and the need to forget the world for a few precious moments.

My head aches as I scrunch my eyes closed even tighter. Colors spark behind my eyelids as lurid gasps flit past my lips. Deep inside, my inner walls clench and release, as if needing something more, desiring something else. The ache travels from my apex a bit lower.

Whimpering, I lower my other hand, biting down on my bottom lip to keep from crying out and worrying the other Sisters. I slip the very edge of my fingertip into my opening, groaning as the outer wall tightens around me, fluttering over the slim digit like the kiss of a butterfly's wings.

Should I continue? Should I see what happens if I caress even deeper? Besides, if God made our bodies, He made every part, even the ones that feel so good. In other, far stricter orders, the Nuns and Sisters are not allowed to partake in things that feel or taste good, but here, it's different.

So many new things. Ice cream tastes like heaven. Waffles, pancakes, baked goods of all sorts are now permissible. Surely this is permissible as well, seeing as it's assisting my body and making me grow far less restless and ill at ease.

Since touching myself, massaging these fractious nerves, I am finally relaxing for the first time since arriving. Or, I guess more aptly, since the first time I saw Father Draven. The fitful energy forcing me to pace at all hours of the night dissolves as I ease my finger in even further.

Unfortunately, all that does is make the twisting even more intense. The instant the handsome Father Confessor enters my mind, he's all I can think about. Behind my closed eyelids, I watch him as he walks about, flashing that devastating smile that never fails to make my heart skip a beat.

The other Sisters seem to be immune. But then, they have been with him a lot longer than I have. I don't have the armor in place yet to keep my mind from straying to him.

What is he doing right now? Is he bathing? Preparing to minister to the sick? Lying in bed and touching himself in a similar manner? Though, what he'd be touching, I'm not sure. I was never privy to that information.

From what little bit I've gathered, it must be different from me. Everything else is. He's so large, broad, massive, so big I run out of words to describe it. In comparison, I'm so tiny and frail, fragile even, able to be snapped in half by his long fingers and wide palms.

My inner walls clench again, dragging my finger in a bit further. It's not enough. I crave something more, something different. It's bewildering to know you want something but have no idea what it is. Perhaps the Sisters will know. Perhaps they can guide me.

Desperation claws at my insides, raking through me with white-hot, razor-sharp talons, threatening to rend me from tip to stern. Guttural moans flit from my lips as I massage myself, bringing myself to a point of no return. Everything freezes as my stomach flips, dropping inside me.

Locked in this position, I fear I cannot move. On instinct, I slide my finger out from the warm haven of my body and grab a nearby pillow to staunch the cry of relief as it shatters through my body, opening me up and turning me inside out. I cannot control

the long, low moan as it ripples through me, rushing through my veins like a babbling brook filled with healing waters to cool and soothe my ravaged mind.

I continue to stroke myself, riding out these sensations until pleasure turns to discomfort. Pulling my hand away, I lie there and look at the ceiling, forcing my breath to slow. My mind whirls about a mile-a-minute, refusing to settle on any one thing.

For once, I lie there, depleted, satiated, and at peace. A quiet hum of satisfaction buzzes through me, causing my limbs to feel heavy as they flop by my side. Closing my eyes again, I allow a soft smile to ease up my lips and a bubble of laughter erupts from my throat.

## Page 7

*Source Creation Date: June 26, 2025, 9:48 am*

Manic. Hysterical. Filled with joy and wonder. The sound is unfettered and free as it bounces around my room.

A loud knock soon brings me to my senses as I right my clothing and pad my way over to the door. As I crack it open, I note the Abbess standing there, her warm eyes drawn in with concern.

“Mother Superior had to leave on an urgent errand and asked for me to look in on you. I heard the strangest noise just now. Almost like laughter?”

With a huge grin, I throw the door open and dance away. “Yes, laughter. I am feeling far better.”

“That’s good. You sound-” As she slips in through the doorway, she stops and looks about. Her eyes widen as her breath quickens. With trembling fingers, she crosses herself and looks at me. “What have you done?”

I sit down on the edge of my bed and smile as languid tranquility washes over me like waves lapping at a beach. “I merely found the cause of my ailments and I am finally at peace. The Lord showed me-”

“He did nothing of the kind,” she screeches, storming over to me and grabbing my wrist.

With a quick jerk, she hauls me to my feet and drags me toward the door. I do my best to resist, but she’s somehow far stronger than I am, though she is an omega herself.

Pursing my lips into a frown, I claw at her fingers, doing my best to wrench myself free. “Where are you taking me?”

“The apothecary,” she spits out, but doesn’t elaborate.

Stunned, I follow her, unsure of what’s going on. Perhaps I was wrong about everything. This must have indeed been a sin for her to treat me with such contempt. Unfortunately, she remains silent, neither confirming nor denying my thoughts.

When we get to the small room off the corner stairs, she shoves me in and forces me to a chair. “You will do what the Sister says, and when you are done, you must go to Father Draven for confession. He is the only one who can give you absolution now. You are out of my hands.”

As she whirls around and slams the door, all the euphoria I felt earlier dissipates, drawn up and away from my body as if floating to the heavens. Alone. So very alone.

Curling into myself, I wait until a doddering older woman eases her way inside. Based on the grim set of her lips, I’m sure she knows exactly what I’ve done. Hanging my head in shame, I stay silent as she looks over her bottles and potions.

“Tell me, child. What education has your convent instilled upon you in the ways of omegas and their bodies?”

“N- nothing, Sister. I was merely taught to keep myself clean and humble before God. But little else.”

“I see. And were you given any pills to take when you reached maturity? You are old enough to be in puberty, are you not?”

“I am nineteen. So please tell me, for I am unsure.”

With a soft nod of her head, she goes back to her bottles. “And has your heat come upon you yet?”

“A heat? I- Well, I was warm earlier.”

“That is not what I mean, child,” she chuckles, pulling away to sniff at me. “You do not smell as if you’re nearing it, so we may have caught you at just the right time. In your convent, a heat might be rare, seeing as you are not in the presence of an Alpha. But they still should have provided a suppressant for your safety and the safety of others. It was imprudent to send you away from your cloister so ill-prepared.”

“Forgive me, Sister. But I do not understand what you mean by all of it.”

She pats my arm with her wizened, weathered fingers. “And just as well. There is less temptation when you know nothing of the pleasures of the flesh.” Her nose wrinkles as she pulls away. “Well, I suppose it’s no longer nothing, seeing as you have very well admitted what you were doing behind your doors.”

“Is it really so very bad?”

“Any act of a sexual nature breaks your vow of celibacy. As far as how bad it is, that is up to the Father Confessor to decide. However, you will not see him until I watch you take this pill. Every day you must take it. We all do. The last thing we need is to drive away our priest by causing him to sin. Come now. This should also take away some of the baser urges you might have running through your body.”

The pill she hands me is small, far tinier than what I expect, given how she is waxing poetic. If this will take away my urges, then perhaps I’ll feel relief without the sin. Truly, it’s the only thing that makes sense as to why they are all so happy here without giving in to what is apparently a lust of the flesh.

My lips tremble as I take the glass of water and swallow the pill down. With the way the older Sister studies me, I open my mouth and stick out my tongue, showing her I have indeed done as she commanded.

“I trust you, child. I know you’re a good girl. Remember to take these daily without fail. Missing even one day will put you and the Father Confessor at risk.”

She never explains herself, never tells me what danger we are in. In many ways, it’s unfair. How am I to combat evil when I do not even know its face? On the other hand, I suppose it makes resisting temptation all the easier when you know nothing of the allure.

Sliding the bottle into my pocket, I make my way to the base of the stairs where the Abbess waits for me. “You will change into something more appropriate to meet the Father Confessor. He is not to see you so casually.”

## Page 8

*Source Creation Date: June 26, 2025, 9:48 am*

“Should I wear my habit?”

“Your work clothes should suffice. Have you taken your pill?”

“Yes, Abbess.”

“And you know the instructions?”

“Yes, Abbess.”

“Then off with you. Be smart about it. The Father Confessor awaits.”

Despite already touching myself and experiencing the relief my actions brought, everything tightens up again, sending white-hot need coiling through my body. All I can do is hope and pray the pill takes quick effect. If not, I’m not sure if I can bear to face the Father Confessor alone.

## Chapter Four

### Father Draven

I pace about my chambers, doing my best to get my mind where it needs to be, but I fail miserably. All I can think about is her spicy, honeyed scent as I strode past her during Mass this morning. It wasn’t a heat. I know that for certain.

Before putting on the cloth, I engaged in various lusts of the flesh and even assisted omegas with their heats. No. This is something else. Something far more primal. It’s



her. All her.

It's the smell of her skin freshly washed. It's the scent of the body as it warms under the habit. It's the intoxicating allure of her pussy as it creams for me while I walk by. Though it may seem presumptuous of me to assume it's her reaction to me and me alone, she's never had that scent when around the other Sisters.

I've seen her in her private moments with them. I've snuck up on her unaware while she sits at the tables, crocheting or some other such womanly occupation. When she has no knowledge of my presence, she's a blank slate.

She smells like all the others—starch, clean linen, and sweet omega with a hint of luscious raspberry. However, at Mass today, the scent was even stronger than ever. It nearly stopped me in my tracks, making me falter while the omegas looked on. I'm not sure how they didn't smell it too.

Or maybe they're just nose blind to each other. Either way, I should have cast the omega out the instant I smelled her lust, but I'm far too weak to do that. Just having this difference, just smelling her need for me, gives me a gratification I didn't know I was missing.

Until her.

Everything has been fine until her.

What is a priest to do? I have to be here for her as much as the other Sisters. To single her out would be cruel. Especially since she was driven to us in the first place with her cloister shutting down. Where else will she go?

My head spins as I place my hand on the Holy Scriptures. For a moment, I half expect it to burn, to singe my skin. It doesn't. Nothing happens.

Pity. I almost wish it would.

The door cracks open, drawing my attention to the small omega as she slips inside and lowers her head in reverence. Her scent is stronger now, flooding the room with its erotic perfume. Granted, with what she's been accused of, that makes sense.

Omegas always smell so much more delicious after having been well-pleasured. My cock twitches as she moves toward me, her steps slow and unsteady. Misery pours off of her, almost overshadowing the scent of her arousal.

Almost, but not quite completely.

It's still there. A small thread that's easily plucked. Just like her.

Before joining the priesthood, I was not a nice man. Deep down, I thought religion would change me. Unfortunately, as this supplicant stands before me, I worry it's me who's naïve and not the other way around.

Putting on holy robes doesn't make me a better person. I'm human, an Alpha, still wired with the same dark urges and the same dark needs. Lust crackles through my veins like lightning as I circle my prey, noting the hitch in her breath and the quiver of her delicate nostrils as she scents the air.

Can she smell it? Can she smell the carnal desire I wear wrapped around my body like a second skin, waiting to slither out and devour her? Goosebumps dot the small, exposed areas of her body, making me hunger, yearn, and desire to rip off this collar and make her my own.

But I can't.

I have to resist.

For her sake and mine.

## Page 9

*Source Creation Date: June 26, 2025, 9:48 am*

Clearing my throat, I motion to a nearby chair. “I have been informed of your reason to see me, but I would rather hear it from your own lips. Far be it from me to force penance on you over a misunderstanding.”

Her delicate cheekbones stand out in stark relief as a light blush fans her face. So responsive. So innocent. So fucking ripe for the plucking. I grip my hand into a tight fist, wrapping it around the crucifix of my rosary until the sharp edges dig into my skin.

Yet one more thing to add to the list of sins I’ll need to do penance for. Far too soon, my back will be so scared and ragged. All because of this little omega who knows so little yet causes so much turmoil.

“I...” She trails off, looking lost and forlorn, like a sheep about to be slaughtered.

“You?” I prod, doing my best to look detached as she squirms in her chair.

“I had an ache.”

“I see. And have you had such an ache before?”

“No, Father Confessor. Not until...” Again, she trails off in that maddening way.

After a few silent minutes, she refuses to continue. Irritation slithers up my spine, taking hold in my brain. Soon, the telltale signs give me a warning. I need to calm down, and fast.

Thankfully, Sister Emily Agnes seems unaware of the effect she has on me. Sliding my chair closer, I take her hand in mine, tempering my touch to be more familial instead of the ravaging need I feel pouring through my veins like molten lava. “I cannot give you absolution if you do not speak.”

“I understand, Father Confessor. It’s just... It’s all rather confusing.”

“Then explain it to me. I’ve been in this abbey for many years and am familiar with many of the various plights of omegas.”

“I... I never felt this way until coming here. In my old convent, I never experienced anything like this. I never felt this... need. It’s the only way I can describe it.”

“And this need,” I growl under my breath. “What does it compel you to do? Not all needs are bad. Some needs are good and helpful.”

“I thought the same. I was under the misapprehension that it was merely my body conveying a discomfort in order for me to soothe it.”

“You have soothed yourself before then?”

“Not here. Not... not like this. Normally, it’s muscle aches and pains brought about by difficult work. This was something different, an agony I’ve never known before.”

I lean back in my chair and stroke my chin, looking the little omega up and down. Misery lines her face. It’s clear as day. Some sort of resolution will have to be made in order for her to feel better. Of that, I’m sure.

“Show me.” I’m playing with hellfire, and I know it.

“S- show you? Show you what, exactly?”

