Temptress

By Sophie_Williams

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"Bless me Father for I have sinned. In the name of the Father, and of the son, and of the Holy Spirit, my last confession was six months ago."

"Go ahead, child. What grievous sin have you committed since your last confession?"

I took a deep breath and exhaled slowly, trying to gain my composure before I confessed.

"Father, I keep having these sinful thoughts about a man, I know it's wrong but I cannot stop these feelings. I keep thinking of ways to attract his attention. I have also started smoking cigarettes."

I closed my eyes and winced on the other side of the screened window, waiting for Father McGowan's response.

"And just who is this man?"

"He is my Math teacher, Father."

"Oh, child, and just what did you intend to do if you got this man's attention?"

"I ... I don't know, Father."

"And what of these feelings you have been having?"

"Well, I get feelings, Father, feelings inside me ... I ..."

"Go on, child, confess all before God."

"Well, I have sexual feelings, Father."

"All right, child. I understand. You have just turned eighteen years old and these are confusing and dangerous times for a young girl. You are entering into womanhood. But do not engage with this man,

or any other men. There are people out there, especially men with authority who will only take advantage of your innocence. You must wait until you are married. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Father."

"As for smoking, it is only sinful if you abuse it. The virtue of temperance disposes us to avoid every kind of excess, the abuse of food, alcohol, tobacco or medicine. Do you understand, child?"

"Yes, Father."

"However, I suggest you stop smoking as it will only become addictive and damage your health."

"Yes, Father."

"For your penance I shall speak to your parents and tell them you are to help out around the church after school for two evenings a week and every Mass for an entire month. Now let me hear your Act of Contrition."

"O my God, I am heartily sorry for having offended you and I detest all my sins, because I dread the loss of heaven and the pains of hell, but most of all because I have offended you, my God, who are all good and deserving of all my love. I firmly resolve with the help of your grace, to confess my sins, to do penance and to amend my life. Amen."

"God, the Father of mercies, through the death and resurrection of his Son has reconciled the world to himself and sent the Holy Spirit among us for the forgiveness of sins; through the ministry of the Church may God give you pardon and peace, and I absolve you from your sins in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit. Give thanks to the Lord for he is good."

"For his mercy endures forever."

"Amen."

"Amen."

I left the church feeling a huge weight had been lifted from my shoulders. I went straight home and waited for Father McGowan to phone my parents. When I arrived at the house my mother opened the front door with a non to happy expression on her face.

"I don't know what you have confessed to Father McGowan, young lady but you will serve your

penance, your father and I will make sure of it."

"Yes, mum." I said trudging up the steps and into the house.

The next morning my mother decided that I had better start my penance right away. She insisted that I go straight from school that very evening and told me she would be informing Father McGowan.

I arrived at the church about thirty minutes after school had finished and I was greeted by Mrs Thomas, who was a real volunteer helping Father McGowan. She welcomed me inside telling me how delighted she was that I had volunteered to come and help out. I assumed Father McGowan had lied to protect me, but then hadn't he sinned in doing that? No, that couldn't be possible, Mrs Thomas must have her wires crossed I told myself.

After about an hour of cleaning Father McGowan's rectory, Mrs Thomas came to check on me, explaining that she had to leave a little earlier than planned and that Father McGowan would be along shortly to see me. I told her it was no problem and went into the kitchen to do some more cleaning.

A short while later Father McGowan entered the kitchen. I was finishing off cleaning the dishes when he came up behind me.

"Ah, Sophie, I see you're keen to start your penance." He said, stinking of alcohol.

"Um ... yes, Father." I replied turning around but stepping away from his bad breath.

"Are you ok, Sophie?" He asked concern on his face as I eagerly stepped aside.

"Yes, Father."

"Very well, come and sit with me for a few minutes, I'd like to have a chat with you." He said, pointing towards the lounge.

I sat down on the large chocolate brown sofa and was a little shocked when Father McGowan came and sat right next to me. He draped his arm on the back of the sofa behind me.

"You look nervous. Are you ok?" He asked, moving his arm down over my shoulders.

I stiffened at his touch. "Yes, Father, I'm ok." I lied.

"I'm so happy you had the courage to come and confess your sins the other day, Sophie." He said

smiling warmly at me.

