

Father Moss

By harbour

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Elisabeth gives a dashing young priest the gift of her innocence

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“What we did last night...” the boy ventured, compulsively thinking of sex as he watched his older temptress ease the cork out of a bottle of Merlot, “it...it wasn’t the first time for me.” Elisabeth turned and looked at him, eyebrow raised. “Is that so?” The boy nodded quickly, averting her gaze. She poured a glass for herself and one for him. “Anyone I know?” she inquired with a hint of playful suspicion as she handed his drink over, sure to let him get a good look down the front of her dressing gown as she did so. He shook his head. “Someone from back home. A couple of months ago. Long story.” Then he hastened to add, “But most of the things you and I did were new to me.” Elisabeth smiled, amused by her plaything’s adolescent attempt to be tactful. Women her age don’t take seventeen-year-old lovers because of their personalities. “Who was your first?” the boy asked. Her eyes met his and lingered there. She saw right through his ploy to divert the focus from himself, but decided to humour him anyway. “My priest,” she replied with a grin, settling into the armchair opposite his. She watched in amusement the look of disbelief on his boyish face. “Father Moss,” she continued, swirling the wine in her glass before taking a sip. “As divine a creature as ever entered into God’s service. From the moment I saw him I knew I had to have him.” The boy studied her face as she spoke; saw the obvious delight she took in the feelings her own words conjured up. Whatever memories she had of this man, they must have been pleasant ones indeed. “Tell me about him,” he said, pulling her back to the present, her pretty eyes returning to his in such a way that it made him suspect his presence had been momentarily forgotten. “Well,” she began, a contented smile on her lips, “I suppose he would have been about thirty when he moved to our town. Tall. Dark hair. The face of an intellectual. And his voice ! That voice so enraptured me. It fuelled my daydreams and echoed throughout my fantasies at night.” The boy smirked at this but Elisabeth did not notice. She was miles away now in a much nicer place as she continued with her story. ~ “He was transferred to our area from his previous parish to replace our aging confessor at the church and to serve as a sort of guidance counsellor to the girls of St. Agatha’s. He was also in charge of religious instruction. Every lesson with him gave birth to new images in my mind, each thought more depraved and exciting than the last. I still remember how damp my knickers would get during his lectures, how my thighs would

involuntarily squeeze together every time he looked at me while he preached of floods and famine and hellfire. I lived for that discomfort. I used to watch him; observe the way he interacted with the other girls, looking for signs. I was certain he favoured this one or that one over me and I put myself through hell conjuring up all manner of depraved things that I was convinced he was getting up to with them. My jealousy knew no bounds. But honestly, I didn't care if he fucked every girl in the entire congregation, so long as I was one of them. I had always been a good girl, but the day that man came to teach at our school that all changed. Suddenly and for no apparent reason I began talking back to my teachers, even the ones I liked best, and causing little disruptions during class in order to get myself sent to his office. My first two offenses were only met with verbal chastisement. I remember sitting in an armchair opposite him, my chest rapidly rising and falling with excitement as he scolded me for my bad behaviour. His authoritative manner so enticed me that I decided to test the boundaries of his patience, and the third time I was sent to him for punishment he told me to remain standing. He then opened a drawer in his desk and pulled out a wooden ruler. When he calmly informed me that he was going to beat me, I felt my juices trickling slowly into the crotch of my panties. My face went all warm and I tried hard to suppress a smile as he summoned me over to his desk. My heart sank a little when he instructed me to place my palms on the table, for I was hoping he would bend me over and smack my bottom, possibly catching a glimpse of the wet spot on my panties in the process. It would have made quite the conversation piece. Too aroused to register pain, I endured my punishment and gazed up at him afterwards, spellbound, as he told me to think about my actions more carefully in future. He then dismissed me with the words, "And I don't want to see you back in this office again, young lady." My knees trembled as I slowly made my way back to class, flexing my sore red fingers and replaying the whole scene in my mind. Everything about Father Moss turned me on, made me go warm and electric all over. Just the thought of him sufficed to arouse me and every time I was near him the feelings became even more intense. Rather than heed his advice, I decided I had to up the stakes. In confession I began to dish up the juiciest sins my young imagination could concoct, every one of a sexual nature. I said everything I could think of to provoke him, to seduce him the way he had seduced me. One time I even confessed to having fantasised about 'a certain priest' while pleasuring myself in bed at night, leaving as little room for misinterpretation as possible. And do you know what the bastard did? Nothing! He just waited for me to finish, then he issued the usual penance for naughty girls and told me I would be in his prayers. Still, I refused to give up. I was determined to make him see me. On my seventeenth birthday my parents threw a party for me. An 'intimate gathering', which in my mother's language meant a full house. Family, friends, neighbours, classmates; the whole town was invited. He would be there as well; that was all I cared about. Dressed in my new frock, my makeup, hair and nails immaculately done, I was looking gorgeous and feeling quite the grown up young lady. My eyes discretely followed Father Moss' every movement around the room as I feigned interest in the never ending sea of well wishers surrounding me. As the evening progressed I lost sight of him. When a whole hour had passed and he still hadn't resurfaced I assumed he had left and I fled to my bedroom to sulk. There I was, lying on the bed and pondering the cruelty of life for denying me my most burning wish on my

