



STEP-
SINNER

WANTING WHAT'S WRONG

DANI WYATT

STEP-SINNER
WANTING WHAT'S WRONG



DANI WYATT

Copyright © 2024

by Dani Wyatt

All rights reserved. This book or any portion thereof
may not be reproduced or used in any manner whatsoever
without the express written permission of the publisher
except for the use of brief quotations in a book review.

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, businesses, places,
events and incidents are either the products
of the author's imagination
or used in a fictitious manner.

Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead,
is purely coincidental.

www.daniwyatt.com

DEDICATION

A NOTE TO MY READERS:

I appreciate every one of you.

To Hillary – Thanks for believing. And for that
Hot Priests of Italy calendar.

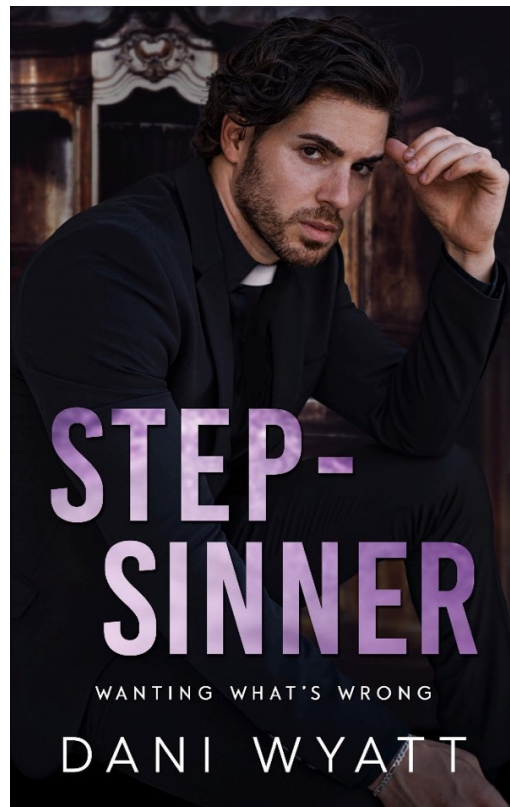
VIP'S

GET exclusive free books
and other bonus epilogues and
short stores by joining the reader's group!



[NEWSLETTER](#)

STEP-SINNER



CONTENTS

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Chapter 5](#)

[Chapter 6](#)

[Chapter 7](#)

[Chapter 8](#)

[Chapter 9](#)

[Chapter 10](#)

[Chapter 11](#)

[Chapter 12](#)

[Chapter 13](#)

[Chapter 14](#)

[Chapter 15](#)

[Chapter 16](#)

[Chapter 17](#)

[Chapter 18](#)

[Chapter 19](#)

[Chapter 20](#)

[WHAT'S THE NEXT STEP?](#)

[Something Fr/ee!](#)

[Dani's Other Books](#)

[Let's Stay Connected!](#)

CHAPTER 1



Martin

“*I*’ll never get used to you wearing that.” Giovanni snaps his tongue over his front teeth, waving at my black robe as I blow at the steam rising from my coffee mug. “Do the robes keep you warm? Because it would freeze the tits off a heretic in here.”

The comforting smell of coffee and the warmth of the mug in my palms doesn’t change that it’s butt ass cold in the mornings in my office at the rectory. The two-hundred-year-old stone walls and floor have a persistent chill. The ancient as fuck heating system hisses and sputters and the woven tapestries on the ten-foot-tall leaded glass windows do nothing to keep the heat in.

I point my index fingers that are wrapped around the mug toward my friend’s blue Brooks Brothers tie. “I’ll never get used to you wearing *that*. In college, you used to cut off guys ties in the bar telling them they were sheep.”

He scoffs but doesn’t bother to deny it. “Only when I was drunk.”

“That was most of the time.” I draw a sip of the dark liquid between my lips, closing my eyes as it scalds my tongue, burning its way down my throat. Giovanni called last night, letting me know he was passing through on his way to a meeting with some over-paid chemists turned execs at Winthrop PharmCo.

No doubt to sell them a multi-million-dollar package of the new nanopore microscopes his company is producing from an exclusive patent he secured last year.

“Whatever.” He shakes his head. “You may not have enjoyed the company of the ladies in school, but you sure enjoyed the company of Johnnie Walker.”

I swallow, setting my mug down on the walnut surface of my desk where Giovanni pokes at my name placard.

Father Martin Louis, Headmaster.

“Goodbye, Father Martin.” A singsong voice drifts in from the open door as a young woman in a plaid skirt flicks a finger wave my way, drawing Giovanni’s eyes.

She flutters her lashes with a teasing arch of her back.

“Goodbye, Fawn,” I say, my voice flat.

Giovanni watches the doorway as she disappears. “Damn, how do you keep your dick in your pants?”

Truth is, all I feel is relief. Fawn is the last of my charges to leave the dormitory before the renovations begin. I’ll have two to three months without the burden of watching over a flock of black sheep sent here by parents hoping for a miracle.

I raise my eyebrows. “You know why.”

Giovanni was my roommate in freshman year at Regent Overton University where we were both majoring in chemistry by day and mayhem by night. Drinking and fighting, trying to shed the academic nerd cloak that most that take on our scientific interests are forced to wear.

Out of everyone in the world, I’m closest to him but that’s not saying much.

“Besides,” I continue, “most of them would get you a one-way ticket to the sex offender registry. That doesn’t deter most of them, mind you. Last Tuesday, that one showed up for her last assessment session commando. How do I know? Because she sat right where you are now, toes together, knees spread, leaning back showing me what God gave her. Wanted me to

give her a five-star review for the final report I was sending to her parents.”

“Damn... Did it work?”

“Did it fuck. I wrote a six-page oratory of her offenses while she was here. No amount of consequences or encouragement moved her. She knows the power of what she has between her legs, at least on most men, and she will undoubtedly continue to use it to her advantage.”

They all try to use what they have to get what they want. But I’m not buying what they are selling.

I reach down and slide open the bottom drawer on the century old carved desk and pull out a bottle of blue label Johnnie, unscrewing the cap before adding a short pour into both our coffee mugs.

“I never did understand when you went in this direction. I mean, damn, stuck here in the middle of Nowheresville, Maine? I’d go stir crazy. Still, your job has its perks. Legal or not.”

“There’s nothing about them that perks me,” I bite back, thinking of all the sneaking lies they try to put past me and my staff. All the tricks and snide remarks they think I don’t know about. The marijuana and booze I’ve confiscated over the years and the occasional boyfriend I throw out the front door after he’s snuck into the dorm.

They offer their fake smiles and fluttering lashes when they are caught. Dropping to their knees, eyes up, hands pressed together, mouths open. *Please, Father Martin, I’ll do anything...*

Little do they know, I abhor them and no offer of their sexual collateral makes my blood flow hot.

“Your track record with the fairer sex has been fucked, you have every right to be salty. I guess you found your calling.”

My calling. My journey was not what most would expect, but here I am. Was I called to serve my faith? Yes, but in my heart, my reasons were not what most would assume.

Thanks to my grandmother's influence, my formation process was a little different to most. I was posted here to Saint Margaret's as a Chemistry teacher for the handful of young women sent by their parents as a form of punishment. Within a year of ordination, I was the headmaster, and two years later, my prejudice about females has rooted down into my marrow.

But the location is remote, and I have no parishioners to speak of besides a few octogenarians that still shuffle into the chapel for confession or communion once a week. The girls that come here go away just as fast, either by violating the rules or begging their parents to free them from the oppression of prayer and studies and the litany of rules I impose.

Pleasantly enough, the diocese has stalled any further intakes until a decision is made about the crumbling stone structures and list of code violations that anchor this five-hundred-acre compound.

If I had my way, there would be no more Headmaster Martin and instead, I'd be left alone here to continue my own studies and research. I would set up my own lab, do things my way.

That time is coming. I've made deals, talked to the right people and greased the right palms. The church isn't keen on selling up old buildings, but to the right person with the right recommendation?

Through God, all things are possible.

Giovanni slugs back the last of his whiskey coffee and I do the same as the office phone on my desk rings through. The clear button flashing on the front of the base indicates it's on my personal line, which is only used by my father when he needs something.

My three brothers, one by blood and two by marriage, all use my cell. I see them rarely these days, but whenever they need something, be that advice or bailing out of some mess they've stepped in, I'm their first call. Not our father. He's on wife number six and she came with something new.

An eighteen-year-old daughter. With a cat. He hates cats.

I haven't met them, don't see any point. I've come to realize my father has a 'type'. Outside of my mother, of course, who was a fucking saint, he likes them a little bitchy, definitely greedy, Peg Bundy variations without the humor. There's lots of leopard print and big hair, fake tits and PhD's in narcissism.

My father gets the frequent flier discount at Johnson, Mettam and Roth, Divorce Attorneys, and my brothers are already doing the over under on how long this new wife is going to last.

What a fucking shit storm marriage is.

I tap my fingers on the desktop as I debate the pros and cons of answering.

"Take it," Giovanni says, nodding at the office door. "I gotta take a leak, then need to head out. You sure you won't come along? Let those PharmCo people see what real genius looks like."

He pushes up from the armchair on the other side of my desk, flinging his fingers through his salty-brown hair, then turns and walks across the colorful Turkish rug that covers the stone floor between my desk and the doorway.

I take a deep breath and answer on the fifth ring, knowing when I hang up, I'll need another shot of Johnnie.



AIRPORTS HAVE a distinct smell that's equal parts jet fuel, frustration, sweat and stale booze.

The ten-minute phone call with my father was mostly me saying no, and him not listening. It's a dance for the ages with us, but this time, for whatever reason, I let him win.

Maybe it was the new sound of desperation in his voice.

Maybe it was that all the other wayward girls have vacated Saint Margaret's so the renovations can begin and I needed a little side project.

Or, as they say, curiosity killed the cat. So, three hours later, I'm waiting to pick up my newest stepsister, not as her stepbrother but as Father Martin, and maybe I can offer some

solace or advice on how to navigate the prickly as a cactus man that raised me.

I don't fucking know, but when he promised that this would be the last favor he would ever ask of me, and that he appreciated me, I caved.

An older couple nods, making the sign of the cross as they pass. I'm inside baggage claim holding a piece of white poster board I grabbed from the art supply closet before scrawling 'TENNANT' across the front in thick black marker.

The ones that have that intoxicating smell.

I think it's a childhood thing, remembering the swirling lightheaded feeling they gave me in my youth at St. Agatha's Preparatory School where every kid needed a good magic marker high to get through the day.

They no longer deliver a buzz, but the scent is still oddly comforting.

Seems my newest sibling has upended my father's calm, orderly life and he's at the age where putting up with another stepchild's bullshit is not in his wheelhouse.

Why my newest stepmother, number six to be exact, agreed to this, I don't know, and I didn't ask. I didn't go to the wedding and had no intentions of meeting my stepsister, figuring the divorce would be filed within a year and outside of an occasional phone call or a lunch when he's passing through town, my father and I have an unspoken agreement to stay out of each other's lives.

I hold up the poster board, the flavor of the whiskey coffee still on my tongue as a throng of hurried and annoyed passengers flood off the elevator and down the stairs toward baggage claim number twenty-six, where a flight from Orlando is barfing its baggage guts down the stainless-steel slide onto the rotating black rubber track.

I make a punching move with my fist, turning the back of my hand toward my face, checking the time. The ink that covers my arms, chest and back peeks out from under the white cuff

of my shirt, but my black suit, white shirt and clerical collar are drawing looks from pretty much everyone that walks by.

The minute hand points toward the nine. Her flight landed twenty minutes ago. Surely she's with this gaggle that's jostling for position to snatch up their luggage at carousel twenty-six.

Then, I get my first look at Katherine 'Kitty' Tennant.

She'll be wearing a hoodie and black shorts. Black boots. She looks like a hooker; you can't miss her.

There have been many turning points in my life.

My mother's death: Big one.

Getting kicked out of my post grad studies when I was wrongly accused of sexual misconduct with some undergrads: Ugly one.

The deal I made with my grandmother that saw me becoming a priest: Calculated one.

A few more, none of them pleasant.

But, as I stand here, I know I'm in the middle of another one, because the luscious young woman with caramel colored hair and a wobbly roller bag just locked eyes with me.

And I'm spinning. My personal commitment has boarded a flight for Vegas and is downing a double shot of Stoli while tapping out a line of coke with a maxed-out credit card.

This turning point has me in its sights like a heat seeking missile and with one look, I already know my world is about to be upended.

I come alive. Not the baseline vital signs that show I'm breathing and my heart is pumping, but alive in that way you know what hope means.

I raise the posterboard to shoulder height and she nods, points to her face then offers a half-hearted wave and my heart rate skyrockets.

It's her. My stepsister. Only, I'm not going to tell her that. To her, I'm Father Martin. That was the agreement I made with

my father and even if I didn't, I don't want to be her fucking brother.

Her candy-coated lips twist into a frown. She doesn't want to be here. I see it in the slump of her shoulders, the hard set of her jaw under cherub cheeks where a set of dimples are making me question every choice I've ever made in my sorry fucking life.

I don't blame her for the frown.

From the bit my good ole dad told me, she's gone from textbook good girl to Bahd Barbie-wild child since her mother married my father.

Don't tell her who you are. You're just the headmaster. Be ruthless with her. She's a pain in my ass.

My father's voice rattles around in my head, but telling her I'm her stepbrother is the last thing on my mind.

It's like all the lights in a dark stadium have been turned on at once as I stand in the middle of the field, blinded and helpless to move a muscle.

My extremities may be paralyzed, but my dick isn't. For the first time in as long as I can remember, I'm having *that* reaction.

She's wearing a cropped little hoodie paired with the smallest black yoga shorts. They show off her voluptuous ass and thick thighs, and I want to destroy the flock of men waiting for their golf bags and suitcases, panting and smiling and fucking her with every sidelong glance.

I feel my demise approaching. The missile is getting closer, aiming directly at my aching balls and thickening cock.

How long has it been since I grew hard at the sight or thought of a woman?

Ten years? More?

I am not physically *unable*, I have disciplined myself in ways most would find horrifying. But, the horror of lust and wanting far outweighs the alternative.

My substantial hard-on is hidden under the length of my black blazer as a riot of depraved thoughts burst alive inside me like a grenade.

This is not me. I'm not this man. I've made a personal commitment to myself, the church and God, but my desire to find the nearest bathroom stall and pound into my fist as I did as an adolescent boy returns with a fury.

She reaches forward, tugging another bag from the turnstile, fighting to pull it toward her as a twenty-something guy with a ball cap and athletic shorts pushes next to her, grabbing his duffel from behind her suitcase and nearly knocking her over.

Revelations-like rage pounds in my heart as she shoots him a glare but pulls away muttering something under her breath as she rights herself and extends the handles on her roller bags.

He scared her. Why is she scared, here in the middle of a busy airport?

The way she bends to the side, showing off the curve of her braless tits sends the missile into my chest and fire into my belly.

She has made the first hammer blow to the stone walls of my vows. As she strides my way, the sign in my hand shakes along with her tits.

Her body is pure sin but her face? She is the virgin Mary herself, with skin smooth as spun sugar and fine, doll-like features. For the first time ever, I imagine using my position of authority to coerce a girl into the depths of sin.

I could do it in the back of the car waiting outside. I could.

I could.

I have a driver but there's a barrier between the front and back of the ancient limousine that belongs to Saint Margaret's.

I could slide my hand onto her thigh. Demand she tell me all her dark secrets. Her sins. Her desires. The things that drive her wild at night.

I'd dip my fingers between the lush flesh of her legs, tell her this is part of her penance. Her training. She will submit to me.

Why do I hear the devil laughing? Why do I feel death whispering in my ear?

It doesn't matter. Taking a woman with force or coercion was never my way and never will be. I never needed pussy that bad. But something inside me says that's gonna change now that my new stepsister has been forced into my life.

She teeters on high heeled black boots, stumbling as she drags her bags, blowing a tendril golden brown hair from her lips as I imagine drinking from the sweet well of sin between her legs.

Stop. This has to *stop*.

