The Confessions of Jenny Grimm: Tea and Debauchery

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Father Lucas does his best to save Jenny's soul even as he wrestles with tempation.

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"Forgive me father, for I have sinned." Her voice was unabashedly unapologetic, a sultry purr that slithered through the screen in the that separated her and Father Lucas. "It has been three weeks since my last confession, as you very well know…"

Father Lucas hooked his finger into his suddenly too tight collar and tugged. The confessional, usually quite comfortable, felt suddenly too warm; he could feel the beads of sweat on his brow as the familiar voice of the she-devil kissed his ears. Pressing his crucifix to his lips, he prayed silently for deliverance from temptation, steeling himself, somehow managing to keep his voice steady.

"Go on, child."

He felt his eye twitch. She was hardly a child. Instead, she was a nubile young woman, who drew the attention of every red-blooded male whose path she crossed. Blond and blue eyed, her narrow waist accenting her apple shaped bottom and her perky breasts, she was certainly the subject of many a confession at St. Andrews. Father Lucas had heard countless admissions of lust and desire, all focusing on the young Miss Grimm, and forgiven them all. And yet, not once had he reason to believe her guilty of encouraging the sins of desire directed towards her. At least, not until she'd started coming to confession, her own admissions making even the most lurid fantasy seem tame by comparison.

"I have been a very bad girl, Father."

Her voice, so help him God, was the voice of an angel, sweet and innocent, drawing him in as it had before. He wanted to believe she was truly repentant, her quivering voice seeming on the verge of

tears. At least, that was what he'd thought the first time, before he'd realized the tremulous quality of her soprano had nothing to do with regret. He listened through the screen, hearing the telltale rustle of clothing. He tried to pretend that Jenny Grimm was simply shifting uncomfortably upon the wooden seat, despite his suspicions. Taking a deep breath, he closed his eyes, his gold crucifix gripped tightly in his fist, praying that once again, he would prevail in the war that Lucifer waged in the form of the daughter of Karl and Annabelle Grimm.

"It all started out perfectly innocently…"

Her voice was so soft, Father Lucas had to lean closer as she confessed the latest in a long line of incredibly impressive sins. How one so young could tally up so much debauchery simply astounded him. He vowed, once more, to do his best to wrestle the Devil for her soul while wondering, yet again, if his own might be in jeopardy as well. After all, had she not been creeping into his dreams at night, of late, naked save for the hint of a knowing smile?

"…I'd gone to visit Olivia Valentine for tea. We're quite close, you know, almost like sisters, and of course, we share everything. That's how we got on the topic of spanking…"

"Please, Lord, have mercy on my soul," the priest murmured, unable to deny the stirring in his loins as he imagined the conversation. Where Jenny was fair, Midd Valentine was dark. Olive toned skin, a mane of deepest mahogany, and chocolate colored eyes behind thick lashes. A narrow waist, offset by lush hips and full breasts that bounced rather nicely, drawing all eyes to them as she walked, seemingly oblivious to the desire she stirred in the souls of men. Lucas had always considered her an innocent, unaware of her charms. He prayed to the Lord Jesus, that his conception wasn't about to be dashed forever as Jenny's story unfolded.

"The weather was quite pleasant, so we'd decided to enjoy the delights of the garden which we had all to ourselves, her parents being gone for the weekend…"

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They'd been talking over tea, a table laid out with teacups, a plate of biscuits, and a bowl of fresh fruit between them. Jenny's hair was tied back with a length of blue ribbon that matched her sundress while Olivia wore a cap-sleeved blouse and a pair of shorts that showed off her long legs. The subject had, unsurprisingly, turned to the myriad of boyfriends that seemed to pass through Olivia's bedroom in a parade like manner.

"If daddy knew what I was up to with Henri, he'd turn me over his knee and give me such a spanking," Olivia purred, a hint of mischief in her eyes.

"Oh, what I wouldn’t give for him to do that to me…" Jenny murmured, a far away look in her eyes, Mr. Valentine’s face appearing before her. Those stern dark eyes and sensuous lips that promised cruel delights, his hair distinguished by just a hint of gray, and the pointed goatee that graced his strong chin giving him a devilish look. She shivered, a sudden dampness spreading through her dainty silk panties.

"How long have you been harboring scandalous thoughts about my father, Jenny dear?" Olivia pounced, her voice sharp.

