

## Fatal Confessions – Part 2 (M/t)

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

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

Immanuel and Troy ran out of the meeting room and down the hall. "Where can we go?" The idea of almost being discovered lying on the carpet caressing a young boy put the fear of God back into Father Immanuel. His breathing accelerated again but not from being horny. Sweat dripped from his brow as he walked quickly through the building. Troy stepped quickly to keep pace with the Father. "Father, chill out. Nobody saw us. It's cool. Relax." Then Troy walked faster and got close to Immanuel's ear and said softly. "I'm still horny. Don't leave me hanging. Just like my therapist you know, "THE RAPIST, T-H-E-R-A-P-I-S-T, used to say" ...."you really should reciprocate." Father Immanuel stopped dead in his tracks and turned to face Troy. He was shocked and had sharp words cued up on his tongue ready to spew at the boy, but shut his mouth up tight, said nothing turned and continued walking down the hall. "It was a mistake. I can't do this. We can't do this. It's wrong on so many levels. I'm supposed to be your spiritual guide, not your sex partner, friend...whatever," Father Immanuel stammered. "Don't worry, it's just the after orgasm guilt that's talking. It will pass," Troy stated matter of factly. "Who the hell are you boy?", said the startled priest. "It's just that I've done this before. I mean, I've had a bit of experience. Maybe more than you I guess." "I guess you have," said the Father. "Everything will be OK, don't worry." "Boy, I don't think so. I don't think that I will ever be the same. I'm sorry, I can't see you again." "Wow, I didn't think one little blow job could have this strong of an effect. Damn, I must give good head," said Troy proudly.

The Father and Troy exited the building and walked across the church campus towards the parking lot. Father Immanuel paused, looked into Troy's eyes and said, "Yes you do. You do give good head. Best I've ever had." "Only one you've ever had?" asked Troy. "Yes, first and only one I'll ever have." "OK, I get it. I know how you feel. I just want a chance to see you again. I don't have many people I can talk to," said Troy genuinely. "You have the THERAPIST, don't you?" said Immanuel. "Fuck that jerk. Just promise me you'll meet me. Do you like comic books?" asked Troy. "I dunno, I guess. I used to read comics when I was a kid." "Have you read any Anime?" "No, what's that, something new? It had better not be sexual!" Heck no, it's Japanese, the art is fantastic. You'll love it. How about you meet me Tuesday after school at Gizmo's on 2<sup>nd</sup> street? I'll show you some cool stuff and we can talk." "OK, just talk, right?"

“Yeah. sure,” Troy said with a wink and a smile. “Hey you!” said Immanuel. “OK, I’ll let you off easy tonight but you’d better be there Tuesday at three. Can I get a goodbye hug?” Troy looked up at Father Immanuel with those puppy dog eyes. “Just a hug?” Troy nodded and opened his arms in preparation for a hug. Father Immanuel stepped forward and wrapped his arms around that slender youth. He squeezed the young warm body into his and inhaled the scent of youth deeply into his lungs. Troy squeezed back. “I’m sorry if I freaked you out.” “It’s OK, maybe I needed a bit of a freak out.” “See you Tuesday?” “Yes. I’ll be there.”

Tuesday afternoon came around and Father Immanuel made an excuse to leave the rectory for a few hours. He needed to visit some of his parishioners and it was important to connect with the community. He drove within a few blocks of Gizmos comic book store but decided to walk the last couple blocks to the store. He was anxious, almost excited to meet the boy. Troy had continually been in Father Immanuel’s consciousness since the night of their first meeting. He could not get the boy out of his mind. He relived the erotic experience with the boy a hundred times.