What exactly, indeed. I know exactly what I want to see. I want to see her pussy lips glistening with arousal. I want to see if they're puffy with her need. Does her clit poke out and become hard during her bouts of lust?

Silence continues to hang in the air, heavy and oppressive, as I decide what to do. I'm already going to punish myself. Might as well give my body a reason to endure the pain. As her unease swirls around me, so does the lust.

My balls tighten up as she squirms about, looking so uncomfortable. Precum pearls at the plump head of my cock, smearing across my abdomen as the band of my underwear holds the shaft firmly against my body. As difficult as this is for her, I feel the agony as well.

This forbidden lust between us, this unholy desire we share, it will be our undoing.

Her fingers flutter over her working clothes as she bunches and releases the fabric. "The ache is between my legs."

"And how did you relieve that ache?"

"I- Well, by rubbing. As I do with any sore muscle."

Leaning forward, I steeple my fingers and place my chin on the tips. "I see. Well, that doesn't sound so bad."

The exhale of relief as she sags forward should make me feel bad for tormenting her this way, but I don't. I am in at least as much, if not more, discomfort as she is. At least she's been able to quell the need. Mine is still raging just below the surface.

"I must be sure, though. The devil is in the details, after all."

## Page 10

*Source Creation Date: June 26, 2025, 9:48 am*

In an instant, her face goes from crimson to as white as a ghost. “Must I?” Her tone is so soft, so very timid, that I almost miss it.

“Would you rather I just punish you?” Honestly, that would be the easy way out.

“I suppose not.”

“Then show me.”

Her slim fingers tremble as she hoists up the hem of her working clothes. Inch by inch, her body is revealed to me until the crisp, dark hairs guarding her pussy peek out. My cock pulses as I stare at her virginal mound. What I was expecting was sensible cotton underwear. Not this.

“Do you not wear panties?”

She falters, lowering her hem a touch. “In the convent, it wasn’t a command. Is it here in this order?”

“I care not what you wear under your clothes. I was just caught off guard. Continue.”

Again, she breathes out, her body shaking like the last leaf refusing to fall before the onslaught of a brutal winter. I shouldn’t love the way she reacts to me, shouldn’t crave the fear I smell wafting from her tinged with enough arousal to know she’s not completely terrified. I shouldn’t want to dig into my special armoire and grab my cincture, the cords I use to gird myself during Mass, and tie her to my bed so I can have my wicked way.

I'm most definitely playing with fire. Hell fire. A fire that will destroy us both.

Eventually, she's completely bared to me. God, but she's divine. Slick glistens on her lower lips as they stand out puffy and swollen, just as I pictured them to be. From this angle, I can't see her clit, but I can only imagine how aroused she is. The more I stare at her, the more the scent permeates the air until my vision swims.

"How did you touch yourself?" I manage to rasp out as I slide my chair back from the alluring view.

"Well, I was on the bed, and-"

"By all means then." With a jerk of my hand, I motion toward the bed.

I watch her rise from the chair, my gaze raking over her body like the lecher I am. My heart pounds in my chest as she lies down and spreads her creamy thighs, exposing the dusky pink of her pussy to me. Even more arousal trickles out, staining my sheets with her unholy fluid.

There will be no washing them. Not until her scent dissipates naturally. It's madness. I feel it creeping into me, filling me with toxic sludge, but in the midst of it, I cannot help but think that maybe she is my purpose.

If all things happen for a reason, then perhaps that's why she's in this abbey skulking around as my waking nightmare. Shoving those things out of my head, I watch with rapt attention as she lowers her fingers to her clit. It is indeed just as swollen with need as the rest of her.

God, how many years has it been since I last touched an omega? Five? Ten? Locked away in this abbey, it feels like an eternity. Just watching Sister Emily Agnes touching herself brings all the old lusts raring back to the forefront. The need to touch



her, taste her, devour her beats at my brain.

Her soft moans flitting from her lips sound like songs sung at vespers. Only, they're a touch off-key and a bit breathy. They're lower, illicit, forbidden... taboo. No one else can hear her. Only me.

The lilting sounds caress my skin, washing over me, bathing me in her arousal. If only I could touch her. Just one touch. Just one.

"What say you, Father Confessor?" she groans, rocking her hips up into the air. "Is this a cardinal sin? It feels too good to be a sin. So right. So perfect. So..."

"Forbidden," I supply.

## Chapter Five

Sister Emily Agnes

Forbidden.

The word rattles about in my head searching for a meaning. In my nineteen years being around the Nuns and now the Sisters, I've never had someone speak to me in terms of what I am doing is forbidden. Naughty, occasionally. Scatterbrained, more times than I can count.

But forbidden?

I've never been one to ever even try skirting the rules. I was always devout and steadfast in my dedication to God. Only now, with the sexy Father Confessor watching me as I touch my most intimate parts, I have to wonder if I'm just not cut out for this sort of thing.

In the convent, it was easy. There was no temptation. At least, there was nothing that seemed to tempt me. The other Nuns talked about struggles with various sins such as vanity, gluttony, and the like, but really, that was a non-issue. There were no massive amounts of mirrors for me to gawk at myself. Nothing we ate was so delicious that I wanted to gorge myself past satisfaction.

Their piety confused me. For them, being in the convent was suffering for Christ. For me, it was home. The only home I everknew. Perhaps that's where we're different. I never had a choice, never had experiences outside of the confines of the stone walls and wooden floors.

*Source Creation Date: June 26, 2025, 9:48 am*

I suppose if I had to name a sin I struggled with there, it was the desire to abide in God's nature as much as humanly possible. The secluded beach called to me in a way the chapel never did. There, I felt at peace. There, I felt at one with God.

The other Nuns didn't understand. For them, prayers were to be done in the chapel and nowhere else. They had no idea I'd spend my extra time sitting in the sand just conversing with the Almighty. Would that be considered forbidden too? That I had the audacity to seek Him out on my own terms?

Wrenching my fingers away, I turn my cheek as tears dot my eyes. I've only ever wanted to be good, and now I feel as if I've failed massively. Unfortunately, the need to touch myself continues to eat at my brain, like a maggot burrowing into the soft flesh and taking control of me.

In fact, I no longer recognize the person I once was. Other than the beach, I could abstain from almost anything. Now, there's this unholy desire, this unquenchable urge to bring myself back to that pinnacle. Truly, it's the closest I've ever been to God—even more so than communing on the beach.

At the foot of the bed, the Father Confessor watches me, his eyes dark and intense. He says nothing while I collect my breath. So far, there has been no condemnation and only inquiry. Maybe I'm lucky and this is truly a misunderstanding.

Again, with tentative starts and stops, I reach between my thighs and stroke my heated flesh. Father Draven leans forward, his nose flaring as he takes in my scent. Emboldened by his reaction, I let myself go. Just a little bit. Just enough to release some of the fetters binding me inside.

A soft moan slips from my lips, punctuating the silence between us. The mournful sound drifts in the air, peeling out from my body like church bells alerting us to prayers. In this way, my body is the altar upon which my prayers reside. Soft, breathy pleas for the release I so desperately need.

My other hand slides down, just like earlier, to tease my entrance. Father Draven's quick intake of breath spurs me forward. Desperation guides me as I slip my finger inside and slowly move it back and forth.

From between my splayed thighs, I watch his every movement, noting how he tenses in the chair. His knuckles turn as white as snow, rivaling the soft, billowy blankets lying on the grass. But I can't stop. I won't stop. I'm so close I can feel it.

Tipping my head back, I lie there, forcing my body to relax as I touch myself, bringing myself ever closer to the peak. Heat engulfs my hands as his strong fingers hold me there, stilling my movements. A startled shriek flits from my lips as I look up to see him hovering over me.

"You must stop."

"I... But..." Confusion, frustration, and anger crash in on me at once, like a deluge threatening to drown me.

With a flick of my wrist, I try to buck his hands, but he's implacable, an unmovable force holding me there. What's worse is that his proximity sends tendrils of heat through my body, creating an endless loop of renewed pleasure and anguishing abstinence.

The pleasure is so intense it borders on pain, leaving me bereft and breathless as I move against him. Perhaps if he won't let me finish, his hand can do the job. My hips undulate up and down and I rub myself against my fingers. His hand still doesn't

move, but it adds increased pressure, driving me forward even faster.

It's shameless how I'm using him, but at this point, if I'm going to be punished, I might as well complete the act, so my penance is for something. How wretched would it be to suffer both denial and a punishment? It doesn't seem all that fair to me.

"Enough of this," he growls, using his Alpha influence to root me to the spot.

My body trembles as he wrenches his hand away, leaving me lying there without his added warmth. A chill rushes in, encasing me in the cold rebuke. Before I can even utter a word, a hint of remorse, he pulls me off of the bed and drags me over to his desk.

I'm soon face down over the polished wood, my dress hiked up over my bottom to rest at my low back. The crash of his hand against my upturned backside jolts me into the edge, bringing a bite of pain to my midsection. Somehow, the discomfort doesn't translate to pain.

Instead, it adds to the need already swirling inside me, ready to burst from my body. I long to cry out, to show a repentant spirit, but the only sound escaping my lips is another moan. It ripples through my chest and reverberates into the air like a living thing.

All it does is make him spank me harder. His strong, firm hand glides against my skin, making my stomach flip with each stinging caress. His deep voice vibrates against my body as he lectures me, assuring me that my actions are indeed a sin. Not a mortal one, thank goodness, but a sin, nonetheless. As such, I should be repentant while being punished.

Unfortunately, his hands on my body, his firm way of handling me, and the delicious timber of his voice have me wanting to sin even more. My fingers claw against the

wood as fire licks over every inch of me, burning me from the inside out. The agony of his touch stokes the flames even higher.

The harder he spansks me, the more the pain morphs into something else. Unholy desire races through me, drawing me up from the desk as I lean into his hand. My backside stings with each punishing blow, but I barely feel it.

A haze drops over my eyes as I slump forward onto the desk, all fight drained out of me. I can't bring myself to care, can't even find the will to move. It's as if my mind and body part as my consciousness drifts above me. Though I'm fully aware of what he's doing and saying, it's as if it's happening to someone else and not me.

Soft, languid warmth spreads over me like a comforting blanket swaddling me up. I'm barely even cognizant as he repositions me, hoisting my left knee up onto the desk to open me further to his punishment. However, the moment his fingers smack against the heated flesh of my most intimate parts, it's as if everything crashes back in around me.

His touch is hard, stinging, drawing pain to the area where there had been only pleasure. I howl out in despair as he smacks me again. Once more, that sense of warmth spreads through my body, transmuting the pain into blissful agony splintering over me.

He's closer now. His chest grazes my back as I lift and arch into him. Unable to control my actions, I slide my arm up and curl my hand around his neck. I need him here with me as he introduces me to this brand of pain.

Thankfully, there are no words of rebuke, no chastising me for my actions. Not verbally, anyway. However, the force with which he strikes me becomes a touch harder. I'll take his punishment if it means being able to hold him like this—my anchor in the tumultuous storm.

The need is relentless and overwhelming. The pain and pleasure mixes and morphs, leaving me raw and breathless, a writhing mass of longing.

“Pray, little wanton,” he growls against my ear, his hand striking me again. “Let me hear your repentance spill from your lips.”

“My God,” I whimper, grinding up against him. “I am sorry for my sins with all my heart. In choosing to do wrong, and failing to do good, I have sinned against you, whom I should love above all things.” Once more, his fingers strike me, sending a primal moan flitting past my lips.

“Again.”

I dig my fingers into his skin, clinging to him as my body seeks its completion. “My God, I am sorry for my sins with all my heart. In choosing to do wrong, and failing to do good, I have sinned against you, whom I should love above all things.”

“Again.” Once more he strikes me, but instead of pulling back, his fingers circle that insistent bundle of nerves, sending pleasure careening through me.

“My God, I am sorry for my sins with all my heart. In choosing to do wrong, and failing to do good, I have sinned against you, whom I should love above all things.”

“That’s it,” he murmurs against my ear, tempering his strikes to repeated taps to the area that drive me wild. “Continue to pray while I punish this naughty clit of yours. So desperate. So needy. I feel how you twist in my arms. Pray that God drives this sin from you.”

“My God,” I wail, as my insides clench. “I am sorry for my sins with all my heart. In choosing to do wrong, and failing to do good, I have sinned against you, whom I should love above all things.” The words come out in the barest of whispers as everything tightens inside me.

“That’s my good girl. Keep going.” His fingers quicken their pace, sliding back and forth.

“My God, I am sorry for my sins with all my heart. In choosing to do wrong, and failing to do good, I have sinned against you, whom I should love above all things.”



His fingers lower to my entrance, hovering there as the prayer sits silently on my lips. “Every inch of you must atone,” he rasps, easing a thick digit inside. It feels divine to have him in there, sliding in and out with just the barest of movements.

My throat dries as I move back against him, but he instantly pulls out. “You are not to find this enjoyable, Sister Emily Agnes. This is punishment. Do not seek the divine while I drive away the deviant. Now again.”

“My God, I am sorry for my sins with all my heart.” He thrusts in a little more, making me lose my place. However, he doesn’t move again until I continue. “In- in choosing to do wrong, and failing to do good, I have sinned against you, whom I should love above all things.”

“So wet. You’re enjoying this, aren’t you?”

“N- no,” I manage to whimper around the lump in my throat.