"It's what I'm supposed to do, Father." I told him.

"Yes it is, but at eighteen years of age not many girls stick to their Catholic beliefs I'm sad to say. But you, Sophie," he went on, moving my hair out of my face and tucking it behind my ear, "you came to see me, and I will help you, my dear."

I looked down at the floor, trying to hide the warmth in my cheeks as he touched and stroked my hair.

"Do you have a boyfriend, Sophie?" He asked.

I shook my head no. "I'm not really allowed to date until I've finished my exams. I said.

"That's very good parenting if you ask me. You should get your education sorted first then meet a fine young man who is on the same level as yourself, a handsome Catholic man." He chuckled. "You don't want to end up dating some drop-out." He said. "And besides, these young men today can't be trusted."

I laughed. "That's what my father says."

"That's because he knows what he is talking about." He said, gently tracing a finger down my neck and along the collar of my school blouse. "We will both have to keep an eye on you, wont we?"

"No harm in dating though, is there, Father? I mean I wouldn't do ... you know ... anything."

Father McGowan smiled at my innocence. "You'll have finished school in no time, you'll be in university getting your well deserved degree and then you'll be all grown up experiencing adult life. Honestly, Sophie, there is no rush."

"I suppose so." I shrugged.

"Anyway, back to work, your mother will be here soon." He said, brushing his hand against my breast as he stood up and left.

For the next few weeks this sort of behaviour by Father McGowan continued. At some time during the evenings whilst I was cleaning he would come and see me, Mrs Thomas had always left by this time, and he would sit me down on the large sofa. We would talk about school, my hobbies and friends, and he would always play with my hair, stroking it before running his fingers down my neck and back.

After a while I learned to relax and enjoy it as it always felt nice, but it also turned me on and I felt guilty. I didn't think Father McGowan ever meant for it to arouse me.

Halfway through my penance I stayed later than normal one evening to tidy up after Mrs Thomas was called away to attend to a sick friend. She gave me the keys lock up and said that if Father McGowan wasn't home by 9pm then I was to lock up, go home and call her. She explained Father McGowan was visiting an old friend and would no doubt be having a glass of wine or two.

After Mrs Thomas left I went upstairs to clean the bathroom and vacuum the bedrooms. I was in Father McGowan's bedroom pushing the vacuum cleaner back and forth when I accidently knocked over a bag. Noticing some books come sliding out onto the floor I quickly dashed to pick them up. They were all books on the church and one on the Vatican, but as I was putting them back into the bag a magazine slid out of one of the books and onto the floor. I picked it up and gasped at what I saw on the front cover.

The magazine was no bigger than A5 but it was thick with pages and on the front was a picture of a naked woman spreading herself in a pose. An uneasy feeling washed over me as to why a priest would have such a sinful thing in his possession. I went to put the magazine back where I found it along with the other books when curiosity got the better of me.

I opened the magazine and started giggling. I knew it was a pornographic magazine and that it was forbidden. I had seen a few boys in school with magazines like this but I had never had the chance to look at one properly. I leaned over to the vacuum cleaner and switched off before walking back out onto the landing and making sure Father McGowan hadn't returned home yet.

Happy I was still alone I went back into Father McGowan's bedroom and sat on his bed, opening the magazine back up. I flicked through the pages and there were scores of young naked models. The pictures started with a model in a sexy outfit before she slowly stripped off throughout the photo scene. Eventually the models were naked, playing with themselves. I'm not a lesbian but the pictures were hot and I quickly realised how hot when I felt the moisture in my panties.

I turned a few more pages and found some dirty stories. I had never read anything like it before and one in particular had me lifting my skirt and sliding a hand between my legs. I read how a young girl was seduced by her school teacher and I instantly pictured myself with my Math teacher. The words were so descriptive I began to breath heavy and massage my clit. I was so turned on.

"What on god's earth are you doing!!!!!!?" I heard a voice demand angrily.

I looked up and saw Father McGowan standing in the doorway looking down at me furiously. I quickly

jumped up from the bed dropping the magazine.

"What are you doing with that magazine, Sophie?" He asked, looking straight at me.

"I ... I ... I found it, Father." I stuttered trying to leave the room.