"Hi. I'm Kitty," she whispers as she stops in front of me, her tits still jostling from her unsteady stride and the pounding in my chest forces me to clutch at my heart.

She scans the area on a smirk then looks up at me, and I'm struck for a moment as I realize: she's been crying. Her eyes are puffy and sure, she's putting a brave face on but something has upset her.

And all I want to do is pound whatever that thing is into dust.

"I'm supposed to meet Father Martin... I'm assuming that's you, since you have my name on a sign and you're dressed, well, like that?"

I open my mouth to answer as she stalls, her ankle crumpling and throwing her off balance. Her tits jiggle and sway with the movement. Her small roller bag is missing a wheel, and the larger one is strapped closed with duct tape, and has one of those, 'TSA Inspected Your Luggage' stickers plastered on the front.

I am the Father you seek.

I am also your brother.

But, most of all, I already know, I will be your Daddy.

The effort of managing the opposing forces of her bags and the five-inch chunky heels throws her sideways. Her eyes flash wide, her face flushed and dewy as she starts to spin off center, dropping her suitcases while simultaneously bumping into my

chest. She grasps at whatever she can, which in this case is me, her little hands like flames lapping at my heart.

Somewhere, deep in the recesses of my mind, a synapse shrieks at me to remember that women are all trouble. That in some way or another she'll show herself to be no different. The only women in my life are my grandmother and the ghost of my mom.

For a second I nearly turn away, nearly retreat into my jaded view of the female sex.

Then she needs me, and all bets are off.

“Oh shit.” She hisses as I drop the sign to the sticky, purple carpet, my hands moving to catch her, one landing on the smooth, warm flesh of her back.

The other finding the weight of her tit, sliding up under the cropped edge of her come fuck me hoodie.

And the missile detonates inside me.

End times are near, and they're as cute as a kitten.

CHAPTER 2



Kitty

This is awkward.

The priest, or headmaster, or *whatever*, is hot AF.

Second, he's feeling me up. Like palm on tit. Fingers brushing my bullet hard nipple and I swear, his black eyes flash with desire.

Aren't priests sort of above it all? Sex, I mean.

Which makes no sense because this man?

He's built for all things unholy.

Tall, dark, broody and the poster child for triple-X temptation. Dark ink laps at the sides of his neck just above the hard line of his clergy collar. Is it called a priest's collar? I have no idea. I'm not Catholic or Anglican or whatever it is my mother and stepfather told me was the religious bend to where they were sending me.

My tongue sticks to the roof of my mouth. Dry as a bone. But that's certainly not true about what's happening down in my southern hemisphere.

After I froze for a split second, memories of last night flooding back at the feel of his hand on my tit, the floodgates opened. I freeze as he unknowingly gropes me, my roller bags forgotten on the horrible purple carpet as the hum of the baggage claim area disappears behind the rushing of blood in my ears.

I slide my hands down the solid planes of his chest, desperate to find my balance as I realize I've just gone to second base for my first time with a priest. All my thoughts about where I'm going to live after doing my time wherever it was my mom and her new husband were sending me, evaporate.

Where am I going to go after? What will I do with my life? I have no scholarship; my cat is gone and I'm broke.

Who cares?

Not me. Not right now.

Except, about my cat. I'd do anything to find her.

The endless well of his black eyes connect to mine and the dance of a million lusty fingers tickle in my center as I take in his stone-carved face. The thick waves of his black hair are slicked back, curling behind his ears and never, never did I imagine the headmaster of the school that is supposed to reform me would look like this.

I expected a rotund, bald, oily faced, puffy lipped old white guy with bad breath and body odor because somewhere in my mind, priests don't wear deodorant.

Clearly, that was misguided. This guy smells like Jesus if he just took a shot of whiskey then bathed in some black-bottled body wash called Soak her Panties.

A hundred tiny hammers are trying to poke holes in my cranium. My belly rolls and the nausea from this morning has turned into a gnawing hunger but not for the puny pack of peanuts I ate on the plane.

"I'm sorry," I mutter as I right myself.

His hand retreats from under my shirt, his face a mask as I let my eyes fall from where they've been superglued to his perfect lips to my bag laying on its side on the floor. The way the TSA re-taped it shut after breaking the zipper has left a clear view of the purple silicone dildo inside.

Which is vibrating.

Shoot me now.

Hank knocked on my window at 4:30 am, still drunk and looking to shatter my V card which had become pretty much his narrow focus in our times together. In my still half-intoxicated state, I blathered on about being sent away. I was still sobbing, unable to sleep after finding out I might never see my cat again and he offered to take my virginity for me as a parting gift.

Or a consolation prize.

Yeah, Hank is an asshole.

But, at least he knew what 'no' meant.

He was no prince charming, but he paid attention to me and I was primed for working out my daddy issues with a truck driver that got off on buying booze and weed for his underage sister's friends. When I told him it was a no go on sneaking into my bedroom, he ran back to his beat-up Ford sedan, returning with 'something to get me warmed up for when I came home'.

Yeah. Asshole. But, what was I going to do? Leave the purple hymen destroyer at home for old Hoover to find and use on my mother?

I can't even.

"No apologies needed." My new warden's voice is like liquid sex dragging through gravel, with a detached calm that only delivers another soaking punch to my underwear. "I am here to help. I'm Father Martin, headmaster of Saint Margaret's."

I release a shaky breath, the world feeling soft around the edges and surreal like only a good tequila hangover can deliver, then return my eyes to his, refusing to show weakness or let on that I spent the whole journey quietly crying.

He glances down, "Something in your suitcase is buzzing."

Fuck, why does his voice have be so sexy?

It's bad enough he's the best-looking man I've ever been this close to, but you put that rumbling baritone of sultry goodness on top and I'm already figuring out how to tempt this man of the cloth into breaking his vows.

As though I'd know how, but that doesn't seem to matter when I look up at his six foot plus plus frame and practically puddle into the airport floor.

"Yeah," I start, clearing my throat. He raises a single brow, his tongue dancing on his incisor. "I mean, yes, it was a gag gift from my friend. A parting gift, I guess."

"I see."

His Adam's apple shifts as sweat trickles down my back. I realize I'm staring in awe at the hard angle of his black scruff-covered jaw, the frown lines around his mouth and the overall perfection of his black suit and, God help me, that white collar around his neck. It's all designed to make me ache in the most unexpected places.

"Seems we have some work to do."

A muscle in his cheek ticks as I look up. Even in my five-inch platform boots, he towers above me. This is not what I expected when I boarded the plane heading to reform school at 6 am, bleary eyed with my mother's hopeful encouragement and her new husband standing by looking at his watch every five seconds.

Did either of them think maybe, *maybe*, it was *their* behavior that was making me act like such a brat?

I'm glad to be anywhere but there right now, and even a stinky airport was acceptable, but now that I've seen my new steward, the day is marginally looking up.

Ignoring the buzzing in my bag, I cock my hip as heat marches up the sides of my neck and seats itself solidly on both my cheeks. "So, Saint Margaret's is not far, I hope? I could use a shower and a bed. I barely slept last night."

Darkness covers his face as he takes a step back in a sort of reflexive recoil as a long breath escapes through his kissable lips.

"Not far. You'll get plenty of sleep while you're under my roof. But, you are not going to a resort. You are coming with me for more than relaxation." He gives me this look of concern that makes my insides turn gooey, then starts to take

off his jacket as he glances around at the other people in the baggage claim.

And I have to swallow against the sudden tide of feelings going on. The sight of him removing clothes. The urge to look down, to see what's going on between his legs. My body is telling me to climb on whatever train this man is on and ride it down the tracks to put-me-on-my-back-and-call-me-yours station.

My nipples are doing their best to punch holes through the front of my hoodie as he puts the jacket around my shoulders.

“That’s better. I don’t want you catching a chill,” he explains. And I’m about to apologize and try to cover my pebbling nipples when he continues, “We’re a long way from Florida. I’ll get these.”

He reaches down and grabs my bags, setting them upright as he eyes the buzzing purple silicone that’s stuck to the duct tape holding together the broken zipper.

“Can we just pretend that’s not there?” I swallow back the lump lodged in my dry throat as he grazes his front teeth with his tongue, making me sigh.

“I can ignore it if you can.” He sets the slightest of smiles onto his sexy lips. “I’ll take good care of you, Kitty. You just have to trust me. Come with me. The car is waiting.” He spins on the heel of his mirror-shined black shoes and I stumble along behind him, my toes numb from these stupid boots, but right now I’d follow him anywhere. He takes a look at me over his shoulder, cocking his head toward the door. “Come on. It’s okay.”

His calm, confident manner should scare me, but instead I’m a puppy wagging behind him, blissfully ignorant of who my new master could be, but sure in my heart that all is going to be fine as long as I do what he says.

You just have to trust me.

Watching him walk in that stern black suit, firm butt filling out his pants in just the right way, is dropping the throbbing in my center downtown. It feels like my sex is being barraged with

those foam bullets from the Nerf guns I used to shoot at the daycare teachers.

Father Martin turns, a glance of no more than a second to make sure I'm following, and my mind disintegrates into pixie dust. There's so much that happens in that one look. His eyes start at the top of my head but end down at my feet after a lick of his lips and I'm on fire.

“Almost there. You doing okay?” He pauses for me to catch up, lips parted, and all I can think about is how heavy his body would be when he came down on top of me...

CHAPTER 3



Martin

“Do you know why you are here?” I default to the question I ask all the girls when they arrive because there’s no possibility of organizing any other sensible thought right now. “Buckle your seatbelt,” I add as a clutch of fear tangles in my gut.

She’s trouble. Women are trouble. More trouble than they’re worth. Why am I having to consciously remind myself of that fact when it comes to her?

She follows my direction, leaning toward me to find the end of the seat belt which is pressing into her right butt cheek, then she tugs it across her thick center, clicking it into place on a long exhale.

If temptation had a scent, it would be Kitty Tennant. She’s sweet like lilacs but with a tang of something savory that’s making my mouth water.

She’s heating up the back seat the way the sunrise does when it spreads across my bed in the mornings. Feeling her up left me wrecked. All the prayers in the world can’t wash away the softness of her melon-sized tit I my hand.

The pebble of her nipple against the pads of my fingers.

Was it an accident I groped my stepsister?

Maybe.

At first.

After that?

No. I mad-ass violated her like a drooling old man in a strip club before I managed a fingerhold of restraint and asked God for strength.

And forgiveness.

I haven't touched anyone like that in a decade. Or been touched. Even now, I feel the pressure of her hands on my chest as the scent of her breath, a mixture of spearmint gum and a hint of last night's tequila, fills the back of the car.

Kitty.

What a fucking name. I close my eyes, staring at the tips of my black, patent leather shoes, and pray for guidance as she crosses and uncrosses her legs on the seat next to me.

See? That right there. Trouble, thy name is Kitty.

"Are you thirsty?" I ask, reaching into the console on the floor in front of us and pulling out a bottle of water.

I know she's hungover and I'm no stranger to the discomfort of that particular sort of dehydration.

"Yeah, thanks." She offers me a gracious smile as she takes the bottle, cracking open the screw top and tipping it back.

She engulfs the water, her throat moving up and down with each swallow, before she takes a break on a long exhale, dragging the sleeve of her sweatshirt over her plump lips.

The back of the limo feels fucking small. It's never felt this way when I picked up my other charges from the airport or wherever they came from. Her breathing is soft and steady next to me as the vehicle rumbles down the freeway, the driver accelerating as much as this car is capable of. The ten-year-old Lincoln limo is a throwback from some low budget '80's mafia film, complete with tears in the vinyl seats and A/C that sputters and blows out musty lukewarm air.

"My mom and her new husband think I'm on a bad road," she starts, shocking me back into the moment as I remember that I asked her a question.

“How did you end up on this *bad road*?”

She shrugs. “When you transfer schools in your senior year, nobody’s looking to create new bonds. Only the party group, they’ll take anyone, especially if you’ll write their term papers or help them get a passing grade.”

“You don’t think that’s cheating?”

“Doesn’t much matter if it is now. I’m out. Arrested at a house party, underage, drunk and with a pocketful of yummy gummies. Bye bye scholarship. Bye bye to my pet cat.”

My throat strangles around a shaking breath as the desperation in her answer pins my heart in my chest.

I note the different shades of pink on her fingernails as her hands clench the half empty water bottle in her lap.

“I guess Mom and Hoover think my life needs direction and fewer distractions.”

I want to ask her about the cat. I want to find out what’s happened to her and make it all better. But that’s not my job. It’s not. I have to remind myself that I’m here to help her turn her life around, not fix the cruelties already thrown her way.

So why does it feel so wrong to go on with my usual line of questioning? Why am I hesitating before asking the obvious?

“You don’t think that’s the truth?”

She shrugs, the action raising the edge of her cropped hoodie showing off another ball busting swell of under boob. “What’s truth? Everything is perception or speculation until it’s proven beyond a doubt and some things can’t be proven. But, doesn’t matter. I’m here.” She looks out the window, running her tongue along her teeth. “Well, almost here. There.” She fusses with the bottle, squeezing it as the plastic makes crinkling sounds then releasing it, squeezing again. “Wherever it is I’m going. Doesn’t matter. I don’t care. Nothing matters.”

In that second, I vow to bury that sorrow in her voice under the stone mortar of the foundation in the rectory.

“It will matter. You matter. It will be my job to make you understand that. I’ll prove it to you.”

Doubtful eyes turn my way, spearing my pounding heart. “Is that what I’m here for? To have a priest give me self-care classes? Boost my woeful self-esteem? Make me see how I’ve been hurting myself with my actions? Teach me that my body is a vessel of purity and I should treat it as such? Just so we’re clear, I don’t believe in God, so...yeah.”

Her tone hardens, her shoulders back, head up. She’s soft and hard. Lustful and innocent. Whip smart and yet oblivious. She’s dressed like a woman but with the heart of a scared little girl.

“I want you to figure out what you are here for. I’ll be your guide, your sounding board. I want what’s best for you, with or without God. I’ll keep you safe while we navigate it together.”

That last part leaves silence hanging between us. I’ve never spoken to a girl that way since college. Caring. Nurturing. Sincerity dripping from every word.

Only, back then there was a dark twist that ended with me losing my post graduate lab and got me ousted from the university.

Her caramel-colored hair flows over her shoulders in unbrushed tendrils like she was rushed out of her bed this morning. Which, knowing my father, is no surprise.

Once a Marine always a Marine.

Her pulse ticks at the juncture of her neck and jaw, and I bite back a groan at the thought of my lips there, feeling the *thump thump thump* of her blood moving through her body, knowing that it’s touched her *everywhere*.

I haven’t masturbated since I took my vows. I’ve metaphorically flagellated myself for any feelings of attraction and lust for so many years, I wasn’t sure I would ever feel anything again.

Not because the bible or the church—or my grandmother, but that’s a conversation for another time—tells me that’s what I should do, but because I wanted nothing to do with any of it.

Love. Women. Sex. Romance.

It was my downfall more than once, and re-building myself has become a battle of will I refuse to concede.

She is the trebuchet. I am the wall. No matter what she throws at me, I will not waver.

A wall with a hard-on that's about to make a fucking mess inside my pants while a vision of my stepsister on all fours barrels through me with the devil riding shotgun on my shoulder.

“You know I’m eighteen. I *can* just leave.”

“Yes. Such a big girl.” The words burn my lips.

“It’s just...” Her bravado slumps along with her shoulders. “... my new stepfather...” She inhales and exhales before finishing. “I don’t think he wants me around. So, here I am, lucky you.”

Yes, sweet girl, he’s an asshole. I know too well his fathering skills are that of a carnivorous plant. And yes, lucky, lucky me.

I would get a unanimous yes from the rest of my brothers on that count, step or otherwise, and for a moment, I wonder if she’s met any of them. If she knows how many wives there have been. How many of my brothers even know about her? I barely knew. If I hadn’t talked to Darius, my youngest stepbrother, when he needed advice on whether or not to dump his girlfriend after he found her profile on Tinder, I wouldn’t have known.