Jenny blushed, eyes downcast, absently studying her hands, folded upon her lap. She’d let that little tidbit slip without thinking, the three glasses of sherry loosening her tongue more then was wise.

"I didn’t mean anything by it, Oliva," she demurred, blushing furiously as she hoped her friend would let the subject go.

"Liar. I think you're having very un-ladylike thoughts about my father, Jenny. I think you’re a very, *very* naughty girl." Olivia stood, drawing Jenny’s eyes, commanding her attention with her presence.

Jenny’s mouth went slack, the prelude to desire washing through her as bright blue gaze traveled hungrily up and down her friend’s physique. Olivia was much taller then the diminutive blonde. That, alone, was enough to fuel her more submissive nature. She watched as a single brow lifted, seeming to pull full lips up into a humorous smirk and giving her a look that said *‘I know what you are and what you long for’*. Before she knew it, a confession was balanced precariously upon the tip of her tongue. Despite the fact that it remained unspoken, she suspected that the look in her eyes spoke volumes.

"On your feet. Now." It wasn’t a request, it was an order, one that Jenny obeyed, her body in motion before her mind could even process the brunette’s words. Blushing as she met Olivia’s unblinking gaze, she lowered her eyes, hiding them behind fair lashes as she focused on the tips of her shoes, her hands clasped nervously before her.

"Good girl."

She felt, rather than watched as the taller woman stepped forward and then slowly circled her, feeling like the mouse must feel when cornered by the cat.

"You’re good at taking orders, aren’t you, Jenny? Don’t think I haven’t noticed after all these years. In fact, we talk about it from time to time, wondering just whose orders you’re used to following."

Jenny bit into her lip, her eyes wide, not daring to lift them as she wondered who *‘we’* were. Their small group of friends perhaps or, God forbid, Olivia and her father? She felt her heart hammering bird-like in her chest as her cheeks grew hot with shame.

"Oh, looks like I hit a nerve, sweet Jenny. I wonder how to draw out your secret. Is it a lover? Perhaps Sam Morrison? Or Hugo Pelletier?"

Jenny felt her pausing behind her, imagined she could feel her warm breath tickling her ear, her whisper stirring the tiny hairs upon the nape of her neck.

"Someone more scandalous, perhaps. Anglela Larocque comes to mind. I know from experience that she’s not quite as innocent as her husband believes. Well, speak up, Jenny. Or perhaps you’d rather I ferret out your secrets in a more imaginative manner? Perhaps that is what you secretly crave, too ashamed to admit to it, hmm?’

Drawing a deep breath, he managed to shake her head, unsure how to answer Olivia’s implications. After all, her trysts with her twin brother were a secret she’d never reveal, no matter how pressed.

"Oh, Goody. I do love a challenge and I was hoping you’d provide a diversion for me. Let’s see how deep this streak runs, Jenny dear. Unbutton your dress."

Jenny’s chin went up, her eyes wide as she turned her head so as to meet Olivia’s merciless gaze and wicked smile. Seeing no choice, she sighed, her hands unclasping as if they’d a mind of their own, and lifting to her bosom. Trembling, she slowly undid the top most button upon her pristine dress, feeling her heart fluttering just beneath her pale flesh. She was suddenly acutely aware of the spring breeze caressing her exposed shoulders and calves and gently teasing the hem of her dress.

One at a time, she unfastened them, the tip of her dress parting to reveal her petite breasts, thin cotton straps the only thing keeping her dress from sliding from her slender form.

"Keep going, sweetheart." Olivia’s amused voice sounded from directly behind her. "I knew that you’d not bothered with a brassiere. However, I have been curious as to what other undergarments you may, or may not, have bothered with this afternoon. Personally, I prefer frilly little panties on my playthings. They are a reminder of just how feminine you are and I do like my girls on the girly side."

Blushing, Jenny slid the straps from her slender shoulders, letting the dress cascade slowly down, sliding easily over her slim hips and pooling at her feet. Sensing the other woman’s eyes upon her, she quickly placed her hands over her sex, doing her best to cover herself.

"How delightful!" Olivia exclaimed, her hand folded beneath her lush breasts. "You’re actually embarrassed, aren’t you. Really, there’s no need. You’re lovely, Jenny. Now, take you hands away, I want to see your cunt, seeing as how you obviously want it to be seen. Really, what other reason is there for running around without any panties on."

