



# Forgive Me, Father

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**Category:** Romance

**Description:** I told my priest I was selling my virginity.

Gabriel Thorne is twice my age. A priest. My confessor. My secret obsession. For a year, I've worshipped him in silence, burying the ache in my chest and the fantasies I was sure would damn me.

But when I show up for the auction and find him waiting? When he strips off his collar and pulls me into his arms?

I forget every reason this is wrong.

Because when I whisper "Daddy" against his throat, he goes feral.

Forgive Me, Father is a very spicy instalove age gap novella starring a shy, lovestruck parishioner and her much older and very off limits priest.

**Total Pages (Source):** 19

# Page 1

*Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 3:24 am*

One

Olivia

Rain taps rhythmically against my umbrella as I speed walk down the wet sidewalk.

It's late summer, and the petrichor smell of the August storm is all around me.

It's normally one of my favourite smells, one that soothes me and comforts me.

But not today. Today, I'm strung tight, like a bow string about to snap.

I have a problem to solve. And I have the means to solve it. All I'll have to do is give up a part of myself in exchange.

I shouldn't do it.

I should.

I have no choice.

I can't.

Those guys made it clear they'll kill Alessandro if he doesn't pay.

I have to come up with the money.

My head is a mess of swirling thoughts when I turn the corner.

St. Michael's rises up before me, looking like an anachronism with its Gothic Revival architecture and massive stained glass windows.

It doesn't fit among the steel and glass skyscrapers, the neon billboards, and the honking taxis.

I like how out of place it looks. I like how stepping into it feels like entering another world.

Despite my Italian heritage, I've never considered myself much of a Catholic.

Sure, we went to mass like so many other Italian-Canadian families.

My brother Alessandro and I were both baptized.

I had my first communion when I was six, my confirmation when I was twelve.

I went to Catholic school. But church never really meant much to me.

It was just something we did, like going to the grocery store or the library.

And then, when I was sixteen and Alessandro was thirteen, Mom and Dad split up.

We stopped going to mass after the divorce.

Dad took off, never to be heard from again.

And then Mom died, the day after my eighteenth birthday. I took custody of Alessandro, refusing to let him get eaten up by the foster system.

Given the trouble he's found himself in, I don't think I did a very good job of steering him onto the right path.

Anyway.

About a year ago, I stepped inside St. Michael's for the first time. I'm not sure what I was looking for. Solace, or comfort, maybe. Somewhere to belong. A quiet place to contemplate my problems.

What I found was him .

Father Gabriel Thorne.

I've never met a priest like him. He's warm and open. Funny and caring. Easy to talk to, without an ounce of pretension or condescension in his body.

He's also hot as hell. Which, I know, is not how I should be thinking about my priest, but I can't help it. He's tall, probably 6'2 or 6'3, with impossibly broad shoulders, thick arms and an even thicker ass.

I probably shouldn't admit that I stare at Father Thorne's ass, but I can't help it. It's so round and firm and fills out those black pants he usually wears so very perfectly.

He has thick, dark brown hair that starts to wave when it gets a little long, and he has a slightly curled tendril that has a tendency of falling across his forehead during mass.

And his eyes...they're like the colour of a summer sky. Pure, vibrant blue, framed with thick lashes. When he smiles, little lines fan out around them. And his smile...it makes me melt, every single time. His full lips, square jaw and dimples are like something an artist would paint.

I don't know how old he is. I've never asked, and I'm a horrible judge of age. Late thirties, maybe? Possibly even early forties? At least fifteen years older than me, anyway. Maybe closer to twenty.

I stepped into St. Michael's looking for comfort. And I found that, but I also found an obsession.

My crush on Father Thorne was immediate, overwhelming in its intensity.

I started coming to mass twice a week to hear his deep voice, to watch him, to spend a few breathless minutes chatting with him afterward.

I'll never forget the first time he shook my hand, welcomed me to St. Michael's and told me his door was always open.

After that, I started attending confession weekly, even though I hadn't gone regularly since finishing high school a couple of years ago.

I would centre my entire week around those moments where it was just the two of us sharing the same shadowy air, cocooned away from the world while I confessed my sins.

Sometimes he made me laugh. Other times he listened and offered empathy.

Never once did I feel judged, no matter what I confessed.

He became my source of strength. My comfort. My rock.

I looked for ways to spend even more time with him. I joined the weekly Bible study he ran, and I volunteered to help prepare snacks and drinks for the break, which meant I got to come early and spend time with him in the church's kitchen, where we

would talk and laugh and just be.

I started coming in on Wednesday mornings too, when I learned the church needed volunteers to help make brown bag lunches to be distributed at various homeless shelters.

Father Thorne and I would stand side by side at 6:30 in the morning, making ham and cheese sandwiches, slicing up vegetables, and counting out water bottles.

The more time I spent with him, the more I wanted to be around him.

I've never met a priest like him. I've never met a man like him.

And if he knew the thoughts I had about him, he'd probably tell me to never set foot in his church again.

Forbidden, taboo thoughts about slipping into his side of the confessional booth, undoing his pants and worshipping his cock with my mouth.

Thoughts of climbing into his lap while we talk.

While he tells me what a good girl I am.

Thoughts of locking his office door and letting him fuck me on his desk.

I want Father Thorne in a way that consumes me.

I think I'm in love with him.

And it's complete, utter foolishness, because I can never have him. Obviously.

Which is another reason I'm considering doing something...drastic. To make money. Because I can't have the one man I actually want, so what does it matter who I give my virginity to?

I pull open the heavy, ornately carved wooden door and step inside the church, leaving the rain behind.

The vestibule is quiet, with several candles glowing on the small table beneath a mosaic tile portrait of the Virgin Mary.

I slide my umbrella into the tarnished brass umbrella stand, knowing no one will take it, wipe my feet on the mat, and step into the sanctuary of the church.

Maybe a dozen people are scattered throughout the pews, some with their heads bowed in prayer, others looking around contemplatively, or reading from a prayer book or Bible.

The sound of the rain is a soft drumming against the soaring stained-glass windows.

It's dim inside, but I don't mind. I like the coziness of the flickering candles, the rain pattering.

The air smells like incense and polished wood, and I take a deep breath, trying to steady myself.

Should I tell him what I'm planning to do?

I mean, it's not like contemplating auctioning off my virginity is a mortal sin, is it?

It's sexual in nature, but I haven't actually done anything yet beyond look into the website I heard about from a co-worker at the bookstore.

She uses it to sell pictures of her feet as well as used panties to buyers.

I'd thought of doing something similar when I'd stumbled upon the auction section.

I weave my fingers together as I head for the confessional. The other side of the booth is still empty, the door open, but I know Father Thorne will be here soon. It's 5:45 pm, which is when weekday confession is held.

I step inside the confessional, the dark wood creaking softly as I close the door behind me.

The scent of polished wood is even heavier in here, making the air feel thicker.

Close. I sit down on the hard, narrow bench, curling my fingers around its smooth edge.

My heart feels like a caged bird, wings flapping frantically, completely unsettled.

I hear a softly murmured conversation outside as two people walk by, but they pass quickly, leaving me in the quiet with my thoughts.

With my thrumming anticipation.

It's not long before the door on the other side of the confessional creaks open, and someone steps inside. I can only make out a darkened silhouette through the screen, but it's him. I know it's him. It's always him.

There's a muffled thump. "Shit," Father Thorne hisses out.

I clap a hand over my mouth, stifling the laugh straining to burst out of me. I can just make out his shadowy form through the intricately woven screen separating us. He



glances at the screen, and even in the dim light, I see the flash of his dimpled, rueful smile.

“Sorry,” he says in his deliciously deep voice. The sound of it moves through me like water lapping at a shore. Smooth and soothing. “I seem to have temporarily forgotten how to walk.”

“It’s okay, Father,” I say. “We’re all of us human, even you.”

He chuckles softly. “Especially me.”

“Are you okay?”

“I’ll live. How are you?”

“I’m...” I don’t know what to say. I shift closer to the screen, my heart pounding hard and fast. He mirrors my movement, shifting closer and leaning in so that our faces are only inches apart, separated by the screen.

I can hear him breathing. I can smell the hint of his cologne.

My skin feels electric, the air crackling with energy. At least, on my side of the booth.

How am I? I don’t know. I’m a mess.

I cross myself, tracing the familiar shape over my chest. “Bless me, Father, for I have sinned. It has been one week since my last confession.”

Father Thorne’s voice is soft, gentle. “Go on, Olivia.”

I take a deep breath. “I lied to one of my professors. I told him I had a family

emergency so I could get an extension on a paper.” I bite my lip, waiting for his response.

“Why did you need the extension?” he asks. There’s no judgment in his tone.

## Page 2

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“I fell behind because I was working extra hours at the book shop.” I sigh. “I should’ve managed my time better.”

He makes a soft, low sound, a sympathetic hum. “It’s important to be truthful, Olivia, but I understand that you’re under a lot of pressure, working and going to school and being responsible for your brother.” There’s a pause. “What else?”

I hesitate before confessing, biting my lip. Father Thorne shifts on the other side of the screen. “I took the Lord’s name in vain. I missed my bus and I swore.”

He chuckles softly, and I feel that sound like a caress against my skin. “We all have moments of frustration. God understands that.” He pushes a hand through his hair, dislodging that tendril I want to smooth away from his forehead. “Is there anything else you’d like to confess?”

I lick my lips again, shifting on the bench. “I’ve had...impure thoughts about a man,” I whisper. I’ve never confessed this to him before.

His breath hitches. There’s a pause. The wood on his side of the confessional creaks. “Can you tell me more about that?”

My face is hot, and I’m glad he can’t see me blushing like a tomato right now. I don’t know why I’m telling him this. I never bring this up during my weekly confession. And yet, I can’t stop myself from talking. “I’ve thought about...being with someone. In a sexual way.”

He clears his throat, and when he starts talking again, there’s a huskiness to his voice

that I've never heard before. "That's natural. Why do you consider these thoughts impure?"

I squirm on the bench, clasping my hands tightly together.

I feel like I'm about to fly apart. Why did I bring this up?

What's wrong with me? "Because they're detailed.

Intimate. I imagine..." When I trail off, he shifts closer, so close that his face is right next to mine through the screen.

I can smell his minty breath with every exhale.

"I imagine what it would feel like," I whisper. "To be touched. To be...taken. By a man."

"I see." His voice is careful, controlled. "And these thoughts, are they about someone in particular?"

I can't tell him the truth. I can't admit that he's the star of every single fantasy I've ever had. "Just...someone I can't have," I say softly, wondering if God will strike me down for telling a lie of omission during confession.

"And what do you imagine doing with this person?" he asks, his voice low and raw.

I close my eyes, the images vivid in my mind.

"I imagine his hands on me. Touching me. The weight of his body on mine. The feel of his skin against mine. I imagine..." I swallow hard.

My mouth is dry, my breathing shaky. “I imagine the way he would move inside me. The sounds he would make. The way he would make me feel.”

My entire body is aflame with shame and need and desperation.

“Olivia,” he says, his voice rasping over me like dark silk. “You haven’t done anything wrong. For many people, sex is a natural part of life.”

“But not for you,” I blurt and oh God, swallow me up whole right now. I clamp my mouth shut, my cheeks burning. I can’t believe I just said that. What is wrong with me today? Seriously.

There’s a pause. A heavy, loaded silence where the air between us seems to thicken. His eyes meet mine through the screen, and there’s an intensity there that makes my heart pound and my hands shake. I’ve never seen that expression on his face before.

“That’s true,” he says, his voice barely above a whisper. “But that doesn’t mean I don’t have...thoughts.”

My breath catches in my throat. I can’t look away from him. I feel like a penitent worshipping at the altar of something sacred as I stare into his piercing blue eyes.

He clears his throat, glancing away. “Is there anything else you’d like to confess, Olivia?”

I hesitate, twisting my fingers together in my lap. I’ve already said too much, but right now, in this moment, I want to tell him. I can trust him with my darkest secret. He’s the only person on the planet who makes me feel safe enough to share it.

“There is something,” I say, my voice quiet. “I haven’t done it yet, but I’m considering doing something undoubtedly sinful.”

He shifts on the other side of the booth, and I can see his brows knit together and his mouth flatten into a thin line. “What is it?”

My tongue feels like it’s glued to the roof of my mouth, and I struggle to speak. I struggle to breathe. Do I want him to talk me out of it? Preemptively forgive me? I don’t know. I clasp and unclasp my sweaty hands. The words feel stuck in my throat, but I drag them out.

“My brother’s in trouble. Bad trouble.” I take a deep breath. “I need to come up with a lot of money to help him, so I’ve decided...to auction off my virginity.”

Silence fills the confessional, thick and heavy. I can see a muscle in his jaw jump, hear him shift, the wood creaking loudly beneath him. “I’m going to need you to explain this to me, angel.” He clears his throat. “Olivia. Sorry. Olivia.”

Did he just call me angel?

Not on purpose, I’m sure.

I take a deep breath, trying to steady myself. “Alessandro...he’s in trouble. He owes money to some bad people. Like, mafia people. They’re gambling debts.” I look down at my hands, slipping them under my thighs so I’ll stop fidgeting. “It’s a lot of money.”

Father Thorne is silent, listening. I can feel his eyes on me through the screen.

“I heard about this site,” I continue, my voice low, wobbly.

“They facilitate the...exchange of sexual services. Everything from pictures to auctions for various...things. Women can auction themselves off to the highest bidder.” I swallow hard.

My mouth is like ash. “The man who wins will get to take my virginity. In exchange, I’ll make enough money to keep Alessandro safe. ”

He inhales sharply, and I can’t bring myself to look at him. I don’t think I can handle the disappointment I’m sure I’ll see in his eyes.

“I don’t have a choice,” I say, my voice cracking, and I realize it’s true.

On the way here, I agonized over if I was going to do it.

But now I see that I have to. There’s no other way.

“They’re going to hurt him, maybe even kill him if I can’t come up with \$50,000.

He’s all I have left. I can’t lose him, too.

” Tears start slipping down my cheeks. I brush them away, but more fall.

“I tried getting a loan from the bank, but they denied me. I have student loans. I don’t have a car.

I don’t have anything worth even a few thousand, never mind fifty thousand. I don’t know what else to do.”

My chest heaves and I cover my face with my hands as I cry softly, holding my breath to stifle my sobs. I can hear Father Thorne’s breathing, feel his presence, strong and comforting. He’s silent for several moments as I struggle to pull myself together.

When I look up, I meet his gaze through the screen. His eyes are filled with an intensity I’ve never seen before.

“I’m sorry, I shouldn’t have said anything. I didn’t mean to drag you into my problems. I just...I don’t have anyone else to talk to.”

“No, you did right coming to me.” He leans forward, pressing his forehead to the screen. I do the same, needing the connection. “Don’t do it,” he whispers, his voice rough. “I’ll find another way. Just...don’t give yourself to a stranger. You deserve better than that, angel.”

My throat goes thick and achy with emotion, and more tears spill down my cheeks.

“No one’s ever said that to me. That I deserve better than...what I’ve been given.”

Our eyes meet, and his piercing blues are fierce. “We’ll find another way.”

I shake my head sadly. “There is no other way, Father. Believe me, I wish there was.”

“I can make this disappear, Olivia. You don’t have to do this. Just say the word, and I’ll help you.”

Another silence hangs between us, heavy with things both said and unsaid.

“What’s my penance?” I ask quietly, and he shakes his head.

“I think you’re more than sorry enough to satisfy God. Just...don’t do it. Please.”

I shake my head. “I’m so sorry,” I whisper, and I’m not sure who I’m talking to—God, or Father Thorne. Both, I guess. “Thank you.”

I slip out of the booth without waiting for him to absolve me of my sins.



## Page 3

*Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 3:24 am*

Two

Gabriel

I'm horrified at what Olivia's going to do.

My cock, however, is hard as steel.

I wrap my fingers around the edge of the confessional bench, squeezing so hard that my knuckles go white.

I throb in my pants, straining against the zipper. She's so pure. So sweet and innocent. So achingly lovely. She is light, and beauty, and kindness.

How would she react if she knew those sexual thoughts I have are always about her? They have been since she walked into my church a year ago.

I'll never forget the first time I saw her. She'd come early to mass and was sitting in a pew not far from the front. The sun was shining, streaming in through the stained-glass windows and bathing her in golden light.

She'd looked like an angel. My angel.

And then, as I'd gotten to know her, my interest—my obsession—had only grown. And for months, I tried to deny it. Tried to ignore what I felt, how my body responded to being around her. How my heart would slam against my ribs every time I laid eyes on her.

I'm a priest who's in love with his parishioner.

It's my deepest, darkest secret, one I haven't shared with anyone, not even my confessor. I've kept my attraction to Olivia, my utter devotion to her between me and God.

I lean back against the bench and rake a hand through my hair, trying to get myself together. I'm alone for the time being, and I need to collect my thoughts. The church is quiet, save for the distant, murmured conversation between two older men and the rain on the roof.

