

## Fatal Confessions – Part 4 (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.

"You back? I hope dat boy O.K. His O.K., yes?" asked Mrs. Lee. "I apologize, the boy is fine. Apparently just upset about a girl friend or something, but I shouldn't say anything. Mrs. Lee, please continue."

See, another slut, she ruin dat poor boy's life. The young women tудay, dey confuse de man want to take his good life. I know I'm wrong call Miss Chuang a bitch, but I can't helped myself. My son, his wife have a good life, very nice." "Mrs. Lee, I think it should be your son in this confessional bearing his soul instead of you," Father Estancio said sternly.

"Mrs. Lee, do you acknowledge that you are a sinner?" "d'yes Father" "Do you repent your sins and promise to do your best not to sin again?" "d'yes Father, I do." "Then recite three hail Mary's and go your way and promise not to sin again. And have your son pay me a visit," Father Estancio sent Mrs. Lee on her way, knowing he would see and hear more from her again soon.

Troy pulled his shirt over his head as Father Immanuel stepped back into the confessional. "O.K., that was too close," said Father Immanuel through the screen in an exasperated tone. "You crazy boy, what did you get me into?" "You're always so tense. Relax, we didn't get caught. Everything's cool. That fucking rocked my world," said Troy excitedly. "Did you see me shoot? It went all the way over my head"! Troy turned to the wall and wiped the dripping cum off the wall with the tail of his T-shirt.

"I should confess once a week," Troy said as he buttoned his pants and straightened his hair. "I think once was too much already, Troy you'd better go, if Father Estancio suspects something I could be in big trouble." "But Manny, when can I see you again? I didn't even get to touch your beautiful thick cock. I really want to suck it again so bad, Troy pleaded." "I don't know. Like I said, I have Tuesday afternoon free. We can meet at the shack; but you really should go now," Father Immanuel said in a tense tone. Troy stood and stepped halfway out the confessional then leaned back in towards the screen, puckered his lips in the motion of a big kiss and whispered, "You can't get rid of me that easy Manny. See ya soon."

Manny was nervous. He sat silently in the confessional. Thank god no one else was waiting to confess. He looked over and spied the Naruto graphic novel on the bench, grabbed it and shoved it deep into his robes. He felt hot. The confessional grew smaller. There was still an hour left for confessions. He was to stay in his booth no matter if anyone came to confess or not, but he couldn't stand it. He stepped out of the confessional and headed for the rectory.

Father Estancio had just sent Mrs. Lee off to say her "Hail Mary's" and heard Father Immanuel leave. "How strange," he thought to himself, "something unusual is going on here."

Troy left the chapel but instead of going home or anywhere else he decided to explore the church grounds. It was late in the afternoon; there weren't many people around. He snuck into the rectory, through the kitchen and out into the gardens. He walked through the school grounds and had to sneak past a secretary in the administrative office area. Troy decided he would explore, wait and try to find out where Manny's room was. He had seen stairs up to the second floor of the rectory he almost went up the stairs but he heard the sound of foot steps and decided to try again later. If he could get to Manny's room then he could have that hot thick man cock all to himself for the whole night. He planned to give himself to Manny. He wanted Manny to be his true boyfriend and he planned to give up his tight virgin ass to his man this night. His energetic boy cock got hard just thinking about Manny's hot member piercing his tight boy hole.

Father Immanuel went directly to his room. The room was smaller than a college dorm room, very plain and basic but at least he had a room to himself, not like the room he had to share at St. Catharine's. The room had a single bed, a small desk, a wardrobe and a wash basin. There was no window, only a single lamp hanging from the ceiling. The only adornment on the walls was a cross. He paced. He sat at his desk and flipped through a book. He lay down and tried to rest but soon got up and began to pace again. Three steps turn, three steps turn. He changed for dinner but dinner was more than an hour off, so he just sat on the edge of his bed. He tried to pray but couldn't.

As he closed his eyes to pray all he could see was the image of Troy's lean body and his aching, hard cock trying to break through the confessional screen. It was so erotic his cock swelled. He tried to ignore it but the image and feelings brought about by the boy who wanted him so badly he would get naked and jack off in a confessional booth was overwhelming. Immanuel unbuttoned his fly, pulled his slacks down past his knees and lay back on the edge of the bed. He was rock hard already. He cupped his soft ball sac and rolled his loose balls in his fingers. He brought his hands up along his thick shaft and rubbed slow and hard.

He looked up, his eyes fixed on the crucifix. He closed his eyes and the image of a naked Troy humping him flooded his minds eye. The image of the boy leant

down and kissed Immanuel then touched his forehead and brushed his hair softly. Immanuel felt the passion of lust mixed with love like he never had before. In his fantasy he rolled over on top of the boy and began to kiss and nibble on the boy's nipples. Immanuel sucked and nibbled while he frantically whacked his meat. He stroked so hard he could feel his loose balls flopping and slapping against his ass.

Immanuel envisioned moving down to the boy cock. He took the hot pink head into his mouth, slipping the head just past his lips. Don't rush. Savor. He sucked. He licked. He was about to thrust his lips down the hard boy shaft when the reality of his orgasm brought him out of his dreams as thick gobs of cum shot up and over his shoulder, staining the bed linens. His body tensed and jerked, he felt tingling throughout his body. His man pump gushed again splashing cum on his chest. He thought to himself, "why is a fantasy sometimes more intense than the real thing?"

Immanuel slowly stood trying to not let the cum drip. He took a step to the wardrobe and removed a sock. He used it to wipe the cum from his body, then turned it inside out and wiped up the cum soaked bedding. He felt relieved. He felt sad. He felt silly, a grown man of his stature reduced to fantasies and engaging in the dangerous adventures a young boy had drawn him into. He resolved that it must stop. He'd have to speak with Troy and stop this before it was too late. Stop it before it; they got out of control. Stop it before he was caught.

End Part 4