“In life, there will be people that test us. Some of those tests seem...useless, but I assure you, there is an invisible path leading you where you belong, Kitty.” I taste her name on my tongue for the first time and it makes my balls ache.

“I’ve always done well on tests.” She pushes a smile to her pink lips. “I just guess I didn’t know how to study for this one.”

I reach over and rest my hand on her forearm, the smooth warmth of her skin on my palm making blood flow into my erection as shame hollows in my belly.

“You’re in good hands.” I offer a soft squeeze for emphasis, then bite the inside of my cheek. The tang of blood spreads over my tongue as I swallow it down, along with the lustful words barreling up my throat.

My father is pushing into his late sixties and having an eighteen-year-old at his house would be unpleasant for her at best. The last time I was there, I moved a pen on his desk and you would have thought I torched his fucking balls.

“There will be rules here. With me.” I revert back to my customary introduction to Saint Margaret’s. “They will be clear and when you break them, there will be consequences of my choosing. But, I assure you, everything I do, everything I say, has a purpose. I think only of your well-being, current and future. If I seem harsh, understand, it is for your benefit. I will praise you and reward you when you do well, but I will correct and punish you when you do not.”

A blush creeps over her cheeks as the words I’ve said dozens of times take on new meaning. Bringing back old demons as I withdraw my hand from her sin-inspiring flesh to grip my face, my hand covering my lips as the car takes a left onto the bumps of the brick driveway of the church compound.

“If you hit me, I’ll hit you back.” She straightens her spine, steeling her jaw and the juxtaposition of toughness and insecurity forces the waves of my protective instincts to crest.

I answer with a grin and a nod. I welcome her challenge. Teaching her the difference between violence and discipline will be my pleasure.

She’s the test I knew would come someday. Sooner than I expected and in the form of a stepsister.

My fists ball at my sides, ready to do battle with myself.

I push away the filth that flashes behind my lids as I blink at the sun streaming through the back window. As the century-old bricks of the driveway make the car bounce and vibrate, I mutter a prayer; asking for forgiveness and strength as the vehicle comes to a stop outside the ten-foot tall, carved walnut dormitory doors with the inscription across the front...

Per has iportas salus exspectat.

“How many other girls stay here?”

“Right now, none.”

“It’s just me? And you?”

My stomach twists. My cock pressing on my zipper.

“Just us. And Sister Nathalia. You’ll meet her when we arrive. You, my child, will receive all of my attention. Whether you like it or not. But, I’m betting that you will like it. You deserve to be guided by someone dedicated to you. Someone that will do what is necessary and difficult to ensure you are happy.”

Our eyes connect, one second, two, three, four...I lose count as the limo comes to a stop and the driver appears outside my window, clicking open the door.

“Creepy.” She shakes her head, rolling her eyes back. “If I didn’t know better, I’d think I was being punked.” Releasing a long breath, she presses her hands, still holding the water bottle between her knees, making it crinkle again. “But, since I have nowhere else to go, and from what I remember, I get three meals and a place to sleep, I’m in. I could use a lot of sleep. So, let’s see what you’ve got. I hope you’re up for a challenge.”

“I welcome it, Kitty. I welcome you, at your best and your worst.”

The driver walks over to open her door. She pushes up, bending forward, as sunlight streams in around her. The curves of her ass cheeks hang out the back of her shorts as a fist barrels into my gut as the unexpected peek-a-boo of a smooth vaginal lip makes an appearance. My eyes lock onto the tempting flesh as she scoots across the vinyl seat.

The orgasm I’ve been holding back for ten years takes me like a category five hurricane. I double over on a groan, cum bursting from the tip of my cock like liquid fire, blinding me as my legs cramp. I grip the edges of the seat until the vinyl tears in my hands.

I drop my chin, gasping, waiting for my vision to return.

There were seven deadly sins. Now, there are eight. And the one that will kill me is named Kitty.

CHAPTER 4



Kitty

*F*lip over on the lumpy mattress. The scratchy wool blanket and starched sheets have me rating this resort one out of five stars.

The clock below the crucifix on the stone wall reads forty, and I haven't managed a single wink of sleep in the two hours I've been in this room for what Father Martin called, *reflection time*.

I'm running on empty but laying here in my silent quarters at Saint Margaret's, my mind is racing as I piece together the last twenty-four hours. A pervasive dampness covers the stone walls while a musty smell hangs in the stale air which does nothing for my already sour stomach.

As my hangover subsides, there's a stinging spot that throbs on my scalp from where my hair was pulled and my upper arm aches where I'm sure bruises are starting to show.

You fought back. You're okay.

Damming up the broken memory of what happened in the stinky bar bathroom last night makes the pressure behind my forehead balloon.

As if that's not enough, the crushing grief sitting on my chest as I wonder where Baby might be right now has tears springing to my eyes. I press the heels of my hands to my eye sockets, forcing sparks to flicker behind my lids.

Is she scared? Does she think I abandoned her?

Is she even still alive?

Or, did someone adopt her? Are they nice and she already loves them, and she's forgotten about me?

Or, are they horrible, and she's—

“Katherine?” A female voice cuts through my sorrowful haze, paired with a knock on the wooden door.

“Yes.” I brush the backs of my hands over my wet cheeks, wrapping my arms around my belly against the ripping feeling in my chest as I jerk my sore body into a sitting position on the edge of the bed.

“It's almost five o'clock. Father Martin expects promptness.” The door opens a few inches and the older woman in a nun's habit I met when we arrived steps just inside the room.

Her skin tone matches her gray dress and she's paired it with the most god-awful black shoes that look like she could kick a hole in the stone wall without breaking a toe.

“Yes, I know.” I wave at the clock. “I learned how to tell time in Kindergarten.”

Nathalia purses her pale lips, narrowing her eyes. “Rudeness will not be tolerated. I understand you do not wish to be here, but you *are* here, for reasons I'm sure you understand whether or not you wish to admit them to yourself. First days are hard, Father Martin will go over the rules with you. Make no mistake, he will hold fast to what is best for you. Now, I suggest you change your clothes.” She eyes my boots, then sniffs at my exposed belly. “Do you remember where the session room is? Off the headmaster's office on the first floor?”

I nod, she nods back. We stare at each other for a few seconds in a game of ‘whoever moves first loses’, which I refuse to lose. After an uncomfortable sixty-four seconds—I counted—she rolls her makeup-less eyes then closes the door and I push to my feet in a huff.

What is this bullshit? I mean, I'm eighteen, what did I sign last night?

I was drunk, so whatever it was is not technically binding since I couldn't really consent. I'm going to march down there and tell this 'Father' I'm leaving first thing in the morning.

How? You gonna hoof it?

There were twenty minutes of nothing but trees and a winding road with no one else in sight on the way here.

I march across the stone floor, a scraping, clumping sound bouncing off the cold walls with each step as I approach the window over a rickety wooden desk with a bible on top next to a hard-bound leather journal and a thick, expensive looking pen, both of which I was instructed by Father Martin to bring to our first 'session' today.

I reach forward, the iron crank on the window cool in my sweaty palm as I twist it on a grunt, the ancient leaded glass panel squealing as it opens and a whoosh of fresh, salty ocean air puffs around my face. The sound of the waves crashing against the rocks at the foundation of one of the stone buildings to the left of where I'm being housed fills the room.

This place could be a killer vacation spot. Turn these stone monolith buildings into ocean front hotel suites and I'm all in.

Still, if I can put away the ragged sadness about Baby, along with the shame or fear or whatever is left from the near assault in the bathroom last night, underneath there's a humming tug toward the dark, broody clergyman that is awaiting me downstairs.

We will have two sessions a day. Together, we will figure out what is best for you. For who you want to be, not who you are now. There are rules here, and you will follow them. I assure you, I have ways of making sure you do.

I mean, I should dig in and pull his card. See what all this 'I have ways' means but, honestly, I'm *tired*.

I'm too young for this sort of full body fatigue. Partying and feeling lost and losing my scholarship and my future while watching my mother move on with her life and totally forget about her husband—my father—is a *lot*. I'm exhausted. So, while Father Martin showed me through Saint Margaret's and

finally here to my room, part of me whispered I should use this time. Like an all-expenses paid spa retreat.

After all, it's on the ocean which I love more than breathing. Sad part is I can't swim, but it's on my to do list to learn.

"Fine." I grimace at the stunning view out the window.

The juxtaposition of wanting to leave and stay makes my insides twist in the most uncomfortable yet titillating way. The whitecaps drift lazily to the shore, then disappear, seeping into the wet sand. They roll over and over and over as I take one last long breath as the sun begins its evening descent to the horizon.

I gather the journal and pen along with my phone and work my way along the eerily quiet stone hallway, then down the winding staircase that leads to the main level, where Father Martin's office and meeting room are located. I didn't bother to change my clothes like the good sister suggested, and suddenly I'm chilled, wishing I had put on a comfy pair of fleece pants with a fuzzy sweater which was pretty much my pre-Hoover style instead of the Harley Quinn slash streetwalker vibe I've adopted these last few months.

Wrought iron lights mounted into the stone in the halls flicker as I pass, making low buzzing sounds as my heels clomp clomp on the uneven slate floor, my heart lodged in my windpipe as I come around the last corner and see the open door to Father Martin's office, and a warm tension creeps up my back.

I'm not sure if I should knock or just walk in. A clammy sweat gathers on my palms as I stand against the wall, my mind racing, wondering who I will be when I leave here in thirty days.

Not the same person I was when I arrived, I'm sure. But for better or worse?

That remains to be seen.

CHAPTER 5



Kitty

There he is. The man that controls my life right now. The man I should want to push off the stony cliff outside my window.

But, I don't.

"Twelve minutes late." He nods, looking at his wrist where I see the hint of blue tattoos showing just under the cuff of his white shirt.

That view makes my toes curl. Just a little.

He's out of the suit he wore at the airport and instead is wearing a floor length black robe with black fabric buttons down the front, a gold cord draped over his shoulders and a different sort of white collar that shows off his Adam's apple and a bit more of the ink that is hidden below his neckline.

"It's your first day, I'm sure you are tired and out of sorts. But, being punctual is important, Kitty. It shows you value your own time and that you respect mine."

I swallow against the tightness in my throat.

I should have changed my underwear *at least*.

So I could ruin another pair?

"Well, it's not like you have a line of wayward youth beating down your office door. Your schedule seems open." I click my tongue on the roof of my mouth.

Stay in control. Keep the defenses up.

He stands from behind his desk and I swear, my ovaries *flex*.

“Come,” he says, ignoring my snarky comment as he extends his arm toward the session room he pointed out when he showed me around earlier. “You brought the notebook and pen like you were told. Pleases me.”

Pleases me.

Why does that hit me in the center of my chest? Why do I care if he’s pleased or not?

Slick warmth spreads between my thighs, and I make a mental note to ask where the laundry facilities are, because I’m going to be doing a lot of panty washing if this nonsense keeps up.

As we enter the adjacent room, his body radiates heat. I feel it as I pass by on my way to the worn velvet sofa, across from a Mini Cooper sized cut stone fireplace where a small stack of logs is crackling and sparking, making this room warmer than the chill of the hallways and office.

“Sit where you like,” he says as the door clicks closed behind me, then out of the corner of my eye I see him move closer, like a floating phantom with his robe brushing the tips of his black shoes on each smooth step.

I decide on the sofa. It looks soft and there’s a few pillows. I decide I need to make sure I’m not powerless in this whole deal, so as Father Martin turns his back, grabbing a wrought iron poker and tending to the fire for a moment, I tap on my phone screen, swiping on the audio recording app, then stuff the phone half hidden behind one of the pillows.

I’m not sure what my plan is here, but making sure I have some collateral seems smart.

His black eyes grab mine as he turns, the hem of his robe widening in a draping circle.

He takes his time as he heads for the little sitting area in front of the fireplace, lowering himself into a carved wooden chair with red velvet cushions that match the sofa, then crosses his legs, drumming his fingers on the carved lionheads that roar at me from the ends of the armrests.

I hold the journal up from my lap as I lower my butt toward the sofa next to the phone, hidden behind its pillow. “So, what’s this for? Am I here to take *dic*-tation?”

My forwardness spills from me in a mix of spite and hopefulness. I nip at my lip, taking in the sight of him in the throne-like chair. Light from the window behind gives him an ethereal glow as he shifts in the seat, a grimace of discomfort lashing across his stone-cut face. I thrust my chest forward, nearly missing the sofa as I sit, more focused on his lap than where my butt is going. I fall forward, dropping the journal and pen as I squeak and right myself with my hand on the edge of a thick wooden table, crossing my ankles like I intended to do a bend and snap but failed miserably.

When I look, he’s leaning forward, concern brimming in his eyes. “Are you okay, Kitty?”

He’s halfway off the chair as I gather up the journal and pen, waving him off, holding it like a shield between us. “I’m good,” I manage, averting my eyes because every time I take him in, I feel like I’m falling.

Which, I almost did.

He settles back into the chair as my gaze skitters over the hardness of his jawline then down the front of his black robe. Do priests wear anything underneath? He raises his hands, pressing the palms together and rubbing them as his elbows rest behind the lion heads. As he considers me, my knees press together in an attempt to stem the tide of desire I seem helpless to control.

“Why are you here?” he asks.

I squint on a huff. “You asked me that in the car already.”

“I’d like you to tell me again.”

I leave the journal on my thighs, the pen resting on top as I turn my palms upward in a ‘what the heck’ gesture. “Same as it was earlier. I don’t want to be here, but I’m here, so if you’re just going to keep asking me that, it’s going to be a long thirty days. Or, however long my reservation at Chez Margaret’s is.”

He nods, clearing his throat, not a flash of distress in his dark features. “It could be a productive thirty days if you’ll let down your guard. I’m here for you, Kitty. I think we can at least agree, your life was not on the path you would consider ideal. Can we agree on that?”

I nod, wishing I could say otherwise but I don’t see the point. There’s something about him that simultaneously has my libido turned up to ten while making me feel comfortable and unjudged.

I have a vision of me sitting on his lap, his hand wrapped around my head so it’s tucked into his chest as I confess all my sins, my hopes, my dreams, my sadness as he stokes my hair. Somehow, I know, he’s going to fix all the broken things in my life.

Including me.

Stop. Focus. Don’t let him lead the way. You have a plan here, stick to it. Get some dirt on him so you can have some leverage. Just in case.

“Well, if you are going to be here anyway, why wouldn’t you want to get the most out of it?” The toe of his shoe moves up and down in slow, hypnotic waves, crossed over his other leg so that it points my way. I catch sight of the cuff of his dark trousers under the robe, killing my dirty dream that he’s commando under all that black fabric.

Stick to the plan.

“You’re right. I should get the most out of it.” I shift my body a quarter turn so my ass raises from the cushion, my shorts riding up with the friction from the velvet into the crack of my rear end.

“That’s a girl,” he says and that minute hint of approval tugs at some magical part of me I didn’t know I had. “Your journal is going to be important here. It’s a safe place where you can share anything with me without repercussions. It’s between us alone. I’m bound by our fiduciary relationship to keep everything we discuss confidential. *I’m your safe place, Kitty.*”

His breathing seems a tad rushed and unsteady as my heartbeat kicks around in my chest. I push my tits forward, knowing my nipples are praising Jesus right now as the seam of my stretchy yoga slash booty shorts soaks through. I clench my inner muscles, desperate for the rising tide inside me to crest.

“I believe you,” I say in my most sultry voice, trying to focus on my plan. I bite my tongue between my front teeth on an innocent sigh. “I need a safe place.”

I think he starts to groan but instead coughs, adjusting himself in the throne chair, covering his mouth with those long, incredible fingers before continuing. “I will give you an assignment at the end of each session. Something I want you to write about—not talk about, but write about. Then, you’ll leave your journal with me at breakfast, and I’ll write in it also. Giving you my thoughts on whatever it is you wrote.”

“Do you do this with all the girls that come here?” Jealousy prickles over my skin. This journal exercise feels astonishingly intimate and it’s ridiculous, but I want this to be special. Only for us.

What do I care about the other girls? Good gravy, he’s a *priest*, Kitty. Nothing is happening here besides some hormonal bipolar disorder I developed on the flight from Orlando to Cape Highsmith, Maine.