“Lying is also a sin, you know. Your body tells the truth. Again.”

“My God, I am sorry for my sins with all my heart. In choosing to do wrong, and failing to do good, I have sinned against you, whom I should love above all things.”

I continue the prayer, a mantra rising from me as he withdraws his hand and goes back up to my clit. With each circle of his fingertips, I find myself coming closer and closer to the end. The need pulses within me until it’s a painful longing, an agony I wish to shatter through.

Right as I reach completion, he pulls back. With a ragged groan, I slump over onto the desk, my body quivering with unmet need.

“You are forgiven, Sister Emily Agnes. Go to your room and vow to sin no more. I

do not wish to see you in my chambers like this again.”

“Y- yes, Father Confessor.” Heat fans my face as I pull myself up and straighten my clothes.

Somehow, he looks cold, like a statue, as if this has not affected him at all. It shouldn’t surprise me. He is, after all, a Father Confessor. I hold the tears at bay as best as I can as I stumble out into the hall. The Abbess awaits me, her lips thinned in a stern frown.

“Well then, you certainly look well chastised.”

From behind me, Father Draven steps out. “Remember. To err is human, but to forgive is divine. Sister Emily Agnes will be relegated to her room for the rest of the day. She is to go without visitors or food. She must sit in silent contemplation of her actions. Then, and only then, upon rising tomorrow, may she mingle with the others.”

“As you command, Father Confessor.” We both bow before heading to my room.

The Abbess says nothing as I enter and close the door behind me. Need thrums through my body, twisting me about until I cannot think. But this is certainly part of the punishment. To be so close to what I want and be denied.

Irritation crawls up my spine as I pace my room, searching for some sort of relief. But it never comes. With each swipe of my thighs together, it only brings awareness to my clit. Perhaps if I just take the edge off but not come to completion?

My brain latches onto that idea as I yank off my clothes and slide into the bed. The scrape of the linens against my bare skin is almost too much. But I cannot make a sound. I must contemplate in silence.

As my fingers skim over my heated flesh, I mouth the words to the prayer, allowing it to fill my mind as I touch myself. Just a few strokes. That's all I need. Just one or two. But then two turns into three, which turns into four. Before I know it, my body bows up as everything tightens within me.

Balling my fist to my lips, I cry out as silently as I can as relief sweeps through me, leaving me limp and boneless. This is what got me here in the first place, this feeling of utmost tranquility. I suppose I'll have to confess tomorrow. Hopefully Father Draven will not be so cruel as to deny me absolution.

## Chapter Six

Sister Emily Agnes

### Seven Days Until Game Night

Cold sunlight streams in through my windows, waking me from my fitful sleep. Last night was awful. The worst sleep I've ever gotten. Once the calmness wore off from my release, the enormity of what I did crashed in around me. But there was nowhere I could go. I was sent to my room and forbidden to speak to anyone.

Forbidden.

That word slithers through my brain, drawing a shiver from my body that has little to do with the cold. As I rise and dress, my stomach growls, reminding me of the lack of food from yesterday. What little good the fasting did me. All it did was add to my misery and not bring my reflection back to God.

Rubbing my abdomen, I dress quickly and tidy up my room. There's still so much to be done before breakfast, including the confession I'm dreading. Suppose he makes me go another day without eating? Unfortunately, since this is my first time being punished this way, I have no idea what to expect.

Off to the side, I see the bottle of pills the Sister gave me yesterday. The last thing I need to do is forget a task and add to the punishment. Dropping a pill into my hand, I get some water from my bathroom sink and swallow it down.

A restless energy slithers over me as I sit by the window and stare out onto the bare grass. I am supposed to commit myself to private prayer, but I find it far too hard to concentrate. Thankfully, the desire to touch myself is far from me. For the moment, at least.

The instant the bells toll, I shoot out of my chair and make my way to the confessional booth in the chapel. Unlike the trek we make through the field every morning, this way is quicker. Honestly, I have no idea why we take the long route, but it must be something to do with our communion with God.

Unfortunately for me, I don't have time to contemplate Him. Not if I want to make it to the chapel early. Hopefully, he'll be there. From what I've heard from the other Sisters, he's usually not, but something in my gut tells me I have to try.

The halls are empty as I make my way toward inevitable punishment. If I'm lucky, taking this to the confessional will cause the punishment to be less severe. I don't remember seeing anything like a bed or desk he could bend me over. Besides, he's the one who said he didn't want to see me in his chambers again. I'm only doing as he asked.

Rationalizing. It's exactly what I'm doing. However, it's the only thing propelling me forward, forcing my feet one before the other. The chapel is empty, giving me a slight sense of relief, but then, so is the confessional booth.

I still make my way and sit inside, closing the door behind me. Perhaps he'll see and come down. My knees jiggle up and down as I wait there, ticking the seconds off in my head. I need him to see me before the general confession during Mass. I need this absolved, so the others don't know I've sinned yet again.

If they see me refuse communion, they'll know. They might even force me from their doors, since I seem unable to comply with the simplest of tasks. That is, if they even get the chance. Father Draven might make that decision for them.

I sit there in the silence, my brain coming up with all manner of worst-case scenarios when the door to the other side clicks shut. As the Father Confessor slides the partition open between us, I let my breath out in a whoosh as I cross myself.

“Forgive me, Father, for I have sinned. It has been...” I pause for a moment as I think of how to word this. “Less than a day since my last confession.”

“And what is it you need to confess?” His voice sounds ragged and worn, weary almost.

Blinking through the grate, I try to see his face. Concern swamps my senses for a moment. Is it because of me? Am I causing this?

“Your confession?” he repeats himself. “Or shall I make a guess? You were unable to keep your hands to yourself after your last punishment?”

Is it me? Or is there a sense of smug satisfaction in his tone? It can’t be. That’s impossible. The Father Confessor wouldn’t find delight in my sin.

“You guessed correctly. Please forgive me. I- I haven’t the faintest notion why I struggle this way.”

“Are you taking the pills you were prescribed?”

“Yes. I took one first thing this morning. Will they help reduce the urges?”

“Not quite, but they are designed to keep this abbey safe from any... shall we say... violence to your desires.”

I sit back in the chair as shock washes over me. “Violence? I’m not a violent person.”

“You may think that now, but if your body enters a heat and there is no Alpha there to break it, who knows what you might do? As your Priest, I cannot assist you. So it is good you have these defenses in place.”

His words make no sense to me, but all I can do is trust. With a heavy sigh, I lean back toward the partition. “I... I really tried. But yesterday-”

“Was a mistake. I paid the price as well as you. I suppose since I am somewhat at fault for your regression last night, it’s only fair that I make this punishment less severe. Pray until Mass then join the others. Keep your fingers to yourself.”

“I- I don’t have to fast?”

His soft chuckle sends tendrils of need curling through my body, nearly derailing the reason I’m here in the first place. “No. You may eat with the others.”

“Thank the Lord.”

*Source Creation Date: June 26, 2025, 9:48 am*

“Indeed. Your sins are forgiven.” He makes the motion of the cross before exiting the small room, leaving me there alone.

I give him a few minutes, needing my mind to calm down before I see him again. Mass will be hard enough as it is. Dragging myself out of the confessional, I busy my hands with helping prepare with the other Sisters, praying the whole while under my breath.

If the Sisters worry as to my sanctity, they make no show of it. We all work in silence until it is time to take our places at our pews. As I look over at the Abbess and Mother Superior, I half expect them to look at me with scorn. Instead, they smile down at me, their faces serene. The perfect embodiment of forgiveness.

Thankfully, Mass goes by without any incident. Even when I’m granted communion, I’m better able to resist the allure of his scent. The need is still there, but hunger takes precedence.

As we rise to leave, Father Draven stands back behind the altar. “Before you are all dismissed for breakfast, there is something I need to discuss. As you know, Game Night is a weekaway. Last year, we had no real warning, no real understanding of what it entailed. This year, we will be better prepared.”

The Sisters around me shuffle about and whisper. Game Night? I’ve never heard of such a thing being bad. At the convent, we would have games we would sometimes play, but they were never set on certain nights.

“The Alphas will be out in full force. Omegas will wish to hide. Our abbey is not



equipped to hold many more than we already have, so I've spoken with other parishes, and they will give sanctuary to whoever needs it. We will keep all doors shut so that none may enter. Not even Alphas set to devour you. I have spoken with contractors, and every exit and entrance will be sealed shut from the start to the finish. No one in. No one out."

The relief is palpable in the air, but still, it makes no sense. Perhaps at breakfast someone will enlighten me.

"I have also spoken with Mother Superior," he continues, his lips pulling down into a soft frown. "To further ensure your safety, I will be locked down in the catacombs."

At this, the Sisters erupt into a flurry of words and gestures. "Father," one of the Sisters cries out. "We have no fear of you. Please stay and minister to us until you retire to your chambers, like last year."

He turns and spears me a heated look that roots me to the spot. "I do not trust myself, and so I make the sacrifice for the greater good."

## Chapter Seven

### Father Draven

### Six Days Until Game Night

### UGC Offical Transmission Channel

Attention: This is a message from the Universal Governance Council ABO Security and Surveillance Division.

### Missive: Game Night

The UGC acting in accordance with the verdict cast forth from the ABOSSD has declared a trial. The unrest amongst the Alpha Elites has been brought to the attention of the governing body. As a result you will be granted one night in which your cerebral monitors will be turned off. This will allow you to experience all the emotions, drives, and aggressions of an Alpha. You are free to act on these impulses as your aggression center will no longer be short-circuited, inhibiting your actions.

This freedom will last for a period of fourteen (14) hours from 7:00 pm Eastern Sector Time on Oct. 31st until 9:00 am Eastern Sector Time on Nov. 1st

NOTE: This is for Sector 5 only. Any Alphas from other sectors that wish to participate will need to be processed at any one of our border control hubs by Oct. 29th at the latest.

Since the number of registered omegas in Sector 5 have far surpassed critical level, it is now safe to suspend Alpha Ordinance 12: “Dynamic Interbreeding Permissions Act” for this one night. It is our goal that this one night of reprieve will help with the growing unease and allow you to bleed off your need to hunt and capture. May you find freedom in this Game Night and make this experiment a success.

I stare at the message, my heart pounding in my chest. Off to the side, I watch the countdown as it ticks by. So close. I can nearly taste the freedom now. It’s the only way I can actually condone my reprehensible behavior toward Sister Emily Agnes. Not that it’s any real excuse.

Adrenaline pumps through my veins as I walk over to the window, watching as the Sisters hang up laundry on an unseasonably mild day. The snow we normally get has been delayed, creating a perfect storm for this year’s Game Night. Perhaps I should command them all to stay inside even now?

With the weather bringing out all sorts of craziness, I worry about them being in

harm's way. The only thing giving me pause, allowing me to breathe at night, is knowing they're all onsuppressants. It's as safe as I can make them. To pull them from their service will only cause more alarm than help.

Besides, only one Sister actually draws out the protective streak rising to the surface. I watch as she laughs with the others, carefree and happy. Naïve. We should have never accepted her here. She is a danger to all of us.

Pacing, I once more look at the countdown. May God, in His infinite mercy, show us a kindness.

All of us.

Chapter Eight

Sister Emily Agnes

Five Days Until Game Night

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The abbey is quiet, solemn. It's as if everyone is holding their breath. But now, I see why. In my former convent, we were not in a sector that practiced Game Night. And even if we were, it's not as if we made much contact with the outside world.

The idea is still foreign to me. It's something I cannot wrap my head around. But I understand Father Draven's concern now. He's worried he'll accost us, but I know differently. He's a good man. A holy man. He's infallible.

Spooning breakfast between my lips, I find I have no appetite. Everyone is still and pensive, nothing like the jolly merriment I'm used to with them. Was Game Night last year really that bad? No one seems to want to talk about it outside of perfunctory details.

And that's only the ones that will talk about it. Several others simply cross themselves and go on to other things. A sigh flits through my lips as I push away from the table and clear my space. Perhaps tutoring will help take my mind off things.

Unfortunately, the moment I step outside the abbey, I know that's not the case. What once were vibrant stores and shops now stand shuttered. They're not closed down. Not yet. But heavy iron bars line the windows and cover the doors. It's as if the entire area has undergone a transformation overnight.

The omegas out and about speak in hushed tones as they look around, their glances swift and furtive. It's not even time for the implant to be turned off, but their fear hangs palpable in the air. I feel it wash over me as I do my best to minister to them. But what do I have to offer? What have I to say?

I'm a sequestered little lamb, safe from all the evils and horrors threatening to beset them.

## Chapter Nine

Father Draven

Four Days Until Game Night

Fuck.

The more I try to keep myself sane, the less I seem to be able to hold on to it. I glance down at the cum-stained rag as my fingers drift over my rosary. If I cannot keep it together around her doing these normal interactions, how in the hell am I supposed to keep her safe during Game Night?

Granted, with me sequestered away, locked inside a cell that no one can penetrate, she will have a fighting chance. Honestly, it should be me I'm worried about. Already, I feel the faint tingle, the precursor to the brain zap that will leave me immobile for a bit.

Now, more than ever, I've come to rely on my heightened awareness and use it as a tool to get myself under control. And yet, the more I seek constraint, the easier it slips from my fingers. It's like sand falling through an hourglass—inevitable.