special day when I heard a gentle knock at my door, followed by that voice. His voice. 'Liz, it's Father Moss. May I come in?' I scrambled into an upright position and invited him in, trying my best to act older than my age but feeling pathetically juvenile in his presence. He sat down on the edge of the bed and wished me a happy birthday. 'Your father told me you weren't feeling well,' he added with a note of concern. 'It's just a little headache,' I assured him, 'I'm feeling much better now, actually.' 'Glad to hear it,' he said with a smile, then cast his eyes downward as he confessed 'I excused myself from the party. Said I'd walk the grounds, get some air. Felt funny lying. I'm terrible at it, really.' My heart swelled with pride at the fact that he was confiding in me and his modest air--a side of him I'd never seen before--was irresistible. 'I didn't mean to disturb you,' he continued, 'only I thought it was time you and I talked.' My stomach twisted in the awful anticipation of a lecture. 'What about?' He bit at his fingernail before replying, 'You tell me, Liz.' I had desperately wanted to come across as a mature young woman, to be cool and suave like him and to say all the right things like he always did. But now that he was actually there before me, my acting skills abandoned me. There could be no game playing with Father Moss. His hold on me, his powerful essence rendered me as honest as a little child and the words came pouring out of my mouth. I told him everything. How I wasn't interested in boys my age and didn't think I could ever be satisfied with one of them. How he was all I thought about every hour of every day and what a torment it was not to spend every moment in his company. How I'd give anything to be with him and how empty and meaningless my life would be without him. He didn't bat an eyelid. Just as bold as you please, he asked if I'd had sex yet. The question felt like a slap in the face. I told him I'd been saving myself for him. A bit over the top, I know, but I'd had enough. I had spent the better part of a year trying to get his attention and while it was frightening to be so upfront, it was also a relief to let it all out. He still didn't seem at all shocked or impressed, but simply sat there looking at me. Finally he commended me for my straightforwardness but said the thoughts and desires I had shared with him were sinful and wrong. That he was a member of the clergy and I was a troubled young woman who ought to give more thought to the needs of her soul rather than the mortal coil and its baser urges. I winced at his callousness. Naturally I had expected him to say something along those lines, but that he could be so unjust as to dismiss what I felt for him, as though it were nothing more than teenage lust, was more than I could accept. 'This isn't fair,' I said, on the verge of losing what remained of my composure. 'Life, my dear girl, is unfair. Accepting that fact is a part of growing up.' I had resigned. All I could manage by way of a retort was a helpless 'I love you.' Pausing at the door, he turned, smiled to himself and shook his head. "The human experience would be dull indeed if we could choose whom we loved, don't you think?" The barefaced cruelty of the remark made me feel sick to my stomach. Not five minutes after he had quit my room, my mother came up to check on me and found me lying curled up on my side. Flushed and tipsy, she perched herself on the side of my bed, all sympathetic smiles and questions as to my condition. Would I not come back downstairs and say goodnight to everyone? But my despair at what had just taken place was too great to conceive of doing anything of the sort. I apologised and told her I wanted to sleep. She placed a hand on my forehead, laughed and exclaimed, "No wonder. You're burning up!" Getting to her feet, she left the room as gracefully as she could, pausing only to wink and