My cock is still throbbing. It's a relentless, aching pulse I can't ignore.

Olivia. Her name seems to hum through my blood.

I can't stop myself from closing my eyes and picturing her face.

Her huge, innocent, gray eyes, her small upturned nose, her full lips.

The way she goes from pretty to stunning when she smiles.

Her flawless olive skin. She's short—at least a foot shorter than me—and built with curves that make my palms tingle.

Full, round breasts. Flared hips. A peachy ass I'd die to sink my teeth into.

I'm going to hell.

I'm hard thinking about her. I'm hard for her. At the idea of touching her. Having her.

I can see it in my mind, clear as day. Olivia, in my bedroom, looking up at me with

adoration and lust. I undress her slowly.

Reverently. I unbutton her blouse, one tiny button at a time, revealing more of that olive skin that haunts my dreams and rules my fantasies.

I slide the fabric off her shoulders, down her arms, and let it fall to the floor.

Her breasts are full, spilling over the top of her white bra.

I reach around her, unhook it, and let it drop.

Her nipples are dark, hardened peaks, begging for my fingers. For my mouth.

I cup her breasts, feeling the weight of them in my hands.

I lean down, take a nipple into my mouth and suck gently.

She gasps, her hands coming up to grip my hair as I teach her about pleasure.

About the beauty, the holiness of what can happen between a man and a woman.

I lavish attention on one breast, then the other, until she's squirming against me, her breath coming in harsh pants.

I whisper sweet, filthy words in her ear. "You're so beautiful, Olivia. So perfect. I want to taste every inch of you. I want to make you feel so good."

I drop to my knees in front of her, ready to worship her the way she deserves.

I unbutton her jeans and slide them down her legs, revealing her thick thighs.

Her panties are white cotton, innocent and pure, just like the rest of her.

I press my face against her, inhale her scent.

She's aroused. I can smell it. I can see the damp spot on her panties.

I hook my fingers in the waistband, pulling them down so she can step out of them.

She's naked before me, her body a landscape of curves and smooth skin.

I run my hands up her thighs, feeling her tremble at my touch.

I lean in, press a soft kiss to the curls on her mound, then another, and another, moving lower and lower until I'm tasting her, my tongue sliding against her slit, licking over her clit.

She moans, her hands gripping my shoulders for support.

She's going to do all of this with another man. A man who paid for the privilege.

The thought shatters my fantasy and wrenches me back to the here and now.

She's going to give this priceless gift to a man who doesn't know her. Who doesn't care about her. A man who won't worship her the way she deserves.

My stomach churns, bile rising in my throat. The thought of Olivia with someone else, giving her virginity to a stranger, is unbearable.

I can't let it happen.

I know I can't have her. My feelings for her, my lust, my adoration, my obsession,

are my cross to bear. I accept that.

But I can try to save her. I can at least do that.

The door on the other side of the confessional booth opens, and I scrub a hand over my face, needing to get it together. I have other confessions to hear. Other parishioners to support and encourage.

I don't know how I get through the next forty-five minutes, but I do. I listen, I make gentle jokes, I murmur sympathetically, I give out penances. I try to be present, but I fail. My mind is still very much on Olivia, and what she's going to do. On what I can do to save her.

Once confession is over, I rush from the booth to my office, hoping no one stops me on the way.

When I reach the small office just off the vestibule, I close the door behind me, sealing myself away in the small, wood-paneled room.

My heart is galloping again, my neck and shoulders tense.

I lean against the closed door and take several deep breaths.

I know I should let Olivia go. I should try to forget these feelings I have for her. I should cut them out, metaphorically speaking, get rid of the sweet sickness of my lust for her.

It's more than lust. I know it is.

But it's still wrong for me to want her the way I do. It's wrong in so many ways.

I open my eyes and make accidental eye contact with the painting of Jesus hanging on the wall behind my desk.

This Jesus isn't your typical blond-haired blue-eyed man.

It's a painting I bought myself, a historically accurate rendering portraying the Son of God with short, dark hair, olive skin, brown eyes and a thick, short beard.

The painting's eyes seem to bore into me. I swallow thickly and tug at my collar, which suddenly feels too tight. I should pray. I should beg for forgiveness. I should beg for God to take this lust out of my heart. I should ask for guidance. For more self-control.

I don't do any of that.

No, what I do is sit down at my desk and flip open my laptop, my mind whirling with how I'm going to find this website.

My old chair creaks under my weight as my laptop flickers to life. I drum my fingers on the desk, weighing my options.

I decide the most obvious one is the best. I don't know how much time I'm working with here. What if the auction's tonight?

I open my email—my private Gmail, not my church one—my fingers hovering over the keys for a moment before I start typing. I'm really doing this.

I put my brother's email in the "to" field. Matt's a detective with the Toronto Police Service. If anyone can find this website, it's him. I doubt very much I'll be able to find it with a simple Google search.

Hey Matt,

I need your help. I need you to track down a website for me. It's a site where women can auction off sexual encounters, based here in the city. It's urgent. And before you ask, no, it's not for me. I'm trying to help a parishioner who's in trouble.

Gabe

I hit send and then lean back in my chair, raking my hand through my hair. I try to busy myself with other work. It's a half-hearted effort, at best.

I see it the moment Matt's email hits my inbox. My eyes scan the response.

He can help me find the website. We make plans to meet up tonight to go over what he's found.

And over the next few hours, a plan crystallizes in my mind. I know how I can save Olivia and her brother. I know what I need to do.

If Olivia's going to auction herself off to someone, it's going to be me.

## Page 4

*Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 3:24 am*

Three

Gabriel

A little over a week later, I'm sitting inside a luxe hotel suite, pacing in front of the floor-to-ceiling windows that look out over the Toronto skyline.

My brother was able to track down the auction site in a matter of hours, and after reassuring him I didn't need the police involved, I made an account.

And then I found it—the listing for Olivia's virginity auction.

Her name wasn't part of the profile, but there were several photographs of her.

Anyone who intended to bid in the auction had to pre-register and then check into his assigned room at this luxury hotel an hour before the auction was to begin.

Then, once the auction was complete, Olivia would be brought to the winning bidder's room.

Lord, help me. I've been at war with myself ever since I signed up to participate in the auction. I tell myself that I'm doing this to save her, to help her. I have no intentions of...claiming her. That can't happen. That won't happen.

And yet...the idea is temptation and sin and everything I've ever wanted.

I can't figure out if this is a test or a gift.



I haven't spoken to Olivia since she fled the confessional last week. She was at mass on Sunday, but left before I could talk to her. She didn't come to Bible study or to help me make lunches to take to the homeless shelter. She didn't come to confession.

She's avoiding me. Out of shame? The idea crushes me. She has nothing to feel ashamed of. I'm not judging what she's doing. I understand her motivations. I just don't want her to do it because she shouldn't have to.

Because she should be mine, a small voice whispers in the back of my head. I scrub a hand over my face, trying to ignore it.

I wish I could just give her the money to help Alessandro. But I know she wouldn't take it. I'd tried to offer last week during the confessional and she'd all but rejected my offer of help.

So, fine. We'll do this her way.

I'm wearing the carpet thin in front of the window, pacing as my thoughts swirl.

As my heart pounds. As I try to convince myself I'm here for altruistic reasons.

As I remind myself that nothing is going to happen between me and Olivia.

I'm her priest, for fuck's sake. Not to mention that I'm seventeen years older than her.

I know that she's twenty-one. I'm thirty-eight.

I took a vow of celibacy. I can't break it.

No matter how much Olivia makes me want to.

I remind myself that she doesn't want me, and that it doesn't matter what I want. I'm here for her. To help her. I'm not going to take advantage of the situation. I would never.

Assuming I win the auction. What if I don't? What if the bidding goes too high and it's more money than I have? I'm prepared to drain my life savings for her. But what if it's not enough? I've been a priest for the past eleven years. I'm not exactly rolling in it.

I pace to the other side of the room, my pulse roaring in my ears, my hands shaking. I catch sight of myself in the mirror near the door. I'm not wearing my clerical clothes tonight. Just a dark blue T-shirt and a pair of worn jeans. No collar. No vestments.

Just me.

I stalk to the mini bar and pull out the small bottle of expensive whiskey. I don't care how much it costs. Right now, I need a drink. I pour a generous amount into one of the prettily displayed crystal tumblers and take a sip. The whiskey cuts a warming path right down the center of my chest.

My phone buzzes from where I'd set it on the desk beside my laptop, the sound loud and harsh in the silent hotel suite. When I pick it up, my heart starts pounding even harder.

It's time.

I sink down into the leather desk chair and flip open my laptop. I've already got the auction site open, and I quickly log in. I see other users start to populate the auction page, and my stomach churns. I close my eyes, my fingers hovering over the keys.

"Lord, forgive me for what I'm about to do," I say quietly. "Guide me, be with me,

and whatever happens, watch over Olivia and keep her safe.”

The page refreshes and there’s a new photo of Olivia on the page.

Her impossibly long hair is down, almost reaching her waist, and she’s smiling in front of a willow tree, the sun turning her olive skin golden.

She’s wearing a pretty blue and white sundress I’ve seen her wear to mass in the recent past. My heart clenches at the sight of her, and a single word seems to beat through my body.

Mine.

My stomach churns again. I shouldn’t be doing this, but I’m not going to back out. I can’t. Olivia needs me. She may not need me in the way that I need her, but there was no way I was going to be able to stay away. To not do everything in my power to keep her safe.

I sip my whiskey as I wait.

A countdown flashes on the screen, and then the auction begins. The numbers start climbing quickly, and I watch, my jaw clenched tightly as strangers talk about her like she’s an object. Like she’s a prize to be won, used, and discarded.

User342: I can’t wait to wreck her. She looks so innocent.

BigDick77: What’s her limit? Ass up for grabs too?

MonsterMeat69: Bet I make her cry when I tear her up.

I feel each comment like a punch to the gut, and every single one fuels my anger,

morphing it into something hot and dangerous.

It's rage burning through me, now. These so-called men, these fucking monsters, talking about her like she's a piece of meat.

My hands shake as I type in my first bid.

I don't care about the cost. I don't care about the line I'm crossing.

I don't care about my own personal motivations for being here.

I care about her. About keeping her away from these assholes.

The numbers jump again. I counter. Back and forth, the bids climb, reaching an eye watering amount of money. My heart is a war drum in my chest, my palms damp with sweat. I'm going to spend every cent I have on her.

Because Olivia's mine. Mine to protect. Mine to save. Mine to—

NO . I shut down the thought, focusing on the screen. The bidding war rages on, and I'm all in. Whatever it takes. Whatever the cost, Olivia is worth it.

The pace of the bidding slows down, and several users drop out entirely. The increments are smaller now. A clock appears in the top right corner of the screen and begins counting down from five minutes. I bid again. It's nearly everything I have, but I don't care.

Three minutes left.

Two.

My heart hammers in my chest, a relentless drumbeat that pulses through my body. Another bid comes in, and I wait, watching the clock.

“Lord, if this is wrong, stop me,” I whisper, a final prayer as the last seconds count down. “But if it’s not, if this is your will, be with me now.”

With seconds remaining, I place one last bid.

The clock hits zero, and the auction closes. It’s over.

The screen refreshes.

Congratulations! You’ve won!

I stare at the gold letters that pop up on my screen.

My breath leaves me in a rush, relief flooding through me, so intense and immediate that I can’t move for several seconds.

I sag back in the chair, rubbing a hand over my face.

I did it. She’s safe. She’ll have the money she needs without having to give such a precious part of herself to a stranger.

To a man who doesn’t love and cherish her the way she deserves.

A private message pops up on my screen, confirming my room number and telling me my “prize” will be here shortly. I close my eyes, drawing in a deep breath. My prize. My angel. Olivia. Here, alone in this beautiful hotel room, with me.

I should leave. I should write her a note telling her she’s free to go, the money is hers,

and leave.

But I don't.

Because the thought of her here in this room with me has me instantly hard, my balls drawing up painfully, heat simmering in my gut.

I'm aching. My cock is straining against the confines of my jeans.

I shift in my seat, palming my erection.

This isn't about sex , I remind myself. This is about keeping an innocent young woman safe.

It's about protecting a member of my church.

My dick doesn't get the message, still flying at full mast.

Because I'm still thinking about Olivia joining me in this hotel suite. That we'll be alone with a massive king-sized bed and complete privacy.

I stand up, pacing to the window again. The city sprawls out beneath me, and I try to distract myself by studying the steel and glass architecture, the glowing lights, the flash of billboards. When that doesn't work, I try to think of anything that might distract me from how I'm feeling right now.

Because as much as I want Olivia, I don't have any indication that she wants me. And letting myself get worked up over what I want without any consideration for her makes me just as bad as those mouth breathers in the auction's chat.

But it's no use. No matter what I do, my mind is full of Olivia. Her smile. Her laugh.

The way her eyes light up when she talks about something that matters to her. The way she frowns when she's concentrating.

I'm consumed with this desperate, aching need. I've never felt anything like it in my life. I've had women in my life, before I became a priest. I didn't enter the seminary until after university. I had girlfriends in high school. I had several in university. Never anything serious.

Never anything like what I feel for Olivia Marino.

I want her more than I've ever wanted anything in my life. And now, technically, she's mine for the night.

To protect, I remind myself sternly. To keep safe. Not to claim.

But even as I think the words, they don't feel true. I'm lying to myself. Because I do want to claim her. I want to make her mine in every way possible.

I feel like I'm being ripped to shreds, the battle over what I want and what I should do tearing my soul into little pieces. I'm about to come apart at the seams. I'm a priest. I shouldn't want anyone. And yet, I'd happily burn in hell if I had any indication Olivia wanted me, too.

I'm too obsessed with her. Too in love. The faintest green light, and I'll charge ahead, cock first. I won't be able to stop myself. I know I won't.

A soft knock at the door has me turning from the window, my heart fierce and wild in my chest. She's here.

I toss back the rest of my whiskey.

God help me.



## Page 5

*Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 3:24 am*

Four

Olivia

“This way, please.” The kind woman who sat with me in the hotel suite while my auction took place opens the door and gestures for me to follow her.

I’m shaking. My heart is pounding. I might throw up.

What have I done?

I’ve made enough money to save Alessandro, but now I have to go through with...with...

You can do this. It’s just sex. It doesn’t have to mean anything. It’ll be over in less than an hour.

I swallow, my mouth dry, and clutch my long coat tightly around myself as I rise from the chair.

This whole ordeal is almost over. I made it through the humiliating exam to verify that I was actually a virgin.

I passed all of the health checks. The money from the auction—minus the site’s cut, of course—will be in my account by tomorrow morning.

By this time tomorrow, Alessandro’s debts will be cleared.

It's a small price to pay to keep my brother from getting killed by the mafia. What's virginity but a social construct, anyway? It doesn't matter. None of this matters, beyond doing what I need to do for my family.

I keep telling myself that, my stomach a hollow cavern inside me as I follow the woman to the elevator. She pushes the button, and we wait in silence until the doors slide open.

The elevator car is sleek, with mirrored walls that don't allow me to hide from my pale, wide-eyed reflection. This is the kind of hotel I could never afford on my own. Shame I won't get to truly enjoy it.

We ride the elevator in silence, and a part of me wonders what would happen if I just left. If I made a run for it. Probably nothing, but the money wouldn't be in my bank account in the morning, and I'd be left facing the same problem.

I take a deep breath. Nausea churns my stomach. My heart pounds like a drum in my chest. I watch as the lighted numbers on the panel climb higher and higher. My stomach swirls sickly, my mouth watering, and I swallow. I try to steady my breathing, try to stop my hands from shaking, but it's no use.

I'm a mess of nerves and fear.

Why did I think I could do this? I've never even kissed a man before, never mind doing...

The elevator chimes softly, and the doors slide open on the twenty-second floor.

I force myself to step out, my legs wobbling beneath me.

The hallway stretches out, endless and daunting.

All I see is cream and gold patterned carpet, white doors, and dim lighting.

My vision swims momentarily, and I blink.

“Room 2212,” says the woman, who remains in the elevator. “He’ll be expecting you.” She smiles kindly, and then the doors start to slide shut.

I could leave. No one is forcing me to stay. I could walk out into the night and not look back.

And then Alessandro might be dead.

I suck in a shuddering breath and start heading toward room 2212, my legs heavy.

I fiddle with the belt of my coat, my palms slick with sweat.

I can’t stop the shaking in my hands, the quiver in my steps.

This is it. There’s no turning back now.

I approach the room, the black numbers stark and cold against the white of the door.

I take a deep breath, trying to summon some semblance of courage.

Or maybe the man on the other side of this door will like it if I’m trembling and afraid. After all, what kind of man buys a virgin? The kind who gets off on a nervous, inexperienced girl, right?

Taking one more deep breath, I raise my trembling hand and knock softly on the door.

The sound echoes through the silence of the hallway, and for a beat, I wonder if I've got the wrong room.

But then I hear shuffling on the other side of the door, muffled, heavy footsteps that make my heart jump into my throat.