Snarling, I swipe my hand across the desk, casting the contents on the floor. Everything, including the damned countdown, clatters against the worn wood. But it changes nothing. Just like I cannot keep my baser urges in check, nothing will stop the countdown.

Nothing will stop Game Night.

As with every damn day since Sister Emily Agnes has haunted our doorstep, I take out my beaded flogger and say a prayer over it. Maybe I just need some time away. A day or two where I'm not surrounded by her scent.

Hell, even if I stray to the end of the earth, I'll still smell her on me. I'd still hear those breathy prayers escaping her lips as I rubbed her clit. I'll still feel the way her pretty little cunt fluttered around my fingers. If I'm not damned now, I soon will be.

As I begin to strike myself, I do what I can to drive the lusty little Sister from my mind. Thankfully, there's been no more indiscretions, no more illicit confessions. At least one of us knows how to keep their baser urges in check. Then again, she could be sinning even now, and no one would be the wiser.

How wrong would it be to slide into her room and see if I can catch her off guard? How hard would it be to corner her in the hallway and ask if she's been a good little Sister and keeping her hands to herself? But I can't. If she admits she's been touching herself, or worse, that she's been touching herself while thinking about me, I don't think I can contain myself.

It's already hard knowing I'll be unfettered in just a few short days. Having to punish her will be the end of me, the end of my priesthood. I've already tempted the devil enough.

Once my back is sufficiently bloody, I go about my normal routine. After Mass, I'll take my leave. Surely Mother Superior cannot object to me needing some time to shore myself up before this tribulation. And honestly, it will take every fucking Hail Mary and Our Father to keep me from deflowering the innocent, naïve little virgin.

## Chapter Ten

Sister Emily Agnes

## Three Days Until Game Night

As the day comes closer, the Sisters huddle together, their words uttered in harsh whispers. None of it makes any sense. According to Father Draven, we will be safe here. Honestly, the only thing I feel bad about is the other omegas outside our doors being caught unaware.

Well, that and Father Draven exiling himself to the catacombs. And for what? Because he thinks he can't control himself? Striding over to the large windows, I look out onto the courtyard. Everything is silent and still... too silent. It's as if a dark cloud hangs over all of us.

Shoving such morose thoughts from my head, I help prepare for Mass. My body clenches as I look over at the confessional. Though I've had nothing I've needed to confess, I do wish to have yet one more moment alone with Father Draven.

It's impractical and wrong of me to want this. Selfish, even. Perhaps I should confess that. Unfortunately, it's far too close to Mass, and this isn't a grievous sin that needs utterance before I can partake. As I sit there, waiting for Father Draven to come in, I clench my fist around my rosary, trying to take my mind off of the impressive Alpha.

I should be thinking about God. That's why I'm here. It's why I never left. Sobs catch in my throat, silent only to my heart. I shouldn't care this much, shouldn't want this much. And yet, as the doors open, everything in me tenses, freezing in place as I wait to catch even one whiff of his musky scent intertwined with the incense that clings to him like a second skin.

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Only, it's not Father Draven who walks down the aisle. Mother Superior takes her place and goes through the service, never stating why she's here in his stead. Did something happen to him? Is he okay?

Once she dismisses us, I make my way to her side. "I hope Father Draven is not ill."

Her eyes cut to the side, looking at me with suspicion. "Should he be?"

"I cannot say. Only, he's not here today, and-"

"The Father Confessor needed some time in peace and solitude before the most unholy of days. Now then, if you are quite done looking for gossip, I'm sure there are things I can find to occupy your time."

"No, Mother Superior. I am quite capable of governing myself."

"Hmph." With a soft grunt, she walks away, leaving me to stand in the chapel space all alone.

Unbidden, I make my way to the altar, looking for even a hint of his scent. Granted, with all of us in here daily, it's rather hard to make out the subtle differences. A heavy sigh slips from my lips as I stride over to the votive holder. Normally, I only give this spot a passing glance, but today I feel there needs to be something more.

I hold the small candle in my hand and twist it about, watching the glow of the flame flickering. So beautiful, somesmerizing. Glancing over my shoulder, I make sure I'm alone before dipping the tip of my finger into the warm wax.



A soft giggle vibrates in my chest as I indulge in a little harmless fun, something I've done ever since a child. But even as I peel off the hardened wax, I know I cannot tarry. Crossing myself, I light another candle, sending up as fervent a prayer as I can that Father Draven will return to us safely.

## Chapter Eleven

### Father Draven

#### Two Days Until Game Night

I watch the monks as they mill about, their minds and bodies seemingly unburdened with the upcoming Game Night. They sit and talk, discussing scriptures and holy texts. Though I long to join in, I find the desire not within me.

Despite being miles away, all I can think about is her. It's maddening, a disease in my mind that refuses to go away. Even now, I debate packing up my things and leaving. Not so I can tend to my flock, but so I can see to her needs. Needs I have no business attending.

The only respite I've had is no longer being consumed with her scent. Here, it's nothing but Alpha and beta males going about their days. The stench of their testosterone is enough to quell even the strongest of arousals. For me, at least.

But then, in talking to them, there are still chances for things to be done in secret. They may not have an outward showing of immorality, as I'm sure mine is. The fact that I've not been caught in my lusts yet is frankly disturbing. Who will keep my little lamb safe if I decide to bite? The implant, I suppose.

All I have to do is make it past Game Night. I'm sure things will quiet down after that. Who am I kidding? Heading into Game Night has certainly made it worse, but it

didn't start with that. It started with her.

Sister Emily Agnes

An audible groan drips from my lips as I do my best to keep the demons at bay. Several turn to look at me, their gazes curious rather than condemning. They should condemn me. They should cast me into the pits of hell for what I want to do.

After a moment, they go back to their various duties, leaving me to stare at a wall as I decide my fate. If I go back, there's no one to blame but myself. However, if I stay away, sequestered in this monastery, that's taking the coward's way out as well.

Game Night itself is covered. It's after that will determine my future. Before her, I wanted nothing more than to spend my days in quiet contemplation and service to God. Now that she's wormed her way into my heart and lusts, I'm mightily tempted to eschew everything and drag her to my side.

God help me, but I've never felt such weakness before. To give into these desires will be to damn us both. Unfortunately, the need to see her, to smell her, nearly drives me feral.

Though I've been blessed to have at least one day where my brain didn't misfire, I've longed to hear her laugh, to see her skipping through the fields. God, just to behold those beautiful eyes as a light blush stains her cheeks.

My heart pounds as I head up to my room to gather my things. It's best to rip the bandage off and face my temptation, even if she's wrapped up in a black and white habit.

Chapter Twelve

Sister Emily Agnes

## One Day Until Game Night

He's back. For the first time in the last twenty-four hours, I'm able to take a deep, full breath. Even before I can see him, I know he's there. His scent overwhelms me, making me sway in the pew. Thankfully, the other Sisters don't notice, but he does.

I can tell by the darkening of his eyes as his gaze roams over my body. Arousal swamps my senses, making my clit pulse with need. Again, as with that day of punishing, his nostrils flare. He can smell me. I'm sure of it. Now things make sense.

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The other Sisters probably don't notice because mine is a feminine scent like their own. But then, I haven't been able to tell any change in him. It probably means these consuming lusts are all one-sided. Somehow, that thought is far more depressing than it has any right to be.

I should be happy I'm not causing him to stumble the same way he is me. Shaking my head, I force myself to concentrate as I go through the motions of Mass. When it's time to kneel at the altar for the Eucharist, I'm nearly beside myself.

The need to touch him, to have him touch me, and more importantly, to have him punish me for these thoughts racing through my mind, pour through me like acid on a wound. I can't show any weakness. I can't give Mother Superior or the Abbess cause to drag me away, not when he's so close.

As he brings over the bread, I cross and accept it.

"The Body of Christ, The Bread of Life." Somehow his voice is deeper, fuller.

It washes over me, swamping me until I can't see straight. I hold the morsel in my palm, desperate to have him place it in my mouth again. Will he touch me like last time? Will he bring up the same immoral desires?

"The Blood of Christ, the Cup of Salvation."

My heart pounds so hard in my chest it's all I can hear. The rapid staccato pounds in my brain, washing away everything else. When I open my mouth to receive the Holy Communion, I watch his eyes.

Dark edges out the blue until they're nearly black, like a demon set to devour me. Even though it's faint, I can almost detect a change in his scent. There's a char there, a warmth, like a crackling fire wafting from his body and curling around me.

I make it back to my pew with little issue, but all I can think about is seeing him in his chambers once more. After he dismisses us, I make my way over to him, keeping Mother Superior in my eyeline. She watches me, her gaze narrowing on me as she studies us like an ant under a magnifying glass.

"If I may, Father Confessor. I wish to obtain absolution."

"Shall we go to the confessional?"

"I-" Again, I look over my shoulder as the older woman crosses her arms. "I fear more may be needed than mere words."

"I see." With a firm nod, he strides over to her and whispers in her ear.

What they talk about, I cannot hear or even make out. But soon, he comes back my way and cups my elbow in his hand. Mother Superior gives me a sympathetic smile and leaves the room.

"What did you tell her?"

"The truth. That you need absolution, and it is my duty to grant it to you."

We're both silent as we make our way to his chambers. Do I dare play with fire like this again? Unfortunately, he takes the option away with his dark growl.

"Now then, does this mean your naughty fingers have been busy?"

“No, Father Confessor.”

“Oh?” His brows shoot up in surprise. “Then why have you come seeking absolution?”

“It’s complicated.” Now that I’m here in his presence, I’m not even sure what to say.

Everything feels jumbled in my head. Juvenile, naïve. But then, that’s what I am. I’m nothing but a child to a man like he is. Still though, as he circles me, his eyes darkening with every pass, I can’t help but wonder if I’m also right. That he has illicit thoughts for me like I do him.

“I cannot stop thinking about you.”

He stops and stares at me but says nothing for a moment. “And the nature of these thoughts?”

“They... They make me want to sin.”

“Sin how, exactly?” This time, it’s my turn to be quiet. “I cannot give you absolution if you do not confess. Come now, Sister. Open those pretty little lips of yours and confess your sins to me.”

“It makes me want to touch myself,” I blurt out before slamming my hands over my traitorous lips.

“I see. So that naughty clit of yours is due some discipline? Is that what I’m hearing?”

My voice is hoarse, rasping as I nod my head. “Yes, Father Confessor. Please. Please punish me.”

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“Very well. Lie down on the bed so that your head faces the wall and your feet dangle toward the floor.”

I make no hesitation to obey him. My body trembles as I lie there, watching him rummage about in his desk. When he returns, he holds up a ruler.

“Growing up in your convent, I’m sure this implement was used on you quite a bit, wasn’t it?”

“No, Father Confessor. Despite evidence to the contrary, I was a good girl. Only on rare occasions did the Nuns have to rap my knuckles.”

His low chuckles bring more arousal between my thighs, making me burn until I fear I will pass out from the massive need coursing through my veins. With great trepidation, I hold out my hand and turn my face, squinting as I prepare for the sharp sting.

“Oh no, my little reprobate,” he murmurs, running his long fingers up my shin. “Your hand will not be receiving the punishment today, seeing as it has no blame cast upon it. You are telling the truth when you say you did not touch yourself, correct?”

“Yes, Father Confessor. I am in earnest.” I gulp as the heat of his hand scalds me through the cloth.

“Then pull up the hem of your habit. Let me see just how wet and penitent your pussy is.”

Again, my heart pounds in my chest as I move to obey him. As I bare myself to his gaze, he grabs me from behind the knees and plants my feet on the bed. With one wrenching move, he spreads my thighs, revealing just how shamefully wet I am.

“Grip your knees. You will not close your legs until your punishment is done. If you do, I will send you to your room without absolution. Am I clear?”

My answer bursts from my lips on a lurid moan. “Y- yes, Father Confessor.”

“That’s my good girl.”

His fingers are warm as they skim over my sensitive flesh, making me squirm under his touch. I tighten my hold to not disobey him. Not when I’m so close to getting the relief I need.

“So wet,” he groans, dipping his finger into my entrance.

Like last time, he doesn’t go all the way. He stops just short of dipping inside. “Do you know why I don’t fully impale you with my finger?”

“No, Father Confessor.”

“Because you still have some of your virginal barrier left. There’s not much, no doubt because of how robust you are in how you live, but there’s enough that you possess a rare proof of your virtue. To rob you of that so carelessly would be a sin even I won’t commit.”

Heat fans my face at his words, but I remain silent, concentrating more on the feeling of his fingers rather than on any needless retort.

“Agnes,” he murmurs, easing in another finger until he stretches me open a bit. “Do



you know the meaning of the holy name given to you?”

“I- I think so?” I stammer, my mind splintering from the sensations he pulls from me.

“Chaste, virtuous things you are not, but I assume you wish to be. Tell me, my paragon of chastity, why did you stay in the convent?”

As I think through my answer, he withdraws his fingers and glides the sodden tips along my clit, eliciting a ragged moan from my lips.

“Answer, or I stop.”

“I cannot. I have no answer for you, other than it’s all I knew. It’s what I was supposed to do.” My breaths come in haggard gasps as I watch him between my thighs.

He doesn’t even look at my face when I answer. He’s more consumed with my intimate area.

“I see.”

The smack of his fingertips against my clit catches me off guard. The hysteric yelp I’ve been holding at bay breaks loose, shattering the silence. I nearly let go of my thighs but catch them before they can actually close.

