Cardinal Sin

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A love not even god could prevent.

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She had been dreaming of this day for years now. Her love for him had been burning insider her like a furnace. "Tis a sin!" They would say if anyone found out, but Sister Pamfry didn't care anymore. She loved Cardinal Vogue and he loved her.

It all started a few years back. Sister Pamfry, then known as Catharine Pamfry, had just become a nun after throwing away her life of greed and deception. She came to the newly built St. Joan of Arc Nunnery in Domrémy, France. It was a big change from her life in America. The other nuns there took her in as their own and she hadn't looked back since.

A year later, a new Cardinal Bishop had been placed at the nunnery. At the age of 40, he was the youngest that had ever been elected. Sister Pamfry had been washing some of her robes when she first saw him. He had been walking through the courtyard where the washboard was with Mother Superior LaTorra. They stopped by Sister Pamfry and Mother LaTorra introduced her to the cardinal.

"Sister Pamfry, this is Cardinal Bishop Vogue, he is going to be stationed here at our church," LaTorra said in a thick French accent. When Catharine looked up, she was amazed to see this Adonis of a man standing in front of her. His jaw was sharp, his eyes were blue, and his robes couldn't conceal his fit 6'4" frame. In her bewilderment, she didn't even notice him staring back. He never expected to see a nun as beautiful as she was. All his disciplinary training was getting thrown out the window as thoughts of lust filled his mind. She, with her brunette curls and shapely curves, her infectious smile and beautiful eyes. "It's like looking at the Madonna," he thought as he was lost in her eyes.

"Sister Pamfry, would you follow me?" LaTorra took Pamfry by the wrist and brought her to the other side of the courtyard.

"What's the matter Mother LaTorra?" she asked, still a little in the air from her encounter with the new Cardinal.

"I saw the way you were looking at him!" LaTorra scolded, "May I remind you that lust is a sin young lady?"

"But LaTorra..."

"No buts, Sister Pamfry, if I catch you looking at Cardinal Vogue like that again, I will have no choice but to excommunicate you from the church!"

Sister Pamfry felt beaten. It was as if LaTorra had reached her hand into her chest and pulled out her heart. That was two years ago. Yesterday, Sister Pamfry was coming back from the grocery market when she had bummed into the Cardinal doing his rounds. They looked at each other and blushed. Catharine was so enveloped by him once again, a feeling she hadn't felt since there first encounter, that her speech was a little slurred a she struggled out, "Sorry Cardinal."

"Th...That’s alright," the Cardinal struggled out. This time, Catharine noticed his hesitation. "This guy actually has a crush on me!" she thought. New ideas were popping into her mind. Maybe if she played her cards right, she could feed this Adam the fruit of her knowledge, but to try to get with the Cardinal would be breaking the promise she made to herself. She promised she would never seduce another man for her personal gain, but she didn't care and went for it.

"So, Cardinal Vogue, is it true that you are a virgin?" she asked with her best schoolgirl impression.

"Umm, yes of course, I...I swore an oath to celibacy the day I became a priest."

"Wow, I couldn't imagine going through your entire life and never having sex! I mean before I became a nun, I had to of had sex at least one a month if not more!" she could see the anguish in his eyes as she continued, "I mean, now I know that sex is only meant for making babies now, but boy did it feel good. I remember caressing my body as whoever I was having sex with thrust his hips into me. The sweat was so sweet and the climax! OH THE CLIMAX!" she bit her bottom lip as she thought about it more and more. She did love the climax and just talking about it made her horny.

"Uhh, I gotta go!" the cardinal exclaimed. As he passed her, Sister Pamfry caught the slightest hint of an erection under the cardinal's robe. She smirked at her success.

It is dusk the next day, today. Catharine hasn't seen Cardinal Vogue all day. She started to get worried. "What did I do? I scared the Cardinal away!" she thought. She needed to make sure he was all right and went up to his room. She knocked on the door but there was no answer. She tried the handle. The door was unlocked. When she went into the room, she saw it was ramshackled. A bible on the desk was opened up to Matt 19: 8-9. Catharine was horrified at the state of the room. "Oh my

god what have I done?" she thought. Then from his private facility, Cardinal Vogue burst into the room. He was a mess. His hair was undone, his robes were wrinkled, and his eyes looked of a man that just went to war.

"Sister Pamfry, what are you doing here?" he asked, he was horrified to see her.

"I came to check on you, I haven't seen you around since yesterday."

"Yesterday? My life was fine till yesterday, then you came around the corner and hit me with the worst information ever!"