I clench my hands into fists, digging my nails into my palms. I can't stop shaking.

I feel like everything drops into slow motion as I watch the handle turn and the door start to swing open.

No.

I stand there, frozen, my heart hammering wildly.

Father Thorne is here, in this hotel room, looking at me with an intensity that makes it impossible for me to breathe.

He's in jeans and a dark blue T-shirt that stretches tight across his shoulders and chest, giving me a glimpse of the outline of his pecs.

No collar. No priestly clothes. His hair is a mess, like he's been running his hands through it. A muscle ticks in his jaw.

"Father Thorne?" I manage to squeak out. My cheeks are hot, humiliation at him seeing me here, like this, flooding me.

He nods but doesn't say anything, his blue eyes never leaving mine.

"You..." I have to swallow and lick my lips to keep my mouth moving. "You bought me?" I don't know what else to say.

“I couldn’t let it be anyone else,” he says, his voice low and rough in a way I’ve never heard before. It makes me shiver in a way I don’t quite understand.

Silence hangs heavy between us. Shock roots me to the spot. Heat rushes through me, and I’m not sure why. Is this shame? It doesn’t feel like shame. I can’t catch my breath. I feel like I’m wearing a tight corset despite the fact that I have very little on beneath this coat.

The tension pulsing in the air is like a living thing, wrapping around us. I feel magnetized to him. I take a step back, and I feel the pull, so I step forward. I’m in the room now, the door clicking shut behind me.

I’m alone with Father Thorne in a hotel room. Father Thorne, who just technically bought my virginity.

The one man I’d willingly give it to.

He stands there, still staring, an unreadable expression on his face.

“But...why?” I ask, my voice barely above a whisper. I don’t understand anything that’s happening right now. How did he find the auction site? Why is he doing this?

He takes a step closer. “I had no choice, Olivia.” He clenches and unclenches his hands at his sides, as though fighting against himself.

Does...does he want to touch me?

“I can’t...I don’t understand.” I shake my head, biting my lip, twisting my hands together. My mind is swirling, a chaotic riot of thought and emotion that disorients me.

He takes another step closer, his voice dropping to a low murmur. “I couldn’t let anyone else have you. Not like this.”

I stand there, stunned. I have no words.

I have nothing except the relentless throb of my pulse in my ears.

Heat gathers between my thighs at being this close to Father Thorne, at the intensity in his eyes.

He doesn’t look like a priest right now.

He looks like a man. A ruggedly handsome man who makes me want to do unholy things with him.

I’m shaking, but it’s not from fear anymore. It’s from something else, something I’ve never felt before. Never experienced.

“The money is yours,” he says roughly. “We don’t...

” He clears his throat and shakes his head, scrubbing a hand over his face.

He looks tormented. “I couldn’t let you give yourself to a stranger.

” He steps back and starts pacing, running a hand through his hair.

I follow him deeper into the room, legs shaking, heart pounding, breath hitching.

“But...why? I don’t understand,” I manage to say. My voice is high, breathy. I don’t sound like myself, which makes sense, because I don’t feel like myself.

He turns to look at me, and when he does, his eyes are filled with so much desperation that it knocks the breath out of me. “Because I felt sick at the thought of someone else touching you, angel.”

I swallow hard, trying to process what he’s saying. He just called me angel again. “So you did this...because it was wrong? Or...did you do this to own me?”

He shakes his head, looking completely distraught.

“No. I did this to save you. But I can’t pretend that my motives are selfless.

” He paces back towards me, stopping only inches away.

I can feel the warmth from his skin. I can smell a hint of cologne.

I pulse between my legs again. “I want you, Olivia,” he says, his voice low and intense.

“I have from the moment I first laid eyes on you.”

My breath stutters in my chest as my clit pulses, wetness gathering in my panties at his admission. I’m suddenly painfully turned on, my nipples hard and achy, heat pulsing low in my belly. Father Thorne couldn’t let anyone else have me because he wants me.

Father Thorne couldn’t let anyone else have me because he wants me .

I keep repeating it to myself, trying to wrap my head around it. My mind spins. I feel completely detached from reality.

But it’s real. I’m actually in a hotel room with the man I’ve been fantasizing about for

a year. The man I'm in love with. And he's telling me that he's wanted me all this time, too.

"But you're a priest," I say, the words quiet and tremulous, like I'm telling a secret, not stating a fact. My heart hammers against my ribs. My brain feels disconnected from my body. My thoughts are a whirlwind. I am nothing but confusion, disbelief, and hope.

Father Thorne's jaw clenches, and a muscle jumps in his cheek. He takes a step closer, his blue eyes intense and stormy. "I am," he agrees, his voice taking on a gritty tone that turns my insides to mush. "But I'm also a man, Olivia. A man who's completely obsessed with you."

I swallow hard, my throat dry. Heat pools in my belly, spreading through me like wildfire. Father Thorne is obsessed with me?

What?

I must be hallucinating. The stress of this entire situation has finally gotten to me and my brain is showing me what I want to see so that I don't break down completely.

But then I meet his gaze, and I know it's real. All of this is real, somehow. I can't look away from his gorgeous blue eyes. I feel like I'm under his spell. His willing captive.

"You can't...we can't..." I say, my voice shaking.

He reaches up, cupping my cheek. He's never touched my skin before, and I suddenly feel electrified. Vibrating, humming with energy. With want. With a need I don't fully understand. His touch is gentle, yet firm, his fingers warm and strong as he caresses my skin.



“I know,” he murmurs, thumb moving over my cheek.

He’s staring at where he’s touching me, as though he’s feeling the same electricity, the same hypnotic desire that I am.

“I’ve fought against this, angel. I’ve prayed for strength, for guidance.

But I can’t deny it anymore. I want you.

I want you more than I’ve ever wanted anything in my entire life.”

His words make me shiver as my heart beats hard and fast, as my pulse throbs in my clit. I’m scared. I’m excited. I’m turned on. I lean into his touch before I even realize I’m going to do it. It should feel wrong, but it doesn’t.

Everything about Father Thorne has always felt so incredibly right.

“I want you, too. More than anything. Since I first saw you, I’ve wanted...” I lick my lips. My heart is beating so hard and so fast that it’s hard to talk.

Father Thorne’s eyes darken, the black of his pupils obscuring the piercing blue. He leans in, so close that I can feel his breath on my lips.

My heart is going wild. I’m shaking with anticipation. Is he going to kiss me?

“I shouldn’t,” he rasps, gaze flicking back and forth between my eyes and my lips.  
“We shouldn’t.”

“I know,” I whisper.

“Fuck,” he says, and then his lips brush against mine, soft and gentle. The air seems

to crackle with electricity around us, and I feel like I'm about to combust just from that gentle, brushing contact. I sway closer and reach up to fist his shirt.

He pulls back slightly, his gaze meeting mine.

And then he's kissing me again, a real kiss this time, with parted mouths and sighing breaths.

His arms slide around me, holding me tight against him.

My breasts ache, my spine arches, and I'm soaking my panties at the feeling of his mouth against mine.

I'm tingling and pulsing. I'm coming undone.

I've imagined what it would be like to kiss Father Thorne so many times, and I see now that my imagination fell woefully short of the reality.

He groans and kisses me deeper, his tongue slipping into my mouth.

My toes curl at the feeling of his tongue sliding against mine.

He explores my mouth as though he's determined to learn every inch of me.

I melt into him as he kisses me and kisses me.

I ache in a way I've never experienced before.

I'm drenching my panties, squirming as I do my best to kiss him back.

His hands roam over my back, my hips, my waist, leaving hot tingles in the wake of

his touch.

He breaks the kiss and presses his forehead to mine. His breathing is ragged, his eyes wild. “Tell me to stop,” he says, his voice rough.

“You bought me, Father Thorne. Don’t you want what you paid for?”

## Page 6

*Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 3:24 am*

Five

Olivia

Father Thorne drags his lips over mine again, not quite a kiss. “Gabe. Not Father Thorne.” His breath is hot against my tingling, swollen lips.

“Gabe,” I whisper, saying his name like a prayer. Reverent. Worshipful.

He groans and kisses me again, hard. His hands are everywhere, cupping my face, sliding down my neck, my shoulders, my back.

He’s pulling me closer, pressing me against him.

I suck in a breath at the feeling of him, hard and thick, against me.

My entire body throbs. I’m drowning in sensation, in the lushness of his mouth on mine, his hands roaming my body in a way that makes me want more.

In a way that makes me forget that I came in here trembling and afraid.

I reach up tentatively, stroking my fingers over his broad shoulders.

He’s so firm. So sturdy and strong. My hands skim over his chest, tracing the hard muscles beneath his shirt.

I can feel his heartbeat, matching the wild rhythm of my own.

There's comfort in knowing he's just as swept up in this as I am.

I explore lower as we kiss and kiss, tracing the ridges of his stomach, feeling the heat of his skin through the thin fabric of his shirt.

He groans when the tips of my fingers skim over the waistband of his jeans, kissing me hungrily.

Desperately. He growls against my mouth, and I liquefy, everything inside me going hot and pliant.

His hands grip my hips as he pulls me against him, and again, I feel his hardness press against me.

I gasp into his mouth, and he takes advantage, deepening the kiss.

His tongue slides against mine, and it feels like we're the only two people in the world.

His hands slide down to cup my ass, and he squeezes as he lifts me, pressing me against the wall.

My legs wind around his waist as though we've done this a hundred times, and I moan, writhing against him.

I loop my arms around his shoulders, and he tears his mouth from mine, trailing hot, open-mouthed kisses down my neck.

I tilt my head to the side, giving him better access, gasping and moaning as he sucks and nips at my sensitive skin.

I feel every brush of his mouth throughout my body—my nipples, my stomach, my empty, clenching pussy, all the way down to my toes.

“Gabe,” I moan, clutching at him. It feels sinful to call him Gabe, not Father Thorne, and it only makes me want to do it again. Over and over. Like his name is a delicious, forbidden secret.

He holds me up with one arm—oh, God, that’s hot—while his free hand cups my breast through my coat.

I arch into his touch, my nipples hard and aching in a way I didn’t know was possible.

He groans as he touches me, his thumb brushing over my nipple.

I gasp and arch into him. Even through my coat, the touch sends a jolt of pleasure through me, like a lightning bolt from my nipple to my clit.

“You feel so good, angel,” he rasps against my neck. “I’ve thought about touching you like this a thousand times.”

His words send a thrill through me, like I’m on the world’s best rollercoaster. I’ve dreamed of this, fantasized about it, but the reality is so much more intense. I’m already addicted to the feeling of his hands on my body, his mouth on my skin.

“I don’t care if I burn in hell for this,” he pants. “I need you to be mine.”

Tears prick at my eyes. He’s risking his soul for this. For me.

For a year, we’ve been silently pining for each other, thinking we were alone in our longing. But we were never alone. Just separated by circumstance.

Gabe carries me to the bed as though I weigh nothing and sets me down gently, my breath coming in ragged pants. I'm wet, restless, achy. The intensity in Gabe's eyes makes my breath stutter in my lungs.

This still doesn't feel real, but I'm not going to waste precious seconds questioning it.

He kneels above me on the bed, his gaze devouring every inch of me as he slowly opens my coat. His hands shake slightly, and our eyes meet. Desire pulses between us, a tangible thing. The gravity of what we're doing isn't lost on me. He's breaking his vow of celibacy. For me.

A girl who just sold her virginity on a black market auction site.

We'll burn together.

He undoes the belt of my coat and works the buttons free, slowly opening it and revealing the lacy, white lingerie I'm wearing.

The bra is completely sheer, leaving my nipples visible, and the panties are the tiniest pair of underwear I've ever owned.

Gabe's eyes go molten and he stares at me like I'm something sacred.

Like I'm forbidden fruit he's about to devour.

"God forgive me," he says, his voice low and rough. "I've dreamed of this."

His touch is gentle, reverent as he traces the line of my jaw, the curve of my throat. His fingers dip lower, skimming the tops of my breasts, then down to my stomach. Every touch sends electricity coursing through me, making me arch into him, wanting more. So much more.

He pulls his T-shirt off over his head, revealing his broad chest and the hard muscles of his stomach.

A dusting of dark hair covers his pecs and arrows down his stomach, disappearing into his jeans.

The sight of him, all hard muscles and skin, makes my mouth water.

Gabe isn't a boy. He's a man, in every single sense, and that makes me feel safe.

I reach up, tracing the lines of his abs, then up his arms. His biceps are impossibly hard.

He shudders under my touch, his breathing ragged.

"Olivia," he says, his voice a growl. "If we do this, there's no going back. You know that, right?"

I meet his gaze, my throat constricting at the torment and desire warring in his eyes. I know what he's asking. What he's offering. This isn't just sex. It's a line we're crossing. It's a point of no return.

"I'm sure," I say, my voice steady. "Knowing that you want me as much as I want you...there's no going back from that for me. You're the only man I've ever wanted, Gabe." I bite my lip. "I'm not the one breaking a sacred vow."

"You let me worry about that, angel." He leans down and captures my mouth in a fierce kiss.

He slowly eases his weight on top of me, pressing me into the mattress.



His hands are everywhere, as though he can't decide where he wants to touch me most. I moan against his mouth, writhing beneath him, desperate for more.

He breaks the kiss, his breath hot against my mouth. "You're mine, now." It's a possessive statement that has my toes curling. "Mine to protect. Mine to cherish. Mine to love."

Love.

That word seems to amplify the electricity sparking in the air.

"Yes," I say shakily. "Yours. I've been yours from the day we met."

He groans and starts kissing my neck, trailing kisses over my sensitive skin as his hands cup my breasts. I arch into his touch, moaning loudly as he thumbs my nipples through the sheer lace of my bra. The sensation is exquisite, a mix of pleasure and pain that makes me ache for more.

"Gabe," I moan, winding my arms and legs around him. "Please."

He looks down at me, eyes dark with desire. "Tell me what you want, angel," he says, his voice a low rumble. "Tell me what you need."

"I..." I blow out a breath. "I don't know. I've never done this before." A thought occurs to me. "Wait. Have you?"

He chuckles softly, still teasing my nipples. "It's been a long time, but yes. I have. I had a few girlfriends before I entered the seminary. I'm not a virgin."

I nod, completely irrational jealousy making my stomach churn. "I don't even know how old you are."

“I’m thirty-eight. It’s been fourteen years since I was last with anyone.”

“Gabe,” I whisper. The weight of what we’re doing, of what he’s risking isn’t lost on me.

I don’t see how we escape consequences for this, both in this world and the next.

I’m shaking, not because I’m cold, but because of the sheer intensity of all of this.

The dramatic emotional swing from thinking I was about to give my virginity to a stranger to finding out that Gabe bought me because he wants me for himself.

And I’m nervous. Uncertain. Even though I trust Gabe, this is all so new to me. It’s overwhelming.

His eyes go soft as he looks down at me. “It’s okay, Liv,” he says, and my heart flutters at the nickname. “We don’t have to do anything more than this. You don’t owe me anything. No matter what, the money is yours.”

I shake my head, my chest tight. “No, I want...I want this. I want to be with you. I’m sure. I’m just nervous because I’ve never...I mean, obviously you know that...” My face goes hot as I force myself to meet his eyes. “I don’t want you to be disappointed.”

A soft smile pulls at his lips and he kisses me gently.

“I could never be disappointed with you. I like that you’re a virgin.

I like that you’ll only ever be mine.” I can hear forever in his words, and it makes my heart soar.

Heat dances down my spine, a mixture of anticipation and nerves.

I want to belong to Gabe. I want to be his, forever.

He leans down, his breath warm against the shell of my ear.

“Do you know what I’ve fantasized about, angel?

” he whispers, his voice like velvet against my skin.

“I’ve thought about you in my bed a thousand times.

About how I’d touch you, how I’d taste you.

About how I’d claim every single inch of your gorgeous, perfect body. ”

I suck in a shuddery breath, my heart frantic in my chest. I’m on fire. I’m melting. Dissolving. All that exists for me right now is this hotel room with Gabe whispering filthy things in my ear. I’m so wet that my tiny panties slide against me.

## Page 7

*Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 3:24 am*

“I’ve fantasized about kissing you all over, marking you with my mouth.” His voice is rough and low. “I’d suck on these pretty little nipples until you begged me for more. I’d lick and kiss your untouched pussy until you come all over my face, again and again.”

I moan, my hips bucking in response to his words. His hard cock presses against me, and I writhe. I pant. I’ve never heard anyone talk like this before, never even imagined it. But hearing these words come out of Gabe’s mouth is hotter than anything I could’ve imagined.

“I’ve fantasized about fucking you, Liv. So many times, in so many different ways.” I can hear the desire in his voice, the unadulterated lust. “I’d fill you up completely, and I’d fuck you so deep that you’d feel me for days. I want to ruin you for anyone else.”

Oh. My. God.

I feel like I can’t quite catch my breath. The picture he’s painting with his words is erotic and intense.

I want it. I want it all.

