

### Fatal Confessions – Part 3 (M/t)

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Christopher Michael

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.

Father Immanuel sat in his vestibule flipping through the pages of the latest anime graphic novel from the Naruto series. The text was in Japanese, but the pictures told the story well enough. He was startled from his picture viewing when he heard the door open on the opposite side of the confession booth. The small screened door slid open. A soft youthful voice whispered through the screen, "Forgive me Father for I sin every fucking day". Father Immanuel whispered urgently, "Troy, why did you come here?" "Come on Manny, I told I'd know where to find you, besides I'm bored and fucking horny", mouthed the youth breathlessly. "Not now. Not here. You shouldn't be here. I, I'm giving confession," Father Immanuel whispered nervously. "I need to confess. Father, forgive me for I have sinned. I let a priest suck my raging hard cock till I cummed all over and by the way, I want to do it again. Come on Manny, I want to see you," Troy said with angst. "Now is not a good time. You can't be here. What if people saw you?" Manny said nervously. "They'd see a boy confessing his sins to his priest and think what a nice boy, going to confession. All his friends should do the same. Chill Manny, nobody thinks anything."

"I guess you're right. Nobody would think anything, except that we don't get too many 14 year old boys confessing. The thought of the need for confession doesn't seem to occur to most of you guys at this age. Come to think of it, we don't get many 40 year old men either, at least not on Wednesday afternoons; must be a trend," Manny said trying to make himself feel more comfortable.

"Come on Manny, when can we get together? I think about you all the time. I can't wait to suck your big meaty cock again," Troy said with his lips pressed up against the screen. Manny leaned towards the screen, close enough to feel the heat of the boys' breath as he spoke. Manny hesitated for a moment, "I have the day off next Tuesday. I could meet you in the shack after school." "Next Tuesday, damn, that's like next year. I'm horny now." Troy arched his back, unbuttoned unzipped and pulled his pants down past his hips then pulled his t-shirt off and tossed it on the floor. "Look," Troy said displaying his bare chest and rock hard boy cock. Troy grabbed his tool and started stroking it.

"Oh my God," gasped Father Immanuel. "Troy, stop it. You're in God's house and in a confessional, don't," Immanuel's word trailed off as his focus locked on

to the sight of the boy slowly stroking his cock. Immanuel's body provided his true reaction to the scene as his own cock instantly hardened. "Manny, show me your dick," panted Troy as the boy increased the pace of pounding his meat. "Come on. Nobody can see. Show me." Manny looked around the enclosed wooden box he sat in. Nobody could see. Slowly he pulled his robe up over his lap, pulled down his briefs, turned and stood in front of the screen to show his young friend the thick eager man cock. "Wow, so thick and meaty. I never saw it in daylight before," said Troy happily pounding his meat, stopping briefly on the down stroke to fully expose the arching cock for his priestly friend, then resumed his rapid stroking. "Press it up to the screen," Troy said. "You're such a bad influence on me boy. If anyone ever found out what we are doing, I'd hate to imagine my future." "Come on, relax Manny, put your cock up to the screen I want to see it up close." Immanuel inched closer, bracing his shins painfully against the kneeling board, holding his vestments in one hand and stroking his hot man meat in the other. He pressed his iron hard rod up against the screen. "Oh yeah," Troy said deeply as he moved his face to the screen, rubbing his lips and tongue across the screen trying his best to gain some excited reaction from the hot tool on the other side of the screen. "I can see the veins popping out our shaft and your head is glistening. I want to lick it. I want to suck it. You're making me so hot."

Troy's knees were on the kneeling board. Usually meant for the penitent parishioner who after spilling their guts to the holy priest would promise to repent then be sent off to say their "Hail Mary's".

The wooden confessional booths were well built with a set of four booths constructed on the same raised platform. Each set of confessional booths were separated by a foot or so to allow for privacy. Father Estancio was in the next confessional booth taking confession from Mrs. Lee.