“How you tempt me, vision of chastity. How your innocence calls to me, demanding I rip it from you and possess you, body and soul.”

Again, he smacks my sensitive flesh, but this time, instead of crying out, I end up moaning. The sound is decadent and erotic, sinful in the extreme.

“Seems this little lamb likes a bit of pain. Can’t be a punishment if you enjoy it.” He holds up the ruler so I can see it.

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Fear thrums through my body until I'm nearly frozen in place, unable to speak, breathe, or even think. When the hard wood comes crashing down onto my clit, I can't even cry out. So many sensations wash over at once that it's nearly impossible to process.

Pain. That certainly is the forefront. But quick on its heels is the burning pleasure that washes over me, soothing the hurt. Every inch of me burns in my blasphemous desire as he soothes the strike with his fingers.

"Pray, Sister Emily Agnes. Show me how good of a repentant you can be."

Each strike scatters my words, interspersing them with moans and wails until they're nothing but an incoherent jumble. That haze from last time settles over me, making me wooden and heavy. I don't care what happens now, only that I find the release he's building up in me.

Eventually, he tosses the ruler to the side and hovers over me, his heavy bulk pushing me down into the bed. I can feel his hands move and the scrape of cloth against my poor abused flesh.

"You are still taking the pills, yes?" he growls as he grips my chin in his grasp.

At first, I don't understand him. It's not until he shakes my head about a few times that I can clear the cobwebs enough to form a coherent sentence. "Yes, Father Confessor. Religiously."

Something hot, hard, and bulbous nudges against my opening. I go to look down, but

he holds my head in place. “This is your last part of your penance. Accept my absolution into your body like a good little Sister.”

Between my thighs, his hand moves back and forth, shoving that foreign object into me. Not far, just the entrance. Whatever it is, it’s large enough to stretch me open even bigger than his fingers. My stomach begins to flip and twist, as if thousands of butterflies reside there, flapping their wings at once.

Still his hand moves. The other eases up to my clit and strokes me, drawing a mournful sob from my lips. It hurts but feels so good at the same time. It’s my undoing. When he touches me like this, I cannot hold myself back.

With a sob, everything contracts for one painful moment before releasing. All the agony of the abstinence I’ve endured the last few days flows out of me, drawing hysteric cries from my chest. Father Draven continues to touch me, forcing my body to endure every blissfully agonizing stroke as his body jerks.

With a muffled roar, he freezes above me. Something hot fills my intimate area and streams out from around the object. It slides down over my bottom hole, coating me with warm, sticky fluid.

“Close your eyes, Sister Emily Agnes.”

My body shudders as I lie there, robbed of my sight. His clothes rustle, then my own as he pulls my habit down. With a gentle tug, he eases me from the bed.

“You may open your eyes now. Go straight to your room and shower. Dispose of your habit. Burn it, bury it, whatever you have to do. It contains the sin I’ve wrenched from your body. You are forgiven. Go, now. And sin no more.”

My steps are shaky as I leave his room. The halls and stairs are surprisingly bare,

allowing me to make it to my room unmolested. Each step forces the sticky fluid down my inner thighs. It quickens my steps, so I do not drip any of the absolution onto the floor.

It's mine and mine alone.

As I step into the shower, I can't help the groan that flips past my lips and into the hot stream of water. Everything feels bruised and swollen. Part of me thinks that's the point. If everything aches, I won't want to defile myself.

And yet, I long for his discipline again. Reaching between my thighs, I scoop up some of the absolution. It is indeed sticky and white. Oddly, it smells like him, only a bit more potent. Before I can stop myself, I slide it onto my tongue.

Just like Eve when she tasted the fruit, I feel as if my eyes shoot open. The taste is bitter, like herbs, but also with a bite of the darkest chocolate. It's addicting.

Pulling away from the spray, I scrape off every bit I can, even going so far as to slide my fingers into my intimate area to gather what's left. He never said I couldn't put it in my mouth. And so, like with communion, I slide to my knees as I ease my fingers past my lips.

For a moment, it's as if Father Draven himself is doing it. Only, this is not the body and blood of Christ. If anything, it's from him. All from him.

My unholy sacrament.

Chapter Thirteen

Father Draven

## Game Night

The instant my eyes pop open, I know something is wrong. I can feel it in my gut. Rising, I pace about the room. Fourteen more hours until the implant shuts off. Even now, I feel the restraint slip in and out, as if testing the bonds, gearing up for a trial I never signed up for, never wanted.

From my room, I am unable to hear the Sisters as they prepare for the day, but I know they are. I feel their movements like ants crawling on my skin, stinging me with every clamp of their ragged jowls. Closing my eyes, I draw in Sister Emily Agnes's lingering scent, dragging it deep into my lungs.

I can't do this. I can't face the women in my abbey. Even though the others hold no sway, one does. I cannot risk their lives and my sanity by joining them. Not today. Not until I can get myself under control.

Instead of the normal priestly array, I put on something comfortable and make my way down the stairs to see Mother Superior. She will need to guide the sheep while I'm locked updownstairs. Thankfully, they all seem to still be in their rooms, taking in quiet moments of individual contemplation.

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The hard wood of her door echoes through the halls like an alarm giving me away. It's absurd. I shouldn't be hiding. And yet, I know if I see just one glimpse of my temptation, I'll falter. I'll refuse to let Mother Superior lock me up so I can have my way with the omega who torments me just by breathing.

The old omega takes her time shuffling to the door, ratcheting up my anxiety and irritation with every second that passes. I can hear the others moving about. I can smell the vacillating emotions warring for dominance. Has it always been this pungent?

I shouldn't be this agitated. Not this far away from the actual start of things. I wasn't even this perturbed in the heat of Game Night last year. What does this mean?

As much as I long to have a moment of self-contemplation, I know I need to do it away from the others. Thankfully, the door opens before I succumb to the urge to bust it down and drag Mother Superior out. The serene smile she gives me is far at odds with the turmoil bubbling inside.

"Father Confessor. It is a blessing to see you up this early. How shall I be of assistance?"

My brain goes into overdrive. What I want to request is to have her drag Sister Emily Agnes up to my chambers so I can torment her some more, but it's very unwise, seeing as I cannot even keep my thoughts in check.

Clearing my throat, I lean in, so our conversation is not overheard. "I need you to lock me in now."

“Now, Father Confessor? But it is only half-past five in the morning. Many hours remain ahead of you before the night of affliction.”

“Yes. I am very much aware of that. This year, however, it’s different. I cannot explain why.” The lie sits heavy on my lips.

One more thing I’ll have to atone for after this night is over. Based on the flit of her eyes as she looks away, I don’t think she really believes me either. I’ve been careless, more than likely obvious, in my attention toward my forbidden lamb.

“Am I to understand then that you will not be joining us for Mass?”

“I do not think it wise.”

“Very well. Come with me.”

She ducks into her room and pulls out a large ring full of antique keys. Though I haven’t been down to the catacombs in years, I have to trust that the ancient metal will hold out. It has for centuries. Why would it fail tonight?

I cast a glance up to the heavens. Why indeed? As we shuffle down the hall, the doors open as the Sisters step out to prepare for their daily duties. Before I can even look up to see her, Sister Emily Agnes’s scent accosts me, rooting me to the spot.

“Good Morrow, Father Confessor,” they cry out, oblivious to the discomfort racking my body.

Casting my gaze over to my temptation, my vision wavers, making her shimmer as if she is a mirage. The warning systems I have in place, that I rely on to tell me when I’m going too far, fail me. Lust slams into me so hard it robs me of my breath.



I stand there like a statue, praying it will pass, but it doesn't. It grows stronger as she slides her way toward me, eyes twinkling in concern. With each approaching step, I feel the buzz burning in my brain, the one threatening to render me helpless lest I rape this girl where she stands.

Thankfully, Mother Superior seems to know and understand my plight. Sliding in between us, she blocks the vision of Sister Emily Agnes standing there, breasts heaving so hard it moves her habit up and down with each inhalation. Even though I can no longer see her, I can still smell her.

“Sisters. You will all retire to your rooms until the bells ring out. Now. Hurry. There is to be no dawdling.”

I rest against the cool stone wall, shoring up my defenses. It's shameful to have Mother Superior see me this way. Unfortunately, I am only a man. An Alpha at that.

“Come, Father Confessor. I will confine you to your cell, then send breakfast down once Mass is concluded.”

She loops her arm through mine and helps me down the winding steps until I'm far enough away that I can finally take in a blessed gulp of fresh air that is not tainted with Sister Emily Agnes's scent.

“Who will attend to me?”

“I will. No other Sister will be allowed down here while I am awake.”

“Thank you. I appreciate your compassion during this time.”

“If I may be so bold. I do say another visit outside of these walls after Game Night is concluded might be in order. Seems as if temptation barks at your heels. Strengthen

yourself. Shore yourself up. Then come back far stronger than ever, able to resist the devil and his wiles.”

Shaking my head, I slip into the cell and sit down on the comfortably padded bed. “I shall consider your advice during the long hours that await me.”

“See that you do. Conduct your time in prayer, as we will be doing above you.”

As she walks away, I grip the comforter in between my fists. Temptation be damned. The carefully crafted facade I’ve been holding around me since that Sister first came here cracks with each passing minute. Soon, I fear I won’t have any morals to stop me from taking what’s mine.

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The little lamb better hope these bars can hold me in. If not, she will be my sacrifice, my unholy rite.

### Chapter Fourteen

Sister Emily Agnes

I was wrong. I was wrong about everything. At first, I felt like everyone was blowing Game Night vastly out of proportion, but the later it gets, the less I'm inclined to think so. The other Sisters gather for prayers in the chapel, their plaintive voices crying out in the confining room.

Though I long to join in, I have no idea what to even say or to pray. They saw the aftermath. They dealt with the fear. There is nothing in my brain to compare any of this to, no memory I can cling to or draw from.

In the convent, I was safe. We all were. No one dared bother us. And why would they? Here, in Sector Five, it seems as if God Himself turned His back on His people. That is, if the Sisters are to be believed.

Up until now, I showed no fear. The only emotion clawing at my insides was a deep longing unlike any I've felt before. Could it be that Father Draven's absolution has tainted me somehow? Brought my inner demons to the surface?

I'd like to think it's not possible, but it's certainly not out of the realm. Nothing is. Every day spent in this order, I feel as if I learn something new. And not all of them are lessons I enjoy learning.

As I kneel here, fingers clasped and head hung low, I pick up on their fear. I draw it in as if it's my own. There's a frenetic energy that pulses through, like a heartbeat, thrumming through us until we are one.

Shadows skitter along the walls, cast about by the candles lit for intercession. They're like demons scurrying about, threatening to consume me. Is it because of my weakness? My unholy desires? Am I the one who will endanger everyone just by living?

The bells ring out, making me nearly jump out of my skin. Next to me, the other Sisters jolt as well then go back to their praying.

One.

Everyone freezes and looks at each other, their eyes wide like lost sheep.

Two.

My heart climbs into my throat as the quiet hysteria flows over me, consuming me until I find it hard to breathe.

Three.

I look to Mother Superior, taking my cue from her, but she looks just as uneasy as the rest of us.

Four.

What will happen to Father Draven? Will he really turn into a beast like they're making the other Alphas seem? I can't believe it. I refuse.

Five.

It's as if the entire abbey holds its breath, waiting for the next chime.

Six.

Closing my eyes, I let it out in a whoosh, forcing my body to stop shaking. One hour left until hell visits Sector Five. Will we be safe? Will we be prepared?

As the last chime dwindles down, Mother Superior rises and motions for us to stand. Without saying a word, she directs some of the others with her fingers. They instantly move into action.

From the back of the chapel, they pull out solid wood panels. It's as if they've run drills and practiced this. It takes no time at all to place them over every point of entry.

The moment they lay flat upon the doors, metal spikes shoot out and embed themselves around the perimeter, keeping it firm against it.

"Now then, Sisters," she murmurs. "The abbey will weather this storm as it did last year. Only now, we are far more prepared. No one will come in, and no one will go out. Until this night is over, this place is an impenetrable fortress. All we can do now is trust that God will carry us through. We will eat our dinner in silence and prayer, then retire to our rooms for the duration of the evening."

For a moment, she pauses as she looks us over, her gaze suddenly very old and sad. "You will hear many atrocities tonight. It is the nature of where we are located. Do not leave your rooms. No matter what you hear. No matter how close the sounds may seem, do not leave your rooms. You will be safe in them. Any moment you feel fear, simply turn back to scripture. They will direct you."

One by one, we file after each other and slip into the communal dining room. Unbidden, I look over at the head of the table where Mother Superior sits and awaits her food. At the opposite end, Father Draven's seat remains empty.

Though I don't wish to break the silence, I am concerned for the Father Confessor. He was not at Mass this morning nor breakfast. Other than that brief, erotically charged moment in the hallway, he's been absent. I raise my hand and wait to be called upon, not wishing to anger the woman.

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A heavy sigh flits through her lips as she nods in my direction. “Make your question brief, Sister Agnes.”

“I was merely wondering if Father Draven is well and will be joining us for dinner. It would be nice to have him bless all of us before we retire to our rooms.”

She shakes her head and forks a bit of meat. “He is already secured down in the catacombs. I have already seen to what few needs he has and ensured there is enough food in his cell to last through the evening. Before you ask, he is quite comfortable. He will want for nothing until the end of this trial.”