"Don't lie to me," he demanded blocking the door way, "you were snooping in my room weren't you?"

"Yes, Father." I replied, bowing my head, too frightened to argue with him.

"You are a very bad young lady, Sophie?" He said, stepping towards me.

"I'm sorry, Father, I won't do it again I promise."

"You've said that before," he said, in a calmer tone, "your here to serve your penance. Do you understand, Sophie?"

"Yes, Father," I started to sob, "I'm ever so sorry, really I am."

"This simply won't do. I have no choice but to inform your parents that I cannot help you, god cannot help you."

Tears filled my eyes as I started to panic. "No, please Father, don't tell my parents."

Father McGowan stood watching me for a few moments as I continued to sob.

"Come here, Sophie." He said gently, opening his arms to me. "I never meant to upset you; but it is god's way, you have to live by his rules if you truly want to go to heaven. You do want to go to heaven don't you?"

I walked towards him and into his open arms. "Yes, Father, I do.

"I confiscated that disgusting magazine from a boy at church, I meant to destroy it." He said.

He wrapped his arms tightly around my body, hugging me, crushing our bodies together. I blocked out the smell of alcohol on his breath and hugged him back, feeling his warmth and reassurance.

We hugged for a few moments before he started rubbing my back softly with his hand. It felt nice and I thought nothing of it until he started smelling my hair, nuzzling his mouth and nose against the top of

my head.

Scared to make him even angrier I allowed him to carry on as he rubbed his hand up my back, onto my neck before resting under my long brown hair. I held my breath, my skin tingling at his touch as I trembled slightly. I had never experienced a sensation like it and I didn't understand it at first, until I felt those sinful feelings again.

Father McGowan pulled me tighter against him and began stroking my hair. "Your hair smells so nice, and it's so soft."

I began to feel uneasy. His hug seemed to be changing from comforting to something else. Nobody had hugged me like this before, and nobody had ever stroked my hair and told me how nice and soft it was. Father McGowan pressed his lower body against me before he started swaying back and forth very slowly, and then I felt something hard pressing into my tummy.

I tried to push away but he grabbed me closer, bending his head down and kissing my neck softly.

"Oh, Sophie, you must be washed of your sins." He said calmly, tickling my neck and sending warm shivers up my spine. "Did you find the magazine arousing?"

"Yes, Father, but ..." I tried to protest before he interrupted me.

"You are a young temptress, Sophie; I knew it the day you confessed your evil sins. And now I find you looking at filthy magazines, with your school blouse revealing more than is appropriate.

"What do you mean, Father," I pleaded, "please, you forgave me."

"Look at me, Sophie." He said.

I looked up at him and he eased his hold on me before he gently brushed my hair out of my face, tucking it behind my ear. He then traced a finger down my cheek, then my neck before finally placing his hand on my shoulder.

"I can help you, Sophie." He said softly. "And I believe the Lord has brought us together so I can help you."

"Yes, Father." I said, naively.

His hand slid down from my shoulder and, hesitating briefly, slid it inside my school blouse and into

my bra. He cupped my breast and closed his eyes, moaning quietly as he began massaging it. I felt a warm feeling inside my body, the one I get when I become aroused thinking about my Math teacher. I often imagined him doing this to me; I imagined it being different and not as nice as this.

"Oh, Sophie," he moaned, "lead us not into temptation."

He opened his eyes and we looked at each other for a moment, and then he lowered his head and kissed me on my lips. His tongue probed until I opened my mouth and allowed his tongue inside. At first I winced at the smell and taste, but then I felt his hand slid up my leg to my inner thigh. He was nice and tender and I liked how it felt. But I also felt confused. Wasn't this wrong?

Father McGowan then led me back into his bedroom and sat me down on the end of his bed. He quickly sat down beside me and we resumed kissing. His hand returned back between my thighs, rubbing up and down. I sighed as we continued kissing and then he pulled my leg towards him, spreading my thighs apart. His hand moved up the inside of my leg, shots of adrenaline shooting up my spine and into my brain, causing all sorts of conflicting emotions, but it felt so good.

I leaned my head back and sighed again as his mouth moved to my neck. His tongue licking my skin as he inhaled my scent and his hand reached my private parts. He began to rub me through my cotton panties, little circular motions with his finger tips pressed tightly together. For the first time I was experiencing a new and different sensation. How could this be wrong? I thought.