The night after he met Troy as he lay in his bed ready to fall asleep all he had to do was to visualize the slender body and his cock instantly became rigid. He caressed his soft loose balls and began to stroke his hard cock. His breath deepened. He imagined he was inhaling the scent of the youth. He visualized Troy sucking his hard cock and stroked his meat with a fierce steady beat. He imagined the boys’ stiff boner, the long white shaft of the cock he had not yet seen. He imagined himself licking the boner and nibbling on the pointy head of the boy cock. Father Immanuel stroked faster. The erotic feelings came faster than his fantasy and his cock erupted before he got to suck the boy cock in his dreams. His thick cock throbbed and spurted liquid enjoyment all over his chest and up to his chin. Immanuel fingered cum pooled on his chest, scooped up a big dollop and dripped it into his mouth imagining it was hot boy cum from Troy.

Father Immanuel’s mind was very active and his libido worked hard to keep up the pace. He jacked off in the rectory restroom the next afternoon and again before dinner. If this kept up he would soon be pumping a dry well. He’d never been so constantly horny in his entire life. During his own youth he simply did not listen or react to his inner feelings. He shut them off. Troy, this simple youth, in a single act had punctured a hole in the damn and the juices of long held back emotions burst through the fractured reservoir.

Father Immanuel pushed open the door. A small bell clanged as he stepped into the comic book store. He paused to look around. The clerk, a skinny guy with scraggly facial hair wearing a t-shirt with a Superman “S” sat on a stool behind the counter. He barely noticed Immanuel come into the shop. Immanuel strolled slowly around the racks filled with comic books. He saw the old familiars, Superman, Spiderman, The Fantastic Four but he also noticed there were many

new comics; a wide variety, all unfamiliar. He browsed around the store leafing through various comics, fascinated by the quality of the artwork.

The bell clanged at the front of the store. Immanuel turned to look. It was Troy! Troy walked quickly over to Immanuel. As he walked through the shop he nodded to the clerk. The clerk gave a nod back and went back to his own reading. "Hey Father. " Troy grabbed Immanuel's hand and began to drag him towards the back of the store. "You gotta see these. It's Naruto, my favorite." Troy showed the priest a rack full of Japanese animated comics. "These are the newest ones. I don't have these yet," Troy said as he picked up three comics and handed them to the priest. "Buy these for me and let's go." Immanuel was startled. He still was not used to the boys' abrupt nature but he didn't want to loiter in the store so he went to the counter, paid the clerk and walked with Troy out of the shop. Immanuel handed the bag of comics to Troy. They walked down the street until they came to a small alleyway between buildings. "Follow me, I know a place," Troy said as he walked into the alley. At the end of the alley and behind the buildings was a small shack. Troy opened the door and walked in. Immanuel followed as if under the spell of this bold youth.

The shack was dimly lit as indirect sunlight fought its way through dirty windows. There was a large door at one end and workbench along the side. This was actually a small old fashion garage with a dirt floor and two cement strips meant to be the guide for the car's tires. On the floor was an old double size mattress with no sheets. Dirty magazines with pages torn out were splayed on the floor. "Great place huh? At least no one can bother us. It's safe," Troy said as he presented the room to Immanuel. "I guess you've been here before?" "I've been here a few times, with my friends, just for fun." Immanuel stood still, not sure what to do or how to make the first move. "Come on. Sit here," Troy said as he sat down on the edge of the mattress.

Immanuel moved to the mattress. "Stand up," he said to the boy. Immanuel knew what he wanted to do; he'd played the movie in his mind a thousand times. Now it was for real. Troy stood up, looked up and smiled at Immanuel. The Father lightly stroked the boys' cheek and looked deeply into the dark pools of the boys eyes. He let his hands wander down Troy's chest and to his waist then pulled the boy's t-shirt over his head, tossing the shirt onto the mattress. Immanuel marveled at the thin physique and pale white skin. The boys' hairless chest had the outline of small pecs and flat stomach. Immanuel ran his hands up and down the boys' chest and torso. He fingered the small nipples. The nipples reacted to his touch and tightened to a small nip. Immanuel bent down and licked a nipple, then sucked it as he put his arms around the boys' waist then pulled him into his own body. Immanuel reached down to Troy's crotch and felt the hot boy cock rigid; trapped inside his pants. He rubbed the boy crotch and Troy's cock jumped aching for freedom.