"What do you mean?"

"I can never have sex, I can never know the feel of a woman as I embrace her, or the smell of her hair as we hug. I can never taste the sweet taste of her lips or even the sight of the one that only the holiest of holy can look at! And worst of all, I can never have you!"

"You want me?" she asked.

"Since the day I first saw you. You have been a thorn in my side for so long. And it’s not even your fault. Dammit the other Cardinals were right! I'm too young!"

"Don't listen to them. Listen to me, what you want is perfectly natural. I can give it to you."

"No, I can't allow it! It's a sin! And I swore to the almighty a vow of celibacy! It’s not right!"

"It is right, you know it, listen to your primal instincts!"

"No!"

"Take me!"

"Never!"

At that moment, Catharine grabbed the cardinal and gave him his first kiss. It was everything that was ever described to him and more. The sweetness of her lips overwhelmed him. He wanted nothing more than to continue, but she had pulled off.

"Don't stop now!" he asked her.

"Don't worry I have bigger plans for you tonight." Catharine went over to the door and shut and locked it. She then turned around and undid her hair. As it fell to her shoulders so did the robe fall off her body. Her nude body stood out in the open, and it was good. Her supple breasts bounced with joy at being freed to the world. Vogue looked away, but Catharine walked over to him and turned his head back toward her. She then undid the robe exposing his skin. All he had on was his briefs. They didn't stay on long as Catharine bent down and grabbed them. As she pulled down, it had exposed his penis. It was four inches long and not even erect. Catharine touched it with her index finger. Her cold hand made it jump as if scared of her touch.

"I don't know what to do," Vogue said.

"Don't worry, leave it to me." Catharine, still bent over, began to caress his penis with her fingers. With each rub, life seemed to be filling it up. She stood up and began to rub her leg against it as she kissed the Cardinal multiple times. Each second felt like it was longer than the last. Vogue didn't want this to stop; he put his hands around Catharine as she continued her dance on his body. He wanted to join in. he felt her body. Her curves as she moved. She was a soft as a baby. He felt her breasts. He felt her nipples grow as he played with them. He kissed her on the neck. Then all of a sudden she pulled away.

"Why do you keep stopping when I just get use to these things!" he asked her.

"Because it looks like you're done." She said with a smirk. He looked down and noticed his erect penis. It was throbbing with intensity; he never knew how hard he could get till this moment. Catharine brought him over to the bed and sat him down.

"Now, since this is your first time, I am going to do something for you that usually happens before people actually have sex."

"What's tha..." he wasn't even able to finish the sentence as Catharine started to lick his penis. He finally knew was a miracle was when she put her soft lips on the dome of his dick. He felt like screaming hallelujah as she went up and down caressing his man hood with her lips and tongue. Then all at once, forty years of buildup had blown out of him at once. It felt as though he was cleansing himself as hot cum filled Catharine's mouth. She got up and spit it out.

"Now it's my turn" She helped him off the bed and planted herself where he was. She spreads open her legs to show him that wound which had never healed. He blesses himself as he gets on his knees.

"What do I do?" he asks her.

"You stick your tongue into there and start to move it around; you will know when you find my sweet spot."

He inched his face closer the vagina. He could feel heat radiating from it. It was alive and ready for him. He skewed her with his tongue and Catharine immediately began to moan. She hadn't had another person in her like this in so many years. As he began to move around, her arousal began to increase. He must have some sort of divine gift because within seconds, he located her sweet spot. Her entire body was covered with goosebumps as her moaning got louder, to the point of screams almost. He was so skillful, like an artisan of the clitoris, he continued to rub. Catharine was rubbing and pinching her nipples as he continued to like. Beads of sweat were rolling down her hips onto the bed. Finally that moment she had been waiting so long to feel again happened. The orgasm was so intense that it had caught them both off guard. Fluid dripped onto the bed as Vogue climbed onto the bed on top of Catharine.

They began to make out once again, re-exchanging each other’s bodily fluids as they did. Catharine began to rub his penis again and as soon as it was erect she jumped on top of him. The second his penis touched her vaginal walls, an explosion of happiness filled his head. He thought nothing would compare to the blow job, but this is just unbelievable. As she moved her body up and down, he had already begun to fell his climax coming. It was his first time and she didn't expect any less as he exploded in her, but it felt so good to her, that she released as well. They then laid there by each other, huffing and puffing as if they had just resurfaced from almost drowning. Their sweaty body's in twine as they smiled at each other, looking into each other's eyes.

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