She was trapped, and she knew it. Silently she cursed God for creating her as He had, a creature of lust who craved submitting to those whose will was strong. Her brother Jacob had discovered this about her quite some time ago, much to both her chagrin and delight. And now, Olivia seemingly had found her out as well. Unable to help herself, she obeyed, uncovering her most intimate parts, her palms against the outsides of her thighs, fingers curving so that the nails left little moon shaped dents in her flesh.

"You keep yourself clean shaven? Hmm… another surprise, but then, I am beginning to expect you will be a wealth of surprises. I have often wondered what really lay behind that demure manner and girlish charm. Oh, my, and is that a hint of desire glistening in your honey pot? You’re actually enjoying this, aren’t you? Good. I’d be hurt if you weren’t. Now, Let’s see just how far you’ll let me take you before you dig your heels in, shall we?"

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There was silence, then, save for a soft, heart rending whimper, followed by a bout of heavy breathing. Father Lucas’s heart went out to the poor girl, suddenly truly understanding how deep lust could dig its claws into one’s soul. Even he, who’d spent many years learning how to guard against temptation, felt its pull. How could he expect one as young and untutored as Jenny Grimm to not fall prey to the delights of the flesh in such an vulnerable position? He imagined her, standing naked before Olivia Valentine, her hair blowing softly in the breeze, the Devil’s fingers raking up and down her body, his lips upon her tender young breasts, whispering in her ear. He begin to imagine how that might feel, his hands moving over her naked flesh, caressing her breasts, slowly making their way over her taut belly, stroking the nakedness of her…

He caught himself, just in time, or so he hoped, his hand somehow having come to rest upon his lap, his fingers… he snatched it away, turning his hands into hard balls, nails digging into his palms, much like he’d imagined them digging into Jenny’s breasts.

"No," he whispered, "I will not give in to you. I will resist." He could feel her presence, see the shape of her face against the screen, hear her ragged breathing as she, too, fought for control. At least that’s what he hoped she was doing.

"Father?"

"Continue, my child. I am listening."

"Good." He thought he heard a hint of amusement in her voice. He vowed not to let her draw him in like that again. He would be strong. As she took up her tale once more, he began to pray.

"She led me away from the table at which we'd taken our tea, her voice like an invisible tether. I had no choice but to follow her to the edge of the lawn. Beyond was a tidy little garden, a path leading through it. Beside the path, was a bench, perfect for a pair of lover's to sit side by side and steal kisses from each other. Olivia, however, was not interested in courting me. Knowing that, I eagerly awaited her instructions. Even had she given me the choice to put back on my dress and flee, I would not have done so. Rather, I would have begged for her to do with me as she willed. I wanted only to please her, Father, when she ordered me to position myself on the bench just so…."

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Jenny didn't dare dissent, the steel in Olivia's voice stilling any rebellion she might have harbored. Besides, deep within, she wanted this, craved it even, this total control of her every action by her strong willed friend. Had she known today would turn out as it promised, she'd still have put herself into Olivia's hands. She knelt on the lawn, bending herself lengthwise over the bench, the varnished wood cool and unyielding against her flesh. Mindful of the watchful gaze upon her, she lowered herself until she lay stomach down, her breasts flattening against the seat, her body stretched out upon the flat surface, knees sinking slightly into the cool earth.

"Good, but not perfect. I want you to slide back a little and lift your hips… that's it, arch your back, I want your lovely bottom pointing upwards, your thighs spread wider…."

Jenny did her best to comply. The bench was low enough so that her bottom did indeed stick up, leaving her spine curved and a gap between the smooth wood and her tender pussy. She felt utterly humiliated and exposed, knowing that her dripping cunt was obscenely on display for anyone standing behind her which was, of course, where Olivia had placed herself.

"Perfect. I don't want you moving an inch and don't worry. Soon that will be out of your control as well. One moment, my dear Jenny, and I'll be back. I have a few things to gather to make the rest of our afternoon even more enjoyable. Now behave!"

Olivia left her there, thoughts in turmoil, wondering what she had planned and what, exactly, she had gone to gather in her home? She could of course, simply gather up her things, dress quickly, and flee the scene. It would be so simple, and yet, some invisible force held her down. Olivia's steel will,

coupled with her own submissive nature, not to mention a heady mixture of curiosity and desire that made it hard to think, let alone make her own choices. For now, she was at the mercy of her the other woman's whims, God help her. She moaned softly, wishing she dared to reach between her legs and tease her heated pussy, knowing that she would likely be punished for it, and yet, wondering if that would be such a bad thing.