There’s nothing more to say then. Lowering my head, I make the sign of the cross and eat. The food tastes like ash in my mouth. Normally, I enjoy every dish brought before us, but tonight, everything is off.

I can’t tell if it’s the company or the increasing unease that makes me want to push my plate to the side. Either way, none of us seem to really relish the idea of dinner. It’s just one more thing to do. One more perfunctory action to perform.

It’s no use. I don’t want to be here. I want to be somewhere else. I want to be with him.

Every time I close my eyes, I see Father Draven’s face. His lips move as if he’s trying to speak to me, but after a while, I realize he’s simply praying. But then he curls his fingers, beckoning me to come over to him. His lips twist up into an odd smirk as he urges me closer.

My pussy throbs as I inch over to him, knowing the pleasure and agony he can bestow upon my body. Though I've not touched myself, my thoughts have been far from pure. What I need is his punishing touch and his absolution.

Hunger fills my gut as I think of tasting it again. The very idea consumes me, drives me far more than the dish in front of me. I starve, I yearn, I desire only him.

"Sister Agnes," a voice cries out, startling out of my daydream.

Looking up, I see Mother Superior looming over me, her lips slashed into a stern frown. "I swear you would lose your head if it were not on your shoulders. The hour draws late, and you've barely touched your food. You've been staring off into space as if it will get into your body by osmosis."

"Forgive me, Mother Superior. I fear as if I have no appetite tonight." Not for this, at least.

With another long-suffering sigh, she motioned to the other Sisters. "You do not seem to be alone in that regard."

Again, the bells toll, their chimes so loud and so sudden, I drop my fork against my plate with a tremendous clatter.

One.

I take in a deep breath.

Two.

I let it out.



Three.

My heart pounds hard against my ribcage.

Four.

I don't think I'm actually ready for this.

Five.

Am I truly safe?

Six.

Are any of us?

Seven.

After the last chime, a loud siren blares, drawing a startled shriek to my lips. Around me, the other Sisters huddle together, each of them comforting the other. Somehow, I sit alone with no one to cling to, no one to share my terror with. In this moment, I feel more alone than I ever have before.

Eventually, the sirens stop, only to be replaced by the voice of a woman. The sound wavers as if calling out over a long distance. They must be using the speakers strategically placed around the city.

“The UGC acting in accordance with the verdict cast forth from the ABOSSD has declared a trial. The unrest amongst the Alpha Elites has been brought to the attention of the governing body. As a result you will be granted one night in which your cerebral monitors will be turned off. This will allow you to experience all the

emotions, drives, and aggressions of an Alpha. You are free to act on these impulses as your aggression center will no longer be short-circuited, inhibiting your actions.”

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A brief pause, and then she continues.

“This freedom will last for a period of fourteen hours from seven pm Eastern Sector time on October thirty-first until nine am Eastern Sector time on November first. Please note: This is for Sector Five only. Since the number of registered omegas in Sector Five has far surpassed critical level, it is now safe to suspend Alpha Ordinance Twelve, Dynamic Interbreeding Permissions Act, for this one night. It is our goal that this one night of reprieve will help with the growing unease and allow you to bleed off your need to hunt and capture. May you find freedom in this Game Night and make this experiment a success.”

Freedom.

It feels more like a prison sentence. With a gentle nod, Mother Superior motions for us to clear the table. None of us say a word as we bring our dishes to the kitchen and head to our rooms.

The closing of the doors thunders in my ears, making my heart stutter for a moment. As I walk over to the window to look outside, to maybe catch a glimpse of the horrors they're talking about, I find that I cannot see out of them. Heavy boards cover every inch.

Seems as if they've thought of everything. Boredom flits along my veins, making me feel heavy and wooden. Normally after dinner, the other Sisters and I play some games or talk. Being confined in my room feels more like a punishment than a protection.

The bells have chimed enough times that I really should consider either finding something else to do or making myself sleep. Unfortunately, my options are rather limited. All I'm doing is putting off the inevitable.

With not much else to do, I slip into a sensible set of pajamas and slide into bed. Getting some extra sleep won't be a bad thing. And the sooner I go to sleep, the sooner I can wake up and see Father Draven. Only sleep refuses to come.

From outside the windows, terrified screams, horrific growls, and lusty moans seep in from around the barrier. They should overwhelm me, fill me with fear. But they don't.

All it does is cause the lustful feelings to surge until I can't help but reach between my thighs and stroke myself. What would Father Draven say if he knew what I was doing right now? Would he be horrified to know the cause? Would he punish me even harder?

As if I conjure the devil himself, a manic howl of anguish and need rises from the floor. It had to come from underneath. It has to be Father Draven.

What if he's hurt?

No longer do I care about my carnal needs. If he's down there with no one to help him, it could be catastrophic. Hurling myself from the bed, I fall down to the floor and press my ear against the wood. There. It's faint, but I can hear him.

He sounds like an injured animal chained up. This is ridiculous. He shouldn't be cast aside like this, left to suffer alone when we ostensibly have each other. At the very least, I need to make sure he's okay.

Easing out of my room, I listen for sounds coming out of the other Sister's rooms.

Soft smatterings of snores greet me. Seems as if I'm the only one awake. How fitting. The lone watchman with the lantern while the others snooze.

I pad over to Mother Superior's door and rap on the worn wood. No answer. I wait a minute or so before knocking again, but still she doesn't come to the door. My fingers tremble as I turn the nob and slip inside. There, on her bed, she lies asleep with a small lamp to illuminate the space.

Thick pads reside over her eyes, and headphones sit snugly over her ears. No wonder she didn't hear me. Frustration slithers through my veins, spurring me forward. There has to be something I can do.

Though I don't wish to wake her, I'm not sure how else I can have her check on Father Draven. As I creep closer, I notice something odd sticking out from under the edge of her pillow. Metal, by the looks of it. Far too thick to be a rosary.

With every breath in, I slide it out, using her snores to help hide any minute jostling. Soon, I free the set of keys from their confines. This has to be what's holding Father Draven hostage.

My heart skips a beat as I force my steps to be slow and steady, not wishing to rouse her. What I'm doing is wrong. I know it deep down in my heart. Thankfully, I'll have Father Draven to absolve me. This is, after all, for his benefit.

I stop at the door to the steps, my heart and mind at war with what I should do. Though I know the correct answer, just go back to bed and forget all about this, I can't help but wonder what it's like to see an Alpha under this affliction. Granted, I'm sure Father Draven will not be like any of the monsters they spoke about.

Pressing onward before my nerves can get the better of me, I push open the door and make my way down into the catacombs. Cool air swirls around my ankles, sending a

chill through mybody. His plaintive moans are far louder now, drawing me deeper in his lair.

Despite the age, there's still a sense of modernity. The lights buzzing around me, lighting my path, are so at odds with the ancient stonework. It's a dichotomy, as if this space itself is a gateway, a portal of sorts.

As I come around the corner, I stop short. There, pacing in his cell, is Father Draven. His hair sticks out around his face, making him look wild and dangerous. My clit throbs as every movement exudes sexuality.

Without his normal priestly clothes, he looks even more alluring. He looks mortal, like a normal man, and not a vessel of God. I can't stop my body from responding to him, no matter how hard I try.

This was a bad idea indeed.

His lips part as a dark chuckle erupts from his lips. "Well then, it seems as if my sacrifice finally appears. Come, lamb. Release me, and I will show you heaven even as I drag your soul down to the pits of hell."

## Chapter Fifteen

### Father Draven

She stands before the bars, her body trembling as she puzzles through the correct answer. Anger and lust swirl through me as I wait, helpless, as she decides what she wants to do. I detest being this powerless.

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Snarling, I pace again, feeling every inch the trapped animal in need of release... in more ways than one. With a guttural groan, I grip my cock, feeling it pulse through the thin fabric of my pants. I need out. I need release. I need her.

Sister Emily Agnes simply stares at me, her eyes wide as she tiptoes over toward the bars. That's it. Just a few more steps. Come closer, my sacrifice. Let me consume you.

The keys jingle in her hand as they shake, making the metal ring out into the room. "A- are you well?"

I cannot help the sneer that crosses my face, lifting the corner of my lips. "Do I seem well?"

"No. Not really. How can I assist? Allow me to attend to you in your time of need. Do you require more food?"

"Oh, I require something. Open the cage, and I will reveal my need to you."

She looks over her shoulder, watching the steps she just descended. But she has nothing to fear. If the Sisters behave as they did last year once they discovered the nature of that night, they locked themselves in their rooms and did not come back out until the world was normal once more.

The last thing they want is to find themselves embroiled in the lusts of the flesh—the very lusts I aim to satisfy. "Do not worry, little lamb. It's only you and me down here."

Stretching backward, I allow her scent to fill my lungs and permeate my brain. There's terror there, lurking under the surface, but what I latch onto is the lust swirling about her body, dripping from her skin. Why, I'm sure if I were to pull down those pajama pants, I'll find her positively soaking.

My brain lights up on fire, but it doesn't incapacitate me. Not like before. Now I can revel in the darkness as it seeps into my mind and directs my actions. On any other night, I am a holy man. On Game Night, I am the devil incarnate.

It's such a dichotomy for me to feel these things with no consequence. Now, even if I want to, I can't stop. I won't stop. Her only salvation is to stay firmly put on the other side and refuse to let the monster out. But that's not going to happen. She knows it, and I know it.

Pressing up against the bars, I extend my hand and curl my finger, beckoning her to come closer. Each tentative step draws her further under my spell. Though she probably doesn't realize it, her eyes dilate as she looks at me. So simple. So easy. So mine.

"Have you been naughty, Sister Emily Agnes? Have you been touching that pretty little pussy in the dark where no one can see?"

"Yes, Father Confessor. I touched myself moments before hearing your cries of agony."

"Ahhh. That would explain why I can smell you so well. Come, child. Bring me your hand."

"D- do you wish to strike it? To punish the offending fingers?"

"I guess you'll just have to come over here and see, won't you? But then, we both



know you enjoy my firm hand far more than you should.”

She hangs her head for a moment. “It’s true. Try as I might, I long to be naughty just to be in your presence.”

“Then come here.”

She steps forward the rest of the way and slides her hand through the widened slot. Curling my fingers around her wrist, I yank her against the bars, pinning her there as I bring the offending member closer to my face. I can smell her arousal.

It clings to her fingertips, giving credence to her confession. This time, I don’t hold myself back. There is no rebuke, no condemnation as I ease the tiny digits into my mouth. Her taste explodes on my tongue, dragging a ragged moan from my throat.

Temptation indeed. She tastes far more exquisite than I dared hope. Sugary goodness and tangy notes muddle my senses until I find myself sucking on her skin for every last bit. From the other side of the partition, she writhes against the bars, her soft moans sliding over my body and tightening my balls.

To hell with everything. Even if I lose all that I’ve worked for, it will be worth it to taste her. All of her.

“Now then, Sister Emily Agnes, open up my cell. Grant me freedom so that I may absolve you.” I keep a firm hold of her hand, not allowing her the chance to escape.

This time, she doesn’t hesitate. Again, the keys jingle, this time signaling my imminent release. My cock pulses as I watch the tiny muscles in her wrist twitch with each minute movement.

Once the door opens, I let her go and stalk forward, locking my gaze with hers. Her

breath quickens as she backs up, but thankfully doesn't flee. The dumbstruck Sister stands there like an innocent little lamb offering herself up to the altar of my deviant machinations.

A growl rumbles in my chest as I gather her into my arms, finally allowing myself to feel her pressed against me. Tomorrow, I may have to pay my penance, but tonight, there is no condemnation. Lowering my lips to hers, I slide them across her lush mouth, drinking in the soft gasps flitting between us.

Though she squirms a bit, she doesn't fight me. Her body remains ramrod in my arms, even as I try to soften her. Every twitch, every vibration quivering through her frame, rubs against me, sparking the primal need to claim and conquer.

Threading my fingers through her hair, I hold her head in place as I devour her. The moment she gasps again, I slip my tongue into her mouth and sweep it around, owning her, possessing her. She fights me then, struggles against my implacable grip, but I don't let go.

Sweet tendrils of fear waft from her body, intermingling with her growing arousal, to flood me with the delicious scent. As I pull away, her mouth hangs open as she stares at me. Redness darkens her lips as she flushes, her whole face turning red as she processes what I can only assume is her first kiss.

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“F- Father Confessor. I-”

“What’s the matter, my dear sweet Sister in Christ? Come, greet me with a holy kiss. I know you long too.”

Instead of answering me, she drops the keys onto the cold floor and races back up the stairs. My cock twitches with every pound of her feet against the stone steps. A chase wasn’t exactly what I had in mind, but it makes the capture all the more poignant.

Each step I take is slow and methodical. I listen carefully, doing my best to determine where she’s going. If she locks herself in her room, it will be much harder to get to her without rousing the others. Thankfully, no slamming doors greet my ears, and no running either.

She’s not above me. Not anymore. That only leaves a handful of places. A wicked grin curls up my lips as I take the last of the stairs two at a time. Bypassing the chapel, I go into the cloakroom where the holy garments stay stored before use in Mass. Since I’m already guilty of so many unpardonable sins, I might as well commit a few more.

The cinctures run across my hands like silk as I gather them up. For good measure, I also grab my stole. I have no idea how loud my little lamb will be when I finally divest her of her innocence, but I don’t want to be interrupted. Not until I’m done.