“Tell me you want those things too, and they’re yours,” he says roughly, and I nod.

“I want all of that, Gabe.”

He kisses me again, his fingers making quick work of the clasp on my bra. My heavy

breasts spring free, and he palms them, kissing a path down my neck, across my collarbone and to my breasts. His eyes hold mine as he takes my nipple into his mouth.

I arch like I've been electrocuted. Hot, pulsing heat arrows straight down to my clit. He groans as he sucks, the vibrations pulsing through me.

"So fucking pretty," he murmurs, his voice gritty, and he moves to my other breast, sucking on my nipple. "Such a sweet girl. You're delicious, just like I knew you would be."

His words send a rush of heat through me, and I can feel myself getting wetter. My panties are soaked. I'm writhing beneath him, panting, as he kisses every inch of my skin like it's sacred ground that he's claiming for himself.

He trails kisses down my body, his mouth hot and open, tasting me, devouring me, marking me with nips and sucks. I shiver as he kisses my stomach, his big hands a brand on my hips. He looks up at me, that tendril I'm obsessed with falling across his forehead. His eyes are dark pools of lust.

"I can smell you, angel," he says, nuzzling my stomach. "You're so fucking wet for me, aren't you?"

I nod, biting my lip. He slides lower, settling himself between my legs.

He groans as he inhales deeply, and then he starts kissing between my legs, mouthing me through the thin, soaked fabric of my panties.

I shriek and buck at the unexpected sensation.

The friction of the wet lace against my clit makes me whimper and writhe, and the

feeling of Gabe's mouth is so much hotter and intense than I could've imagined.

"Fuck, you taste good," he growls. His breath is hot against the wet fabric. "I need to get my mouth on you, Liv. Need to eat this sweet little pussy."

He hooks his fingers into the stringed waistband of my panties and slowly slides them down my legs, his eyes never leaving mine. I'm trembling, naked and exposed, but I feel safe with Gabe. Protected and cherished.

He settles himself between my legs again, his broad shoulders pushing my thighs apart. He looks at me, his eyes filled with hunger and something else. Something softer.

"You're perfect, Liv. The most beautiful pink cunt blossoming just for me." He licks a long stripe up the center of me, from my entrance to my clit.

I scream. My hands fist the soft sheets, and Gabe starts to feast on me.

He licks and sucks, his tongue circling my clit.

He kisses me all over, his lips and tongue working me into a frenzy.

I spread my legs wider, wanting more. He sucks on my clit as he circles a finger around my entrance, not pushing in, just teasing, spreading my dripping wetness around.

"Such a good girl, letting me kiss your delicious little pussy like this," he says, slurping on me like I'm on the most wonderful thing he's ever tasted.

He sucks on me as he slowly slides one finger inside me, and I gasp at the fullness.

Oh, God. If that's what one finger feels like, how am I going to take all of him?

He felt a hell of a lot bigger than that when he was pressed against me.

He groans as he starts to slowly work that finger in and out, lavishing my swollen clit with licks and sucks that have me chasing his mouth with my pussy.

"That's it, angel," he rasps. "Ride my face. Take what you need."

If this is a sin, maybe heaven is overrated.

His filthy words make me feel like I'm floating, like I'm coming undone, like I'm breaking apart, about to be rearranged into something new.

I'm panting, moaning, hips bucking. He slides a second finger inside me, and I gasp at the burning pressure of being filled.

It pinches and stings, but I'm so wet that his fingers slide in easily.

I'm so stretched that all of my attention is on Gabe's fingers.

Until he sucks my clit back into his mouth and polishes it with his tongue, anyway.

"Gabe," I moan, my voice sounding completely foreign to my ears. "It's too much. I can't...I can't..." My head moves back and forth on the pillow as sweat beads in my hairline.

"You can," he growls. "Come all over my face, Liv. Let me taste how good I'm making you feel."

His words push me over the edge, and I come, screaming his name, my body

convulsing, my gushing pussy pulsing around his fingers.

He groans, fingers still moving, tongue still licking as I come and come and come.

He curls his fingers inside me and hits a spot that has me practically shooting off the bed, setting off an echo of my orgasm.

Holy. Shit.

I've made myself come before, but it's never felt like that. That was earth shattering. Soul changing.

I'm still shaking, still trying to catch my breath as he kisses his way back up my body, his mouth glistening with me. He captures my mouth in a slow, deep kiss, and I can taste myself on his tongue. It's dirty and erotic, and I never want it to end.

"I want to see you," I whisper. "All of you."

He kisses me again and then he nods, kicking off his jeans and boxers in record time.

He kneels between my legs, and I sit up so that I can tentatively stroke my fingers over his cock.

He shudders and closes his eyes as I explore him.

He's massive. Thick and long, with a gorgeously flared head.

His balls look full and heavy, and I cup them gently.

His skin is hot and surprisingly soft. Looking up at him, I curl my fingers around him and start to stroke, then slide my index finger over the bead of moisture leaking from



his tip.

His eyes are locked on where I'm touching him, his chest heaving.

He shoves a hand through his hair, his jaw tight.

Gently, he moves my hand away. "I'll make a fool of myself if you keep teasing me like that," he grits out. "Tell me you're mine, Liv."

"I'm yours, Gabe." My voice is shaking with emotion, with nerves, with excited anticipation. "Only ever yours."

## Page 8

*Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 3:24 am*

Six

Olivia

Gabe grips my thighs with his large hands, spreading me wide, and I feel fresh moisture trickle out of my pussy.

He notches the head of his thick cock at my entrance, and I suck in a sharp breath.

Even though it's just the head, it's a lot.

It's so much more than the two fingers he had inside me earlier.

Gabe's eyes meet mine, and I see the war raging inside him. No matter how much he wants this, wants me, he's conflicted.

I reach up and cup his cheek. "I love you," I say softly, and he turns and kisses my palm.

"I love you," he says, his expression instantly calmer, more peaceful. And then he starts to push forward, the head of his cock stretching me, inch by agonizing inch.

It hurts.

I love it.

I want more. I want everything.

My nails dig into his thick biceps as he splits me in half. He pauses, letting out a shuddering breath. “Breathe, angel. Try to relax. I know it’s a lot. You’re doing so, so good.”

I take a deep breath and as I exhale, he sinks in deeper, claiming more of me. It burns as I stretch around him, my body struggling to accommodate him. But he doesn’t stop until he’s all the way inside me, his balls snug against my ass. He’s so deep inside me that I can feel him everywhere.

Gabriel Thorne owns me, fully and completely.

I’m so full I feel like I can barely breathe, but God, it feels so good, too. He’s so big inside me. So thick and hard. I’m impaled.

“God, you’re so fucking tight,” he growls, holding still deep inside me, letting me stretch around him. “Look at you, taking all of me on the first try. Such a good fucking girl for me.”

His filthy praise sends a rush of heat through me, leaving me warm and tingling from my scalp to my toes. The burning is starting to subside, leaving hot, throbbing pleasure in its wake.

“Are you okay?” he asks, and I reach up, brushing aside that wayward tendril. I don’t even know how many times my fingers have ached to do that, and now I’m doing it for the first time with his massive cock inside me as he takes my virginity.

I nod. “I’m okay. It burns, but it also feels good. I’m stretched so full. It’s intense, but in a good way.”

“Good. I never want to hurt you, Liv.” He kisses me and starts to move, sliding in and out of me in a slow, steady rhythm, working himself deeper with every thrust. I claw

at his arms, his back, hard enough that I'm probably leaving marks.

"That's it. Leave scratches all down my back. Mark me up."

So I do, my nails scoring his skin as I cling to him. He's my anchor in this storm of new sensations, new pleasures, new feelings. He buries his face in my neck as he fucks me, the mattress creaking softly beneath us.

"That's it, angel." His voice sounds like he swallowed gravel. "You're taking me so well. Such a good girl, letting your priest fuck this tight little pussy."

I gasp, my back arching as he hits a spot deep inside me that makes sparks dance in the periphery of my vision.

He starts to move faster, his hips snapping against mine, so hard that he pushes the air out of my lungs with every thrust. The sound of our bodies coming together fills the room, a primal, erotic symphony.

"Oh, God, Gabe," I moan, clinging to him as he fucks me into the mattress.

I can feel every inch of him inside me, and it's so much better than anything I could've ever imagined.

He's so big and I'm so stretched that I can feel every ridge, every vein of his cock as he plunges in and out of me, over and over again. "Feels so good," I manage to get out.

He groans and fucks me harder. "You're so perfect, angel. So fucking beautiful. Wanted this for so long." He shifts and changes the angle of his hips, somehow sliding even deeper. It's like he's rearranging me.

“Daddy,” I gasp out against his throat, the word escaping my lips before I can think. Gabe’s eyes go dark and hot, and he looks positively wrecked. He’s shaking against me, his control hanging by a thread.

“Say it again,” he demands, his voice guttural.

“Daddy,” I moan, louder this time. “Please, Daddy.”

He growls, his thrusts turning feral as he fucks me harder, deeper.

He’s claiming me, owning me, and I’m helpless to do anything but take it.

To let him fill me over and over again as I gush around him.

He laces his fingers with mine and presses my hands above my head, holding me captive as he pounds into me, hard and rough.

“You’re such a good girl,” he praises, his voice ragged. “Your pussy is heaven on earth, Liv. So fucking sweet, giving me this gift. If I burn for this, it’s worth it. So fucking worth it.”

His words send a rush of heat through me, and I can feel another orgasm building, tension coiling low and hot in my stomach. He’s fucking me like he owns me, like I’m his, and it’s everything I’ve ever wanted. Everything I never thought I could have.

“Daddy,” I moan again, my voice high and breathy as pleasure spirals through me. “Please don’t stop,” I beg. “Please just fuck me forever.”

He lets out the sexiest groan I’ve ever heard as his thrusts start to become erratic, his control gone. “Never, angel. I’ll never stop. You’re mine now. All mine.” He fucks

me harder, slamming into me. “Be a good girl and come all over Daddy’s cock. Show me how good it feels to be so full.”

“Oh, fuck,” I whimper, my muscles tensing as everything inside me coils tight and then explodes in a kaleidoscope of sensation. I pulse and flutter around him, clamping down on his cock, and he lets out a wrecked-sounding groan.

“Olivia, God,” he cries out, and I feel him start to come, his cock pulsing as he fills me up. We didn’t use a condom, and I don’t care. I don’t want anything between us, ever. If I get pregnant, so be it.

We come and come, our moans and gasps filling the room.

The sheets are twisted and damp beneath us, especially where his cum is starting to leak out of my stuffed pussy.

Our skin is flushed and slick with sweat.

Gabe’s eyes meet mine and then he kisses me fiercely, his cock flexing inside me as his tongue claims my mouth.

He’s still coming, and I can feel every throb, every pulse of his release.

Another wave of pleasure washes over me at the feeling, making me squeeze him and writhe against him.

He breaks the kiss, his chest heaving. “Fuck, Liv,” he murmurs, his voice rough.

He pulls out of me slowly, carefully, his eyes never leaving mine.

I wince slightly as he pulls out, the mix of pleasure and pain leaving me feeling raw.

I can feel his cum leaking out of me, leaving a warm, sticky trail.

Gabe's gaze drops to my pussy, and he lowers himself between my legs, spreading me wide with his hands. "I need to see you," he says, his voice thick with desperate concern. He inspects me gently, his fingers tracing the skin of my abused pussy. "I need to make sure I didn't hurt you."

I prop myself up on my elbows, watching him as he examines me. His touch is tender, almost reverent, as he spreads my lips and checks for any sign of injury.

He looks up at me, his eyes filled with a mix of lust and concern.

"You're a bit red, and there's a small amount of blood," he says, his thumb brushing softly against my clit.

I gasp, my hips jerking at the contact. "But you're not hurt.

" He inhales deeply, staring between my legs.

I must look like a swollen mess. "You're so fucking beautiful, Liv. Every part of you, inside and out."

"You didn't hurt me, Gabe. I promise."

He leans in, pressing a soft kiss to my clit. I shudder, my body already craving more. More, more, more. He groans against me, kissing my clit again.

"You taste like me," he says, his tongue flicking out to lick my clit. "You taste like us."

Well, isn't that just filthy and delicious all at once?

“I need to take care of you,” he says, kissing my inner thigh. “I meant it when I said that you’re mine now. I’m going to spend the rest of my life taking care of you.”

My eyes prick with sudden, unexpected tears. “You mean that?”

He kisses my thigh again. “Every fucking word, angel.”

Rising from the bed, he scoops me into his arms as though I weigh nothing, then carries me into the luxurious bathroom and turns on the shower.

He sets me down on shaky legs and we kiss and kiss, slow and unhurried as steam starts to fill the room, and when the water’s hot, he guides me under the spray.

His hands glide over my skin, and I feel holy.

I feel worshipped. No one has ever touched me with such reverence, such devotion.

And the sight of Gabe standing in front of me in the shower, water dripping from his lashes, sliding down the chiseled planes of his torso...

yes, please . The hot water cascades down my body, but it’s his touch that has my skin heating, my breath catching in my throat.

He turns me to face the tiled shower wall, his large, perfect hands roaming over my back, my hips, my ass.

I can feel his cock, already hard again—or maybe still hard—pressing against me.

I push back into him, already needy and achy for him.

His hands slide around to my front, cupping my breasts, his fingers teasing my



nipples until they're hard and aching.

I moan loudly, the sound echoing off the tiled walls.

He pinches and rolls my nipples, sending shockwaves of pleasure straight to my sore pussy.

But I don't care that I'm sore. I want more. I need more.

Gabe's mouth drops to my neck, kissing, sucking, biting. His hands slide down, over my stomach, to the juncture of my thighs. He cups me, his fingers sliding through my slick folds.

"So fucking wet, angel," he growls, and I moan and arch into him. He circles my clit with a teasing stroke of his finger, my hips bucking against his hand. "So eager," he rasps. "I love how responsive you are. How your body already knows who it belongs to."

## Page 9

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His words make my stomach bottom out, and I grind against his hand, chasing the friction I need. He slowly sinks two thick fingers inside me, and I cry out, my body clenching around him.

“I can’t stop touching you, angel. God help me, I can’t stop,” he groans as he fucks me with his fingers, his palm grinding against my clit. He bites at the soft flesh where my neck meets my shoulder.

“I don’t want you to stop, Daddy,” I say, and he growls against my skin.

That word does something to both of us, something I don’t fully understand.

I reach back and circle my fingers around his cock.

He’s so hard, so thick I can barely get my fingers all the way around him.

He groans, fucking my slippery fingers. “I want you inside me again,” I breathe, and he makes a tormented sound.

“I shouldn’t. You must be sore. I wasn’t gentle like I should’ve been.”

“I don’t care. I need you to fill me and stretch me and make me yours again. Daddy, please,” I moan, my voice high and desperate. “Please. I need you.”

He slips his hand from between my legs and spins me around with lightning speed, his hands gripping my ass as he lifts me. My back presses against the cold tiles and I wind myself around him, his cock brushing against my sore entrance.

“You have me, angel.” His eyes meet mine, and my heart stutters in my chest. “All of me. Body and soul.”

And then he lowers me onto his cock, filling me with one never-ending stroke.

I sigh happily as he pushes inside me again, filling me, completing me.

I cry out as he thrusts deep, my body stretching to accommodate him.

He starts to move, his hips slamming against mine, his thick cock driving in and out of me.

The water streams over us, steam rising as our bodies move together.

The air smells like soap and sex, and I never want to leave this shower.

Every thrust hits a spot deep inside me, one that has my toes curling and my back arching off the tile. I cling to him, my nails digging into his shoulders, but it's not enough. I need more connection, so I kiss him. He groans and slides his tongue against mine as he fucks all sense out of me.

It's raw and primal and pure perfection. He says that he can't stop, but I don't think I can, either. Getting fucked by my priest is my new drug.

He rolls his hips so the base of his cock rubs against my clit, and I know I'm going to come again. I can feel the familiar weight of my orgasm building in my stomach.

“You're mine,” he grits out. “Mine. Mine .” He punctuates each claim with a hard thrust. “Only mine.”

“Daddy, I'm going to come!” I whine, and he fucks me harder, grinding into me.

I explode, detonating in his arms and coming all over his thrusting cock.

He growls and follows me over the edge, his cock throbbing inside me as he fills me with more cum.

We cling to each other as the water patters around us, bodies shaking, hearts pounding.

He kisses me tenderly and then slowly pulls out of me.

I hiss out a breath. I'm sore, but it's the sudden emptiness that I hate.

Being filled with Gabe's cock feels right.

Like it's what I was made for. He kisses a trail down my neck, my shoulders, my breasts, sucking gently on each nipple, and then drops to his knees in front of me.

"Spread your legs so Daddy can clean up his good girl," he says, and I think I come a little bit, right there.

I whimper and nod, inching my feet apart.

I spread my legs until I'm completely exposed to him.

I feel swollen and tender. I can feel his cum leaking out of me, dripping down my thighs.

"I'll never get tired of seeing my cum dripping out of your used little cunt, angel.