"Father, I think I sinned, I'm sure of it. My tongue it like a sword an I believe I hurt another, even dough da bitch deserve it. Oops, sorry Father. I want to repent and perform de act a contrition," said Mrs. Lee. "And what is your sin?" asked Father Estancio knowing that what he would hear in return was mostly idle gossip. He'd heard enough from all the old women, he knew most of the news about who did what to whom and who said what, and who was a slut and who was pregnant before most anyone else had heard the news. In a way he enjoyed the drama. He strictly held to his vows of silence which gave him a certain sense of omnipresence. The women knew he strictly held their confidence, which just brought more women to tell their tales. It was a blessing and a curse.

Troy licked the screen trying to get at Father Immanuel's hot member, all the time jacking his boy cock faster and faster. Troy pulled away from the screen as he started to feel that feeling. His hotness was about to get out of control. As Troy

pulled away Father Immanuel could see the nearly naked boy in his full glory and began to pound his flesh feverishly. Troy felt the tide rising in his loins.

“You wouldn’t believe it. My son, he married, very happy. But dis woman Miss Chuang she came to my house. She say her daughter work at de office for my son. She say my son, he made Miss Chuang daughter pregnant. I can’t believe it. I call her “Fucking Bitch, get out my House”. My son, he good man, married, happy with little boy and girl.”

Troy attempted to move, from facing the screen with his knees on the kneeling board, back to the bench so he could shoot cum on his chest to create the best view for Manny, but his foot twisted underneath the kneeling board and he fell back against the confessional wall. Troy’s head banged hard against the wood paneled booth. Mrs. Lee and Estancio heard the loud crash come from the next confessional. “Shit, Oh, hoo, aah, aah,” Troy yelled loudly as hot white jjs shot over his shoulder splashing on the wood paneling behind him as his head throbbed.

Father Estancio’s ears perked up and focused on the sounds coming from the next confessional booth. Mrs. Lee looked startled for a moment, moved closer to the screen and whispered, “Sound like somebody confess really bad.” “Yes, I wonder if everything is o.k. Excuse me a moment, I’d better check,” said Father Estancio as he reached for the door latch and stepped out of the confessional.

Father Estancio took a couple of steps to the penitents’ side of the next confessional and knocked lightly, “Is everything ok?” Father Estancio tried to look through the cracks at the edges of the door to get a glimpse of who was inside. “Yeah, ah, Father, I’m good. Sorry, I was upset and banged my head on the wall. My bad. It’s all good. Sorry. It’s cool.” Father Estancio spied bare flesh. The sight piqued his interest. He moved his head side to side trying to move his view up what appeared to be the bare leg of a young man. He tried to move his view higher up the leg to see, to see; how short the young man’s shorts could be. Father Estancio looked higher up the crevice between the door jam and door and saw part of the smooth skinned face of a young teenage boy.

At the sound of Father Estancios’ voice Father Immanuel quickly stuffed his rock hard cock in his briefs. Pre-cum oozed from his cum slit. It slimed and stained the front of his underwear as his cock softened in the tight cotton briefs. He flung his robes down, and stood smoothing his frock. Father Immanuel stepped from the confessional, looked at Father Estancio fiercely and motioned him to come into his confidence.

Father Estancio briefly peered towards the boy’s booth then stepped over to Father Immanuel. “I’m sorry the boy disturbed you. He’s just experiencing a bit of teenage angst, girl friends, peer pressure, you understand,” Father Immanuel said in a whispered, confidential tone, holding his finger in front of his mouth

symbolizing the sign of a whisper. Pardon him; please continue with your parishioner.”

Father Estancio turned and stepped back towards his confessional, then paused in front of the boy’s booth. “You’re sure you’re alright son?” asked Father Estancio. “Sure, dude, I’m alright; chill” Troy said raising his voice in a shrill tone as he pulled his jeans up over his soft white hips. Father Estancio backed in to his confessional and closed the door.

End Part 3