Then Father McGowan stopped everything he was doing and stood up. He walked towards the bedroom door and closed it. I jumped at the sound of him turning the key and locking us inside. He stared at me for a moment. "I can help you, Sophie." He repeated, before unbuckling his trousers, his fingers shaking as he removed his belt and pulled down the zip. My eyes widened like saucers as I stared at his hard penis. "I can help you, but first we must clear you of all your sinful desires."

"Yes, Father."

"Take my cock in your hand," he instructed, stepping closer to the bed, fulfil your needs with me, use me to rid your soul of these desires you have.

"But, Father ..." I started to say.

"Don't question me, Sophie, you must be washed and purified of your sins. Or would you prefer I excommunicate you from the church?"

Nervous, confused and a little excited I slowly moved my hand towards his cock. I watched it as it

pulsed, throbbing as if it had a mind of its own. I had heard some of the other girls discussing different boys and their sizes, I had no idea if Father McGowan was big or not, but he looked big to me.

"Are you a virgin, Sophie?" He asked, gasping and moaning as I took his cock in my hand. "Yes, Father, I am." I replied.

"Oh, Sophie, now move your hand up and down."

I followed his instructions feeling how soft the skin was as I moved it back and forth.

He cupped the side of my face, tracing his thumb over my cheek. "Have you done this before?" He asked, dropping his hand down inside my blouse. He took turns with each breast, caressing and massaging them. He was gentle and I enjoyed the way they swelled and became sensitive in his grasp.

"No, never, Father." I replied.

"You like it don't you?" He said, looking down at my hand stroking him.

Heat flooded into my cheeks and I knew I was blushing. "I don't know, Father." I told him, ashamed to admit that I was aroused.

"Lick it, Sophie," he said, his voice suddenly shaky, "go on, lick my cock and cleanse your soul."

I felt myself go warm all over, especially between my legs. My heart beat quickened with excitement at being locked in this room with Father McGowan. I leaned towards him and slid my tongue out, licking the end, not really knowing what I was doing. I slid my tongue all the way around the swollen head, moistening it with my saliva; it tasted salty, forcing me to move back.

"What's wrong?" He chuckled, watching me.

"It tastes weird and ..." I started to say, trying to explain the strange taste. Then I felt his hand gently stroke into my hair before he softly grabbed a handful of my brown locks and guided my head back towards his groin.

"You will get used it, I promise." He encouraged, as his cock touched my lips and entered my mouth.

Father McGowan let out a long slow breath as he filled my mouth with his cock for the first time. He was right; I did get used to the taste and found it not to be unpleasant. I looked up at him to see if I

was doing ok and our eyes met as he too was staring down at me, smiling proudly. It made me feel good as I really wanted to make him happy.

His eyes never left me, his hands stroking my hair and breasts. I did notice his breathing becoming erratic, and I knew that feeling having experienced it myself many times before whilst masturbating. Another sin I was yet to confess.

"I'm close, Sophie, I'm gonna cum soon. God your mouth is so soft." He gasped. I didn't know what to say or how to respond to his words so I just kept on sucking and swirling my tongue around his cock. The salty taste in my mouth grew stronger as I felt and tasted what appeared to be little droplets of liquid on my tongue. I swallowed them down with my saliva and continued to suck.

"Ohhhhhh fuck!" He cursed, suddenly withdrawing his cock from my mouth and hand.

"What's wrong?" I asked, worried I had done something wrong.

"Nothing, nothing is wrong," he panted, opening a wardrobe and retrieving some towels.

I stood up off the bed and looked at him oddly as he walked towards the bed holding the towels. He then pulled back the covers and neatly opened up the towels, placing them on the bed sheet, making a large square shape.

"Come here, Sophie, take off your shoes and get onto the bed." He said. "Make sure your lying on the towels."

I removed my shoes and followed his instructions, climbing onto the bed and laying with my back flat on the towels. I began to feel nervous and started to shake slightly.

"Don't be nervous, Sophie, I'm not going to hurt you, this is for your own good, you want to banish these thoughts don't you?"

"Yes. Father," I nodded, but not feeling any less nervous.