wish her young lady a good night. I lay there in the dark, a woman's determination pumping through my veins as I gathered my thoughts and laid out my new strategy. Winter arrived and with the holidays just around the corner, my mother and I slaved in the kitchen to bake up her famous gingerbread men to distribute to select neighbours and friends. On a special plate I intently arranged half a dozen from the very best batch and when my mother asked who they were for I told her I was taking them to Father Moss. She smiled warmly and said that it was a very sweet gesture. Little did she know. For any young person, the loss of virginity is not so much a physical change as it is a psychological one. I had been infatuated with this man for what felt like my entire life and I was on a mission that afternoon: to sacrifice my innocence at his altar or die trying. Still warm and rosy from my bath, I walked to his house. When he opened the door he looked surprised to see me, but in an instant his demeanour changed. If I didn't know better I could have sworn that he had read my intentions the moment he laid eyes on me. I presented him with the biscuits and he invited me inside, asking me to wait in the hall while he fetched something. No longer the most obedient of girls, I wandered through his house, passing through the living room and the kitchen until I reached the open door of what appeared to be his study. He was seated at his solid mahogany desk, hurriedly scribbling a dedication on the inside cover of a book which he was, no doubt, going to ask me to take back to my mother with his thanks. As I quietly entered the dim room, his hand stopped and he looked up at me. Instead of reproaching me for my audacity, he closed the book and put it aside before relaxing back into his chair. Very well, Liz, the grin on his lips said. You want to play? Let's play. He had never looked at me in that way before, other than in my dreams. Emboldened, I recited the line I had turned over in my head a million times. "I've a special gift for you, Father. Do you want to see it?" After a long pause, he softly instructed me to close the door and summoned me over to him. Completely taken aback by his response, I felt a hot stirring in my insides at the anticipation of what was to come. He remained seated and I stood before him, my bottom resting against the edge of his writing table. My eyes were glued fast to his handsome face when he reached out, grabbed me by the waist and pulled me closer to him. Operating on auto-pilot now, my hand moved up to my coat collar and I undid the top button, then the next one, then the next. I studied his features as his eyes moved up to my heaving chest, catching a first glimpse of the silky red ribbon beneath. The one I had wound tightly around my chest and tied off into a neat little bow between my pert little breasts. "You wicked little imp," he whispered, his lustful gaze transfixed on my body as he undid the remainder of the buttons himself. Fastened to the side of my knickers there was a second red ribbon, which I absentmindedly fingered, deeply conscious of his eyes upon me. He leaned forward to slowly stroke my bare thigh and my pulse sped up. The calendar may have maintained my passage into young womanhood but as I stood before him then, offering myself up to him in the most literal sense, I felt very small. My mind began to focus on all the parts of my body I was ashamed of and suddenly I was convinced that if he saw me naked he would find me repulsive. After an entire year of endlessly rehearsing this moment in my head, teenage insecurity reared its ugly head and threatened to ruin my long awaited happiness. Before I was aware of it my hand closed around his wrist, stopping him. I was far too nervous and embarrassed to speak but the look on his face told me he had guessed the

problem. 'It's alright, Liz,' he said softly, 'You look beautiful.' Mortified though I was at having had my innermost fears exposed in this way, his words had an unexpectedly comforting effect on me and I felt my grip on him relax. Free now, his hand slipped between my thighs and he massaged my stiff little bud through the fabric of my underwear with his fingertips. Letting go of all fear of judgement I closed my eyes and surrendered to the ecstasy of that perfect moment. In one graceful motion he slid my panties down. I still recall the way his hands seemed to savour the experience of caressing my skin on their downward journey. One new impression rapidly followed the last and I felt his tongue, hot and wet, upon my slit. He explored it a while before taking my sensitive clit into his mouth and sucking it gently. The pleasure was unlike anything I had ever felt, and I am quite sure I would have come within a matter of seconds were it not for his attentiveness. He obviously didn't want me to experience that particular sensation just yet. His eyes wandered to my lips and he commented on what a pretty mouth I had. Said he had always admired it and should like very much to kiss it. My gaze dropped to the bulge in his lap and my heart threatened to beat out of my chest. Before I could gather my thoughts his mouth was hot upon mine and I was instinctively parting my lips to invite his determined tongue inside. A potent cocktail of adrenaline and dopamine rushed to my head and I felt more alive than ever had before. An intense wave of pleasure hit me hard when he began to caress my tongue with his and I moaned softly into his mouth as his lips crushed mine, his fingers entwined in my hair, pulling me to him. I savoured the sensuousness of every moment. The sound of his breathing, the faint taste of wine on his lips and his tongue; the heat of his hands on my face. He led and I followed, oblivious to time, space and all else around me. We devoured one another for what seemed like an eternity. It was dizzying. Wet. Intoxicating. Perfection. That little taste of heaven drew to a close and his lips pulled away from mine. He gave me a reassuring little smile and adjusted the conspicuous bulge beneath his robes, throwing me a provocative glance. A grin crept across my lips and I drank in the sight of him, barely able to contain my excitement. With sudden force he turned me around and bent me over the desktop. My burning cheek pressed against the cool polished wood as he grabbed a fistful of my hair and held my head down. Then he leaned over me and put his mouth so close to my ear that I could feel his lips form the words, "You're a naughty little cock tease, Elisabeth North. It's high time someone disciplined you." The sharp, sudden sting of his palm smacking my bare bottom took my breath away, and a dozen more hard slaps followed in swift succession. He was not playing around. He really put his weight into it. My pulse raced feverishly and I sighed as an intense wave of wanton lust surged through my body, culminating in the sweet wet spot between my thighs. A prickly heat spread across my backside and I struggled to catch my breath. His fingers caressed and probed my soaked cunt, which was shamelessly and totally on display for him. I moaned at the exquisite discomfort of my nipples tightening and felt his moist palms on my arse, like fire against the hand-shaped welts on my skin. My temperature rose further and my knees turned to jelly when he introduced his tongue into the routine. It wandered to my aching pussy, pausing to dip into my entrance and sample the nectar there before moving up to my arse. I closed my eyes as his hot mouth explored my most intimate recesses. The strange and wonderful sensation of him licking and sucking my tender flesh, so lovingly and with such great care, made me quiver with