“Some. But not like this. I want to know about you, Kitty.” The way he says it makes me feel seen and heard in a way I haven’t since my dad passed away. “Not this version of you you think will either attract men or repel them. It’s a costume, it’s not you, is it?”

I’m torn between wanting to tell him to fuck off and caving, confessing my sins and my dreams and letting him pick up the pieces and weave me back into the girl I thought I would be, not what I’ve become.

“You sound like my stepfather.” I harden, remembering how Hoover always said how I dressed made me look like a slutty clown.

“Hoover?” Our eyes clash in the heat from the fireplace that wavers between us, sweat prickling under my boobs and down my back. “I assure you, I am not your stepfather.”

Something crosses over his features, but it’s unreadable. “Yeah, but he’s the one that sent me here. You must have talked to him.”

“Yes, early this morning.”

“I guess you know each other.” I narrow my gaze as he flicks his eyes to the fire.

“Enough only to have him trust me with your care. He and I have spent time together in the past. He knew you would be safe here with me and that possibly I could help you.”

Safe. Help.

Hoover’s never cared about me being safe or helped. Just quiet. Or gone.

“Trust takes time,” I mumble, wanting to believe him as my heart launches into hopeful flight.

“I’ll work my hardest to make that time as short as possible.”

God, why does he have to talk like that? Why does he have to look like that?

I mean, I’ve kissed three boys in my life. Well, two boys and a man. And none of them were memorable in any positive way. The first one barely counts. It was third grade and Jimmy Feilmeister who was in fifth grade asked me to dance at the Harvest Festival. I was a *kid*, for heck sake, I didn’t know the moment he got me out in the middle of the dancefloor he’d turn into the tongue monster. I went crying into the girls room where I hid in the last stall until my father came looking for me when I wasn’t outside waiting for him at the end of the night.

Then, there’s Hank.

I didn’t like him, really. But he poured on the attention and when I finally leaned in for that beer-soaked first kiss... Well, it was a cavern of open lips, extended tongue and more saliva than should ever be involved.

The third kiss, that was the cherry on top of last night and until right this second, I don't think I allowed myself to honestly put together the pieces of the horror show that could have been.

It wasn't the kind of kiss you swoon over in your diary or with your girlfriends. More the kind you should write in a police report. I didn't tell anyone I was with what happened.

Not even Hank. For all his moral ambiguity, he never tried to force anything on me. But, he wasn't overly protective either.

I remember falling into the cinderblock wall, spilling margarita number seven all over my boots, slurring I needed to find the bathroom.

I hear Hoover's voice in my head. *Dress like you're offering a free meal and don't be surprised when someone shows up to eat.*

I shake away the fuzzy memory of the filthy bathroom in the basement of the afterhours club on the wrong side of the wrong side of town. Somehow, that wasn't the worst thing that happened to me yesterday. The worst thing was coming home to find that my new stepfather took my cat away and I have no idea where she's gone. Or if she's safe. Or if there's any way I'll ever get her back or even see her again.

For a moment, a thick wave of guilt settles on my shoulders remembering the phone by my hip that's recording everything.

Father Martin lightly scratches at his lower lips with his thumb, his gaze flickering from my face to my chest, lower, lower, then licks its way back up leaving a trail of quivering tension in its wake.

“What do you want to talk about, Kitty?”

I lift a shoulder to my ear, rearranging myself, uncrossing my legs, recrossing them, giving him a view of my other butt cheek as I sniff and debate which way to take the rest of our 'session'.

“You're the boss. You tell me.”

He answers with a slow blink, hands unmoving, gaze pinned on me as I start to break into a flop sweat.

He's...*unflappable*.

And infuriating.

I count to ten, panic prickling over my skin as he waits.

And I crack.

“Sex,” I blurt out, expecting him to wobble in his seat, gasp or set his jaw in anger.

He does none of those. Just...holds my eyes with his and I'm melting into the velvet seat, crossing and uncrossing my arms and my ankles until I think my skin is about to flay from my body.

Kill me now. I have no game.

Whatever this plan is, it's got holes in it bigger than the Grand Canyon.

He sits there in all that sexy silence. Then shows me the most heavenly smile. It's sexy, sure, but not like lecherous. Not condescending. I tuck my hair behind my ears, then wind my fingers together in front of my lips lest they vomit out more awkward revelry.

“That's a deep, broad, enticing subject.” His voice is liquid flame nipping at the gasoline that's been spritzed over my skin. He reaches for my journal, taking it in one hand, the pen in the other.

He lowers his eyes as he slips the lid from the thick pen and starts writing on the first page. I count to ten. Twenty. Thirty.

How is he so calm about everything?

“What are you writing? About sex?”

He shakes his head, uncrossing his legs, laying the journal back on the table. “No. Just writing down my first assignment for you. Two questions. Make sure you answer them by our afternoon session tomorrow. After your morning chores and studies, we will meet here again and I'll go over the rules.”

“I have chores? And studies? And rules?” I narrow my eyes, trying to get a read on him.

He meets my gaze steadily, his diamond black eyes unwavering. It feels like it lasts forever, like I’m more at home falling into his eyes than anywhere else in the world. “Chores and studies are important. Routine is important. Discipline is important. Don’t for one second think I’m expecting something of you that I do not expect of myself. I have chores and studies of my own.” His words might sound authoritarian, but he smiles. “But if you didn’t have chores and studies, what would you do with that time?”

I shrug. What else would I want to do? Right now, I’m not sure.

“Something to think on then,” he says kindly.

“It’s just... I’m not stupid,” I tell him. “Believe it or not, I was a straight-A student until...”

My voice trails off. *Until my mom married Hoover*, I want to say, but how do I say it without sounding like I’m shifting blame onto someone else for my own fuck ups?

“I believe it,” he says without any hint of sarcasm. “What’s your favorite subject?”

“Science. Chemistry.”

He tips his head with an upward tick in the corner of his lips, and he lets out a deep laugh that connects with parts of me I didn’t even know I had until I met him. “Mine too, Kitty. I teach chemistry and some of the other science classes here when we have students. Tomorrow afternoon, we’ll blow some shit up, how about that? In my chemistry lab, I mean.”

I stare, dumbfounded.

Did he just say *blow some shit up*? Like he’s some sexy action hero not a member of the Catholic clergy?

I find myself nodding before I’ve even formed an answer, and my panties take a hit.

Turned On By The Bad Boy Chemistry Headmaster: The Kitty Tennant Story.

“Yes,” I croak, my hand going to my throat as I try to remember how to breathe. So much has happened in the last 24 hours. My mouth is dry, my body tingling. I need a moment away. Away from him before I vomit something I can’t take back. “Can I... I mean, may I use the restroom?”

Again, he stares at me, and I imagine him making me wait. Making me beg. Making me...

Oh, God. Please. This isn’t happening.

“Of course, Kitty.”

I’m up off my seat and out of the door so fast I don’t even remember crossing the room. As soon as I’m out in the corridor I gasp like I’ve just resurfaced after freediving, which would be ridiculous since I can’t swim and being under the water is my worst nightmare. I run a hand through my hair, tugging it back as I moan at the lasting image of him imprinted on my brain.

What. The. Heck. Is. Happening. To. Me?

I need to find some calm. I need to find some focus.

I need to find out who the hell I am right now.

CHAPTER 6



Kitty

When I get there, the restroom is freezing, but that's a relief. I need my inner thermostat reset because I'm about to boil over.

I splash my face with some water, check myself in the mirror and steel my nerves to return.

When I walk out of the restroom, there he is and I think he's taller. Definitely bigger.

"You left this," Father Martin says, holding my phone out. My phone that is very clearly recording every word we said to each other. It dings with a message, and I can't read it from here except that it's from my friend Geri and I don't want him to read anything she'd be sending me. "Testing, testing," he says into the microphone with a smile like this is all a game.

Please kill me now.

I draw a deep breath and march forward, trying to act like there's nothing wrong as I reach out for the phone. "Sorry, I was bursting. I forgot I even brought it."

Liar. Liar.

He pulls it out of my reach as another message comes through. And this time I'm close enough to read it.

Geri: How's prison, girl? Are there bars on the windows? Shared showers? Hey, here's a reminder of you off the chain last night.

Oh, God, no. Please.

“No phones,” Father Martin says. “That’s in the contract you signed, Kitty.”

“Yeah, well I don’t remember what was in the contract. I just —”

“It’s fine. I should have asked for it in the car, but I’ve been remiss.”

My mouth goes wide in horror as a pic comes through, taking up the screen. Then another.

Pictures from last night at the club. Pictures that make me cringe, at the drunken look on my face, at the way my shirt is torn around the neck, the single scratch down my cheek.

Another pops up, with a laughing emoji. Me flashing my boobs.

And there are tears in my eyes. Father Martin hasn’t seen the photos yet but if he just turns the phone right now he will, and I don’t want him to look at me *that way*. The same way Hoover does. I like the way he looks at me right now, like I’m a person who’s worthy of his time, like somehow I’m not the complete failure I’ve become.

“Please,” I beg, reaching for the phone but missing through the blinding tears.

“Hey,” he says, his brows drawing together. “Hey, no need to cry.” He’s on his feet, and I don’t pull away fast enough before he grabs the back of my upper arm.

And I flinch, tugging away on a loud wince.

“Kitty?” He slides the phone across his desk, closing the space between us. “I barely touched you. What’s wrong?”

“Nothing.”

“That’s a fucking lie.” The sharp jab of the curse word makes me draw a breath. “Remember, I’m here for you, only you. Now, you will tell me the truth.”

“I don’t want to talk about it.”

His eyes narrow, nostrils flaring. “Well, you’re going to. And then I’ll make it right.”

“You can’t.”

His hand squeezes lightly at the same spot and I hiss through my teeth. “Kitty, show me your arm.”

I back away. Embarrassment makes me want to shrink into myself. But at the same time? The way he’s talking, demanding, protective... It turns me on. I can’t help it. I want him to tell me what to do and make me do it. I want to feel like I’ll always be safe with him.

“I’m not fucking kidding.” He steps forward, catching me in his arms, and I put up little resistance.

I want to feel his lips on mine. I want to feel his hand on my body. As he starts unzipping my hoodie, my breathing quickens. Is this it? Is he going to strip me and take me?

But instead, he just loosens it enough to pull it over my shoulder, exposing my arm.

“How did you get these bruises?” His voice is a low growl, his eyes spearing mine as the muscle in his jaw works. “Who fucking hurt you?”

Let’s blow some shit up.

He’s not like other priests. This I’m beginning to realize, but I jump at the fury in his voice, at the ease at which he drops the F-bombs. “I don’t...I was drunk. He...he had a knife. I didn’t want to tell anyone. Zip ties. I remember there were zip ties. He tried to get them around my wrists.”

“Did he rape you? Who? Fucking tell me right now.”

“No.” I shake my head. “No. My dad took me to these self-defense classes after this horrible dance in third grade.... Anyway, the guy wasn’t expecting me to fight back. I don’t *know* who he was. He had a scar on his face, like under his eye. I remember it looked like a question mark, like he was the Riddler or something. And two fingers missing from the knuckle down on his left hand. That’s all I remember. It all happened so fast but I got the knife from him. I zip tied him to

the toilet in one stall, then used the other.” I clutch my forehead. “God, I’m so stupid. I ran back to the party... drank some more, pretended it didn’t happen. It almost felt like it didn’t, until now.”

A sob rocks me as I bury my face in his chest, feeling the hardness of his muscles, the firm grip on my shoulders. His hand goes to my head, smoothing my hair, and I draw a deep, shuddering breath, wanting to stay here forever.

“I’m sorry,” I tell him.

“No, I’m sorry. Does having your phone make you feel safer here?”

“Yes. I guess.”

“Okay,” he whispers, still holding me in his arms. “The phone will be kept here. On the table. You can use it when you like, but it will stay here.”

“Doesn’t that go against the contract or the rules or whatever?”

“I make the rules. The contract you signed had a provision that indicated the rules and statutes can be changed at any time by me. You clearly don’t remember what you signed, so we’ll make a point of going over them tomorrow. I want you to feel safe, but I won’t allow this modern obsession with a phone to impede your progress. So, it stays here. We clear?”

I nod. “Clear.” I agree as he steadies me back on my own feet. “You won’t snoop?”

He shrugs, looking at the phone, then me. “Trust, remember? I’ll trust you not to take the phone from here and you’ll trust me not to snoop.”

As he reaches to tuck my hair behind my ear, I lean forward, pressing my body against his, my hand at my hip. I can’t help myself. I reach down, grinning to find him hard.

But he pushes my hand away and takes a step back, staring at me.

“I’ll never take advantage of you, Kitty, not even if you beg,” he says. There’s no denial that he’s turned on. No attempt to put the blame on me. Just a statement of fact. “If I don’t think

something is in your best interests, it's not going to happen. Now, tell me why you were recording us."

I flinch. He's not accusing, he's just asking, but my conscience pricks me in the ass. "I don't know."

"Yes, you do. Tell me."

I meet his eyes. Those strong, deep eyes. Eyes that could anchor me in a storm.

I shrug. "I was hoping to get some leverage on you. I don't like being helpless."

"Do you feel helpless?"

"Actually, no, not really. I feel safe. I..." I swallow, forcing myself to go ahead. To cleanse myself of sin. "I'm sorry."

And my world lights up as he blesses me with a smile. "Good girl."

Good girl.

Why do those words make me feel like purring? Why do I want so desperately to please him?

"I think we're done for today. You should go and relax. Shower if you like, change your clothes, do some reading. If you wish to leave the building for a walk or any reason, you must let me know."

I nod. "Yeah, these clothes need a wash. I didn't even change this morning. I was mad. These are the clothes from last night ___"

"We're going to burn them," he says. "You need to wash off that asshole that touched you. Put on your safest, most comfortable clothes and we're going to order pizza for dinner."

"Pizza?" I laugh. "Isn't that like a sin? Gluttony?"

"Only if we eat the whole thing. Even then, what is forgiveness for if not for sinning?" His eyes flash with humor.

"What's your favorite movie, Kitty?"

"Chocolat."

“Well then, that’s the plan. Pizza and Chocolat. I’ll come get you in an hour. What do you like on your pizza? It’s ladies’ choice.”

I nod. “Ham. And...” I hesitate. What I’m about to say has alienated more people than religion itself. “*Pineapple.*”

I wait. This is it. This is where the rubber meets the road.

I steel myself for the grimace. For the oratory on how pineapple doesn’t belong on pizza but instead, he blinks, teeth denting his bottom lip on a nod. “You are heavenly, Kitty Tennant. Heavenly.”

I let the laugh I should hold back go in a belly jiggling burst. “Thank you...for being on the right side of the pineapple-on-pizza debate. I trust you more already.” He keeps his focus on me, sniffing as I see his jaw harden, then I add, “Not just for pineapple, but for listening. That’s the first time in ages anyone’s listened to what I said rather than just waiting to speak. Can I ask you for something?”

“Of course. If it’s in my power, I’ll do it.”

“The journal... If trust goes both ways, then you should have one too. I should be able to ask you things as well. Things that you’ll answer without fear of repercussions.”

He freezes, shoulders pulling back as his chest inflates, cheeks hollowing as his lips part and I want to taste them. Especially after eating pineapple pizza.

“For you, Kitty, I’ll grant your request.”

“Great,” I say, the clenching in my chest easing a little even as sorrow tightens my windpipe as I think of how I’ll be sleeping without Baby for the first time in years. “One other thing... since you have my phone, do you have...” I measure my words, but decide he’s in a giving mood and launch my request. “See, I’m sort of a Zelda fanatic. It’s something I do that is fun. Like, simple fun, you know?”

He nods. “I happen to be a fan. I may not look it, but I’ve kicked some pretty high level ass on Zelda Lots of the students that stay here play. But, be warned, I like to win and I won’t throw the game to make you feel better. I’m ruthless.”

I choke on a giggle. The vision of Father Martin, wielding the controller and battling me for first place makes my heart happy.