She held out, her hands curled into fists, eyes tightly closed as she did her best to think of something, anything, other then pleasuring herself. How long Olivia had been gone, she had no idea, but it couldn't have been more then a quarter of an hour. Long enough, however, to change. Gone was the casual attire she'd worn when they'd entered the garden earlier. It had been replaced by a cream colored silk shirt tucked into skin tight calfskin trousers which, were in turn, tucked into shiny black riding boots that sported wicked looking spurs above a four inch heel. She'd braided her hair into a tight pony tail that fell over her left shoulder, reminding Jenny of the bull whip that Jacob had threatened her with more then once. She shivered, her eyes going wide as she took in the riding crop firmly grasped in one gloved hand and the braided leather quirt that hung from her narrow leather belt.

"Good girl. I was wondering if you'd have second thoughts. I'm glad you decided to stay. I am going to have so much fun with you!"

She'd brought a valise with her as well, setting it on the table, pushing aside emptied tea cups, leaving Jenny to wonder what it contained. She didn't have long to wait for an explanation as Olivia lay her crop aside and unbuckled it, drawing forth a length of silken rope.

"Not that I don't trust you, but truly, I think it's best to be on the safe side, in case you suddenly have a change of heart. Don't worry, I've done this sort of thing before. I promise not to tie you down too tight, but certainly, tightly enough so that you can claim you were coerced, even though we both know otherwise."

Jenny gave a single nod, accepting the truth silently as Olivia began to carefully bind her. The rope felt smooth, even sensuous, on her flesh. That, combined with the thrill of her *captor's* touch, soon had her trembling with desire, lust flooding through the core of her being.

First, her wrists and forearms were bound together, just beneath the seat so that she was forced to hug it, her cheek pressed gently against the surface, head turned to one side, allowing her to watch Olivia as she constrained her securely. Her moan was long and soft as rope brushed against her sensitive clit, causing the other woman to chuckle as she bound her thighs to the wrought iron legs, forcing her to keep her legs spread wide. Next, her torso was affixed to the bench, passing just under her arms and crossing beneath her breasts, then under the bench to form a figure eight. Unable to

stop herself, she tested her bonds, not sure if she was pleased or dismayed at how effectively she was trapped.

"Oh, you look so pretty trussed up like that, Jenny… like a prized ham on Easter Sunday. Only one thing missing." Olivia plucked a peach from the fruit bowl and knelt, holding it before her face. "Open wide, little piggy."

Helpless, her gaze anxious, Jenny opened her mouth obediently, biting down on the peach, the sticky juice running down over her turned cheek and her chin, filling her sense with its sweetness.

"Perfect!" Olivia clapped delightedly. "And it should keep you from being too loud as I punish you for thinking impure thoughts about my father. Now, this is my favorite part."

Jenny watched, her eyes round with apprehension, as the other woman took up the riding crop once more, giving it a few practice swings, the swish of displaced air making her wince. She did her best to protest, shaking her head, but her words were stymied by the ripe fruit stuffed between her lips.

"Go ahead and struggle, it’s kind of cute and I like the way it makes your bottom wiggle."

Wondering how things had gotten so far out of hand, she flinched. Olivia tapped her gently on the shoulder with the flat leather pad of the crop, stroking her pale skin lightly. Quivering, she felt its soft kiss caressing her, teasing down one side of her spine, lifting, then down the other side. It felt surprisingly good and she began to relax, giving in to her predicament. Soon, the strokes drew nearer and nearer the base of her spine, traveling over the rope that bound her, circling on the globes of her upraised bottom. She could feel a heat in her cunt as her juices began to run slowly down the insides of her spread thighs.

Olivia had chosen to be silent, so that the only sounds beside the ambience of the garden, were Jenny’s excited breathing and soft moans as she was gently teased. Closing her eyes, she focused on the touch of the crop, moaning softly into the flesh of the peach, almost protesting as she felt its sudden absence….

Her heart skipped a beat and her eyes went suddenly wide, her gasp muffled by the ripe fruit as a sharp blow struck her right ass cheek. Pain radiated from it like electric fingers gasping her buttock. In a panic, she uselessly fought the rope, before Olivia’s gentle admonishment stilled her.

"Be still, sweetheart. The more you struggle, the worse it will be. My goal isn’t to hurt you *too* much, but if you displease me…."