lust. There was something indescribably sensual and intense about the way his tongue laid claim to the most private and sinful parts of my body. He kissed and licked me there for a very long time, leaving me thoroughly soaked when he finally pulled away. Behind me I heard the rustle of clothing being rearranged and my heart pumped furiously in my chest. When the warm, wet tip of his cock touched my virgin portal, it sent a jolt of pleasure through my loins. And I was ready for it. More ready than I had been for anything in my entire life. In one slick stroke he penetrated me and my breath caught in my throat. The sweet, familiar twinge of pain I had tasted during countless night time sessions with myself was magnified several times over. It was the sweetest agony imaginable, and it overwhelmed my inexperienced body, making me compulsively writhe with desire. When he had worked the entire length of his cock into me, he ran his hands down the entire length of my back and then let them close around my hips. Grabbing hold of them firmly, he proceeded to make love to me. It hurt immensely, but the desire to be filled by him overshadowed all else. His proud manhood slid home like a key into a lock again and again and he turned my face to his to taste my mouth while I squirmed and wriggled about beneath him, relishing the feel of him inside me. 'Is this what you want?' he demanded breathily, ramming harder and harder into me, but there was a tremor in his voice. It was desire. A wave of lust swept through my body and I shuddered. I closed my eyes and let the physical sensations inundate me. My breathing involuntarily quickened as warm little sparks of pleasure exploded into a raging fire which spread throughout my entire body. He fucked me passionately and I did not even attempt to keep up, too overwhelmed was I by the surreal sensations he was bestowing upon me with each expert thrust. All strength had left my legs and sweat had begun to gather on my brow when he tenderly brought his mouth to my ear and whispered, 'Come for me. Now.' His nails dug into my hips as he guided my movements, rhythmically impaling me and quickening the pace with each thrust. A chill ran down my spine and I closed my eyes, taking in the sounds of his frantic breathing and the blissful agony of his hand working its magic upon my clitoris. The dam burst within me and wave after wave of unutterable pleasure washed over me. Had I held out just a few seconds longer my climax would have come at the same moment as his, and yet in my memory it could not have been more perfect. After we finished and our breathing had returned to normal, he told me I ought to be getting back home as my mother would be wondering where I had got to. I buttoned up my coat in silence, his warm seed trickling down the inside of my thigh, and he hurriedly finished writing his note before closing the book and handing it over to me. I glanced at the cover, noticing that it was on the subject of religious art, and thanked him. Mother would love it. She was into that sort of thing. He walked me to the door and when I turned for one last look at him he gently stroked my cheek with the back of his hand. With a little shake of his head, he sighed. 'The risks we are willing to take for a fleeting moment of bliss.' I didn't know how to respond so I stood on my tiptoes and kissed him. As I made my way home the first flakes of snow began to fall, melting on my flushed face and clinging to my dishevelled hair."