

## Fatal Confessions – Part 1 (M/t)

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This story is purely fiction and created out of my own mind and fantasies.

The following involves homosexual relations between adult men and a teenage boy. Don't read if this isn't your thing.

It was Wednesday afternoon and time for confessions. Father Immanuel and Father Estancio sat in their vestibules deep in the dark, cold sanctuary waiting for the faithful to confess their sins.

Father Estancio was formal and astute yet patient and overall good natured. The old ladies tended to come to him. He was a good listener and did not react harshly to anything he was told. A kind word and a few hail Mary's and the supplicant was allowed to return to the world of family intrigue and gossip that occupied most of the idle lives of the women in his flock.

Father Immanuel was the type of priest who enjoyed the adulation and reveled in the power of the priesthood. People would bow down to him, kiss his feet, take him to nice dinners and flaunt themselves on him, receiving only for his idle blessings. To Immanuel the priesthood was like a career choice and he had chosen a career of ease. No commute no big deadlines, just talk to people, lead the youth group, teach a few classes each week and listen to confessions, what a job!

This day was slow and quiet. Father Estancio stayed silent and reserved in his vestibule reading scripture and praying for all the souls that should have presented themselves for confession on this day but found the pressures of daily life too taxing to commit themselves for supplication to the supreme being.

Father Immanuel sat in his vestibule flipping through the pages of the latest anime graphic novel from the Naruto series. The text was in Japanese, but the pictures told the story well enough. He was startled from his picture viewing when he heard the door open on the opposite side of the confession booth. The small screened door slid open. A soft youthful voice whispered through the screen, "Forgive me Father for I sin every fucking day". Father Immanuel whispered urgently, "Troy, why did you come here?" "I'm bored and fucking horny", mouthed the youth.

The young teenager had first appeared at a Wednesday evening youth meeting a few weeks earlier but decidedly did not fit in with the rest of the preppy junior high

youth group of this upscale urban community. Troy's hair was a bit longer, his clothes a bit looser, both ears ringed with bright large cubic zirconium ear rings and his long slender body just oozed a sort of sexuality that most 14 year old boys would never be able to master. Father Immanuel felt his crotch begin to swell as he focused on the memory of the slender body of the relaxed young male and the night of their first meeting.

Father Immanuel had finished the Wednesday evening youth meeting asking for anyone who was willing to commit their life to Jesus Christ that evening to stay after the meeting to receive a special gift and blessing. As usual a few of the young girls stayed after the meeting and wanted special prayers and blessings. Father Immanuel spoke silently and then gave a hug to each girl before they left for the evening. As the girls wandered out of the room, Father Immanuel looked up and saw Troy standing in front of him, alone and vulnerable, his loose jeans giving the illusion of a huge bulge. Father Immanuel faintly smiled and unconsciously wet his lips. "So you gonna give me some blessings or maybe a special gift", asked Troy as he walked slowing up to the priest. Father Immanuel smiled salaciously but kept the façade of righteousness and asked sternly, "are you willing to commit your eternal soul to Jesus Christ", even as his cock began to swell under his vestments. Troy shrugged his shoulders. "I'd be happy to get a hug like you gave the girls." He smiled sheepishly and looked up at the Father with huge moist eyes.

Troy sauntered forward toward the front of the empty room...now occupied by just a horny boy and simple priest about to fall willingly from the pedestal of piety. Actually Father Immanuel had dreamed of such a moment since before he joined the seminary but, he had never pursued the desire and an opportunity like this had never presented itself. Now here was Troy, oh shit, presenting himself rather obviously. But how to react? Never mind what the conscious or pious mind might think, his body was reacting...his semi rigid cock was quickly throbbing to a full hard on with every step that Troy took towards him. The mind could battle all it wanted...but the body was weak. Prayer was...well, prayer, but a hot warm body was....was oh, fuck, simply divine. Father Immanuel reached out, Troy was already close enough that Immanuel's arm wrapped around the slender waist and pulled Troy's body close to his. The boy simply looked up and smiled a whimsical Cheshire smile of knowing, as his smile broadened there was a peculiar glimmer in his eye. Immanuel has imagined himself as the seducer but realized in that instant that he indeed was the seduced. The father was under the spell of this youth.

Father Immanuel reveled in this fresh new feeling. He felt the heat of the boys body wrapped in his arms and in turn Immanuel felt his body heat up; beads of sweat radiated from his face. He looked down deeply into Troy's dark brown eyes. Immanuel let out a long deep sigh. A certain deep tension was released. It was as if he had been holding something in, trapped for years, now released. His body un-tensed. The boy could feel the priest's body change. "Are you

alright?" asked Troy. "Did I do something wrong?" "No, no son, you've done nothing wrong, I'm, I am fine...fine." Immanuel gave a soft smile looking down into Troy's deep pooling eyes. Troy didn't hesitate but acted quickly. He pounced like a python pulling the man to him he kissed Immanuel deeply on the lips. The embrace grew stronger. Tongues mingled and intertwined. The bodies pulled tightly together....joining.