She punctuated the sentence with another sharp slap to Jenny’s other cheek, the sharp blow seeming impossibly loud as she let out another muffled gasp, her body responding without her consent. Her nipples, already somewhat sensitive seemed to swell as she rubbed them against the smooth surface of the varnished wood even as the pleasure button secreted away above her parted and drenched slit became engorged.

"Nnnngh!" she managed, earning her a third blow, this time on the back of her thigh, followed immediately by a fourth upon her other leg.

"Now, now, you were warned, Jennifer. Be a good girl, and perhaps I’ll reward you after, otherwise you’re in for a very long afternoon."

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Father Lucas steeled himself as the sounds of his parishioner’s obvious pleasure grew in volume and he caught a whiff of what he was certain was a hint of her carnality. Other sounds made themselves known as well, as if she was suddenly struggling. It all became clear a moment later when something delicate was pushed through one of the square gaps of the confessional screen, invading his sanctuary. Just an inch, perhaps less, but there was little doubt in his mind that it was the she-devils’s lace undergarments. They were red, fittingly. All he could do was move further back, staring helplessly at her intimates as she continued her tale.

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True to her word, Olivia punished her without mercy, the smack of the leather crop head forcing Jenny to cry out with pain, each caress making her writhe and gently moan with building pleasure. No place seemed to be sacred. Soon her ass was bright pink, as well as the back of her thighs, her back, her shoulders, even the sides of her breasts. Tears rolled down her checks with each new jolt of pain bringing with it the frustration of unfulfilled desire.

"My God, Jenny, you should see your cunt. It’s dripping wet. Can you feel your nectar running down the insides of your thigh? It’s so beautiful, darling. Like an exotic flower in full bloom. I think you are enjoying this a little too much."

Jenny felt the caress of leather as the crop slipped between her thighs, stroking her heated pussy maddeningly slow, the rough edge bumping against her engorged clit. Unable to help herself, she began grinding herself against it, whimpering with need, oblivious to her tormentor’s mocking laughter.

"My, my. If I didn’t know better, I’d say you wanted to climax for me. My little Jenny has a kinky side, am I right?"

Jenny groaned as she felt the crop leave her, and then return, this time smacking gently against her exposed cunt. She gasped, a flood of pleasure rippling outward, making it hard to think of anything but the need for even more.

"Please, don’t stop," she whimpered, embarrassment burning through her as the damaged peach fell from the bench and onto the lawn.

"Beg me, slut. Don’t be shy. This is between you and I. No one else needs to know. Unless you’d like them too, hmm? Perhaps my father would find it amusing."

A vision of Olivia telling Mr. Valentine about their afternoon came to her, his eyes alight with amusement and lust. She imagined him standing over rather then Olivia, distributing blow after blow with his a thick leather belt, his pants abandoned on the lawn, his cock magnificent and swollen as she begged him to sink it deep into her quivering cunt…

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Father Lucas wiped his brow with a handkerchief, the box feeling suddenly cramped and warm. The scent of Jenny’s arousal filled the confined space, seeming to cling to the very air. He wondered what the next occupant would think, seeing her leave, the smell of sex permeating the vacated cubicle.

"The thought of being found out, Father, of Olivia telling my friends, or worse, her father, whom was the reason for her punishments, was too much to bear!"

Her words were forced, as if it was all she could do to get one to follow the other coherently. He heard her take a deep breath, calming herself enough to go on.

"Forgive me, Father, I know you must think I am a wicked creature, but I cannot help myself…"

"Try, Jenny, try. If you truly embraced this sinfulness, you’d not be baring your soul to me…"

"But Father, it’s my cunt that I’ve bared…" She interupted herself with a wrenching moan, her breath coming suddenly quick and sharp, each one louder, building on each other. "Even here, in the house of God, oh, God…"

He heard a high pitched keen, obvious even to him as the cry of a girl perched on the edge of climax,

amazed that, somehow, she managed to hold it off, at least, that was his impression.

"I'm almost there, Father, so close…"

Father Lucas felt trepidation grip his heart, a sinking feeling that she was referring to more then just the end of her sordid tale. She truly was possessed by a wickedness beyond anything he'd imagined, a wickedness that had found root in his cock, now swollen with desire. He was only, after all, of mortal flesh.

"She wouldn't stop, Father… She just kept spanking my cunt over and over, taunting me as she massaged it between each blow, the leather slick, while I begged her to make me cum."