He climbed onto the bed naked, his penis still hard, bouncing about as he then climbed on top of me, opening my legs before finally laying between them. He began kissing me again and pressing himself into me, his hard penis pushing against my soft lips through my panties. It felt nice but I began to shake again with fear.

As we kissed, Father McGowan unbuttoned my school blouse and opened it. He pulled himself up off

my body, kneeling back on the bed as he looked down at my chest and gasped. He stared at my bra covered breasts for a few moments before he leaned forward, tucked his hands around my back and unclasped my bra.

It was my turn to gasp as he exposed my breasts for the first time. He pulled the bra off my body along with my blouse and dropped them on the floor beside the bed. I suddenly felt cold as my nipples stiffened. Father McGowan smiled as he lowered himself back on top of me, grabbing and groping my breasts, licking and sucking them before taking each nipple in turn into his mouth.

He started to explore my body with his tongue, licking and kissing my breasts and body, leaving no patch of skin untouched before he reached for the zip on my school skirt and pulled it down. By the time he had reached my belly button with his tongue I was gasping and panting for air, my body trembling as he pulled my skirt completely off, taking my white cotton panties with it.

I was suddenly naked for the first time in front of a man, and not just any man, but Father McGowan, the man I trusted more than any with my confessions, the man who baptised me eighteen years ago.

His hands went back to my breasts and his fingers played with my nipples, teasing them as I closed my eyes and concentrated on the feeling. I began to moan softly at his touch as he started caressing my breasts again, this time with each of his hands firmly holding my young bust.

Laying on the bed between my legs he let go of my breasts and ran his finger tips down my arms as he leaned forwards and took a nipple into his mouth, a soft innocent groan slipped from my lips.

"Your skin is so soft." He murmured, before scoping a breast into his hand and sinking his mouth onto it. He sucked hard but causing me no pain before doing the same to the other one. He teased, groped, sucked and attended to every inch of my breasts as my hips moved in little circles on top of the bed.

I was drifting with my eyes still closed; swaying from side to side before I felt his hand on my thigh, stroking me delicately up and down, inching closer to my opening. His mouth was still sucking on my breast, his sucking growing furiously as his fingers worked ever closer to their target.

"Yes, Father," I moaned, "yes." I moaned without thinking, as my body and mind beckoned for him to continue.

"Yes, Sophie, give yourself to me, give yourself to god." He moaned.

He moved his hand forward and felt the dampness between my legs. I moaned again as I felt his

fingers linger in my pubic hair.

Both of our breathing quickened when he started feeling around between my legs, tracing his fingers gently up and down my moist lips, feeling them and spreading them open slightly. Without realising until I had done it I spread my legs wider, allowing him better access. Slow and tender he continued to run his fingers up and down my entrance, inching just the tip of a finger inside.

I closed my eyes and cupped my breasts. I heard him inhale a deep breath as he went back to teasing me with his fingers. I gently began to caress myself as I felt him part the soft, wet folds between my legs.

Then suddenly, I bucked my hips squeezing my breasts hard and groaning loudly as I felt something soft and slippery enter me. It could only be his tongue I thought as I felt it probing inside me before suddenly it was gone, and then it was sliding across my lips, up one side and down the other. He teased me with his tongue; in and out he went, in and out and all around my opening before slipping back inside. My hips bucked wildly, grinding into him as I continued to moan and squeeze as I received oral sex for the first time.

"Oh, Father ... oh, Father... that feels so good" I said, gasping and panting.

His head was between my legs, licking and sucking my pussy. I was so wet I didn't want him to stop, ever. He then moved his tongue up to my clit and slid two fingers inside me, penetrating me slowly and carefully.

The pleasure seemed endless until I started to feel a fuzzy warm tingle in my toes. I had never felt that before but I liked it. My whole body started tensing, but in a good way, and the pace of my breathing increased to the point where you'd have thought I had just ran a race. I needed more oxygen but I couldn't breathe fast enough as the tingling made its way up my legs and into the rest of my body. I had never felt so alive.

The build up was so intense I almost passed out as my heart thumped hard against my chest, trying to break free before finally "Uhhhhhhhh ... Ohhhhhh ... ohhh ... yes ... Yes! ... Yes! ... Ohhhhhhhhhhhh!" I exploded into wild spasms.