Troy broke from the embrace and dropped to his knees. Father Immanuel was wearing long heavy vestment robes but that did not stop Troy in his ambition to suck some pure rock hard cock. Troy reached under the thick robes and found the undergarments. Father Immanuel stood frozen, vulnerable and helpless as the youth stripped them to his ankles. Troy threw the robes over him and clambered inside the vestments seeking the hot rigid member that awaited his horny lips. Troy rose up on his knees inside the tented robes and found the stiff member in the darkness. Troy slowly stroked the length of the 7 inch cock. The thick holy cock pulsed and throbbed at his touch. Troy reached for the balls. Hairy but loose hanging he gave a good pull and the thick long cock pulled down and brushed against his cheek. He closed his eyes and grabbed the quivering cock into his mouth. No foreplay, no teasing, he lunged deeply onto the long staff and gorged himself on the stiff cock. Troy sucked and bobbed rapidly up and down swirling his tongue around the rim of the large mushroom head each time he came up, and then drove down the shaft again until the cock filled his throat. The cock was thick and soon saliva was leaking out the sides of Troy's mouth, but his efforts were paying off as he began to taste pre-cum mixed with his own saliva. Father Immanuel held Troy's head through the robes and began to press Troy's head deeper on the down strokes. Immanuel straightened his body and threw his head back while his hands guided the boy's head up and down his shaft. Immanuel could never have imagined this scene even his wildest fantasies; a young boy knelling before the holy man praying at the base of his manhood. Troy felt the cock begin to swell and twitch....he knew what was coming. He tightened his lips around the mast and kept plunging down the shaft. Immanuel's cock exploded on the upsurge and he let out a deep and throaty gasp. Thick creamy cum gushed into Troy's mouth with the first spasm of white hot elixir. The spasm sent electrified erotic pulses throughout Immanuel's body such as he had never experienced before. This was so much better than fucking his hand or pillow. The second spasm of hot cum filled Troy's throat. He had no choice but to swallow, but he didn't mind. That second spasm sent Immanuel's body to sway; almost losing his balance and the hard, wet cock was pulled from Troy's mouth. Father Immanuel stumbled away a few more steps leaving Troy half covered by the out stretched robes, his cock still throbbing and jerking. Troy flung the robes off his head and looked up at Father Immanuel. Immanuel looked slowly down at the boy; his vision came back into focus on the beaming smooth face of the boy. Troy grinned widely and wiped the saliva mixed with cum dripping from his mouth with his shirt sleeve. "Boy, what have you done? Why did you do that to me", asked Father Immanuel. "I could tell that you wanted it, you were eyeing me all night. I wanted to show you my commitment.

Don't tell me you didn't enjoy that. You could have stopped me at any time", stated Troy somewhat flippantly. Immanuel stared dumbly at the boy, not sure how to react. He had wanted it, wanted it for years. He just never could have imagined that it would happen like this.

Troy rolled off his knees and laid on the floor his head propped up under his hand. He licked his lips and smiled up at Immanuel. Troy's eyes seemed to twinkle. He had such a beautiful face and lips. Immanuel wondered what was happening to him? He was drawn to this youth. As his body recovered from the most intense orgasm he had ever experienced he fell to the floor and lay next to the slender boy. "I am damned forever", whispered Father Immanuel as he ran his hand along the boys slender thigh. "But if this is what it feels like to be damned, then Satan; bring it on because I have never felt so alive". "Chill preach", said Troy. "It was just a blow job, not the end of the fucking world. You're horny, I'm horny. We just did something about it", Troy said matter of fact tone.

Troy continued speaking but the words did not register with Immanuel. The sight of Troy's smooth beautiful face as he spoke was mesmerizing. Immanuel was so lost in just watching the changing expressions, the curl at the corners of his mouth, his expressive eyes he didn't hear a word the boy was saying. Immanuel was entranced and basking in the after glow of orgasm. "Earth to priest", Troy shouted as he waved his hand in front of Immanuel's face. "Maybe you don't know how this works, but you're supposed to do me now", said the boy.

Immanuel hadn't planned the events of this night; he certainly didn't even imagine he would do anything to this boy. Immanuel absorbed the warmth of the youths body as he held the boy closer, then he pushed Troy onto his back, and sat on the boy straddling him, pinning his hands to the floor above his head. Troy smiled and gave Immanuel a hump. Immanuel heard a sound coming from the next meeting room and saw the light shine under the door. "Oh no...it must be the janitor. We need to get out of here". Immanuel stood quickly still holding one of Troy's hands and pulled the boy up from the floor. "Let's go, if we pass by anyone, just look normal", said a suddenly nervous Father Immanuel while he straightened his robes. "I always look normal, but I don't know about you...you look as if you just robbed the cookie jar", said the confident youth.

End of Part 1