" He kisses my mound, and then spreads my lips wide with his fingers.

“Look at that. So fucking beautiful. The prettiest mess.”

He reaches behind him and grabs the detachable shower head, then streams warm water over my sore pussy. I moan and slump back against the wall, not caring that the tiles are cold. I can't hold myself up right now. He's fucked all the strength out of me. I'm tingling all over, floating.

Gabe spreads me with his fingers as he washes every inch of me with the warm water. He's meticulous, rinsing everything from my clit to my leaking entrance. And then he does it again, and again.

“Your pussy is so beautiful, Liv. And so fucking delicious.” He looks up at me as he leans in, giving my clit a slow, teasing lick.

I jolt, my hips bucking. I'm so sensitive.

Too sensitive. But I don't want him to stop.

I'll never want him to stop. He licks again, and when I whimper, he chuckles darkly.

“So responsive. So sensitive.” He slips a finger inside me, pumping slowly as his thumb circles my clit.

I moan, my head thumping against the tile.

He's being gentle, his touch feather-light, but it's still sending waves of pleasure rocking through me.

I'm an addict. It's official.

He leans in again, kissing my clit as he massages it at the same time.

The dual sensations are intense and perfect and I sigh, going boneless.

He licks me all over, following the path he'd taken with the shower head.

He sucks on my clit and kisses me everywhere.

He curls his finger inside me, hitting a spot that makes my entire body jerk.

I scream, my body shaking as another orgasm rips through me.

He holds me up, his strong arms wrapping around me as I unspool, coming completely undone.

When I finally come down from my high, I look down at him. He's looking up at me, his gorgeous eyes filled with such tenderness and love that it makes my heart ache. It's a physical hurt, right in the middle of my chest, and it feels as though it's rearranging me. Changing my DNA.

I'm not the same person I was an hour ago.

He stands up, pulling me into his arms, dwarfing me in a way that makes me feel safe and whole.

I can feel his cock, hard and ready, pressing against my stomach.

But he just holds me, his hands stroking up and down my back as I tremble from sheer pleasure.

The water patters against our skin as I curl into him, and he sighs with what sounds like bone-deep contentment.

After several long, luxurious moments, he shuts the shower off and wraps me up in a huge, fluffy towel and carries me back to the bed.

“I can walk,” I say, giggling softly.

“I know. I like holding you,” he admits with a grin that makes his dimples pop and butterflies explode in my stomach.

He lays me down gently on the bed and we crawl under the sumptuous covers together. Gabe pulls me into his arms, holding me like I’m something precious. Like he’s never going to let me go. I can feel his heart beating against my back, strong and steady. He kisses my temple, his lips warm and soft.

“Olivia,” he whispers hoarsely, and I can hear the emotion in his voice. “My sweet girl.”

He buries his face in my damp hair, inhaling deeply.

I can feel his words rumble in his chest as he speaks.

“I’ve crossed a line. Probably an unforgivable one.

But I can’t go back, Liv. Not now that I know what you taste like, what you feel like when you come all over my cock.

Not now that I know you were always meant to be mine. ”

“I think we were meant for each other,” I say, and he murmurs his agreement.

His hand slides down my body, cupping my pussy possessively. I gasp, arching into his touch. He slips a finger inside me, and I wince at the soreness, but he’s gentle. He

doesn't move his finger, leaving it buried inside me, and I find it soothing.

"This is mine now," he says, his voice quiet but no less possessive for it. "Every part of you is mine. I can't live without you, angel. I won't."

"I don't want to live without you, either." I have questions about how this is going to work, but I'm too sated, too tired to ask them right now.

He kisses my neck, his mouth slow and languid against my skin. I shiver and clench around his finger, my body responding to his touch like we've done this a hundred times.

"God forgive me, but I'm never going to let you go."

His cock is rock hard against my ass, but he makes no move to fuck me again. He just holds me, his finger inside me, his heartbeat a steady drum against my back.

"I love you, Olivia," he whispers, his voice thick with emotion. "I love you so much it hurts. I love you so much that I'll gladly burn in hell if it means I get to be with you."

"Then I'll burn with you, because I love you, too, Father Thorne."

And even though we're talking about burning in hell for all eternity, for the first time in my life, I'm filled with hope for the future.



## Page 10

*Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 3:24 am*

Seven

Gabriel

I should be asleep, but I'm wide awake. Olivia—my angel, my sweet girl, my everything—lies curled against me, her head on my chest. She's fast asleep, her eyelids fluttering occasionally, her breathing deep and even.

The world is quiet, with barely any traffic sounds floating up from the street below, no footsteps in the hallway outside, no chiming elevator.

It's just me and my girl, alone together, tangled up in white sheets.

Curled together in the bed where I took her virginity.

In the bed where I broke my vow of celibacy after over a decade.

I watch Olivia sleep, taking in every single detail. The way her long lashes fan out over her cheeks, the way her full lips part slightly with every exhale. She's so beautiful. She looks like the living embodiment of peace.

Despite the earlier turmoil inside me over breaking my vow, over throwing my career and possibly even my soul away over this, I'm at peace, too. I regret nothing. Tonight felt like an inevitability. Like Olivia and I were always destined for each other.

Maybe all of this was just part of God's plan.

My cock twitches as I replay everything we did. The first time I saw her naked. The way she tasted. How hot and tight she was around me. The way her nails scored down my back as I made her mine.

It was fucking perfect. And I'm not just saying that because up until a few hours ago, I'd been celibate for over a decade.

God, the way she called me Daddy ...blood flows into my cock as I replay it in my mind, over and over again. Olivia calling me Daddy did something to me. It changed me. It made me a new man.

The man I'm meant to me. Olivia's Daddy, who takes care of her in every single way. Every part of her is mine to care for. Her heart. Her soul. Her insanely tight little pussy.

My balls throb, despite the fact that I emptied them into her twice tonight. I hadn't planned on taking her again the shower, but it was what we both wanted. Both needed.

She shifts against me, sighing softly in her sleep, and a feeling I've never experienced before washes over me. It's primal and possessive. It's overwhelming. And it feels right, more right than anything I've felt in a long time.

I've never felt so alive. So consumed with another person.

I've fantasized about her countless times, but they all paled in comparison to the real thing.

The feeling of her skin against mine, her moans and breathy sighs, the way she gave herself to me completely.

The way she called me Daddy and told me to fuck her forever.

It was dirty and raw and fucking perfect.

I stroke her hair, the soft strands slipping through my fingers.

I feel like a different man, which makes sense, because everything has changed.

I've crossed a line I can't uncross. I've broken a vow I upheld for fourteen years.

But as I look at her, I don't feel regret.

I don't feel anything but love and joy and protectiveness.

I could never regret something that felt so right.

She's mine now, in body, in soul, in every way that matters.

I won't let her go. She'll never have to face anything alone again. She's mine.

Mine.

But I can't pretend there aren't consequences for what we've done.

Consequences I'll need to face. I need to figure out what's next.

For us, for me, for my place in the church.

The thought of leaving, of turning my back on the priesthood, on my parishioners, on everything I've known for the last decade...

it's daunting. But the thought of not being with Olivia...

my chest hurts just thinking about it. Physically hurts.

The idea of losing her is unbearable. Unfathomable.

And I won't treat her like some dirty little secret.

I'll love her openly, out loud, without remorse, no matter what.

I reach out, stroking my knuckles down her cheek. She stirs slightly and murmurs my name in her sleep, snuggling closer. A smile spreads across my face, my heart feeling like it's too big for my chest.

And I know that whatever comes next, whatever challenges we face, we'll face them together. I'll protect her, love her, guide her, support her with everything I have. With everything I am.

Because she's mine, and I'm hers. Completely. Irrevocably.

I finally fall asleep with the word forever echoing through my mind.

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*Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 3:24 am*

Eight

Olivia

I roll over in bed, curling into the soft pillow and slowly open my eyes.

Confusion jolts through me for half a second before I remember where I am and everything that happened last night.

I stretch, feeling a delicious ache in my muscles and between my legs.

My hips are stiff, my thighs tight, my skin tender where I likely have bruises.

Gabe's side of the bed is empty, but as I slide my hand across the soft, rumpled sheets, I find it's still warm.

I listen for sounds of him in the bathroom, but when I don't hear anything, I sit up, clutching the sheet to my chest.

His clothes are gone. There's no trace of him beyond the lingering scent of him on the sheets.

I brace myself, waiting for the regret to hit.

Waiting to feel guilty over selling my virginity, over Gabe breaking his vow of celibacy.

But it doesn't come. Instead, I feel calmer than I've felt in a long time.

I sit in bed and watch the dust motes float through the early morning sunshine streaming in through the windows.

We forgot to close the curtains last night, too wrapped up in each other to remember something so trivial.

I stretch my arms overhead again and take a deep breath.

I feel peaceful. Not just peaceful, but at peace with what happened.

I hope Gabe does, too.

It's completely quiet in the hotel room, the only sound the faint hum of the air conditioner.

I slip out of bed and pad into the bathroom, sucking in a sharp breath at the biting cold of the tiles beneath my feet.

I do what I need to do and as I'm washing my hands, I glance up at myself in the mirror.

I go still, the water still running, suds still clinging to my skin.

There's a woman staring back at me that I don't recognize. Her normally sleek hair is a complete mess. Her lips are swollen and pinker than usual. There's a mark on her neck, a pinkish-red spot just below her jaw.

I smile at my reflection, and after I've rinsed and dried my hands, I lift my fingers to my neck, touching the mark Gabe left on me. Immediately, I remember the feeling of

his mouth on me, his teeth grazing. My nipples pebble and my stomach dips and swirls.

But...where is he? I leave the bathroom and fish my phone out of my trench coat pocket. It's past nine. Panic starts to rise, tightening my throat. Did he leave? I mean, obviously he left the hotel suite, but did he leave as in he's not coming back?

I might not be filled with regret, but is he?

I take a deep breath and push the intrusive thoughts away. I remember the way he looked at me. The words he said, the promises he made. No, Gabe wouldn't just leave me alone here without a backwards glance.

I sink down onto the bed and that's when I see a folded note sticking out from between our two pillows. It must've slipped down when I moved. I pick it up, my heart pounding.

Went to get breakfast. Be back soon. - G.

Relief floods me as I stare at his neat, blocky writing. I fall back onto my pillow, clutching the note. He didn't leave. He's coming back. And suddenly, I'm starving. For food, for him, for a future that looks very different than it did just twenty-four hours ago.

I hear the faint beep of the lock on the door, and then it swings open. Gabe enters, holding two coffees nestled in a cardboard tray and a paper bag stamped with a bakery's logo.

"That smells amazing," I say, and he grins, kicking the door shut behind him. His eyes go molten as they rake over my naked body. I blush from my head to my toes, which is a little silly given how intimate we were last night. But, things feel different

in the daylight. More real, somehow.

His eyes still on me, I watch as he sets down our breakfast, then pulls off his shirt, his pants, everything until he's gloriously, wonderfully naked.

I can't help but stare at the visual feast before me.

He's magnificent, all thick muscle and smooth skin, hairy in all the right places, just like a man should be.

His cock hangs between his legs, impressively long and thick given that he's not hard right now.

And he's mine.

He grabs our food and then climbs into bed with me, the mattress dipping under his weight. He leans in, pressing a soft kiss to my lips before pulling back.

"Breakfast in bed," he says, grinning almost boyishly.

I've never seen him like this. It suddenly hits me that there's so much I don't know about him.

He passes me a coffee and then the bag of pastries.

I pick out a chocolate croissant, then pass the bag back to him.

He pulls out a Danish and takes a huge bite.

I wait for the awkwardness to hit, but there isn't any.



There's just us, sipping coffee, eating the most delicious pastries I've ever tasted, and talking about anything and everything.

He tells me about going to university for social work, and then deciding to go to seminary school after spending a summer doing mission work in South America.

He tells me about his family, about how he grew up, about joining the priesthood.

I tell him about losing my parents, about how difficult it's been trying to keep Alessandro in line.

He already knows some of this, but he doesn't know how bad it's been.

He doesn't know the worst of it. I was never looking for pity, and kept some things back.

Things like the crushing stress, the almost unbearable loneliness.

He strokes a hand down my arm when I go quiet. "You don't have to carry any of that alone anymore," he says gently. "We'll figure it all out, together."

I nod, my eyes stinging with tears. I've been on my own for so long that having someone to share the burden with is a relief. It's a blessing.

He wraps me in his arms, holding me tight against his chest. Tears streak down my cheeks, but for once, they're not desperate tears of sadness. They're tears of relief. Tears of hope.

After several moments, he pulls back and gently wipes my tears away, kissing my forehead and my cheeks.

“It’ll be okay, Liv. I promise. I’m here now, and I’ve got you.”

I shoot him a watery smile, marveling at the turn my life’s taken over the past twelve hours. “I believe you.” And I do. I really do.

We keep eating, the conversation moving to lighter topics.

We talk about movies and music, about books and favourite places in the city.

We both love Game of Thrones and Coldplay, the beach in the summer, skating at Nathan Phillips Square in the winter.

We both love comedies and fantasy novels.

We’re more alike than I would’ve guessed.

And I love learning all of these little facts about him.

They’re precious little tidbits that bring who he is, not as a priest, but as a person, into sharper focus.

He loves video games, is a total history buff, and enjoys working out (yeah, I noticed).

He has two brothers, both of whom live in the city.

One is a detective, the other a high school teacher.

Both are married with kids, making him an uncle three times over.

He speaks fluent Italian and some Latin.

I store every single one of these tidbits away, hoarding them the way a dragon hoards gold.

He feeds me bites of every single pastry in the bag, and once we're finished eating, he sips his coffee while his free hand wanders over my bare skin, tracing patterns on my shoulder, drawing circles on my thigh.

"You were incredible last night, angel," he murmurs, a huskiness creeping into his voice. "I can't believe how well you took me."

I glow from the inside out at his praise. "You don't regret—" He cuts me off before I can finish my question.

"How could I ever regret claiming what's mine?"

I blush furiously at his words, despite the fact that we're lounging naked in bed together. "But...what about your job? Your whole life?"

He smiles faintly. "Obviously I'll have to make some changes, since I don't plan on ever letting you go.

" He sighs. "Knowing how you feel, I wish I'd known.

All this time, I could've been looking after you.

" He kisses my neck, my shoulder. "Nothing has ever felt as right as being inside you, angel. Nothing. You're my calling. I see that now."

Oh, my heart. "Maybe I was always meant to be yours."

He grins, that tendril of hair falling over his forehead. God, he's so impossibly sexy.

How is he mine? “No maybe about it, Liv. You and I both felt it from the start.”

I nod. I’ve always been drawn to him on a level beyond physical attraction.

His fingers trail over my hips and he tuts quietly at the faint bruises emerging where he gripped me. “I was too rough with you.”

I shake my head. “No. You weren’t. I loved every second of it, Gabe.” I bite my lip as our eyes meet. “I like the bruises.”

His eyes flutter closed for a moment and he lets out a long breath, as though he’s wrestling for control. “How sore is your pussy today?” he asks, cupping me gently. I moan softly and press into his touch.

“It’s pretty sore,” I answer honestly. I don’t want him to feel bad, but I don’t want to lie to him either.

He leans down and presses a kiss to my shoulder, his mouth warm against my skin. “Lie on your stomach and let Daddy take care of you.”

I moan softly, my body responding immediately to the word Daddy. It might be taboo or messed up, but I don’t care. It feels right in a way that nothing else ever has.

I roll over, pressing my cheek into the fluffy pillow as Gabe disappears into the bathroom. He returns with a small bottle in his hand, bearing the hotel’s logo on the label. Climbing back onto the bed, he straddles my thighs, his weight a comforting pressure.

My ideal weight is my priest on top of me. Ha.

God, I can’t remember the last time I felt light enough to make jokes, even if only to

myself.

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*Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 3:24 am*

“What’s that?” I ask, glancing at the bottle over my shoulder.

“Massage oil,” he says, flipping open the cap. “Need to take care of my girl.”

He drizzles the oil onto my back, then tosses the bottle onto the bed beside me.

His hands follow the slippery trail, smoothing it over my skin.

I moan softly, the feeling of Gabe’s hands on me pure bliss.

He works his way down my body, massaging my shoulders, my lower back, my ass, the backs of my thighs.

Every single sweep of his hands over my body has me melting into the mattress as a hot pulse gathers between my legs.

My hips shift restlessly as he works his fingers against the tense muscles of my thighs.

“Spread your legs for Daddy, angel,” he says, his voice hoarse.

He shifts, and I can feel his hard cock brush against me.

I do as he says immediately, eager and horny.

Completely shameless. I spread my legs as wide as I possibly can, shivering as the air hits my hot, wet pussy.

“Good girl,” he murmurs, and I sigh happily.

“I love being your good girl,” I say quietly, and he strokes a hand over my ass.

“Of course you do,” he says, and I can hear the smile in his voice.

“Because you’re perfect. So fucking perfect.