Immanuel opened the jeans, unzipped the fly and pulled down the pants. Without hesitation he pulled down the boy's boxers revealing a 6 inch boner. Immanuel dropped to his knees and examined the boys' dick. There was a small bush of light brown hair above the cock and hairless balls. The boys' dick was very white, circumcised with a round red head. It was thicker and longer than he expected for such a young skinny boy. Immanuel moved closer and took in a deep breath of boy scent then sucked the boys' ball sack into his mouth. He sucked one ball and then the other turning them tenderly in his mouth, then he moved up the shaft and gave one long lick up the cock until he reached the head, engulfing the entire boy cock in his mouth. He reached behind the boy and cupped one butt cheek in each hand and pulled the boy closer until he had the cock down to the root in his mouth.

Immanuel began with slow pumps up and down the boy cock going only to the point where the cock begins to thicken and then dove down on the shaft again. Immanuel stopped moving his head up and down and began to push and pull the boys' body, jamming the boy cock as far down his throat as he could. He controlled the boy's body movement with his hands on the boy cheeks. As the cock plowed his mouth he used his tongue to massage the piss vein and the swelling head. The boy sack bounced off Immanuel's chin with each slam of the boys' body into Immanuel's face. The boy began to pant. His cock swelled. "Oh man, oh that's so good. You're like a fuck'in buck'in bronco, yee ha...get ready for my cum", laughed Troy. The boys body spasms and jerked as his boy cum filled Immanuel's mouth. Troy tripped and fell to the mattress as his second spasm of thick white cum shot from his cock and flew into the air and splaying across the mattress.

"Whoa, Father, where'd you learn your moves? That was a bit wild for a stuffy old priest," Troy said looking up at Immanuel. Immanuel was still on his knees wiping the saliva from his lips. "I don't know. I just did it. Did you like it? Was it OK? I didn't hurt you did I?" asked Immanuel. "It was great. I loved it. I just didn't take you for the wild type, but I'm glad you are. Better than just lying there like an old fart," Troy said. He rolled on his back, stiffened his body and made a croaking sound. "I'm an old fart, hurry up boy and suck my cock, ack, ack, ack, before I die!" Troy rolled back to face Immanuel.

"So what do I call you anyway; Father...Immanuel...or just, Hey Old Fart?" Troy asked turning a bit serious, biting his lower lip as he waited for the answer. Father Immanuel considered for a minute. "It may sound strange because of our age difference, but I'd like to consider you a friend. Can I call you my friend?" "Sure, everybody needs friends. I like you like a friend, or maybe even better than a friend," Troy replied. "Well I don't have many friends these days, being a priest you don't make many real friends, but my friends call me Manny." "Manny, hmm, I like. You're my Manny. Manny, my friend Manny," Troy said delightedly in a sing songy voice. Troy stood and began to dress. "What are you doing? Wait, don't get dressed yet." "Sorry Preach, I mean Manny, I gotta get going. I

gotta be somewhere.” “What about reciprocating?” “I will. I’ll do something special next time.” Troy buttoned his pants, pulled on his shirt and grabbed the bag of comic books. “Here, read this, you might like it.” He tossed one of the books to Immanuel. “A comic book; I was hoping for something better.” “It’s not a comic book. It’s a graphic novel. It’s Naruto, he’s a boy. You’ll like it.” Troy bent over and kissed Immanuel. Immanuel held the boys face to his and kissed him deeply in return.

Troy pulled away. “Sorry, got to run”, Troy said moving towards the door of the shack. “But when can I see you again?” Immanuel pleaded. “I know where to find you,” Troy said coyly as he stepped out of the shack into the full afternoon light. Immanuel found himself alone in the dank shack sitting on the dirty mattress. He looked around then slowly and stood brushed himself off. Disgusted with himself he muttered; “Look how far from the grace of God have I fallen in such a short span of days,” as he walked out into the alley.

End Part 2