He points to the door. “Now, off you go. Go get showered and put on your comfiest clothes. I’ll meet you in the common room in an hour.”

I skip and float back to my room.

The heaviness from this morning floats away as I shut the door to my quarters and dive through the bathroom door, twisting the brass handle on the enclosed shower and getting a spray of cold water on my face before I can get out of the way.

“Well, I did need a bit of a cold shower,” I mutter to myself, the slickness between my legs proof that I need a lusty reset when it comes to Father Martin.

“He’s just being kind. Building trust,” I continue, hoping I’ll listen. “That’s all.”

As I wait for the icy flow to warm, I strip off my clothes, throwing them into a pile by the door and heading into the bedroom to retrieve my cosmetic bag from my suitcase.

I rip away the duct tape, the purple people eater falling at my feet, the charge long gone but the cord is still attached. I look over my shoulder at the empty room, the silence swirling around as I spot an outlet on the other side of the bed.

I plug in the cord, then stuff the vibrator under my pillow, tucking the cord behind the bed just in case Sister Nosey decides to toss my room while I’m gone. There’s at least a chance she won’t find it.

Steam billows out of the bathroom door and as I step into the simple white marble bathroom, I do a once over of myself in the mirror.

Curvy? BBW? Chubby? Fat?

Yeah, all of the above. I love food and since I was little, I was ‘healthy’ as my father would say. Then he’d always add ‘and the prettiest girl God ever put on this earth. And the smartest.’

I miss him.

I drown myself in the hot water. Thoughts of how Baby used to stand outside my shower waiting to lick the water off my toes when I emerged making my heart heavy.

I wash away the sadness the best I can. Shampoo, conditioner, lavender soap. But, shit, I forgot my razor.

Oh well, I'll be the only one seeing my stubbly legs for the next thirty days, so maybe it's time to go natural.

I wiggle my toes on the marble floor of the shower. They are long and bony. I've always had a love hate relationship with them. I mean, I love them because they let me stand and function. But, they'd never get me a gig as a foot model, that's for sure.

I keep them painted most of the time. Sort of a polishing a turd mentality or, what is it they say? Dressing up a pig? I don't know, but I'm sort of sad I didn't get a chance to get a pedicure before I was shipped off to old Saint Margaret's.

Was there even a Saint Margaret? Seems sketchy but without a phone or a laptop, I have no way to confirm who this Margaret is or if she was a saint at all.

As I finish rinsing the silky conditioner from my hair, Father Martin's face flashes behind my closed lids and the throbbing in my core that's been torturing me since the airport returns.

For a second, I consider if that purple vibe is waterproof, but getting out of the shower, running for it, hoping it's charged seems like too much fuss. Besides, it's my first vibrator and I don't want to risk blowing it up in the shower. Having to explain why I have third degree burns on my hoo-ha and ask nurse-slash-nun Nathalia for some treatment is not on my bucket list.

Which, brings me to my next point.

Masturbating. Like, I must be the worst or I'm just uninspired because...it's never appealed to me.

Yeah, I've tried it, because, I'm supposed to, right?

Nothing. Like, squeeze my eyes shut, get some...I don't know, soft porn going in my mind, and graze and explore and rub

aaaaaaand....

Nothing.

Like flatline.

But, standing in this small, white shower where other girls have washed away their sin, my hormones and pleasure centers have come online and I feel all things are possible.

Through God.

I make the sign of the cross because...I'm not sure. It makes me feel pre-emptively forgiven for what I'm pretty sure I'm about to do.

Do it. Touch it.

It's just a clitoris.

It won't bite.

"*Ugggg.*" I groan, leaning back onto the cool wall, slipping down into the little ledge seat across from the shower head, bend my knees, planting my heels on the edge and...open my legs.

The water hits me in the eye sockets, which is not setting the stage for a successful self-care session. So I hop up, my feet squeaking on the shower floor, adjust the shower head, glancing down where I was sitting, calculating the aim and trajectory for maximum effect...then sit back down and assume the position.

Holy *shit*.

A single jet targets my clit and I slap my knees closed, splashing water up my nose, my toes curling, heels slipping on the edge of the marble ledge.

Why is this so hard?

Everyone does it, right?

Birds do it. Bees do it.

Do even educated priests do it?

Smoothing the water from my eyes, I traverse my hand over the softness of my belly, wondering if any guy besides half-

drunk Hank will every find a generously fluffy girl like me boner worthy.

“Just, breathe,” I mutter into the steam. “Think of something...” I’m not sure if self-talk is the way to go right now, but I already know what’s coming next.

Where my dirty mind is headed.

Yes, Father. I have sinned.

That’s the ticket. A swelling burst of shuddering wonder stutters my breath, flexing whatever muscles that connect to the gathering delight in my core.

That’s it. Right *there*.

Do all clits look the same? Or, are they like...dicks? Not that I’ve seen any in person, just the pictures my friends would flash at me from their phones and from what I’ve gathered, there is a wide variety. But clits?

I’ve never been a porn girl, and the worst my dad had tucked in his nightstand was an ancient Playboy so there was plenty of bush in the 80’s but none of the inner workings, so to speak, were on display.

I’m working myself out with the tips of my fingers and it’s easy to find. As the pleasure gathers, it gets harder, a little longer, longer than—for whatever reason—I think is normal, but, gah, can I quit critiquing myself right now? I’m the only one here, who the fuck cares what my clit looks like?

That single jet of hot water is dangerously close to the apex of growing tension between my legs and I swivel my butt on the wet marble, making a weird squeak sort of farting sound where I’m stuck until I manage to maneuver myself into the perfect position.

“Oh *shit*.” The back of my head bounces on the stone wall as I spin my fingers on my slick open folds while the tiny jets of water dance just below.

He’s there in my mind’s eye as clear as if he was standing under the water with me. His darkness surrounded by light.

Jawline square as he stares down at me, spread for him. Wide, depraved, a temptress.

“You would tempt Jesus himself into the flames of hell, Kitten? One taste and I’ll fall from grace, is that what you want?”

“Yes.” I answer into the shower spray. “I mean, no.” I mumble, steamy air thick with every breath as I imagine Father Martin’s touch, his lips, lower, down, down... “Maybe?”

“I’ve prayed on my knees many times.” The vision spins, takes flight, his black robe dropping from his shoulders, exposing a torso thick with tension, flat lines of muscle covered with swirls and thick letters.

Sinner is inscribed in the shape of a smile on his upper chest, in ornate script with a crucifix centered on his sternum as his hands come to my knees and he lowers himself in front of me.

“But you, you are the altar upon which I will break my vows. Crush my commitment to God. To the Church. Replace them with my vows and commitment to you, my Kitten. Now, close your eyes, and pray with me...”

“Our father...” I begin, imagining his voice, low and dark, vibrating with mine as we say the words together, my brains turning to scrambled eggs. “Who art in heaven...hallowed—”

Fuck.

My fantasy spins with his tongue lapping at my clit, his prayer muffled by the ministrations of his mouth on my sex. Giving, offering, taking, commanding...

“Finish the prayer, my child.”

“Be.” Oh my God.

“Thy.” Yes, yes, please, there, right there.

“Name.” I scream, this is it. It’s happening, it’s a miracle right here at Saint Margaret’s home for wayward girls...

My body takes flight. Fingers and water and moans and calls for my Father.

Not the one in heaven.

My father.

Father Martin.

Who, without his knowledge or consent, just delivered me
from evil.

Or, delivered me into its hands.

CHAPTER 7



Martin

When I return to my room after taking two of my parishioner's confessions this morning, I brace my arms on my desk, battling the urges that have rooted inside me. The control I've exercised over my demons and my physical urges is cracking.

I've never failed a test. Academic, spiritual or otherwise.

I am, if nothing else, stubborn and tenacious to my own detriment.

Those qualities have no power here. No power against the sweet, dimple-cheeked sin that's upended my life.

Kitty.

She fell asleep on my shoulder last night, watching that damn *Chocolat* movie. I refused to get up and change the DVD and disturb her. Listening to her soft breathing, the way her hand moved in her sleep to rest on top of my pulsing cock, no fucking way was I ending that sooner than necessary.

I prayed while I imagined the soft heat of her body curling under me as I gave myself to her and took what's mine, binding us forever. My back was in spasm from not moving for almost three hours, my shoulders knotted, when she finally blinked herself awake, looking around then up at me with those meadow green eyes that have me questioning every vow I've made to the church and God.

“What time is it?” she asked, tugging her hand from my lap as I salivated for a taste of her. The TV flickered in the darkness of the common room where we sat on the sofa, ate pizza and drank grape soda. She said that’s her favorite, so I paid my driver extra to find it for her, bring it back with the pizza, then disappear for the rest of the night.

“It’s late,” I managed, praying for strength.

“Did you like the movie?” She sat up, pushing her hair from her face, tugging her fuzzy sweater down over her exposed belly, then rubbing her eyes on a yawn.

“The first time, yeah. The second, it was okay, but it’s on its third time through and I think I’m over it.”

“You watched it three times? I’ve seen it twenty-six times. It’s the best isn’t it?”

Her childlike enthusiasm made my heart swell. “Yes, baby, it’s the best.”

The words slipped out like honey into tea and she licked her lips as I broke from her gaze, flailing around for a hand hold of control. If she likes something enough to watch it twenty-six times, I’ll acquire the taste for it too and watch it another twenty-six times if she’s next to me.

The walk to her room nearly brought me to my knees, knowing I would leave her at the door when every cell in my body crackled and burned to throw her onto the squeaky, horrible bed and deliver my soul into her womb.

My cock has risen and he will not be denied. I paced my quarters until sunlight broke over the angry ocean this morning. During the night, the sea went from rolling into the sand to crashing against the rocks at the base of the old convent.

I battled my lust with hours of bare-fisted pounding into the punching bag that hangs in the corner of my bedroom.

Becoming a priest only pushed me to maintain my physical strength, not lose it. The school has a gym and a workout room, although the machinery is decades old, but going old school has served my body well.

Feelings for females in my past were nothing like this. I dabbled at best in the world of lust and attraction only to find that my own proclivities were viewed as deviant. Perverted. Unwholesome.

From when I was a boy, my fantasies were not of the women on the glossy pages of the magazines stolen from between the mattresses of my friends' fathers. No, the females there with their oiled bodies, enhanced tits and sultry smiles did not ignite my adolescent lust.

It was the girl that seemed...lost. Unsure. Insecure. Needy. Yes, a little broken and without the confidence of a woman splayed wide in a grainy movie or on a free porn site.

With swollen hands from my hours of punching the heavy bag, I fist myself, my erection refusing to yield. My thoughts of fucking into my stepsister are stronger than any I've ever had.

My pulse races through my veins, pounding behind my eyes as I imagine licking at her pink pussy, letting her know how beautiful she is. How I will take care of her forever and lay waste to anyone that ever hurts her again.

How would she taste?

Like an angel.

How would she feel as I fed my dick into her?

Like home.

The image of the bruises on her arm turn my vision red as my cock turns to a missile in my grip.

Flashes of the pictures from her phone haunt me. The glaze in her eyes, the lifelessness behind them makes my heart want to rip from my chest.

How is this happening? I would give up everything to have Kitty under me right now. To feel her body welcome me for the first time, to hear her sweet voice calling me by the name that has beckoned to me since I felt those first sparks of desire.

I clench the back of my neck with the hand that isn't consoling my dick, panting, eyes closed as the vision of the soft brown swirls of her hair rest on my pillow, her knees pressed

together, eyes searching mine for approval as I praise her for being my good girl, then turn her over and rip her clothes from her soft body and drive myself home on a roar.

Fire lashes at my belly as I loosen my grip on my neck, brace my hand on the wall next to the picture of Jesus raising his three fingers in forgiveness, release my cock and turn the lock.

There is no fight left in me.

I give in, three seconds after I secure the door, I drop my sweatpants to the floor. Spit into my palm and do what I haven't done for a decade.

I'm wrong for her in all ways. I've given my life to the church, to God, although my reasons for doing so are not what most would expect.

I close my eyes, the memory of her warm flesh in my hand makes my balls throb. The way I toyed with her nipple, then salivated as the sight of her bare pussy lip escaping from her shorts as she exited the limo.

It's wrong. All these thoughts are wrong and I've worked so hard to rid myself of every female that could ever harm me. It's university all over again. University where false accusations ended my career before it could begin.

My resolve to avoid women is cracking, and it's all because of her.

I hate fuck my hand. Plowing up and down, punching my balls at the base with every stroke, over and over, up and down.

Whoever left those bruises on her will be begging for my mercy by the time I'm done with him. I've taken vows, but I've not forgotten who I was.

Who I will be for her if necessary.

Behind the brains, there was brawn. By day I was the tattooed, surly chemistry phenom, but behind it all, I took out my rage on anyone unfortunate enough to cross me. Intentionally or not.

There are commandments that are meant to be broken, especially when it comes to protecting the innocent.

My innocent girl. The man that touched her will pray on his knees as I show him her picture. Tell him to apologize. Then send him to hell.

My thoughts drift to how she felt against me last night. Her lush softness melting against me.

I'll keep you safe forever. I'll keep you forever.

“Fuck.” I grimace as I work my dick. Masturbating is like riding a bike, I may have taken a decade off, but once I wrapped my hand around my hard on, it was like my last beat off session was yesterday.

“You’re hard,” she whispers in my fantasy, eyes wide.

“I’m still a man. Your hand was on me...I couldn’t stop it.”

I move my hand faster, harder, shame covering me in its darkness. I’m a man of the cloth, that should be enough, but why, *why* did the woman that wakes my desire have to be my stepsister? How is this in any way going to end well for either of us?

You need to tell her.

No. Not yet. It would change everything.

“I like that I made it hard,” she says, her sweet breath making me want to taste her kiss. “It feels good.”

She shifts her body from her place next to me, straddling my lap, her braless tits swaying under the thin fabric of her t-shirt in front of my face.

“I can’t.” I grunt as the heat between her legs settles over my eager and neglected length. The fabric of my pants and her fleece pajama bottoms do nothing to stem the tide of fire that’s spreading inside of me.

“Because you took vows?” Her hands slip into my hair as she swallows, lowering her face so our lips brush. “I’m a virgin, does that help? Makes me pure. Surely God would understand.”

My thighs shake, my balls like lead weights as I rest my forehead against hers in my fantasy, beating off like a

madman. “There’s someone for you, Kitty. It can’t be me.”

“But, I *feel* you.” She rocks her hips, up and down, grinding on me. “You want me, please, don’t push me away. I don’t want to stop, I’ve never...please, it feels so good. Doesn’t God want me to feel good?”

Fuck, I beat my erection up and down in a blur, squeezing and stroking as my breath turns ragged, the vision of her on top of me weaving fantasy into reality.

“Yes. God does and so do I. But, feeling good is a privilege. You need to earn it.”

Her eyes flicker with doubt, lips parted as the scent of her arousal drifts upward, my hands guiding her hips now, easing her up and down as she purrs.

“How do I *earn* it?” she whispers to the ceiling.

“First, you keep your eyes on me. If you look away, I’ll stop. Those are the rules.”

She nods, her gaze locking onto mine. “I like looking at you when I feel good.”

“That a girl. Now, don’t look away,” I say as she rides the steel rod under my black pants, her hips taking my guidance as she starts to whimper, eyelids fluttering.

“Uh uh, eyes here.” I chastise as the heat between our bodies rises, her wetness seeping through as she struggles to follow my orders.

“Yes...Sir.”

“Sir, good girl. I like that. But, what else should you call me?”

I lift my hips, meeting her movements with my own. Fuck, I’m so close. I want it to last, I want it to be her not my fucking hand.

“Father,” she hisses, her fingers clutching at my shoulders as I release her hips, lifting her t-shirt, exposing the wealth of womanly flesh underneath, bouncing, swaying. She’s ample, one tit needs two hands and a mouth. Her nipples pull tight, dark pink and tempting. Fuck, she’s so sexy.

“Close,” I say, urging her hips with mine, flicking my tongue on her tight peak, listening to her hiss. “Try again.” I keep my eyes pinned to hers, another flick of my tongue. “If you get it right, I’ll let you come. Who am I?”