In a powerful wave of blankness I actually think I may have passed out for few seconds. It felt so good I could have been floating on air. Father McGowan then positioned himself excitedly between my legs. I looked at him nervously, fear and excitement racing through my veins. He shuffled closer towards me on his knees and spread my legs. With my own knees raised and spread I lifted my head off the pillow and looked down to see him stroking his hardness inches from my opening.

"You have such a lovely pussy," he said softly, staring at it, "small, tight and juicy," he added, his breathing sounding tighter, "yes I'm gonna split those lips right open with my cock, Sophie. Do you want that? Do you want me to cleanse your body of all your sins?"

I watched his every move, hung on his every word and found my body responding, as a virgin I didn't understand it, but I felt like I needed him to do it. "Yes ... yes I'm ready, Father." I murmured.

This was it. I was about to lose my innocence and feel a man's cock, a priests cock inside me. I gasped at the thought of what everyone would say if they knew as he moved a little closer.

He pushed his hard cock at my opening but it was tight. He moaned and winced, pushing into it over and over until all of a sudden I felt a sharp tearing pain and he was inside me. It burned at first and I cried out in pain, but then as he kept pushing deeper inside me I started to feel a warm tingling sensation.

He looked deep into my eyes as he started to move his hard cock slowly. I felt him pull back and my insides began to contract before he pushed forwards and they expanded again. The feeling was wonderful as he continued at a slow pace, back and forth, back and forth, expanding and contracting.

Picking up the pace he started to push into me a little harder, and he seemed to go deeper into my womb. His moans grew louder as I throbbed wildly around him. Using one of his fingers he began to rub and circle my clit. That's it I thought as I began to move my hips in rhythm with his.

Both of us was breathing heavy now, but I was now also fully relaxed , my body sinking into the towels on top of the bed as he picked up the pace a little more and started thrusting me with small hard jabs whilst remaining deep inside me.

"Ohhh ... Sophie ... ohhh yes," He groaned loudly into my ear. "Oh yes I'm gonna cum."

"Yes! Yes! Yes" I panted. "Oh yes ... oh, Father."

"Ohhhhhh yes baby I'm cumming, Ohhhhhh ..... Ohhhhhh fuck!" He groaned, with his head buried between my breasts.

As he started groaning I felt his body tense before he started cursing in time with the powerful throbs I felt inside me. I knew he was cumming, ejaculating his sperm and I instinctively wrapped my legs around him, bucking my hips. With each powerful throb I felt from his hardness I also felt myself getting wetter and wetter. I couldn't feel his sperm exactly, but I could feel every pulse as he emptied

himself inside me.

"Oh yes." I gasped at the realisation that my womb was being filled with sperm. It felt amazing. It felt like hot sticky oil was being pumped inside of me. It felt all warm and tingly.

Father McGowan rolled off of me and lay staring at the ceiling, his breathing so heavy I thought he might have a heart attack at any moment.

"You better be going, Sophie," he said, "Your parents will be wondering what's kept you so late."

"Yes, Father." I said, quickly jumping off the bed and gathering my clothes.

As I dressed he watched me closely and I suddenly felt self-conscious. "You are not to speak a word of this to anyone; do you understand me, Sophie?"

"Yes, Father," I said, doing up the last of the buttons on my school blouse.

"Not even your best friend." He said.

"Yes, Father." I replied.

Before I left the room I stopped and looked at Father McGowan. I had an instinct that it shouldn't end like this but I didn't know what to say. On the side of him on the towels I noticed a red stain were I had been lying. Father McGowan followed my gaze and chuckled.

"It's normal to bleed for your first time." He grinned.

Several years later Father McGowan married my husband, Rhys and I at the local church. Throughout the ceremony I don't think his lustful gaze left my busty cleavage as my strapless wedding dress fought to contain my breasts. After I was married I managed to grab a quick minute alone with him.

"Oh, Sophie you look beautiful," he said, staring down at my chest, "what I wouldn't give to see and feel them one last time."

I stepped closer and grabbed his cock through his pants. "What you did to me all those years ago was wrong," I said through gritted teeth. "It is you who will not make it into heaven."