” He grabs the bottle and drizzles more oil onto his hands, warming it up before he touches me.

And then his hands are on me, massaging my inner thighs, his thumbs brushing against the outer lips of my pussy.

I gasp, hips jerking and writhing as his fingers move closer and closer to where I want them most.

He takes his time as he massages my inner thighs, his touch both teasing and soothing.

He spreads my pussy lips apart, and I can feel his gaze on me as he slowly, slowly rubs his fingers over me.

I moan, my hands gripping the pillow as I try to spread my legs even wider.

He slides his fingers up and down my slit, circling close to my clit, but not touching it, leaving me aching and waiting.

It’s torture. It’s bliss. It’s heaven and hell at the same time.

“You have the most beautiful pussy, angel,” he says softly, his slick fingers still

teasing.

“So pink and lovely. It deserves to be worshipped.” I gasp and moan as he finally touches my clit, circling with the perfect amount of pressure.

“This pretty little bud, so sensitive, so eager for Daddy’s fingers.

” He rubs it gently, sending shockwaves of pleasure through me.

I moan loudly, my hips jerking involuntarily.

“And these lips,” he says, his voice rough around the edges.

His fingers slide over the outer lips of my pussy, massaging gently.

“So soft, so puffy. Just begging to be kissed, to be sucked.” He works them between his slippery fingers, spreading me even more.

I’m completely on display for him, and it’s making me drip, making my clit throb, making heat swirl low in my belly.

He slides his fingers over me, spreading my wetness around.

“You’re so wet, angel,” he rasps. “Your pussy is weeping for me. Even now, when you’re sore and used up, you’re ready to be filled. Ready to be fucked. Ready for whatever Daddy wants, because you’re such a good fucking girl.”

“Gabe,” I gasp out, chasing his fingers with my pussy. He gently circles my sore, abused entrance. I moan again, trying to hump his hand.

“But I know you’re sore, and I never want to hurt you. My sweet baby girl is sore



from getting fucked, from taking Daddy's cock not once, but twice." He massages around my entrance but doesn't dip his fingers inside. "Daddy's going to take such good care of you. I'm going to make you feel so good."

I whimper, hips moving restlessly. "Daddy," I moan, and he groans in response.

"I shouldn't love that so fucking much," he says roughly.

"But I do. I really, really do." He circles my clit again, and the pillow muffles my moan.

"Because I'm the one who's meant to take care of you.

You're mine. Mine to love. Mine to fuck.

Mine, in every single way." He plays with my clit, stroking it.

"Such a hard, swollen little clit. Feels so good when I rub it like this, doesn't it?

" he asks, taking my clit between his thumb and index finger and stroking it, up and down.

"Gabe," I moan, my voice sounding ragged and foreign.

I'm lifting my hips off the bed now, chasing his touch.

His fingers slide over me, rubbing my clit, my lips, around my sore, used hole.

I'm so swollen and sensitive that it almost hurts, but it's a sweet kind of pain.

It makes me want more. Every touch sends tingling electricity shooting through me.

“Does that feel good, baby?” he asks. I can feel his hard cock brushing against my thigh. I can feel him dripping onto me.

“Yes,” I breathe, my hands fisting the pillow so tightly I might rip it. He circles my entrance with the tips of his fingers, spreading the dripping wetness he finds there. He returns to my clit, rubbing and circling, working me into a frenzy.

“You’re soaking my hand, angel,” he groans. “Your used little hole is so wet.” He carefully pushes one finger inside me, then slowly pulls back out, swirling my juices over my clit.

I moan loudly into the pillow, my muscles tight and burning as my orgasm rushes at me. I’m so close to the edge. I’m hanging on by my fingertips. I can feel my heartbeat in my clit. “Please, Daddy,” I beg in a shaky voice.

“Please, what?”

“Please, make me come. I need to come.”

Nine

Olivia

“Such a good fucking girl,” Gabe growls, his fingers moving with faster, firmer strokes over my throbbing clit. “Come for Daddy, angel. Come all over my fingers like a good girl.”

My orgasm slams into me, stealing my breath as my body shakes and bucks with wave after wave of pleasure. I scream, my face pressed into the pillow, my hips fully in the air. He draws out my orgasm, stroking my clit with slow, gentle touches.

When I’m completely wrung out, I collapse back down onto the bed, my body limp, my chest heaving as I try to catch my breath.

Gabe’s fingers slow, and then still, but he doesn’t take his hand away.

He cups me lightly but possessively, trailing the fingers of his other hand up the back of my thigh.

I turn my head to look at him, my face hot.

It takes a second to get my eyes to focus, and I blink slowly. I feel dazed. Drunk.

He lays down beside me, his head propped up on his hand, looking devastatingly sexy.

I can't believe this man is mine. That this gorgeous, sexy, sweet, kind man is mine.

It feels like a gift.

I skim my gaze down his body, taking in the slight sheen of sweat along his forehead, the dusting of hair over his chest, the tautness of his stomach muscles. His cock is hard and red, a drop of precum beading at the tip. Despite the fact that we've had sex twice, his balls look full and heavy.

I reach out tentatively, wanting to touch him. To feel him in my hand. He's hot and hard, the skin so soft. I wrap my hand around him, biting my lip at the way my fingers don't quite touch. He groans, his hips shifting restlessly, and his eyes flutter closed for a second.

"Show me how to touch you," I whisper. "Teach me how to take care of your cock, Daddy."

His eyes meet mine, the black of his pupils almost swallowing up the blue of his irises. He covers my hand with his, guiding me.

"Like this," he says, his voice thick. He makes me squeeze him harder than I was and we start to stroke his cock together, all the way from the root to the tip in long, slow strokes.

"It feels good when you squeeze the shaft, like this," he says, and we squeeze harder than I would've thought would feel good around the thickest part of him.

I can feel his pulse in his cock, throbbing against my fingers.

I stroke him again, rapt as I watch his balls contract, his cock twitch.

“Look at this, angel. I’m dripping for you,” he says, guiding my hand back up and to the tip of his cock where precum drips steadily out of his slit.

“Spread it around the head with your thumb,” he instructs, so I do, moaning at the slippery feel of it as I spread it around his flared head.

His breath hitches as I do, and in this moment, I feel powerful.

“Right here, this is the most sensitive part,” he says, moving my thumb to the underside of his shaft, just below the head. He shows me how to stroke him there, his hand curled over mine, our thumbs grazing. His breath saws in and out of his lungs, his hips moving, pressing his cock into our hands.

“Does that feel good, Daddy?” I want to make him feel good more than anything in the world right now. I’m fascinated by his responses, by the way his body reacts. I want to learn every inch of him. I want to memorize his body like a treasure map.

“So good, baby.” He groans, his hand tightening over mine.

“So fucking perfect.” He reaches for the massage oil, flipping open the cap and drizzling some over the head of his cock.

It glistens, slippery and shiny as the oil drips down his length.

He guides my hand back to him, and this time, my fingers glide over him with ease.

“That’s it, Liv,” he breathes, his hips moving in time with my strokes.

“You’re doing so well. Such a good girl for Daddy. ”

His words make my stomach tumble and pitch, and I stroke him with more

confidence, tightening my grip and moving in faster, more fluid strokes.

He groans, his head falling back, his eyes closed.

The image is erotic, and one I want burned into my memory forever.

I stare, rapt, the agonized pleasure playing out across his features spurring me on.

“Use your other hand, too,” he instructs gently between ragged breaths. “Cup my balls. Play with them.”

I do as he says, my free hand reaching down to cradle him. I roll his balls gently in my palm, watching him intently for his reaction. He groans again, his abs rippling, his cock jerking in my hand.

“Fuck, Olivia,” he grits out. “That feels so fucking good. You’re doing so well, angel. You’re a natural. You were made for me. We were made to make each other feel good.”

His praise washes over me, making me feel hot and tingly on the inside. I stroke him faster, my grip tight, my other hand gently massaging his balls. He’s panting now, his body tense, his cock swelling in my hand as I work him.

“I’m close, baby,” he groans. “So close. Don’t stop. Just like that. Yeah, good girl. Just like that.”

I keep stroking him, my eyes locked on his face. His mouth opens, his breath coming in short, sharp gasps.

“Fuck!” he growls, and then he starts to come, his cock pulsing in my hand, his hot cum spurting out, coating my fingers, dripping down onto his stomach.

I slow my strokes, milking him gently as he rides out his orgasm.

When he finally stills, his body relaxed, his breathing even, I meet his eyes and bring my hand to my mouth, licking his cum from my fingers.

He tastes salty and earthy with a hint of bitterness.

I moan, and lick some more into my mouth, savoring the taste of him on my tongue.

He watches me lick his cum off my fingers, his eyes dark, his breathing no longer even.

And then he's kissing me, deep and hard.

He groans when his tongue slides against mine, and I know it's because he can taste himself there.

With his mouth still fused to mine, he guides my cum-slicked fingers between my legs, and together, we rub his cum into my pussy.

It's like he's anointing me in the filthiest way possible. I don't understand how something can feel depraved and holy at the same time, but this, with Gabe, does.

A half hour later, we're lounging together in the enormous soaker tub, tendrils of steam curling in the air around us.

Gabe's chest is a warm, solid wall against my back, and as our legs slide together, his fingers trailing up and down my arm, I'm well aware that our time cocooned away together in this hotel suite is coming to an end.

I'm not ready to face reality, even though I know we have to.

Words bubble up in my throat. Words I don't want to say but they spill out anyway.

"Are you sure you don't have any regrets?" I whisper, my throat thick, my heart shaking.

He brushes my hair away from my neck and kisses me there, his lips warm and soft.

"Not a single one." His lips move up and down my neck, trailing soft, sweet kisses over my skin. "From the moment I first saw you, I was drawn to you. You walked into my church for a reason. I can't help but feel that God put you in my path."

My face crumples and I try to stifle my sob, but I can't. It comes out as a choked sound, and I press my wet fist to my mouth.

I don't deserve him. I'm unworthy.

"Liv?" he says softly, slipping his fingers under my chin and tilting my face towards his. He frowns when he sees my tears and turns me effortlessly in his lap so that I'm curled against his chest. "What's wrong, angel? Talk to me."

I meet his eyes, peering into their gorgeous blue depths. The water sloshes around us, bubbles clinging to our slick skin. My chest squeezes painfully, all of the unworthiness churning inside me making it hard to breathe.

"I'm sorry," I manage. "For...selling myself. I shouldn't have done that. It was wrong, and I—" I feel so tremendously guilty that I can't think. My heart beats sluggishly.

He cups my face, his thumb pressing gently against my lips.

"Don't," he says gently. "You have nothing to apologize for. You found yourself in



an impossible situation and did what you thought was best. You didn't know how I felt about you.

But I'm glad that you told me so that I could be here to make things right.

To help you and protect you." He kisses me, so softly, so sweetly.

"And now you're mine. Not because I bought you, but because we belong to each other now. "

I blink, tears stinging my eyes and slipping down my cheeks. "I don't deserve you. I don't deserve this."

He tilts his head, stroking his hand up and down my back.

"The first time I ever saw you, I thought you were an angel. You were sitting in a pew and the way the sunlight was shining through the stained-glass windows made you look ethereal. Lit from within. It was only after the sun went behind a cloud that I realized it wasn't the sun making you look angelic.

You just were." He sighs, rubbing the ends of my hair between his fingers.

"And then, as I got to know you, I fell deeper and deeper. You're smart and sweet and kind.

You're funny and caring and have the biggest heart.

You work hard and have managed to rise above the adversity you've faced.

You're incredible, Olivia. Amazing. You deserve to be treated like a queen.

Worshipped like a goddess. And that's what I intend to do.

I'm so in love with you, Liv. I'm so in love with you that it hurts.

And knowing that you love me too is the greatest gift I've ever received. "

"But...your faith. Your career. I don't want you to regret this. To regret...me. Us."

He cups my cheek, brushing away my tears with his thumb. He strokes my thigh under the water, a comforting touch that settles something deep inside me.

"You didn't compromise my faith. I still believe in God. I still love God. That hasn't changed. And while I still have my faith, you've brought me home to what's real. To what matters, here on Earth. You're what matters now. Not being a priest. I'll happily give that up to be with you."

He leans in, kissing me slow and deep. His lips are warm and gentle, his tongue sliding against mine in a way that makes my heart flutter, my stomach dance with excited butterflies.

When he pulls back, there's an intensity in his blue eyes.

"I've never felt more right than I did inside you," he whispers.

I'm still crying, but they're tears of happiness now. Of joy. I let out a shaky breath, resting my forehead against his. He wraps his arms around me, holding me against him. I can feel his heartbeat, strong and steady. He strokes my hair, his touch comforting. Soothing.

"I'm your home now, Olivia, and you're mine," he murmurs, his voice quiet but intense. "Being a priest was my past. Being with you is my future. Being with you is

everything.”

And then we’re kissing again, so wrapped up in each other that we don’t even notice when the water starts to go cold.

Ten

Gabriel

I take a deep breath and then splash a bit of cold water on my face from the sink in the church bathroom.

It's been a long day, busy with work, and I've been distracted by thoughts of Olivia and missing her.

It's only been about thirty-six hours since we left that hotel suite, but I feel her absence like a physical ache.

We've texted and talked on the phone, but she's been busy with work and taking care of Alessandro's debts, and so have I with figuring out my next steps and planning Sunday's mass, which will be my last here at St. Michael's.

But knowing I'll get to see her at tonight's Bible study has kept me going today.

I catch sight of my reflection in the mirror, my attention snagging on the white collar at my throat. I trace my fingers over it, wondering if it always felt this tight, or I'm just so much more aware of it now.

One thing's for certain: this isn't who I am anymore. I used to feel incomplete if I wasn't wearing it. Now, I'm counting down the hours until I can take it off.

I've already drafted my letter requesting laicization.

It's a formal request to be dismissed from the priesthood and to live as a lay person.

I've also requested a dispensation for my vow of celibacy (already broken, but what the bishop doesn't know won't hurt him) because of my desire to marry and have a family.

I'm optimistic that it'll go through smoothly, but it could be months or even years before I'm free to marry Olivia.

That hasn't stopped me from looking at rings, though.

I'll have to save up, having spent so much money on the auction, but I have no regrets.

She's worth it. I'd do it over and over again.

I haven't told anyone else that I'm leaving, yet. I'm planning to share that news with both my colleagues and my parishioners on Sunday.

I don't regret becoming a priest. It was who I was for over a decade. But life is taking me in another direction, and I feel called to follow it. It's time to move on and into a future that's bigger and brighter than anything I could've imagined.

I dry my face and then head back into the church basement hallway. I stop by a storage closet, grabbing a few boxes of cookies, and then push through the swinging doors into the church's dated but clean kitchen.

I go very still.

Olivia stands at the worn laminate counter, knife in hand as she cuts the tops off of fresh, ripe strawberries.

Her long hair is swept up into a high ponytail, and she's wearing a mint green dress covered in a print of tiny white flowers.

She looks up, her pretty gray eyes meeting mine, and blood rushes to my cock.

For several seconds, we just stare. It's like time stops. The world around us vanishes.

All I can see is her. Even in the ugly fluorescent lighting of the kitchen, she's glowing. Ethereal.

Mine.

I take a couple of slow steps toward her, and her lips curve up in a smile.

I grin back, keeping my eyes on her face.

If I let myself look at the hint of cleavage peeking out of her dress, I'll lose it.

I can't be thinking about her luscious tits and how fucking good her nipple feels in my mouth right now.

I can't let my eyes slip slower, down to her round, spankable ass that I want to sink my teeth into.

"Father," she says, her voice sweet, her gaze demure, jostling me out of my filthy thoughts.

Despite the hint of shyness in her voice, her eyes sparkle with awareness, and I know she's right there with me.

Is she thinking about how good I felt as I moved inside her?

How hard she came on my fingers, my tongue, my cock?

Her cheeks go pink, and my grin widens.

My sweet, dirty girl.

Her gaze drops briefly down to my throat—my collar—and then back up to mine. Electric warmth races down my spine and straight to my heavy balls.

I clear my throat. “Olivia,” I say, tilting my head as I set the boxes of cookies on the counter.

“It’s...nice to see you.” We’re alone, but someone else could walk in at any second.

One of the other members of the Bible study, or a church staff member.

For now, we have to be careful. Not for my sake, but for hers.

I don’t care what happens to me. But I won’t have her become the subject of ruthless church gossip and scorn.

She swallows and slices another strawberry. “You too,” she says, glancing at me over her shoulder. “You know I never miss a Bible study.”

I move closer, standing only a foot behind her. “Yes. You’ve always been very...devout.”

Her breath hitches. “I’d love to show you just how devout, Father. Maybe on my knees in the confessional?”

“An excellent idea,” I manage, brushing against her as I reach into the cupboard

above her for plates.

I hear her soft moan at our brief contact, the sound going straight to my aching cock.

Moving away, I set the plates down and then get out the large serving platter, arranging cookies in neat rows.