“You’re...” Her eyes search mine while she bucks against me. “You’re...”

It’s right there, she just needs to let it go.

“Say it, Kitty. Who do you need me to be for you?”

Her tongue slides on her lower lip as I latch onto her breast, drawing her deep, deeper, until her body shudders, her lids fall...

My hand moves in a fury, my chin dropping to my chest as I grimace, muscles twitching and twisting down my back as she moves against me. Her whisper into my ear...

“*Daddy*. I need you to be Daddy. I need that. I need—”

I growl, that’s it. My center. The reason I was ousted from the university. The recoil of women over the years who didn’t understand.

But, now I see what a gift their aversion was. It’s left me with something I’ve never shared. Something I never believed I would until I saw my stepsister at that baggage claim.

Rocking my hips into my hand as it locks in a vice grip around my dick, the room starts to spin. I grab at the doorjamb as darkness flickers in front of my eyes and the first jets of my climax spurt from my cock, the orgasm so strong I fall to my knees, knocking the hard-backed chair over, my forehead striking the wall as I strain with each spasm from my balls.

I pant, struggling for a breath as my lungs burn, the last jets of cum shooting onto the floor as I grunt and the first orgasm I’ve had in a decade nearly breaks me in two.

My hand will never be enough, I already know this. I expected relief, to give in to my urges, get it out of me and I would feel better.

But, I don’t. If anything, they’ve grown a hundred-fold. If I feel like this from imagining her, what will it feel like when

I'm balls deep in the real thing?

The pressure in my chest increases like a tightening strap locking down. I fall back on my heels, hands on my thighs, looking to the ceiling where only cracked plaster and emptiness look back.

What have I done?

What have I yet to do?

When I can manage a breath, I push onto my feet, cleaning up the mess on the floor, the wall and myself before battling my still hard length into my pants, anger pulsing in my temples as I finish dressing in the mirror. The white collar choking me as I snap it into place.

It's ten to five. Ten minutes until our next session where I will go over the rules, then map out her routine for the next thirty days, show her around the school. Share our journals.

God help me stay the course. I have not been the most loyal servant, but I have served. I have stayed true to my commitment.

But, I'm breaking. And I have no idea how to stop it happening.

CHAPTER 8



Kitty

*I*t's only been a day and a night and already I feel myself returning.

I was mad when Father Martin said I was playing a part. But, the truth stings and the persona I created over the last year is fragile. Who I am deep down is stronger than the costumes I've been wearing, trying to keep myself safe from more hurt.

Which is ironic because I'm pretty sure all my shenanigans since the wedding have done a good job hurting me more than if I'd stayed the course and remained true to myself.

And, speaking of playing a part, Father Martin does not look like a priest right now.

Honestly, when I first walked in, I thought someone else was here. A lone figure standing in an empty office with his back to me. I startled, almost blurted an apology for walking into the wrong room, and then he turned and I realized who it was. So this is what he looks like in "normal" clothes?

Me likey.

The simple white t-shirt is sexier than should be allowed. It pulls just the right amount over the expanse of his pectorals and there's a hint of six pack indents when he moves. His biceps look like they belong on a soldier, not a man of the cloth, covered with that swirling and sexy ink I got a glimpse of before. The tattoos cover his forearms, the colorful artwork twisting with every movement of the thick, corded muscle

beneath. The ink ends at his neck, a colorful ring of tribal tattoos ending about an inch up, where a shirt with any sort of collar would cover.

As I step closer, I think I see the start of a curse word leading up under the short sleeve...

Fu...

“One last thing,” Sister Nathalia says as she reads off the list on her tablet, raising her voice over the noise of construction workers in the corner of the office. It’s weird. She’s always so harsh and old-fashioned I wouldn’t have been surprised to see her using a slate and chalk. “Don’t forget your grandmother is due a visit in five days. Should I order a delivery of gardenias as usual?”

She glances around the room, her gaze landing on the empty vases in Father Martin’s office. I hadn’t noticed them until now. Guess Grandma gets the VIP treatment.

If my cat, Baby, were here, she’d be all over those vases. Pushing them off the side, watching them smash to smithereens on the floor.

I almost chuckle at the image, then remember I have no idea where she is or if she’s even safe, and all the humor evaporates.

The crunch and whir of an electric drill cuts through the silence, echoing in the largely empty space, and I see Martin’s jaw clench as he rubs the bridge of his nose.

He’s not happy about something, maybe the noise or maybe me.

My heart jumps to my throat. All my happy thoughts and girlish fantasies fall to the floor like a thousand marbles, rolling under the chairs, the desk, hiding away where they can’t be seen. Or heard.

“Yes, of course.” He drums his fingers on the desk, his dark eyes flicking my way on a crooked smile and hope and lust flood back through me. “Yes. The usual. Is that all? Kitty and I have a session.”

He glances at the workers standing around the stepladder, talking about where they need the “line to run”. Only one of them is actually doing any work, measuring up and lining up a drill.

“That’s all.” Sister Nathalia curtsies like a little girl and backs away, not even bothering to look at me—or deliberately avoiding it. She already made a disapproving grunt when she saw that I was in here when she arrived.

“She doesn’t like me,” I say as soon as she’s shuffled out the door.

Martin frowns, tongue glancing along his upper teeth as I bite back a little moan, shivering at thoughts of my orgasmic shower scene last night. “That’s just her way. She doesn’t dislike you.”

“You sure about that?”

“Well, I haven’t asked her. She wants what’s best for you, that’s all. Same as me.”

“Nope, not the same as you.” I stare into his eyes, not clarifying what I mean by that. Because what the hell *do* I mean anyway? Wishful fucking thinking, that’s what. “Do you like this outfit?”

I pull at the hem of the checked skater dress, lifting it just a little to show more thigh before letting it drop. It’s not exactly slutty, but at the same time I’m not sure if Jesus would approve. His gaze lingers over my exposed cleavage, the glimpse of my bra, and a single moment stretches into a lifetime.

“Do *you* like it?” he asks, his voice rasping in his throat. It feels like the question is a reflex, like turning questions back on themselves is what he does as an automatic response.

Well, two can play at that game.

“I do if you do. I don’t think Sister Nathalia does.”

Father Martin’s jaw clenches, the muscle twitching, face set and dark. “You look very...”

“Nice?” I suggest. “Pretty? Hot?”

“I...”

There’s a chuckle from the corner where the workers are clearly getting an eye full of me. “You look fine to me, baby doll. How about a twirl?” One of the construction workers laughs while another one whistles and I turn to find them leering at me.

Yuck.

Blow shit up...

Father Martin is across the room in an instant, and the worker’s throat is in his grip as he’s slammed into the wall. His skull bounces off the plaster work with an audible clunk, and I find myself on my feet, gawping like the other men are gawping.

“You don’t fucking look at her, you hear me? She’s not your fucking baby doll.” Martin growls.

The man’s eyes are wide as he twists his head back and forth, feet scrambling against the floor. “Aren’t you a fucking priest?”

“Yeah, and if I have to I’ll send you on your way to hell. Capiche?”

The man nods, desperately struggling for breath. He slaps the wall, eyes fixed on Martin’s, who grunts, releases his hold and turns my way.

“We’re getting out of here,” he growls, eyes narrow on the worker who is rubbing his throat while the other two guys pretend to be busy on the electrical panel in the wall.

His words brook no argument, and I’d follow wherever he went, but I don’t have to. Because in two long strides he’s by my side, his arm draped over my shoulders, tucking me under his arm as he walks me out of the room, slamming the door behind us and into the quiet of the stone hallway.

“Where are we going?” I ask as we step into the corridor that runs the length of the school on this floor.

“Somewhere quiet. Somewhere I don’t have to choke out construction workers for disrespecting you,” he says.

“Looking at you”.

“You look at me,” I challenge, pushing the envelope a bit as the tension crackles between us.

He stops, takes hold of my shoulders and stares into my face. I don't miss the way his eyes take quick glances down, making my lady bits tingle with anticipation, making my fantasies come alive with ideas of being taken right here. “I like your dress,” he says, making the words sound dirty somehow. And meaningful. Like *I like your dress* is code for something else. “Did you wear it to...”

He licks his lips, and I find myself nodding.

“Yes.”

He groans and draws closer. So close I can feel the heat from his body against mine. So close I can hear his heart thumping. Or is that mine? My jaw drops and my lips part, ready, waiting for his.

Then he pulls away. “Chemistry. Seems like an appropriate class for today, don't you think? Something you'll enjoy. Me as well.”

Chemistry.

I thought that was what we were just doing... sure felt there were some reactions going on.

He leads and I follow, the sounds of construction getting louder and softer as we pass rooms where men are working, ripping out the old parts of the school and church and replacing them with new. I only see two women among them. I'm not sure why I notice that, but I do. This place is so old fashioned, it's like living in another time.

“We should go over the rules again,” Martin says as I perch on a stool behind a desk with a few beakers laid out.

My skirt rides up, flashing my right thigh up to the line of my panty waistband. But since it's just me and him here, to hell with it. I want him to see my flesh. I want him to be tempted. I know I shouldn't but I do.

“First, I need you to know that everything we tell each other is strictly confidential. I know we’ve been over this already, but I want to make it absolutely clear.” He takes a step forward, putting his hands on the edge of my desk. There’s the sound of hammering from the next room. “Anything you tell me, Kitty, stays between us. Unless I think there’s some imminent danger to you, then I’ll do whatever is necessary to keep you safe. I’ll always keep you safe. You can trust me on that.”

I nod. “I do trust you. I put myself in your hands. All of me.”

He hesitates, then goes on. “Number two, no judgment. Whatever you tell me, about your past or your thoughts or feelings, it won’t affect our relationship in any way. Number three, your goals are my goals. We’ll work together to achieve them. Number four...” He draws a deep breath that inflates his whole chest, making him seem even bigger, even more of a presence. I know why he’s hesitating. I’ve memorized rule number four, reading and re-reading the words on the laminated list of rules I found in a drawer in my room last night. The words that made me think about him, about his eyes on me, about being watched while I... “Rule number four, I can enter your private quarters any time I like. You can’t keep me out.”

“That’s not...” I lick my lips. “The rule says *A member of staff may enter for normal maintenance and cleaning or if they have reason to believe—*”

He cuts me off. “Rule five, I make the rules.”

Not exactly what it says either. I mean, that’s the gist of it I guess. But the way my nipples are hardening and I could squeeze the squeal out of a nickel right now, semantics don’t really matter.

I want him in charge. I want him making demands. I want him to abuse his position. But, I also don’t want to make it too easy for him. Why, I’m not sure, but my gut tells me to push back a little.

“You have your journal,” he grunts. It’s not a question. The journal is tucked under my arm.

“Do you have yours?”

He pulls a small, slightly bent notepad out of his Levis pocket and puts it on the desk in front of me. So I shrug and hand mine over to him.

“Thank you. We should...” He falls silent, glancing at the wall behind me as a loud thud echoes through the room. Then another. Then another. With each one the muscle in his cheek twitches. “Fuck it, let’s get out of here.”

“And go where?”

“You choose. Where would you like to go, Kitty?”

“The beach,” I say without hesitation and he nods, reaching for my hand, our fingers weaving together.

“Good girl. The beach it is. Let’s go.”



“SO, A PEDICURE, HUH?” Father Martin’s hand rests on the pages of my journal, holding it open against the gentle breeze coming in from the ocean. He squints my way, frowning in the sunlight over my shoulder as he reads the answer to the second question he asked yesterday.

What do you want to do?

After we left his office, we wound around through passageways and narrow stone stairways until a wooden door on ancient, hammered iron hinges swung open and released us from the chill and hardness of the building onto the soft warmth of the grass that led to a wooden walkway to the beach.

With him in his civvies and me in a dress, it feels like we’re just a normal couple, out for a day on the beach. Our own little secluded space is ensured by a rocky outcrop, shielding us from the rest of the world. Just me, him and the vast openness of the water.

The hush of the waves rolling in is such a contrast to the din of workers and their tools.

I think about the real answer to his question. The one I didn't write down because I kept sobbing and having to put the pen to one side. That if I could do anything in the world right now, it would be to find Baby, my cat, and bring her home from wherever that asshole Hoover took her.

Somehow I don't think Father Martin can grant that wish.

"I love pedicures," I say, forcing my voice to remain even, forcing myself to stop thinking about where Baby might be right now. "My favorite way to relax. Plus I'm not a big fan of my toes and I want to dip them in the water. Nice pink toenails instead of these." I point down at my feet, still tucked away inside my now sandy socks. I'm too embarrassed to get them out, I sort of hate my feet but with my nails painted, I can let them out for a peek of sunshine and some fresh air.

He frowns, deep in thought as he stares at me like I'm the sun itself.

"So I get to read one of your answers now, right?"

"What?" He draws a quick breath. "Yes. Go ahead."

I open the small journal and see his tight handwriting, letters all the same size, almost like they've been typed. It reminds me of something my dad used to say. *If something's worth doing, it's worth doing well.*

Father Martin would have liked my dad, I think. They would have found a lot in common.

"You became a priest because of your Mom and grandmother?" I ask as I read his response. "Really?"

"They were a big influence," he says, without the softness I'd expect, then clears his throat like he's done with that subject. "Now—"

"And you do get lonely," I read.

"That's the second question. We were going to take turns."

"Well, I used the word 'and' so technically it's all one question." I purse my lips, waiting for him to deny me, but when he doesn't, I press on. "So, all those lonely nights... You

ever dream of having someone to share those moments with? Ever wish you had someone to—”

“Objection, your honor. Leading the witness.”

I giggle. “Fine. Your turn.”

He stands, coming over to me, and the world gets smaller. With each step he takes, everything else dims and contracts and becomes less important. When he’s standing right in front of me, turning the page in my journal, it’s like we’re the whole universe, revolving around each other in the blackness of space.

“That’s a horrible way to find out something so important,” he says, staring into my eyes.

His face is filled with compassion as I remember the question. *A childhood memory you’ve never shared with anyone before. Something you felt was a formative moment in the life you’re living now.*

I know it’s a standard question. I’m not fooled into thinking I’m something special, that this isn’t an exercise he uses with all the girls that come here. But still...I wish it was.

I blink away the burn that starts in my lower lids. “He was my dad and I loved him,” I say, and Father Martin puts his arms around me. Not like a priest, but like a father would. Warm and comforting. “She couldn’t have made it easier to hear, but I needed my mom right then more than ever, and she gave me nothing.”

“It’s okay,” he says, rubbing my back and making a hushing noise not unlike the sound of the waves. “I get it. Why was this a memory you’ve never shared? Feels like finding out how your dad was dying is important. You kept it locked up.”

I shrug. “Who would I tell? My mom was there and she didn’t care. I never had a lot of friends, I was smart—” He shoots me a look that makes me pause, then course correct. “I am smart...but in school, I was the chubby girl with the overly competitive streak. I was like that kid in that old TV show...” I squint, thinking. “You know the one, it’s an old, old show

about that teacher that comes back to like New York in some poor neighborhood? Welcome something..."

"Welcome back Kotter?"

I clap. "Yeah, that's it, that guy in the class who was always obnoxiously raising his hand to answer every question."

"Jesus, Horseshack." Father Martin let's out a real laugh that rumbles down into my toes. "No way were you like Horseshack."

I reply with a vigorous nod. "I was. So, chubby, check, obnoxiously trying to be the smartest kid in every class, check, and...I just didn't know how to speak 'kid'. I never dug up worms or played tag on the playground. I wore weird clothes because everything felt itchy or odd so my Dad finally got my mom to just let me dress myself. Anyway...so once you are *that* kid in school, you're branded until you graduate. So, no, I didn't have friends to confide in. I don't have any other family, well until old prune juice Hoover. And I sure wasn't telling him. So, you can believe me or not, but that's the truth."

Father Martin snorts in enthusiastic agreement on that last part and I wonder again how well he knows Hoover.

"I believe you." His hands snake around to the small of my back, and I imagine them going lower. "I asked, you answered. It's important to reflect on the things that brought us to where we are now. Otherwise, how can we move forward?"