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The sound of the crop warred with Jenny's sharp gasps, each blow louder then the one before, turning her bottom bright red. Between each blow, she felt the warm leather pass between her legs, patting her dripping cunt lovingly, teasing at her clit until she was so close, oh so close, but never pushing her over the edge she desired.

"Beg me, Jenny," Oliva cooed teasingly, and Jenny did, feeling a wash of fresh humiliation, pleading to be allowed to climax, promising anything and everything in return, bursting out in tears of frustration when both the blows and the teasing strokes of the crop came to an end.

"Well, you certainly sound sincere, my pet. Remember your promises. Anything and everything. I will hold you to that, Jennifer."

Before the words could register, she felt a single, slender finger pushing into her sopping wet gash, violating her. There was no tenderness, nor did she desire any, as Olivia began pumping her finger deep inside of her. Soon, it was joined by a second, and then a third, making her cry out in a mixture of pain and pleasure, each time they were thrust deep inside her tight cunt.

"My, my, too much for you to take, Jenny? How are you going to handle my entire fist in your cunt, I wonder. I don't want to wreck your pretty little hole. Not yet, at least."

Oh, my God, my God!" Jenny cried out, imagining just that, Olivia shoving her entire hand deep inside of her, tearing her apart. She screamed suddenly, not with fear or pain, but with ecstasy as something burst deep inside of her, releasing an over abundance of pleasure. Her eyes rolled back in her head as she writhed upon the garden bench, her climax washing over her in waves. She came like an animal, lost in pleasure, shaking and sweating as lust consumed her until, finally, she

collapsed, only the ropes that bound her to the bench keeping her from falling to the ground as Olivia withdrew her fingers, pushing them into her gaping mouth, so that she could taste her own juices, overpowering those of the discarded peach.

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Father Lucas groaned softly as Jenny ended her tale, her rising moan filling the confessional box, his imagination running wild at the sounds from the other side of the screen. Although a devout servant of God, he was worldly enough to decipher the sounds the blonde temptress was making. She was on the verge of sexual climax mere feet from where he was seated. His erection pushed painfully against his trousers as he listened to her, imagining her fingers sinking deep into the orifice between her legs, pumping in and out, faster and faster until….

He heard a gasp, followed by a sharp cry that seemed to go on forever. He did his best to cover his ears and shut it out, but try as he might, he still could hear her as she climaxed.

"Oh, god, Father… I am such a wicked creature. Please, please, please, I deserve to be punished," she managed, still breathless, when she'd finished, gasping hard and fast.

Father Lucas pushed away the vision of her over his lap, her skirts pulled up, her undergarments down around her ankles as he administered the same punishment that Olivia had given her, her bottom hot under his bare hand.

"For these, and all the sins of my past life, especially for my sins of the flesh, I am truly sorry," she whispered through the screen, sounding less then sincere.

He could hear her as she adjusted her clothing, unseen on the other side of the dividing wall. What would it hurt, he wondered, to press his face to the screen and get just a small, shadowed glimpse of her? What would it cost…?

His soul. Taking a deep breath, his crucifix biting painfully into the flesh of his palm, he managed to keep his voice somewhat steady as he addressed her.

"You must try harder, Jenny, to resist the urgings of Lucifer. I know that, at heart, you are a good girl, but you seem to be unable to keep from straying from His grace. As an act of contrition I recommend you return home and pray to our Lord in Heaven for guidance and forgiveness. Pray on your knees, dear child, and repeat 'Hail Mary, full of grace, Our Lord is with thee. Blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus. Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners, now and at the hour of our death. Amen.' For a full hour, thinking about what it is you have done."

"Yes, Father." He heard a quiver in her voice, and a note of disappointment, which made him wonder what punishment she'd truly desired for her sinful deeds in the garden. He swallowed hard as the vision of him paddling her exposed bottom arose in his minds eye once more.

"You are absolved of your sins, my child. Go in peace."

It was only after she'd left the box, that he was able to breathe normally again. He wiped the sweat from his brow with a trembling hand, and leaned back against the wall, his eyes closed, thanking God for helping him to survive Jenny's confession one more time, his soul intact. He added a heartfelt prayer that it would be many weeks before she felt compelled to bare her soul to him again while doing his best to ignore the painful swelling in his manhood, a lingering after effect of each and everyone of Miss Grimm's visitations to the confessional.