I glance over at her, catching her looking at me before she ducks her head down, returning her attention to the fruit.

Her cheeks are pink, and the bodice of her dress is fitted enough that I can see how quickly she's breathing.

We work in silence for several moments, sneaking glances at each other like two smitten teenagers, biting back smiles.

The clack of her knife against the cutting board, the rattling of the church's old air conditioning system and the hum of the fridge are the only sounds in the room, but I can barely hear them around my drumming heart.

It's as though every particle of me is charged and drawn to her, and every time she moves, I feel it, deep in my gut.

Every glance, every sigh, every small shift.

Fucking hell, I need to be inside her. I want to live inside her. I thought I was obsessed with her before, but now that I know what she feels like, tastes like, what she sounds like as she calls me Daddy and asks me to make her come...I'm consumed. I can't breathe without thinking of her.

Unable to help myself, I move the tray of cookies aside and prop my hip on the



counter beside where she's working. I pick up a strawberry from her cutting board, examining it.

"Are they good?" I ask, and her eyes flick up to mine as she shrugs one delicate shoulder.

"I haven't tried one yet."

"Mmm. Well. Always wise to do a little quality control." I raise the strawberry to her lips and she opens instantly, taking the fruit into her pretty mouth. Her lips graze the tips of my fingers, and I let out a shaky breath at the contact. She bites down and moans softly, nodding.

"It's good," she whispers.

"Let me see," I rasp out, and then I'm kissing her, sliding my tongue against hers, the sweetness of the strawberry hitting my tastebuds.

So much for being careful.

She whimpers against me, chasing my lips as I break the too-brief kiss. I press my forehead to hers, fighting for control. Fuck, I want to haul her up onto this counter and bury myself in her right here, right now.

"Stay after," I say, a note of desperation in my voice.

We don't have anywhere we can be alone together.

I live in the rectory house behind the church, and it's divided up into three apartments with a common entrance, each occupied by a priest. She lives in a tiny apartment with her brother.

But tonight, after Bible study, the church will be empty.

It's wrong, but I don't care.

Her cheeks turn an even deeper shade of pink, and she nods. "Yes, Father."

Holy fuck, I'm so hard right now. I adjust myself, doing my best to hide my erection as I step away from her. "Did you get everything with Alessandro worked out?" I ask, deliberately changing the subject and shoving my hands in my pockets so I don't touch her. Again. Yet.

She nods. "Yes. I've paid off his debts and he's sworn to me he'll never gamble again." But her shoulders are tense, and I can tell she doesn't fully believe him. I can't blame her.

My fingers brush against the folded pamphlet in my pocket, and I pull it out, handing it to her. "There's a free gambling addiction support group he can access, and they have online therapy available as well, also free."

She takes the pamphlet, glancing down at it briefly before looking back up at me.

"Thank you. I'll pass this on to him and encourage him to do it.

He's young enough that nothing's set in stone.

"She sighs again. "He's finished high school now, but doesn't know what to do with his life.

He doesn't think university's for him, but I don't know that sitting around without any goals or plans is helpful either. "

I tilt my head. “Would he be interested in going on a mission trip? I know Father Thomas is still looking for volunteers to go to Honduras this fall to build a school.”

Her face lights up. “I don’t know, but I can tell him about it. It might be just what he needs.”

“If he’s interested, there’s an informational meeting next week. The details are on the bulletin board.” I step closer, practically vibrating with how badly I want to touch her. “And if not, we’ll help him figure something else out.”

“We,” she says, a soft smile spreading across her face.

I nod. “That’s right, angel. You’re not alone anymore.” I want to kiss her, to pull her into my arms and hold her, take on the world for her, but I can’t. Not here. Not now.

## Page 15

*Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 3:24 am*

I pick up the tray of cookies and the plates while she gathers a handful of napkins and the bowl of strawberries.

We have a mini fridge and supplies for tea and coffee in the meeting room.

We make our way to the main level of the church, the worn wooden steps creaking beneath our feet.

The stairwell smells like lemon pledge and incense, and I wonder how much I'll miss this.

There's nothing stopping me from attending church, from still being involved.

I don't know how it'll feel to be on the other side of the pulpit.

I'm ready to find out, though.

The meeting room is already buzzing with several members of our Bible study group, and everyone says hello as we enter.

I set the cookies down on the table at the back of the room, and Olivia places the strawberries beside them, her arm brushing mine.

I turn to the group, smiling warmly. I take a few minutes to walk around the room, shaking hands and greeting everyone by name, asking about their families, their pets, their health.

When I get to Olivia, I take her hand in mine, electricity shooting up my arm.

“Good evening, Olivia. How are you?”

“I’m pretty fantastic, Father. And yourself?” she asks sweetly, grinning up at me with mischief shining in her eyes.

God, I love this woman. I’ve loved her from the moment I first saw her, and I’ve fallen deeper and deeper with every interaction.

“Also fantastic,” I say quietly, grinning.

“That’s so good to hear,” she says, her cheeks going pink. She rolls her lips inward, stifling a giggle. I wink at her and then move to the front of the room. Once everyone has settled, Olivia takes an empty seat in the circle of chairs, directly across from me.

“Good evening, everyone. Thanks for coming. We’re going to get started, so please take out your Bibles.” I clear my throat, picking up my worn Bible from the small table beside me. “Tonight we’ll be discussing a book that’s a bit different than our usual fare.”

A few eyebrows raise, and when I glance up at Olivia, her gaze is locked onto me.

“Tonight, we’ll be exploring the Song of Songs, also known as the Song of Solomon.

” I can feel the ripple of surprise that goes through the group.

“As much as we focus on the spiritual during our time with scripture, it’s also important to reflect on scripture that applies to our day to day, secular lives.

Song of Songs is a book about love, desire, and intimacy.

It's a celebration of the human form and the sacred connection between two people when they give their hearts freely. ”

I open my Bible, the pages falling open naturally to the section I've marked.

The Song of Songs is a short book, only taking up a few pages.

I look up at Olivia again, unable to stop myself.

Her cheeks are the sweetest shade of pink, her eyes bright.

I can see her pulse jumping in her throat, the rise and fall of her chest. I know she's thinking about us, about the love, desire, and intimacy we shared just a couple of days ago in that hotel suite.

“Let's begin,” I say, my voice calm despite the emotions tangling together in my chest. “It may shock you to learn that scripture can be surprisingly sexy. The Song of Songs isn't spiritual, but it is sacred.

It's a poem about lovemaking, oral sex, yearning and searching, and hiding and finding, all between two unmarried people known as the Beloved and the Lover.

“I have to admit, I've never preached from the Song of Songs in my eleven years as a priest. People generally don't come to mass to hear about oral sex.

” There's a round of laughter, and I can tell that while they're surprised, they're also interested in what I have to say.

I glance at Olivia and she's staring at me, rapt, lips slightly parted.

“Preaching a book that doesn't mention God at all is complicated.

But just because God isn't mentioned doesn't mean he's absent.

As we know, God is never absent. His presence can always be felt, and taking the time to appreciate the joyous and beautiful gifts he's given us, such as love, such as sex, can bring us closer to Him. "

I shift back in my chair. "Now, in an effort to make sense of this secular, erotic poem having a place in the Bible, some scholars believe it's really an analogy.

That the passion of these two people symbolizes the love God has for us, or the love Christ has for the Church.

The latter is particularly dubious given that this book is in the Old Testament, and pre-dates Christ by some time. "

"So then why was it included?" asks Mary Ciccone, an older lady with a bun on top of her head and glasses pinching her nose.

I shrug. "I don't have a definitive answer for that. Most scholars agree that the Song of Songs is a secular love poem and its inclusion is a mystery. Would you like to know my theory?"

Everyone nods. Olivia leans forward in her seat, her ponytail falling over her shoulder. My gorgeous, brave, selfless girl.

"Perhaps it was included because such a joyous celebration of love and sexuality is a sacred, religious experience. The fact that a book that revels in delightful, unbridled sexuality is included in the Bible is worth paying attention to. Also of note is the fact that it's included among the wisdom books.

The book of Job discusses suffering and God's justice.

Proverbs gives us practical advice and insight on how to live a good life.

Ecclesiastes examines the meaning of life.

Psalms is a reflection on life and faith and how the two are intertwined.

And the Song of Songs explores themes of love and intimacy.

Let's read what's here, and then we'll discuss. ”

Everyone opens their Bibles to the small book they've probably never read before, and I begin reading.

“Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth—for your love is more delightful than wine...” I keep reading, only lifting my eyes from the page to glance up at Olivia.

Her Bible is open on her lap, but she's looking at me, eyes bright, cheeks pink.

I keep reading. “Like an apple tree among the trees of the forest is my lover among the young men. I delight to sit in his shade, and his fruit is sweet to my taste.” Olivia licks her lips and my balls throb in response.

I continue, reading every single passage.

“Your lips are like a scarlet ribbon; your mouth is lovely...All beautiful you are my darling; there is no flaw in you...How much more pleasing is your love than wine, and the fragrance of your perfume than any spice! Your lips drop sweetness as the honeycomb, my bride; milk and honey are under your tongue...I am my lover's and my lover is mine...

I belong to my lover and his desire is for me. ”



I'm reading the words aloud to the entire group, but in my heart, I'm reading them only to Olivia. My girl. My future wife.

My everything.

## Page 16

*Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 3:24 am*

Eleven

Gabriel

The last of the Bible study group leaves, and Olivia and I see them out, watching as the heavy, wooden door swings closed behind the final person. They all think that Olivia's staying behind to help me clean up.

She's not.

I'll clean up after I've made her come at least once, preferably multiple times.

I reach out and slide the lock into place, closing the church to the public.

We're alone, the cavernous sanctuary still glowing with candles before us.

I turn, and I find Olivia standing several feet away, in the middle of the center aisle, fingers curling into the skirt of her dress.

The flickering candlelight paints her skin in a play of golden light and shadow, and I take several long strides towards her.

"Gabe," she whispers, and I swear I can feel my heart swelling in my chest at the sound of it. "I need you."

I need her, too, and I don't hesitate. It takes less than a second for me to close the distance between us and crush my mouth to hers, kissing her hot and deep.

I slide my hands down to her ass and walk her down one of the pews, stopping when her back hits an ornate column.

She moans into my mouth as I caress her tongue with mine, my hand sliding up under her skirt.

I groan when I realize she's completely bare under her dress, my fingers finding nothing but skin.

"Oh, fuck," I pant against her mouth. "I'm glad I didn't know you weren't wearing panties under here earlier.

I wouldn't have been able to control myself if I'd known that this sweet little cunt was right there, under this thin bit of fabric," I say, sliding the skirt of her dress higher.

"The prettiest temptation. My only salvation." I kiss her neck, nipping at her earlobe.

She whimpers and arches into me, her bare pussy rubbing against the ridge in my pants.

"I couldn't stop staring at you," she says, threading her hands into my hair as I kiss her neck and rub my covered cock against her. "I couldn't stop marveling at the fact that you're mine. At what you're sacrificing for me."

"It doesn't feel like a sacrifice," I say, lifting my head.

I kiss her again, gentler than before. "I know you're worried I'll regret this, but I already know I won't.

You're my future, angel. With you is where I'm meant to be.

I love you. I've loved you for a year now, and I'm going to love you for the rest of my life.

Being with you isn't a sacrifice. It's a gift.

Now, if you don't mind, I'm trying to misbehave here. ”

She laughs, the sound warm and light as it echoes off the soaring walls. She tugs on my hair, pulling my mouth back to hers, sighing as I slip my tongue into her mouth.

“What were you thinking when you couldn't stop staring at me?” I ask after several breathless moments.

She pulls back, her gray eyes dark and glittering. “That I want you to fuck me, right here in this church while I call you Father Thorne.” She leans in, kissing along my jaw. “That I love you, Daddy.”

I groan and nip at her lips. “Such a dirty, horny little thing.” I sigh and kiss her again. “I love you too, angel.” I set her down and take her hand, filthy plans unfolding in my mind as I remember what she said earlier in the church kitchen.

I lead her through the familiar shadows of the church, my plans formed. It's amazing how something can look so familiar yet so foreign at the same time, and I know it's because I don't belong here anymore. This church used to be home, and I don't regret the years I spent here.

But I have a new home now.

“It's time for confession,” I say, forcing a sternness into my voice that makes Olivia giggle. She looks up at me, eyes wide and sparkling with mischief. She's more than willing to play along, and holy fuck, is that hot. Thrilling.

I pull her into the confessional booth, both of us entering my side. The small space encloses us in shadowy dimness, the scent of wood and paper surrounding us. I sit down on the bench, the wood creaking under my weight.

“On your knees,” I say softly, and she bites her lip, nodding. When she’s in front of me, I slip my finger under her chin and tilt her face up to mine. “What do you call me in here, Olivia?”

She looks up at me, and even in the low lighting, I can see her cheeks go red. “Father Thorne,” she whispers, heat passing between us, electricity sparking in the air.

“Good girl,” I say, my voice low and rough. “Are you ready for your penance? Are you ready to ask forgiveness for being a dirty girl who doesn’t wear panties to church?”

She bites back a smile and nods. “Yes, Father Thorne. I’m sorry. I’m just...I’m so horny. I can’t help it.”

I stroke a hand over her hair. “Maybe this will help.” I undo my belt, unzip my pants and pull my hard cock out, stroking myself once. “Suck my cock, angel. Suck me like the sweet, horny girl you are. Use your tongue and your lips, no teeth.”

She wraps her fingers around me and licks up the bead of precum at the tip of my cock without hesitation. It’s so fucking sexy seeing her on her knees for me in this confessional booth where I’ve thought about doing all kinds of filthy, depraved things to her.

Her breath is warm against my skin as she kisses all around my head, making my cock throb and my balls tingle. God, she’s so fucking pretty. Even like this. Especially like this. On her knees, ready to worship my cock like the good girl she is.

Her eyes flick up to meet mine as she licks over my head again, and I groan, wrapping her ponytail around my fist.

“That’s it, angel. Now take me in your mouth.”

She does, wrapping her lips around the head of my cock.

She sucks gently, her tongue flicking out to tease the sensitive underside I showed her.

My hips jerk, and I groan as my hand tightens around her ponytail.

“Your mouth is fucking perfect. You’re doing so well sucking Daddy’s cock for the first time. ”

She whimpers, and I can see her rubbing her thighs together.

She starts to move tentatively up and down my cock, sucking me a bit deeper as she looks up at me through those long lashes.

Her mouth is hot and wet and one of the most incredible things I’ve ever felt.

She makes up for any awkwardness with enthusiasm, moving faster, moaning, hips shifting as she hollows out her cheeks and sucks.

I growl and can’t stop myself from thrusting a little into her mouth.

“Yes,” I hiss out. “Such a good girl on your knees for me. Your mouth feels so fucking good. Can you take more?”

She pops off and strokes me, kissing my aching balls. “Yes, Father Thorne.” Fresh

precum drips out of me at her words.

“Show me,” I growl, and she takes me back into her mouth, moaning around my cock as I start to move my hips, fucking her mouth gently, carefully, my fist tight around her ponytail.

She looks up at me, her lips stretched obscenely around my dick, and it’s one of the best things I’ve ever seen in my life.

“You look so pretty with my cock in your mouth,” I say, hips moving faster, making her take more of me.

She moans, the sound vibrating through me, making my balls pull up, making heat spark down my spine.

“I can’t believe how well you’re taking me.

Such a good girl, letting me fuck your mouth like this. My sweet, perfect, dirty little angel.”

She looks up at me, eyes watering as I thrust in and out of her sweet mouth, filth falling from my lips as easily as prayers used to.

She moans as I fuck her mouth, using her ponytail to guide her up and down my wet cock.

She drools around me, tears leaking from her eyes and she’s never looked more beautiful.

She sucks me hard as I thrust and my balls tighten, cock throbbing in her mouth, and I know I’m going to come soon if I don’t stop.

I'm too close, and I'm not nearly ready for this to be over yet.

I can't come until I've made her feel at least this good.

I tug her hair gently, pulling her mouth away from my dripping cock. She looks up at me from her knees, eyes wide and dazed, lips slightly swollen from the abuse they just took.

"Stand up," I order softly, even though my voice is rough with desire.

She does, her legs shaking slightly as she pushes up off the hard ground.

Shit. I should've thought to bring a cushion or something.

She stands between my spread legs, my glistening cock jutting out of my pants.

"Are you wet after taking my cock in your mouth?"

She bites her lip, nodding. "Yes, Father Thorne."

"Mmm. Let's see." I slip my hand under her dress, caressing my way up her thigh. I can feel the heat of her pussy before my hand gets there, and she sighs softly when I cup her, slowly spreading her lips apart with my fingers. I stroke up and down her slit, nice and slow.

She's soaked. Slippery and drenched. My fingers are already covered in her just from the one teasing stroke.

I rub a slow circle around her swollen clit, making her gasp and buck into my touch, and then I remove my hand, raising my fingers to my lips and sucking them clean.



Her sweet, tangy taste explodes on my tongue, making my mouth water for more, and I groan.