As I step into the chapel, I watch in amusement as she kneels at the altar, her body nearly slumped over the railing as prayers pour from her lips. Soon, they will be occupied with something else, something far more filling.

My steps thunder in the room, but still she kneels there like the good little lamb she is. Enough of this pretense. I can smell the desire practically dripping from her body. Looming over her, I cage her against the altar rail, refusing to let her run again.

“Ahhh, my sweet, innocent, sacrificial lamb. I am the only one who can absolve you. Pray all you like. He will never hear you like I do, never know your needs like I will. Come, turn and face me. Tell me all your depraved longings, and I will baptize you with my holy seed.”

## Chapter Sixteen

Sister Emily Agnes

Thump.

My heart pounds in my ears.

Thump.

I can barely hear Father Draven over the incessant sound.

Thump.

Arousal coats my thighs, dampening my clothes. They stick to me, molding to my body like a salacious garment. Running my fingers over my lips, I feel the bruised skin all hot and flush from his kiss. I shouldn't have liked it. I shouldn't have felt my entire world shift.

But I did.

And I crave more.

Turning, I look up at the priest, noting the blackness of his eyes. He smiles down at me, but there's no humor in his gaze. It's almost as if he's not even here anymore. Not fully.

With a quick jerk of his massive frame, he gathers me into his arms and drags me over to the altar. All it takes is one sweep of his arm to cast everything off, leaving it bare. When he sits me down on the polished wood, I find myself torn between running again and seeing just what will happen.

“Hear me, little lamb. I am going to do things to you. Wicked things. Depraved things. But you can take it for me, can't you? You can be a good girl for me and allow me to purge these demons into your body?”

I don't dare answer him. My lips refuse to move, even if I want to say anything. Instead, I nod, my body trembling as he brings his hand up to my face.

“That's my good girl. Fight me, if you wish, but it will only delay the inevitable. Before this night is over, you will no longer be the sweet, chaste Sister Emily Agnes anymore.” He leans in close enough that I feel his breath on my skin. “I want you to fight me. I want to make this as agonizing for you as it is for me. But then, we both know how much you enjoy the pain I cause.”

There's nothing I can say to argue with him. He's completely right. It's one of the things I find missing in the dead of night. Not only do I crave his touch, but I also crave his pain.

With a gentleness I don't expect, he eases me down on the altar and pulls my hair up to spill over the sides. He trails his fingers through the strands, humming under his breath. It lulls me into a false sense of security, leaving me completely vulnerable as he winds them around his hand and tugs. Hard.

A soft yelp erupts from my lips, but he doesn't stop. He continues to pull, not so hard that he rips it from my head, but enough that pain skitters over my scalp with each slow bit of movement.

"I thought you might be loud. Open your mouth."

I don't dare refuse. The instant I obey him, he lets go of my hair and pulls the holy stole down from around his neck. The cloth tastes of smoke, ashes, incense, and time. It carries an overwhelming scent that makes my stomach churn and my eyes water.

"There now," he croons, feeding the fabric into my mouth inch by inch. "Now you can be as loud as you want. Let me hear your screams while the other Sisters sleep and see to their rosaries. Will you pray, little lamb? Will you beg God to take this sin from you? He will not hear. He never listens on Game Night."

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My fingers twitch as I long to rip the cloth from my lips, but it seems as if he's thought of that, too. Pulling the cinctures from his shoulders, he binds my wrists together and stretches my arms out above me. With a slight tug, he anchors the end somewhere on the side, rendering my upper half immobile.

Panic sets in as I realize he means to take away my ability to move. How can I resist him if he does not allow me? But then, maybe that's the point. Just as swiftly as the terror eats at my brain, an odd calmness settles in its place. I cannot be held responsible for something I don't actively do.

He can touch me, kiss me, make me his in any way he chooses, and I'll be blameless. His wicked fingers can wrench pleasure from my unwilling body, relieving me of this incessant ache. Still though, I need to at least put up a token amount of resistance. Just so I can honestly say I tried.

As he walks down toward my ankles, I kick out, catching him in the midsection. The instant my foot sinks into his flesh, nausea bubbles up in my gut. I didn't mean to strike him so hard, but I have no way of conveying that since he's robbed me of my voice.

Thankfully, he doesn't seem mad. In fact, he smiles even larger. "That's right, my little lamb. Fight me. Do your best to keep your virtue intact."

His words spur me to action, releasing all the pent-up emotions threatening to drive me insane. I twist and turn, doing my best to keep my legs closed, but it doesn't work. Soon, he climbs up onto the altar with me, wedging his hips between my thighs, spreading me open.

Something hard grinds up against my pussy, drawing a soft moan from behind the gag. Just that little bit of pressure feels so good, so immensely relieving, that I cannot help but sag against the wood.

“Just as I thought,” he chuckles, slipping his thumbs under the band of my pants. “You want this just as much as I do. Admit it. Confess to me.”

He leans forward and rips the stole from my lips, allowing me to swallow. I don’t want to say it out loud. To do so would be to finally admit that I cannot resist him. Try as I might, I need his touch like I need the very air I suck into my lungs.

“No? You don’t want this?” Sliding his hand forward, he jams it down my pajama pants, cupping my pussy with his warmth. I can’t keep the moan at bay as I rock my hips up, seeking a firmer touch. “God, Emily. You’re dripping wet for me,” he groans, using my name and just my name.

It sounds so good to hear him say it. Tipping my head back, I cry out, no longer caring about right or wrong. “Please, Father Draven. Please. I- I need. I- I yearn.”

His fingers curl around to stroke my clit, as if rewarding me for my confession. “While I’m pleasuring your body, you will call me Nikolai.”

“Nikolai,” I exclaim on a moan.

It fits him, fits the beast hovering over me, set to devour my soul. At my use of his name, he slides his fingers lower, wedging them between us, as he dips them inside.

“Mine,” he growls as he runs his nose along the side of my neck. “All fucking mine.”

When he pulls my pajama pants the rest of the way down, he takes his time, revealing my flesh to him one inch at a time. For every bit he uncovers, he kisses, sending



shivers down my spine. Pleasure unlike anything I've ever known races through me, making my pulse trip.

Even the few times we've spent together in punishment pale in comparison to this. As he gets to my pussy, he stops, forcing a keening whine up my throat.

"Fear not, my lamb. I simply wish to restrain you. Heaven forbid you develop a change of conscience while I'm balls deep in your body."

It doesn't matter that I don't understand him mentally. My body knows and craves his blasphemous attention. Once my pants are fully off and on the floor, he takes one ankle and lashes it to the altar with his holy cincture. When he does it to the other, I'm spread full open, exposed to his hungry gaze.

Instead of joining me back up on the altar, however, he walks over to the votive stand and stares at the candles. Irritation floods my system as he contemplates it, making me wonder if it's him who's going to have the change of heart. But then he turns, flashing me the most wicked grin.

Holding up a candle, he rocks it back and forth, making the flame dance. "You know, it is said that fire is a great purifier. Let us test that, shall we?"

He pads over to me and tips the candle forward, splashing me with the hot wax. Before a yelp can escape my lips, he slams his hand over my mouth, stifling the sound.

"Now, now. None of that. Can't stir too much interest. If you cannot keep quiet, I can find something to gag you with."

I shake my head, not wishing for that awful stole to go back into my mouth.

“That’s my good little sacrifice,” he murmurs, running his thumb along my bottom lip.

Unbidden, I open my mouth, allowing him to slip inside. It’s not quite as good as his tongue, but it fills me in a way that makes me ache.

“Your innocence makes you all the more alluring. Once I paint you in this holy wax, I’ll fill you with my holy absolution.” Everything in me clenches as I bow up on the altar.

Could I dare hope to be able to taste it once more?

Setting the candle down, he plants his hands on either side of my head, caging me in. “Tell me, sacrifice. Why does that have you so eager?”

Do I tell him? I turn to look away, but he snakes out his hand and grips my chin.

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“You will find that without the implant controlling my actions, I am not a patient man. Speak.”

“I... You... It... I find I rather enjoy the taste of your absolution,” I finally confess as heat blazes across my cheeks.

“Is that so?” Leaning back, he strokes his chin as he smiles down at me. “Seems as if someone was naughty and touched herself in the shower.”

“But I didn’t,” I wail, bucking against the restraints. “Not in that way. It was just a small taste.”

Without answering me, he picks the candle back up and drizzles more of the warm wax over my body. The initial sting gives way to fervent heat. It seeps into my body, making me burn from the inside out.

Until this moment, I never worried about him being mean or cruel to me. Now, I so desperately pray I didn’t make a mistake setting him free. But then, it would be a fitting penance for him to rend me limb from limb or even burn me from head to toe. And absolution fit for the demon sent to consume me.

### Chapter Seventeen

Nikolai Draven

Each dip of the wax turns her pale skin pink before it hardens into the white of the votives. It’s as if she’s a blank canvas just waiting for my brushstrokes. However, the

need to fill her mouth with my cock overrides everything else, even this sacrilegious fantasy I have in my head.

Setting the candle down again to allow more wax to pool, I finger the hem of her pajama top. Based on how her nipples jut out under the fabric, she's not wearing anything underneath. Just like with her lack of underwear. Far be it from me to chastise her when I'm benefitting from it greatly.

I bend low and nuzzle her nipple, my cock pulsing behind the cage of my pants as she gasps and bows up. Such a responsive little thing. But then, as someone as sheltered as she was, it's not all that much of a surprise.

The restraint I hold is tenuous and nearly at the snapping point. I need to be in her somehow, someway. Even if it's just taking her virginal mouth to take the edge off, it will give me the clarity I need to not be so consumed by her.

A groan vibrates in my throat as I suck the hardened tip into my mouth, cloth and all. Her squeal of pleasure rings out in my head, making me nearly dizzy with lust and need. This isn't at all how I planned for things to go.

I wanted to make her suffer. I wanted to drive her to the brink of madness. Most importantly, I wanted her to burn as I do, to long to combust with just the simplest of touches. But as I raise my head and look into her dark eyes, pupils blown out with need, I realize it will never be enough.

Just having her for one night is no longer in the plan. I need her with me for eternity. Damn the church. Damn my calling. She's my new religion now, and I long to worship her body until the end of time.

Until her, I've never felt such passion. I was a shell, a walking corpse that ate, drank, and fucked my life away. In my misguided need, I came to the church, thinking it

would give me what I lacked. And though it helped for a season, it never truly filled that void.

She does.

It's as if God himself sent this temptation to me. Who am I to deny a gift so perfectly wrapped and wanting? Blowing the candle out, I toss it to the side where it clatters to the floor in a waxy mess.

An air of unease wafts off of Emily as I undo her bonds and pull her off the altar. She looks at me with suspicion and hurt, bringing a chuckle to my lips.

"It's not what you think, my little sacrifice. We are at the point in the evening where I have just enough sanity left to offer you a choice. Allow me to have my way with you, to make you mine in the most Biblical sense of the word, and I will not be able to stop. I will consume you every chance I can during the rest of your life."

Her lips quiver as she stands there, doing her best to rise to my unspoken challenge. "And if I refuse?"

"Then you have just one chance. One. Walk away, slowly, to not stir the primal instincts ready to pounce and devour you. Go to your room and barricade yourself. I will leave and never come back. Never bother you again. The choice is yours. Are you going to remain Sister Emily Agnes? Pure and chaste... well, as can be. Or are you going to be mine? My Emily. Mine to do what I want with when I want to. Because make no mistake. Any misstep, any hesitation on your part, will be met with a swift end."

My heart pounds in my chest as I watch her. For the first time, I feel uncertain. Yes, I gave her the right to choose, but honestly, I'll still hunt her down even if she says no. I'll force my claim on her unwilling body and make her mind a living hell.

At the end of the day, I want her to choose me. I want her to want me as I do her. What I feel for this omega isn't fleeting. It isn't some passing fetish. I need her like I need air.

She turns and looks over at the chapel for a moment before turning her serious gaze back to me. "The moment I saw you, I couldn't stay away. I begged and pleaded with God to keep this temptation from me, to keep me pure only unto Him. I have failed. There is no turning back. There is no running away. Even if we are to live in the depths of hell for our forbidden passion, I'd rather be there with you than without you."

In a slow, sensual descent, she falls to her knees and clasps her hands as if in prayer. "Please, Father Draven, Nikolai, give me the absolution only you can grant. This penitent omega needs your firm hand to guide her into the abyss of depravity."

Stunned, I stand there, unsure of what to say or do. Though I'd hoped she'd say yes, I fully expected to have to force her. "Rise, Emily. Go to your room and put on your habit. Meet me in my chambers."

As much as I want to defile her on the altar, I care enough about her body to want to give her a soft bed for me to ravage her on. Walking past her, I don't even wait to see if she'll obey me. I know she will. My good little priestess is such an obedient little omega.

With quick jerks, I unclothe myself and drop my garments onto the floor. I drag my cassock, the priestly robes I normally wear, out of my armoire and pause as I look at the flogger I used to keep me in check. Now, there's no need for it. Though I might use it on my wayward little omega, since she likes the bite of pain so much.

Shoving it into a small bag, I put all my other meager belongings alongside it. After tonight, neither of us can go back. This sacrosanct fucking I plan to bestow upon her

body will be the final act in this abbey before we flee into the night to start our new lives together.