I twist my lips this way and that, attempting to distract myself from his hands and the way he sounds like he cares so much. It makes me uncomfortable in a way I don't understand, so I stare out at the waves and change the subject. "I wish I could fall asleep to the sound of the ocean," I say on a long breath, trying to calm the rising tide of heat and tension inside me.

"Have you always loved the ocean?"

"Yes, but... the water scares me too. I can't swim. But, I want to learn. I just never got around to it."

"New rule. No going near the water. Not unless I'm with you. While you're here, I'll teach you to swim. We'll start in a pool, where it's safe."

I nod. “Okay. I mean, thank you.”

I reach down between us, my hand brushing... Oh, Jesus that thing’s bigger than I thought. Does he walk around with that all day every day? Doesn’t it get heavy?

“Kitty, what are you doing?” he asks with a crack of pain in his voice.

“G—getting your journal,” I stammer. “I had another question for you, in case you forgot.”

“I didn’t.”

“Did you like having your hand on my breast?” I say, blushing at the words I wrote hastily in the journal, wondering if he’d answer honestly, and if he did what that honest answer would be. “I can’t... I can’t read it.”

The ache in my chest lessens as I think of my Dad and the crazy way I found out he was dying. How my mom offered me nothing but the brutal truth, no shoulder to cry on, no outlet for all my sorrow and frustration.

It wasn’t her fault. I guess. I don’t need a fall guy for my problems, but even if she was hurting, I was a kid, you know?

“The answer is yes,” Father Martin says, shaking me back to the moment. “Yes, I liked touching you.” His hand slides to my ass, squeezing. Fingertips trailing lower, pushing the skirt between my legs. God, I want it gone. I want to feel his touch. “I *like* touching you. All of you.”

Without warning, his lips crash against mine like the waves to the rocks, soft and hard all at once. I taste the heat of him, feel his tongue brushing mine, tangling, battling. He lifts me up and I moan into his mouth as his fingers sizzle along my slit, drawing dripping liquid. God, I want it to last forever. Am I dreaming? Fuck, I hope not. I don’t want to find out this isn’t real.

As the kiss breaks, I stare into his eyes, then start to smirk.

“You’re a good kisser.” I make a fake glare. “How many other girls have you practiced on?”

For a moment, his eyes darken. Something flashes in them. Some hurt, I think. Some memory he didn't want to share.

"I'm sorry," he says. "I... I shouldn't have done that."

I'm shaking my head. "No. I wanted you to—"

"It doesn't matter. I shouldn't have done it."

"But, you wanted to, right?"

He shakes his head. "We don't always get what we want. Even —"

I hear a distant voice, but clear on the breeze coming down off the cliffs that lead back to the school or church or whatever Saint Margaret's really is. Sister Nathalia's voice, calling for Father Martin.

"There's something I have to do. At the church." He moves forward, as if he's going to touch me again, then draws back like he's just been burnt. "Sorry."

And with that, he's gone. And I wonder what I said to destroy the best thing that's ever happened to me.

CHAPTER 9



Kitty

Why don't we get what we want? I mean, if God wants us to be happy, it makes sense to give us what we want. Right?

By scientific method, not giving someone what they want is more likely to make them unhappy than happy. Look at me. I want Baby back. I want it so desperately it makes me sick. If I at least knew she was safe, that would be something. And I can't even get a little consolation of being fucked on the beach by Father Martin.

I don't get it. I hope God does. But, I have my doubts.

I take a step forward along the edge of the shore, my toes brushing the edge of cool water as it rolls onto the sand. I took my socks off and left them where we were talking. Now that he's not here, I don't much care about my ugly toes, although I'd still love to get that pedicure. "He loves me. He wants me. He loves me not. He wants me not."

This is ridiculous. I've been here what, two days? And I'm already falling for the next older guy who shows me attention. Attention he is obligated to show because that's what he does but, the other parts, the kiss, the 'I'm your safe place', blah blah, is that all an act too? Part of the program?

My journal is open, and I'm writing as I think and walk and mutter to myself.

The only question he wrote down before he rushed off, was more an assignment than a question.

Without judgment, write down thoughts as they come. Anything, serious, funny, impossible, secrets.... Don't over think it, just let your consciousness go onto the paper through the pen. A good pen helps, that's why you have that pen. Fill at least two pages, more if your mind is opening up. Just let it flow.

For the first time in a long time I'm doing just that. I'm just letting it come out. I'm writing down every thought in my head, about how it felt to be touched by him, admitting that I was thinking of him when I masturbated yesterday, admitting that I'll be thinking of him when I do the same later.

Things about Baby, how I feel guilty that I'm not thinking about her every second.

I know I'm going to have to tear some of these pages out and throw them in the sea. Or eat them. Or burn them.

But right now, I don't care. I need to write down what I'm thinking like Father Martin said, without judging myself. I need to get it out but I don't want him reading it.

He's right, I suppose. Why did I think I could have what I wanted? It's selfish. He has a life and a career, and the last thing he needs is me. Why would I even think I could compete with his spiritual calling? If I was sent here by the devil to turn a priest to the dark side, I was doomed to fail right from the start.

"He loves me not," I say finally, stopping by a clutch of rocks sticking up out of the shallow water and sticking out to sea for a few feet like a runway.

The sea has swelled, the waves spraying up mist and getting louder while I've been walking, the wind whipping them up, making foam along their tops, but I don't hate them. Sure, I can't swim, but while I'm here on the sand I'm safe.

I could go around the rocks, but some whim takes me and instead I climb up, teetering a little. I stick my arms out for balance, then step up from the lowest rock to the large runway-platform on top. It's not that high, but a gust of wind blows

against me and I laugh out loud, feeling a bit like Rose in that scene in Titanic, flying as I step forward, then forward again.

The waves crash against the rocks, and I gaze down into water but it's too murky to see the bottom. Brave of me, to face my fear a little.

"He loves me," I say into the wind, head back, eyes closed. My mind echoes back with *he loves me not* but I ignore it.

I won't say it out loud. For one second I want to believe.

"Oh, shit," I mutter as the wind catches me with a powerful gust, whipping up from the left instead of the front, salty water splashes on my legs, around my bare feet, into my eyes.

I wobble, fear lancing through me but I'm okay.

I'm. Okay.

Turning, I measure my steps with wet feet on the slick rock. I'm proud of myself, I'd have never done something like this before Father Martin. Before...I don't know, finding a bit of my old self again. It's the start of something, I feel it down in my marrow, but daring the sea to swallow me off this rock is not in the plan, so I take it slow, heading to the down slope of the big rock and slide my foot forward.

The wind comes around with a harder gust, a wave crashing around me. My balance is off, I lean forward then back a little, but my feet are going, I know what's about to happen and I'm powerless to stop it.

My dress catches in the breeze and flips up over my hips, flashing my ass as I lunge forward, shifting my weight as best I can toward the shore and away from the water.

With eyes closed, I wait for the impact of my body breaking on the sharp rocks below, but the final connection of my toes with the solid granite is gone.

It feels like forever as I fall, wondering what bones I will break first then, there's a splash, and I'm engulfed in the cool fizzing water.

It's up over my head in an instant, closing in around me like a heavy, wet blanket. I flail and panic, gasping as salty water

stings my eyes and makes me gag. It's darkness everywhere.

Am I drowning? Is this my worst fear come true?

Why am I not more afraid? Why is it all...so quiet?

Baby, I'm sorry. I'll never find you now. We can't save each other anymore, I hope you know how much I loved you...

And then I feel arms around me, tugging me from the water. Strong arms. A man's arms. And somehow, I know who they belong to.

He said he'd always keep me safe. He promised.

"I'm here, Kitty. I'm here. It's me."

I fling my arms around his neck, sobbing into his shoulder as he pulls me up against him, my legs wrapping around his middle. "I'm sorry. I shouldn't have done it. You told me not to go near the water and I—"

"Shhh, little dove." He's stroking my hair, carrying me away, pulling wet strands out of my eyes for me. "You're okay." He sounds concerned but not panicked and it's soothing but I wonder if he doesn't care as much as I thought he would.

I mean, I practically died.

"Daddy," I murmur, clinging tight to him, barely aware of what I'm even saying. "I love you, Daddy. You keep me safe."

"Daddy's here, baby. Daddy's here."

He doesn't stop where I left my socks. I watch them as we go by, his strong strides carrying me up the beach, away from the danger, away from the fear. There's a big building, weathered and gray, with a ramp leading down from the front. The afternoon sun catches scraps of peeling blue paint on wooden slats, and Martin carries me up some steps, taking us inside into the cool interior.

"What is this place?" I ask as I cling to him.

"A boathouse. Hasn't been used in years, not since the tide receded and you can't launch boats from it anymore."

"Why are we here?"

He doesn't answer. Instead, he carries me over creaking floorboards to a door at the back, leading into an office. And he lays me down over a desk.

I fling my arms wide, gazing up at him. "You saved my life."

Father Martin's gaze lingers over every inch of me, making me feel like I'm naked in front of him. He knows all my sins, he knows all my bad thoughts. He sees everything and he doesn't care.

"It was like a foot of water, Kitty," he says. "You weren't in any danger."

"I thought I was going to die."

"I'll never let that happen. Never. You hear me?"

"Yes, Daddy."

He growls, and I flinch as he leans forward, his hands going to my tits. No mistaking it this time, this is a grope, a feel. No accident in the airport, just his hands on my breasts, kneading them, making the nipples harden into twin points beneath his touch.

"Are you wet?" he asks, and for a second my ridiculous brain doesn't put two and two together. For a second I think, *Yeah, I just went in the water.*

And then it hits me.

"Why don't you find out for yourself?" I ask, licking the salty flavor from my lips.

Another growl. Another heated look that burns into my soul before his hand dips between my legs and I make some sort of chirping, moaning sound, back arching as his fingers graze my mound.

"Oh, God..."

"No," he says. "Not God. Just us, Kitty. You and me. You're soaked for me, aren't you? You want me to take this virgin cunt, fill it with my thick cock and breed you. You'd like that, wouldn't you? You'd like to be round with our baby?"

"Yes, Daddy."

“I shouldn’t want you the way I want you, Kitty. This is wrong. You’re a naughty girl for tempting me like this. You are my student, my—”

He stalls on a moment of pause but I nod, wanting it, wanting him to tell me how bad I am. “Yes.”

Everything is right with the world. This is what I want. It’s like I went into the water and came out to a different universe, one where we’re together. One where he looks at me the way I want him to and doesn’t pull away, doesn’t punish himself for what he wants.

But it wasn’t meant to last.

“Father Martin?” The man’s voice is distant, carried on the sea breeze, lancing through the moment “Father Martin, are you in here? One of the guys said he saw you go into the boathouse. We’ve gone through an electrical line in the ground. Lucky nobody was hurt but we need to go over the plans again, this church is a fucking deathtrap with all the changes that have been made over the years. You in here?”

And, just like that, his touch is gone leaving me gape mouthed, frozen in the pleasure. The dream.

For a second he stares at me, raising his fingers to his face as he grabs his mouth on a deep inhale, his eyes darkening. For a second, I’m sure he’s going to tell whoever that is to fuck off.

He inserts his index finger into his mouth, eyes falling to half mast as a low rumble comes from his chest making me shiver.

“Kitty,” he mutters, the word pained, exasperated, frustrated. “I’m a priest. Fuck. Stand up.” He tugs me upward, my head spinning on a merry-go-round as he smooths my damp clothes into place. “I’m sorry.”

“But—”

“Coming.” He shouts over his shoulder toward the voice, then places his hand on the center of my back, leading me forward. “I’ll walk you back to the dormitory. Finish the reading assignment that was on your schedule this morning as well as cleaning your bathroom and sweeping the second floor hallway. I’ll see you at dinner.”

Chores? I'll give you chores.

Saint Margarets resort just lost a star. I'm falling for the hot priest.

Ten out of ten, don't recommend.

CHAPTER 10



Martin

There's no way now that I've felt her on my fingers and tasted her in my mouth that I can undo what I've done.

I've hated every moment since she disappeared into the building as I walked off in a blind rage, talking to the foreman about them digging through the main electrical line to the school. Half the classrooms will be dark for another week until they fucking fix it.

Why do I want this place again?

Since Kitty arrived, I'm not sure.

I can't do this to her. What am I? Who am I? Certainly not a man that she deserves.

When I look at her I see all the hope and possibility that I've defined. This is my life now. It's my commitment not only to the church, not only to God, it's what keeps me sane.

She felt like truth. And tasted the same. But even if she wasn't my new stepsister I would know there are some lines you just don't cross. There are lines that even the worst of humanity knows not to cross.

The fucking construction workers are still banging and sawing and swearing and laughing outside the door to my quarters and no amount of their noise will distract me enough to make the pain in my chest go away.

It's almost dinner time on Friday and the scent of frying fish drifts up through the kitchen vents and into my bedroom.

It used to be one of my favorite days, one of the small pleasures I had left that I would allow. She's ruined that. No one, no drink, no whiskey will ever taste better than what I had an hour ago in the boathouse sucking her sweet flavor from my fingers.

"Father Martin?"

"What?" I bark, keeping my voice hard because I'm in no mood for unimportant parish duties.

"I'm sorry to bother you, father, but..." Nathalia always says that, but deep down she thrives on delivering sordid details of the charges that come here. "I found something in Ms. Tennant's room while cleaning." Sure, cleaning a.k.a. snooping. "I've confiscated it as I know you would want me to. I would like to turn it over to you. I do not want it in my possession."

I push off from the wall by the window, my collar tightening around my throat. I changed into my black suit after dealing with the foreman.

I needed to root myself back into my position but changing clothes did nothing to spur all the wrongness in my heart.

I stomp to the door, swinging it open. There is Nathalia like the cat that caught the mouse with the purple buzzing monster wrapped half in a white towel in her hand.

"I'm sorry. These girls...." She says with that tight lipped disappointed frown she wears. "It was plugged in. She was going to...use it. Or, she has already." She stammers, whispering the last words as my cock thickens thinking of my little dove pleasuring herself here under my roof. "I should just throw it away, I can take it to the dumpster, but I thought you should confront her with it. Have a session about the sins of the flesh."

I'm trying to fight off that kind of session, Nathalia, I want to say. If anyone is going to use this purple people pleaser, it's going to be me. On her. Or...

"It's okay." I nod to the desk to her left. "Leave it there. I'll deal with it."

“She was returning to her room as I left. I am sure by now she’s realized it’s gone.” Nathalia bows her head but before I can close the door, she adds, “There’s something about this student. How she looks at you. You are softer with her, is there something about her I should know? If you need me to take over more, I am here. The other teachers will not be back until after the renovations, but I chose to stay. Here with you, to help.” Her faded blue eyes shine with the true, if not misguided, loyalty she has to me and this place.

“It’s fine. Nothing different with her. I will make sure she has appropriate consequences for the violation of the rules.”

With that, she shuffles down the hall and I think of the standard list of rules every young woman receives when they come here to Saint Margaret’s.

I stare at the phallic shaped silicone on the white towel.

It’s all of six inches and probably an inch in circumference.

Barely a warmup compared to the blessings God bestowed on me and an idea born of the Devil’s own wickedness spins inside me. I tuck the vibrator into the back of my pants between my belt and the indent of my spine, leaving the towel behind.

There will be consequences for breaking the rules.

Instead of heading to her room where she should be, I take the small back staircase to the second floor on the opposite end of the building from Kitty’s room, where there is a small stone chapel where I spend time when I need quiet. I know I should talk myself down from what I want to do, so before I make a mistake I can’t take back, I gather my control and head to the prayer room.

The planked door squeaks on its hinges as I enter. The line of candles burning on the side table flickers light into the room with its stone floor and padded kneeling bench in front of the small altar.

There’s a thousand-year-old wooden cross brought here from a sister church in Europe that hangs on the wall, casting a long shadow onto the stone.

The only window in the room is a leaded glass octagon above the cross that lets in a dusty stream of daylight, enough to give the room a dim glow.

What am I doing?

I stare up at the cross, the pressure from the vibrator pressing into my spine as I push my fingertips into my forehead, then bring my palms together, bowing my head.