“Tastes like heaven,” I say, and she giggles, flushing from her hairline to her collarbone. I pull her into my lap, needing to feel her against me.

She straddles me, her dress riding up her thighs, her bare pussy brushing against my cock. I claim her mouth in a slow, deep kiss, our tongues sliding together, our sighing breaths mingling in the small space.

“I want to make you come, Liv,” I say, pulling back to meet her gaze. “I want to lay you out on that altar and worship you the way you deserve.” She whimpers and writhes against me, the heat of her pussy making me want to push into her right here in the confessional.

Maybe next time.

## Page 17

*Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 3:24 am*

“Would you like that, angel? Would you like Daddy to kiss your hot little cunt up on the altar?”

She lets out a shocked laugh as I bury my face in her neck, kissing and sucking. “You’re going to get struck by lightning,” she admonishes gently, but from the way she’s rubbing her pussy against my dick, I can tell she’s going to say yes.

“Worth it,” I say, grinning into her neck.

“Anything to make you feel good. My filthy little miracle.” And then we’re kissing again, wrapped up in each other like teenagers in the backseat of a car.

After several long moments, I break the kiss, tuck myself back into my pants, and lead her out of the confessional.

I quirk my eyebrow at her, waiting, and she nods, blushing deeply.

The way her fingers weave easily through mine feels natural.

Right. As though this is exactly where our hands belong—intertwined. Connected.

Anticipation is thick in my blood as I lead her down the aisle of the silent church.

Somewhere in the distance, a car alarm blares, but here, in the sanctuary, we’re blissfully alone.

As we walk down the aisle, hand in hand, I can’t help but think about watching Olivia

walk down an aisle just like this one in a beautiful white dress while I wait by the altar to make her my wife.

For most of my adult life, I assumed I'd never have a wife.

That I'd never marry or have children. And now I can't imagine the opposite.

I can't imagine not marrying Olivia. Not making a home, a family, a life with her.

She's been through so much in her short life.

She deserves someone to love her and take care of her.

She deserves every ounce of happiness I can give her.

We climb the steps and reach the altar, and I lift her up, setting her on the edge.

She makes a soft sound of surprise as the cool stone meets the warm skin of her thighs.

She looks like a debauched angel, her ponytail lopsided thanks to my grip, her mascara smeared thanks to the way I fucked her face.

She's flushed, breathing fast, legs slightly spread.

She's perfection.

I drop to my knees before her, and I can't help but think about all the times I've been on my knees in this church.

Yet none of those times have felt as holy, as sacred and beautiful as this moment,

right here, right now.

I place my hands on her knees and spread her thighs wide, revealing her to me.

Her cute little cunt is pink and glistening, swollen with need, and the sight of it makes my mouth water and my cock throb almost painfully.

I place her legs over my shoulders as she puts her hands behind her, leaning back slightly as I spread her open for me.

She's the prettiest thing I've ever seen.

The most intoxicating thing I've ever smelt.

"Look at you," I say, my voice low and rough. "So wet and ready for me. This is exactly what I wanted, angel. To kiss your sweet little cunt right here on the altar."

She whimpers, her hips shifting slightly, and I lean in, pressing a soft kiss to the smooth skin of her inner thigh.

Her muscles tremble beneath my mouth as I slowly kiss my way higher, taking my time, inhaling her scent, listening to her every stuttered breath.

I don't know who I'm teasing more, her or me.

I can't wait. I need the taste of her on my tongue like I need air.

I lick right up the center of her, groaning at her sweet taste.

She's so wet, so perfectly responsive, and her hips buck as I circle her clit with my tongue.

I tease her entrance with the tip of my finger, rubbing all around it before gently, slowly pushing inside. She clenches around me in welcome.

“You taste so fucking good, Liv,” I growl against her.

One taste and I’ve become a man possessed.

“You taste like sin and salvation. Like debauched purity. I’m going to spend the rest of my life worshipping this pussy.

” I suck her clit into my mouth, polishing it with my tongue as I start to pump my finger in and out of her tight, wet heat.

She’s moaning now, hips writhing, legs twitching against my shoulders.

“Oh, God,” she moans, and I chuckle at the fact that while she’s looking up at the massive statue of Jesus on the cross, she’s talking to me. “Don’t stop. More. Give me more.”

I add a second finger, stretching her, feeling her pussy clench around me.

I fuck her slowly as I kiss all over her cunt, teasing with licks and sucks, building her up.

She starts to push into me, riding my tongue and fingers, and I groan against her.

I curl my fingers, stopping when I feel that small, rough spot I read about last night.

I’ve been doing research. I’m not the most experienced man, and I want to be good for her.

I rub that spot and she lets out a surprise gasp and then starts rocking into my touch.

“Yes! Whatever you’re doing, don’t stop. It feels so good, Gabe, holy shit.” I keep stroking her while licking and sucking her clit, savoring the feel of it between my lips, against my tongue. She’s so close. I can feel it in the way she’s clenching around me, in the tautness of her muscles.

I eat her like a man starved, the way some people fall on tropical fruit, until their faces glisten with juice.

Pretty sure there are memes about that, and right now?

I’m that meme. My lips and tongue work her into a frenzy, my fingers still curled, still moving in and out.

The sounds of my mouth on her, wet and obscene, echo through the church.

It’s profane and I don’t give a shit. All I care about is making my girl come.

I fuck her with my fingers, stroking that spot inside her that makes her gasp and writhe. Her hips buck against my face, smearing her delicious juices all over my chin, my cheeks, my lips. I’m coated in her, and I fucking love it.

“Gabe,” she pants, her voice echoing. “I feel so good. I don’t...It’s too much, but I don’t want you to stop.”

I swirl my tongue around her clit. She’s so swollen that I can feel her throbbing against my lips. “I’ve got you, Liv. Let go. I’ve got you.”

She lets out a loud moan and then tenses, her thighs clamping down around my head.

And then she's screaming my name, her body convulsing as she comes, hard.

She squirts, her release gushing out of her, drenching my face.

Drenching my collar. Some of it splashes onto the altar cloth, darkening the pristine white fabric.

I laugh, pulling back slightly, my face dripping with her. "Looks like I've been baptized," I say, grinning up at her as I nip at her thigh. "Made new in the name of your sweet cunt."

"Oh, God," she groans, covering her face with her hands. Her cheeks are beet red. "I can't believe I...I'm so embarrassed. Oh my God."

I wipe my face as I stand, then tug her hands away, making her look at me. "Don't be," I say, my voice gentle but firm. "That was the hottest fucking thing I've ever seen. You coming like that, squirting all over me, all over the altar. Jesus Christ, Olivia, you're incredible."

She bites her lip, a small, almost shy smile tugging up the corners of her mouth. "Yeah?"

"Yes," I growl, leaning in to kiss her deeply, letting her taste the sweetness of her juicy little pussy on my tongue.

"You're fucking perfect, Olivia, inside and out.

"I pull my hard cock out, lining up with her dripping entrance, and I can feel the heat of her pussy on my skin.

She's soaking wet, legs spread and ready for me.

I thrust deep in one long stroke, and she arches, gasps, her nails digging into my shoulders as she clings to me.

There's something erotic about the way we're both still mostly clothed.

We couldn't wait for an appropriate time and place to do this.

The urgency, the need, the lust was too much.

"You feel that?" I say, pressing my forehead to hers.

"That's Daddy's cock, deep inside you, in the middle of a church.

" My voice echoes through the empty sanctuary.

Her eyes widen, her lips parting in a silent moan as I fill her completely.

I pull back, then thrust again, harder, faster, my hips slapping against hers.

"Look at me while I fuck you. Look me in the eyes and tell me who you belong to."

"Gabe," she moans, her eyes meeting mine, shining bright as I fuck her, slow and hard. "You. I'm yours, Daddy. Only yours. Only ever yours."

My heart swells with joy, with possession, with love, and I kiss her as I thrust in and out of her drenched pussy.

So much about this should feel wrong—she's seventeen years younger than me, I swore a vow of celibacy, we're having sex in a fucking church—but it doesn't.

Nothing about Olivia could ever feel wrong.



“That’s my girl. My good, sweet, dirty girl,” I praise, my cock driving into her over and over again.

The sound of our bodies meeting, the wet slap of skin against skin, echoes through the church.

She’s so tight, so wet, her pussy gripping me like a vice.

I can feel every inch of her, every ridge and ripple as I fuck her, claim her, make her mine.

Her nails rake down my back, leaving trails of fire, marking me as hers just as surely as I’m marking her as mine.

“You feel so fucking good, Liv,” I groan, my cock throbbing inside her. “Your pussy is heaven. My own personal fucking paradise.”

She moans, her hips moving in time with mine, her body meeting each of my thrusts with eager desperation. I can feel her getting closer, her body tensing, her breath coming in short, sharp gasps.

“Come for me, angel,” I say, my voice rough and raw. “Come all over Daddy’s cock. Let me feel you.”

She cries out, her body convulsing as she comes for a second time, her pussy clamping down on me so hard I see stars. I fuck her through it, my cock pistoning in and out of her, drawing out her orgasm, making her scream my name again and again. It’s more beautiful than any hymn I’ve ever heard.

I’m close, so fucking close. My balls tighten, my cock swells, and I know I’m about to come. I want to fill her, to mark her, to claim her completely.

“Liv,” I groan, my voice a prayer and command all at once. “Liv, I’m going to come. I’m going to fill you up. Tell me you want it. Tell me you want my cum.”

She looks up at me, her eyes glazed with pleasure, her body still shaking with the aftershocks of her orgasm. “Yes, Daddy,” she whispers, her voice soft and sweet. “Come inside me. Fill me up. Make me yours.”

And with a final thrust, I do. I come, my cock pulsing, my release filling her, marking her, claiming her. I roar her name, my body shaking, my cock throbbing as I empty myself into her.

We stay like that for a moment, our bodies joined, my forehead pressed to hers, our hearts pounding in sync. Slowly, I pull out, my cock still hard, glistening with her juices and my cum. I look down at her, at her flushed cheeks, her swollen lips, her eyes shining with love and trust and desire.

“You’re mine, Liv,” I say, my voice soft but firm. “You’re mine, and I’m never letting you go.”

It’s a vow I know I’ll never break.

## Page 18

*Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 3:24 am*

One month later

I wipe down the shelves inside the kitchen cupboard, then toss the cloth aside and pull open the box on the kitchen counter beside me. Inside are a set of simple dishes, white with green leaves around the edge, and I smile, remembering when Gabe and I picked these out two weeks ago.

It feels crazy that we've only been together for a month, but here we are, moving into an apartment together and taking the next step forward in building a life. A home. A family.

After paying off Alessandro's debts, he agreed to seek help for his gambling addiction.

He's been attending online meetings twice a week, is in weekly therapy, and has a support group he meets with in person every other week.

I don't think I would've known about these resources without Gabe.

And I don't know that Alessandro would be so committed to his recovery without Gabe, either.

He knows that Gabe is leaving the priesthood (a long, tedious process that could officially take years), and that we're dating.

He doesn't know about the virginity auction, and I plan to keep it that way.

But Gabe has stepped up when it comes to Alessandro, giving him rides when he needs them, offering kindness and encouragement, and even arranging for him to go on the mission trip in the fall, which we both think will be a fantastic experience for him.

Alessandro needs to get out in the world, to see the joy and suffering of people both different and not so different from him.

I know he has the strength to move past this addiction.

He just needs love and support and understanding, and Gabe and I can give him that.

He's talking about going to university next fall, which is another good sign. A great sign, honestly, because a few months ago, he couldn't see past his next big win.

I finish unpacking the dishes, break down the box, and turn my attention to a box full of cups and mugs wrapped in newspaper.

Some of this stuff is mine, and some of it is Gabe's.

Some of it we bought new, depending on what we needed.

Alessandro is still living in the apartment he and I once shared, but given that he's nineteen and in a much better place than he was a few months ago, I think this bit of independence will be good for him.

He's even gotten a job in order to pay for it on his own.

And in a show of trust, he lets me have access to his bank account so that I can see where his money is going.

The last time I checked it, all of the purchases were completely normal.

Groceries, his internet and cell phone bill, a small order from Amazon, a movie ticket.

No large withdrawals of cash, nothing suspicious or out of the ordinary.

I'm hopeful that in a few more months, I won't feel compelled to check it at all.

Just then, Gabe walks in through the door of our cozy one-bedroom apartment.

It's older, but clean and freshly painted, in a cute neighbourhood, and most importantly, within our budget.

He's just started his new job as a social worker for a men's shelter, and I've got two years of university courses left before I can finish up my nursing degree.

We don't have a lot of money, but when I look at Gabe and remember that he's mine, I find that I don't really care.

We have a roof over our heads, food on the table, our bills are paid, and enough left over to save for a rainy day.

Gabe's arms are full of grocery bags, and I rush over, taking a couple from him. He smiles when he sees me, flashing that dimpled grin that still makes my heart flutter and my stomach explode with butterflies.

I watch as he starts to unload the groceries, his muscles flexing under his T-shirt.

It's still strange sometimes to see him in regular clothes, but I love it.

I love the man he was, the man he is, and the man he's going to be in the future.

I love every part of him, and he loves every part of me.

And he shows me that love every single day, with kindness, with empathy, with small gestures, with always being my rock. My shoulder to lean on.

My Daddy who takes care of me in every single way.

"I never imagined this would be my life," I say, leaning against the counter and watching as he puts a carton of eggs inside the old refrigerator. "Shacking up with a priest."

Gabe chuckles, shaking his head and dislodging that tendril of hair I love so much.

"Former priest," he corrects gently, stepping closer.

He tucks a strand of hair behind my ear, his fingers lingering on my cheek.

I'm flushed and mildly damp with sweat thanks to the exertion of the move and the fact that it's a warm late September day.

"And I never imagined this would be my life, either."

I bite my lip, looking up at him. "But...are you happy?" Sometimes, I still worry that he'll regret leaving the priesthood for me. That he'll regret breaking his vow of celibacy and potentially compromising his soul. But every time I bring it up, he's unwavering in his certainty.

Today is no different.

His thumb traces over my lower lip, freeing it from my teeth. “More than I ever thought possible,” he says, and then he’s kissing me. I can’t think with his mouth on mine, and every single thought, every single doubt and worry, flies out of my head as his lips move against mine.

His lips are soft and gentle, but the kiss deepens quickly. I wrap my arms around his neck, pressing against him. He groans, his hands sliding down to cup my ass.

It’s always like this with us. Like a spark to gasoline, all it takes is one look, one touch, one kiss, and we’re stripping our clothes off.

He lifts me gently onto the counter, one hand tangled in my hair, the other toying with the hem of my light blue T-shirt.

“Gabe,” I whisper against his lips. “We need to finish unpacking.”

“The boxes can wait,” he says, his voice taking on that husky quality that turns both my resolve and my insides to mush. His hand slides under my shirt, his skin warm against my trembling stomach. “We have all the time in the world.”

A thrill races through me, because he’s right. We do.

His hand moves higher, tracing the outline of my nipple through my bra, and I can’t stop myself from arching into his touch.

And why would I? Why would I choose unpacking boxes over this ?

His hand moves under my bra, his fingers catching my nipple and playing, making me moan and arch into his touch even more.

He grins down at me, looking wickedly sexy. “Still want to finish unpacking?”

I shake my head. “Not even a little bit.”

He kisses me again, deeper and hotter this time. “Good. Because I was thinking we could start on christening this new place right here. What do you think?”

“I think you should keep kissing me, Father.”

He groans and takes my mouth again, and we both give ourselves over to the heat pulsing between us.

The boxes can wait. The world can wait. All that matters is this moment with Gabe. My former priest and my entire future.

Hi, gorgeous! Thank you so much for reading Olivia and Gabe’s story! If you want more Olivia and Gabe, be sure to download their bonus epilogue . If you like breeding kink, you won’t want to miss it!

If you’re looking for something spicy and a little bit funny, I think you’ll like *Accidentally Kidnapping the Mountain Man* . It’s another age gap instalove story, with more Daddy kink, forced proximity, and lots of dirty talk and praise.



*Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 3:24 am*

Candlelight flickers as rain patters against the bedroom window, thunder echoing in the distance. The scent of garlic still lingers in the air from the pasta Gabe and I cooked together for dinner, and now we're curled up in our bed, glasses of wine in hand, listening to the storm, talking and tracing patterns on each other's skin with our fingers. Gabe's in nothing but a pair of low-hanging gray sweatpants, and I'm in nothing but his discarded T-shirt.

"I can't believe we've been here for two years already," I say softly, taking a sip of my wine. This little apartment feels like home in a way nowhere else ever has, and I know it's because of Gabe. Because of the warmth and love he shows me every single day. And while a lot has changed over the past two years—I've graduated from university with my nursing degree, Gabe has worked his way up to the director of housing services at a local non-profit organization, and Alessandro has shocked us both by deciding to attend seminary school—our love hasn't. It's still just as intense, as passionate, as consuming as it was at the very beginning.