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I'm not so cruel as to subject the rest of the Sisters to our depravity. Only her. Only my little Emily.

She's a vision in her habit as she eases into my room, much like the first time I disciplined her. I should have known then there was no hope for either of us. Now, since everything is permissible on Game Night, I can claim her and force the courts to make her mine for all eternity.

"Kneel."

A smile graces her face as she obeys me.

"Open your mouth. Tonight, you will take a new type of communion."

The trust and innocence shining in her gaze nearly steals my breath. Parting the bottom half of the priestly robe, I show her my engorged cock. A gasp flits from her lips as she takes in the length and breadth of me, making me pulse before her very eyes.

Ever so slowly, she opens her mouth wide and tips her head up, ready to accept me into her mouth. With one hand, I keep the robes open. With the other hand, I cup her head and bring her forward, easing past her lips. The instant my precum touches hertongue, she laps at my underside, moaning softly as she savors my taste.

"That's it, little lamb," I groan. "Drink me up. Draw my holy seed into your body."

Her movements are slow and clumsy, awkward even, but that's to be expected. I



don't anticipate perfection. Honestly, it's what I find so endearing about her. There is no pretense. There is no false enthusiasm. Everything is new to her, a discovery that keeps me on my toes.

Murmurs of praise fall from my lips as I do my best to keep my movements gentle, but soon, need wins out. Gripping her hair, I hold her in place as I saw in and out of her mouth, taking over as I fuck her hard. Soft whimpers and keening cries vibrate around my shaft, but the scent of her arousal assures me she's more than fine.

She wants this.

She craves this.

She desires me above all else.

My balls clench to the point of pain as my knot swells. Hopefully, this release will allow me to take her maidenhead gently. Doubtful, but there's always a chance. Holding her in place, I come into her mouth, smearing my essence over her tongue to infuse her with every bit.

Her lips wrap around my girth as best as she can, as she sucks hard, draining me into her body. "Fuck," I cry out, rocking back and forth as aftershocks of pleasure ripple down my spine. "Good fucking girl." I ease out of her mouth and motion toward the bed.

"Now, it's my turn."

Chapter Eighteen

Emily

I look up at my unholy priest, my mind buzzing as the musk of his seed paints my lips and coats my tongue. How can it be his turn when I have nothing like the apparatus flagging before me? So much I still don't understand, but I'm so grateful for such a tutor.

As I rise from the floor, he wraps his hands around my waist and eases me onto the bed so my legs dangle down. Just like last time. Does he mean to punish me as he did just days before? Arousal gathers at my entrance at that thought. Somehow, the rougher he is, the far better I seem to enjoy it.

Once he has me where he wants me, he slides the hem of my habit up, exposing my wet pussy to his gaze. "Beautiful," he whispers into the air, as fervent as any prayer.

This time, it's his turn to get down onto his knees. His hot breath fans my delicate skin, drawing a soft moan from my lips. Everything is so sensitive, so needy, so... so much. It's overwhelming.

The moment his fingers skim my clit, I bow up, desperation clenching my insides. "What is it they teach you Sisters? Patience is a virtue?" He drops his fingertips onto my clit with a light smack.

It's not as hard as when he's punished me, but it makes me burn from the inside out until I'm sure I'm about to melt onto the bed. Soon, something else touches me. It's hot and wet, wriggling about my clit, drawing the most exquisite sensations from my body.

As his fingers tease my entrance, my brain finally clicks into place. It's his tongue. It has to be. That's what he meant by it being his turn. From between my thighs, he feasts upon me, devouring me as if I were his last meal.

I can't see him under the habit, but somehow, that makes me feel him even more. He

prods my entrance with his fingers, easing them in and out. Still, it's not enough. It's not deep enough, not rough enough. But what I need, I have no words for, no experience with.

Exasperated moans rip from my throat as I toss about on the bed, somehow both over and underwhelmed at the same time. When he finally looks up from between my thighs, his lips glisten with the unholy nectar from my body.

“Tell me, omega. What do you need?”

“You,” I cry out. “All of you. I- I ache. I crave-.”

“I hear you, sweetling. Take off your habit and lie naked on the bed.”

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My body quakes as I move to obey his order. Even with everything he's already done to me, it feels so odd to be undressing in front of him. He watches my every move, studying my body as I unveil it. From under his cassock, he stirs again, tenting the fabric.

"The things you do to me," he growls, reaching underneath to palm himself. "Soon, my cock will take your virginity. This priest will lie down with his lamb."

With a deadly smirk, he unbuttons his cassock. He takes his time, teasing me, taunting me, torturing as he makes me wait.

I have never seen a man naked before, and I can't wait to see all of him. Finally, he undoes the last one and slips the fabric from his shoulders. Air stills in my lungs as I stare at him in all his glory.

Even now, his anatomy swells, growing again as he watches me looking at him. Saliva pools in my mouth as I visually devour him, committing every bit to memory. He's truly magnificent.

With a quick twist of his lips, he carries the cassock over to a chair and sets it down. In the soft light, his back stands out in stark relief. The gasp flitting from my lips sounds thunderous to my ears as I race to his side.

Before he can stop me, I run my fingers over the ragged skin. He looks so broken, so abused. But who would do such a thing? Scars, old and new, cover his shoulders in angry slashes. It brings tears to my eyes.

“Careful,” he breathes. “The more you touch me, the more I find my ability to hold back lessening.”

“Who did this to you?”

“You did.” His words hang in the air as I yank myself back.

“But I never touched you.”

“Not with your hands, my darling little lamb. But with your very presence. Your body tempted me beyond what I could handle. The penance I gave myself was far harsher than the one I gave to you.”

Tears spark in my eyes, burning as I run my lips over the puckered skin. Nikolai stiffens underneath me, his scent changing with every swipe of my tongue against his ravaged flesh. Like the woman at Jesus’s feet, I let my tears wash away the agony.

“On the bed, Emily. Go before I drag you down to the floor and fuck you there.”

As tempting as that idea is, I walk away and give us both some space. With each step, I can breathe just a bit better. Though I will never forgive myself for the agony I caused him, I can at least use my body to atone.

Arousal drips from my pussy as I lie there, spread out for him to do as he wishes, a virginal sacrifice for his need. A flush heats me from head to toe as he slides in between my parted thighs. With a groan, he leans over me, his eyes darkening as he stares down at me in wonder.

Everything coils within me like a snake doubling on itself. I need him to touch me, to drive the ache away, but he simply stares. Patience. I suppose that’s what he’s teaching me. That or he’s dragging this out to make me hurt as much as he did.

Bending low, he drags the tip of his tongue around my nipple, making it harden. A loud, low groan vibrates through my chest as I slide my fingers through his hair, holding him against my skin as he suckles as if he were a babe. With each flick of his tongue, I lose myself to the lust he builds in me until I worry I cannot take any more.

He pulls away and goes to the other one, tormenting me with his mouth. After several agonizing minutes, he pulls away. His eyes are darker now, nearly pitch black, with just a hint of blue around his pupils. "Last chance," he rasps, his voice sounding far away, as if speaking through water.

"Take me, my master. Make me yours."

I barely get the words out when he slides into me, filling me up in one long stroke. The scream that hovers in my throat quickly cuts off as he seals his lips over mine, drawing the torturous sounds into him. It's not that it hurts all that much. The shock is what makes my sanity fracture and split.

He lies there on top of me, breathing into me as he clutches me tight. With each thud of his heart against my chest, my body loosens, relaxing into him until we're melded into one. Then, and only then, does he start to move.

His hips rock into me, drawing sizzles of pleasure from my overwrought nerves. Lights spark behind my eyelids as I soak everything up, memorizing every move, every twitch, every breath as he slowly takes me, owning me with every stroke.

There is only one first, and I want to savor it.

His deep, masculine grunts flood my ears, interspersing with my softer, feminine moans. It's an erotic cacophony that drowns out everything else. There's nothing but him and me in this moment. The world could be crashing down around us, and I wouldn't even notice.

As he pulls out, he wedges his fingers in between us and strokes my clit. “Come for me, my reprobate. Coat my cock in your slick.”

I arch into him, reveling in the way he touches me, the expert way he draws passion from my body. Everything he’s done to me leads to this moment, a holy joining of our bodies, a completion as he slams into me. Each stroke is punishing as he invades me, impaling me on his massive cock.

The moans turn into fevered wails as he conquers me with his body. As I go to cover the sounds of our passion, he wrenches my hand away.

“No. I want to hear every sound that drips from your lips. I want God himself to hear our union and hide himself away.”

It’s as if a dam bursts open inside me. Unfettered, I tip my head to the sky and cry aloud as he pistons in and out. Now, there is no condemnation. I am wholly and truly his.

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His fingers continue to tease my clit as I drag my nails down the back, digging into his skin. If it hurts him, he doesn't show it. Instead, his cock pulses deep within me as he growls in my ear.

With each powerful thrust, his chest grazes against mine, adding a tactile dissonance to the other sensations swirling through me. It keeps me on the splinter's edge of passion, making everything in me quake with the need to come. His fingers dig into my hips, giving me that last bite of pain I need to finally let go.

I cannot hold out any longer. My fevered cries ring out into the room as my body explodes into a flurry of movement. Screams turn to sobs as relief rushes through me, leaving me wrung out and depleted. But he's not done with me. Not yet.

His cock continues to pulse within me as he seeks his own passion. Soon, he bends low and swipes his tongue over my shoulder. I shudder as the cool air eddies in, dragging shivers up and down my spine. As he slams into me again, his teeth notch into my skin, holding there as he continues to move.

Something else throbs at my entrance, something large and insistent. He shoves his way in, nearly splitting me open as he stretches me out wide. Pain and pleasure coalesce over me until I cannot tell one from the other. With a mighty roar, he clamps his teeth down into my skin, breaking through.

My mouth opens, but nothing comes out. I can't find words or sounds to convey the sensations washing over me. But even as I feel as if I can't take any more of the pain, it morphs into a slice of agonizing pleasure. Nikolai's absolution fills me, scalding my insides as he roars his completion against my ragged skin.



Now, I understand.

Like Eve, my eyes are open. I see both good, evil, and neutral.

Now that I know the truth, the bliss we both can find in each other's arms, I can't go back. Even if I contemplated that ever being an option for me, I know I can't go back.

I crave this. I crave him. I need his body in me more than I need air.

My mind fractures as something worms its way deep into my heart. I only thought we were one before. Now, I feel the tendrils of our connection weaving around us, binding me to him in a way I never thought possible. A bond. I hear the word shimmer in the air, but he doesn't speak it out loud. His lips never move.

It's delicate, like the brush of a butterfly's wings, yet strong like spider webs. He's inside me now. It's more than just his anatomy joining mine. He's a permanent part of my soul. The other half I never knew I was missing.

"And they shall be one flesh," I murmur, my eyes drifting shut.

Before I can fully slip away, he pulls out of my shoulder and laps at the wound, making my stomach flip with every swipe of his tongue. He says nothing as he eases up and pulls me forward. But then, he doesn't have to.

Naïve as I am, my body knows what to do. My soul knows how to make us complete. It takes no prodding at all for him to ease my lips to his skin. I dig my teeth into his chest, aiming for just above his heart.

Through the bond, I feel the bite of pain as if it is my own. It shouldn't cause my pussy to spasm, but it does, tightening around his girth, sending aftershocks of pleasure through me.

“Such a naughty little masochist,” he teases through gritted teeth as I lap at his wound as he did with me.

Suddenly, the small, minuscule webs turn to cords. They’re thick, rivaling Father Draven’s former cinctures. They wrap around us, revealing our secrets. Through the bond, I watch and feel the pain my presence caused, the torture he put himself through to keep me safe.

Tears prick my eyes as I pull away and look up at him.

There’s a massive difference in knowing he suffered and actually seeing it, feeling it as it happens. Guilt slams into me, threatening to turn this happy moment into one of sorrow. “I-”

He stops me before I can say another word. “Shhhh, my precious sacrifice. None of it matters anymore. You’re mine now. Any pain was well worth it.”

With a groan, he turns us over, allowing me to rest on him without his bulk suffocating me. I lie my head against his chest and listen to the steady rhythm of his heartbeat. Not that I need to hear it. I can feel it beating inside me as if it were my own.

Even with growing up in the convent and being around the Sisters here in the abbey, I always felt alone. Now, for the first time since I can remember, I belong. No apologies, no confessions. Just me.

“I wouldn’t say no confessions,” Nikolai murmurs, running his hand over my head. “Even though we are no longer members of the clergy, I still plan to put you on your knees as often as I can.”

“Only if it is your absolution I draw into my body.”

He chuckles and wraps his arms around me, holding me close. “I wouldn’t have it any other way. Now then, what is a reprobate Sister and an excommunicated priest to do now?”

“You tell me,” I giggle, snuggling into his warmth. “You’re the brains of this operation.”

With a groan, he lays an arm over his eyes. “It wasn’t my brain doing all the thinking, thank you kindly.”

My eyes grow heavy with each passing moment. Soon, the sun will rise, and Game Night will be over, leaving us at the mercy of the Church. Somehow, I find that I’m not afraid. I have, after all, survived being a virginal sacrifice. I’m sure I can handle anything else thrown our way.

A smile tilts my lips as I kiss his nipple, eliciting a groan from his lips. “Wherever you lead, Father Draven, your lamb will follow.”

“Excellent answer.”