“Give me strength to make decisions worthy of your grace...”
I start but the words stick in my throat as my cock thickens.

Never have I been at the mercy of a woman before. Not like this. No matter how wrong, desire erases any rational thought as I drop to my knees, staring up at the illuminated window and grab the vibrator, bringing it forward with one hand as I battle down the zipper on my pants, reaching in and tugging out my already hard cock.

Don't. Do. This.

It's too late.

I wrap my fingers around my throbbing cock. I'll pray for forgiveness later, but right now I need relief and I need to mark her as mine even if it's like this.

As wrong as it is, I bring the vibrator to my nose on a long inhale.

Her scent is seared into my memory from the boathouse and there is nothing here that tells me she's baptized this plaything with her sweet juices. I could be wrong, things can be washed away but there's a tick in my soul that tells me this device is new.

A parting gift from a friend.

I set the vibrator on the stone floor in front of where I'm kneeling as I run my hand up and down my dick, thinking of her wetness on my fingers. How with one touch, she became mine, wetting my palm with her desire. I move my hand in long, even strokes at first, trying to calm myself but I know it won't work.

“Forgive me,” I mutter, her sweet face painted behind my lids, beckoning me with a crooked finger toward her spread legs. I imagine her hard nipples grazing my chest as I rut into her like a madman, her body crushed under mine as I take what I want, her soft lips kissing my neck as the scent of her pussy drifts in the air.

“Yes, Father, I want you, inside me. I want you to marry me, but, that’s not allowed. Will I be a secret forever?”

“No, my child.” My fantasy takes over. “The world will know you are mine soon.”

I beat off faster, looking at the vibrator in front of my swollen cock, the tip already dripping, ready to burst.

I stroke faster, harder, imagining her laying next to me at night, her soft naked body curled into mine as I stroke her hair, whispering how she will be with me forever, how I will give her everything she needs and make her sigh and laugh and make her my dirty little girl and destroy anyone that would try to harm her.

An exhale rips from my chest as my orgasm crests. I knew it wouldn’t take long, I’m on a hair trigger and now that’s she’s opened the floodgates, a stiff breeze could set me off.

The first hot spurt of cum has light and dark exchanging places in my vision. As the second spurt barrels up my shaft from my balls, I focus, making sure I hit the target.

White cream lands on the purple rubber, dripping down onto the stone below as I bathe the vibrator with my ejaculation.

I will have her. Wrong. Right. None of it makes sense when it comes to my stepsister and all the complications that I ignore as I spray the last of my orgasm home, my breathing ragged as the fantasy softens, but my dick doesn’t.

I palm the final drops of seed from the tip of my cock, stuffing it back into my pants with my other hand.

With shame and sweat dripping down the indent of my spine, I lift the cum-drenched vibrator from the floor, and spread myself over the entire length. I massage it in, I want it impossible to wash away.

What I'm doing is a sin of the kind I've never imagined before but, in my lunatic, obsessed brain, it all makes sense.

I grind the toe of my shoe into the remnants of my release on the stone, walking to the carved granite vessel filled with the blessed water as I move the drying vibrator into the inside pocket of my suit jacket.

I pull a handkerchief from my back pocket and soak the fabric, proceeding to wipe my hands clean, my head spinning.

What happens next, is either the answer to my prayers or, the devil delivering me unto evil.

CHAPTER 11



Martin

I know it's her before the door is all the way open.
Deep down, I knew she might come.

I hoped she might come.

Rule 10 Spend a half an hour a day in quiet contemplation in one of the prayer rooms you will find on each floor. Light a candle, sit quietly and reflect on whatever you choose. Talk to God if that's in your heart.

I came to the second floor. Granted, it is the prayer room I normally use, but knowing her room is on the same floor, there was a reasonable chance I would run into her at least.

But, I'm being tested because she's just come through the door.

Deliver me from evil...

"Sorry—" She whispers, eyes down when she sees me standing at the altar. "I'll go somewhere else."

"Why would you do that?"

"Because, I—" She runs her hands through her hair above her ears. "I don't know. I mean, honestly, I'm so confused. What is happening with us? Is this just part of your...reform school protocol? Or is this place just your own private stable of lonely, troubled girls looking for solace that you provide with your dark eyes and 'trust me' schtick."

I shake my head. Her cheeks are rosy, she's changed out of that little dress into a short pair of plaid boxers and a tank top with PINK written across the swell of her tits with one nipple dotting the 'I' perfectly.

"I have no schtick. And I do want you to trust me. More than anything." She's got a fury in her eyes and it only makes her more beautiful.

"I mean, I have very limited experience with boys, but with what happened in the boathouse earlier, it sort of felt like something significant. Like we were something, then, it was just over and you were back to being headmaster and I was just a student."

I draw a hard breath, filling my chest hating the distress in her eyes.

"Things are complicated, but we are far more than headmaster and student. On that point you are spot on little dove." I reach out to cup her cheek, the warmth growing in my palm as she swallows, crossing her arms under her tits, cocking a hip, the flicker of brat rising in her eyes. "And, let's talk about this limited experience you have with boys. How much experience?"

She raises a shoulder, feigning boredom. "I've kissed." She says on a click of her tongue. "And, I figured out, I don't much like boys. Even when they look like men."

"Is that so?" Heat bubbles in my belly. It's straight up jealousy but also concern that she's been mistreated by someone other than the fucker who left those marks on her. My eyes fall onto her bare arm, the bruises there a soft greenish blue. Healing but still angry and the violent rage inside of me balls my fists. "That's because boys are boys, age isn't a gateway to manhood."

"What is?"

I step forward, running my hand down from her cheek to the side of her neck, slipping my fingers around just under her jaw, feeling her pulse tick.

“A man understands his obligations and fulfills them. A man takes care of what’s his. Protects what’s important. Causes no harm but is strong enough to stand steady and do what he thinks is right, no matter how unhappy it might make you in the short term.”

That last part is more personal than it should be, but fuck it, if I’m going to be the man I know she needs, it’s time to figure the way out of this maze and make her mine.

The details are hazy, but the goal is clear.

“Now, bend over. You broke a rule and I told you there would be consequences. I you can’t count of me to hold the line when it’s hard, you won’t count on me when it really matters.”

“What rule did I break?”

I reach inside my jacket and withdraw proof of her offence watching the pink flush creep up her chest to her neck blooming all the way to meet her blushing cheeks.

“That’s—you saw that at the airport. You knew I had it.”

I tip my head. “True. But, once you were here, and you knew the rules, you kept it in your room. Even plugged it in.”

Her meadow green eyes narrow as she pushes her tongue against the back of her teeth. “You were snooping in my room. In my private things.”

I shake my head. “There’s no such thing here as snooping. Rule number—”

“Four.” She cuts me off, her eyes rolling back as she snorts in defiance. “Cleaning and maintenance or whatever. Yeah, ust say, ‘We reserve the right to snoop in your room at any time for any reason.’”

“Time for that trust, Kitty. Trust that I will enforce the rules. Bend. Over.” I step to her side, spinning my hand to the back of her neck guiding her body down as she bends at the waist, her full braless tits shifting high onto her chest pushing like flesh pillows all the way to her collarbones. “Legs apart, grab your ankles.”

“I can’t believe I’m doing this.” She mutters but assumes the position as my dick fills the front of my pants like a missile ready to fire.

“Yet, you are doing it. Good girl.”

I don’t know what this girl is doing to me, but I know I want more of it.

My cock jerks, balls throbbing.

“Because you make me feel...” She pauses, the insides of her thighs already quivering as I yank the elastic of her little shorts and her panties down to her ankles in one jerk then walk back around and pull her hair from her face. “I don’t know what you make me feel.”

“Like you belong to me.” I add, crouching down, holding her hair back in my fist while planting a soft kiss on her lips as she cocks her head sideways. She intensifies the kiss, her tongue moving warm through my lips, her need coming through with the moan that vibrates as I draw back, my eyes fall to where her hands grip just above where the lime green and white striped socks fold down over her ankles. “Here, I need this.”

I loosen her grip of one of her hands, sliding off the pink velvet stretchy band I know the girls call a scrunchie off her fingers, then returning her hand into position.

“I want to see your face.” I comb her hair through with my fingers before looping the silky length into a soft bun on the top of her head.

“How did you know how to do that?”

I chuckle, pinching her chin before standing up, my dick weeping at the sight of her bare ass. Her thick thighs and the peek of pink surrounded by a few deeper golden curls that brushed my fingers in the boathouse.

“When you hang around teenage girls for a few years, you become an expert at the ins and outs of a messy bun. I’ve never done the honors myself, but I’ve watched the process thousands of times. Now,” I run my hand over the curve of her ass, biting back the moan that gathers in my throat. “I’m your

man. I'm also your Daddy. Rules are rules and your punishments may sometimes be my pleasure. Yours as well."

Smack. I bring down the first swat, watching the beauty of her ass jiggle as she yelps, her fingertips digging into her calves.

"No playing without permission. Say it." I order, drawing back and setting my hand in a second loud swat on top of the first, nearly blowing in my pants at the sight of my handprint rising on her ivory flesh.

I deliver a third, her hissing growing louder as her knees buckle for a moment and I run my hand over her lower back, assessing the level of tension as she exhales on a long sigh and what I thought she needed is affirmed.

"Say it. No playing without permission." I repeat with another smack of soft flesh under my palm on the other side only this time, I settle my hand on top of the rising handprint and dig my fingertips into the pliant flesh.

"Okay! No playing without permission." Her voice cracks as I hold the handful of her ass tight, but not enough to leave bruises. No, she's had enough of those for now, someday, when she's ready, but the others are fresh and until that memory is soothed, I hold back.

"You are a good girl my little dove. Sometimes, you just need a reminder."

I alternate ass cheeks, moving where my hand meets her flesh until the apple of both butt cheeks is crimson and her body starts to shake.

In my heart, I know she's mine. I know she was sent here to tempt me but what others may see as my weakness, my failure to fight against the devil, I see as my salvation.

I groan as I look at her bent over, holding herself in place only because she wishes to please me.

"Is that all?" She asks as I sweep my hand up her back, slipping under her jaw and draw her body slowly upward, her back to my chest, my lips on her neck.

"Is that all? You want more?"

Her breath stutters as I rub the warmth of her ass cheeks, then slip my hand down between her legs, the slick arousal streaming down her inner thighs as I glide my fingers higher until I hear her suck air between her teeth and I sink into the soaking heat.

“You’re dripping little dove.” I part her folds with my index finger, remembering how she tasted making me want to pound my chest with pride. Her wetness drips down my fingers filling my palm. “Seems you like our playtime. Now, it’s time to be honest, have you used your purple toy on this tight little cunt?”

It’s been years since I spoke with such profanity but right now, I feel more like myself than I have in a decade.

“I never got the chance, or I would have.”

“Is that so?” She’s rocking that insecure little brat again but I’ve got what she needs.

“You done with your punishment? Can I go now?” Her cheeks are ripe pink and her green eyes are sparkling.

“You gonna walk away with my fingers in your pussy?” I hold her throat in my hand as she starts to try to wiggle free.

“Sure, you get to walk away.”

I see now how she got under Hoover’s skin. She needs a strong hand, but one that cares too. One that loves.

I know I love her already. It just didn’t form in my brain as a full thought until right this second. I’ll do what’s good for her no matter what.

“That’s it.” I say. I don’t care about God or vows or...well, I do care about my mother, but if anyone in this world or any other wanted me happy it was her and this curvy little hellcat is what I want and God help me, I know she will make me happy if I can just fuck this attitude out of her.

“That’s what? Every time you get me all worked up, you leave. You have some other off the rails daughter of a senator chained in the dungeon somewhere? Some other cutie you use

when you need to take the edge off? One that you can pick up and show off like a little Barbie Doll?”

Where the fuck is this coming from?

“Enough.” I keep my hand on her throat as she twists, shifting her feet with mine until I spin her around, sitting her bare assed on my lap in the velvet cushioned throne chair behind the altar staring out at the small prayer room, candles flickering. “I wouldn’t let any of them touch me. Ever. No matter what they offered, I didn’t want it. Never wanted it. Until you.”

“let me go. You can take your rules and shove them up your —” I slap my hand over her mouth, pulling the vibe out with my other hand and twist the on switch feeling it come to life in my hand.

Before she can really get herself in trouble, reach around her soft belly, down, down until I feel the wetness on the knuckle of my thumb and find her clit with the tip of the vibrator.

The vibrator that is coated with my cum.

“You want to play? Let’s play.” I release my hand from her mouth as she takes a gasping breath, her body sinking against mine, her soft ass cradling my dick which is aching like a motherfucker behind my zipper.

“Oh God—” Her head drops back to my shoulder and I brush my lips on the shell of her ear.

“I’m going to be your god. Your lover. Your Daddy. Your biggest fan and your greatest protector.” I spread her knees apart with my other hand, moving the toy up and down through her folds as she starts to wiggle and churn on my lap. “You’re as untouched as they come baby. And, I’ll tell you a little secret. I’m going to be the man that takes this tight little pussy on its maiden voyage but what you don’t know is, you’ll be taking my dick on the same one.”

Her body stiffens as I rake my teeth down her neck making her moan.

“You’re? A...”

“My dick has never touched a woman. You’re going to be my first. I didn’t think I cared until you fucking walked into that baggage claim and lit me up.”

The warmth of her reddened ass heats up my crotch as her plump rear starts to writhe as I dig my teeth into her soft neck like a hungry animal going for the jugular.

Hoover and clearly her mother have no idea how to handle her. She needs more than just rules and I’m going to be the man to give it all to her.

“That, oh my God, please just don’t stop what your doing right there.”

“This?” I drag the vibe back to her clit, click the button on the side and it finds a new gear making her arch off my chest, her ass rubbing against my hard on making me nearly nut right there.

She turns her head, one arm flinging upward, hand finding my hair as her lust drenches my hand and her lips connect with mine.

Fuuuuck me, in that kiss I find salvation. What am I going to find when I’m balls deep in her hot little honey pot?

If there’s a better place than heaven, it’s going to be there.

“You know what it’s like not touching a woman for ten fucking years?” I growl as our lips separate, sweeping my free hand under her tank top, finding that heavy, mother earth flesh of her breast and squeezing as I work the vibe down to her opening, the thought the covert delivery of my seed into her body has me biting back my orgasm.

“Hard?” She says on a little giggle which turns into a hiss as I ease the tip of the little toy to her opening, just enough where the tightness pushes back leaving it there, pulsing gently, knowing she’s taking part of me inside her right now.

“Funny girl. It was fucking easy. I never fucking cared. I could have gone my whole fucking life without pussy again, until this one. You’ve got my dick on lock down and you don’t even know it. I’ve beat off until my hand cramped and I nearly rubbed the skin off my dick. What are you doing to me Kitty?

Who am I? You and this pussy are on my mind twenty-four fucking hours a day. I'm losing my fucking mind."

Her body stiffens, as I work my hand down from her tit to the heat between her legs, working my fingers on that hard button and I feel it grow.

I've not had the broadest experience with clits, but hers deserves a fucking metal. I can't wait to get that hard little length of her in my mouth and suck it off like it deserves.

"Hump that ass against your daddy like a good girl. I've had a rough fucking day and I need relief. I'm going to nut baby, but not before I hear you moan for me. Not until you give me what I want. What you need."

"You think you know what I need?" The mouthy little brat is back, still scared, still pushing. She tries to stand up, lifting her butt but I hold her down against my aching cock.

"I damn sure know what you need. Now give it to me." My hands work down low, switching the tip of the vibrator to her clit again and shoving two fingers deep into her tight opening. I'm fucking and bucking against her ass, my forearms holding her hips down as my hands work in her wet heat.

"Ahh, damn it." She curses, her head flinging side to side on my shoulder knocking against my ear sending a ringing sound into my skull.

I pump my fingers in and out, far enough to feel the grip of her unbreeched opening but not so far as to ruin ripping it from her body with my dick.

"Ask to come. You're mine now, you will do as you are told. You want pleasure, ask for it. Say please..."

She growls, her body twisting and rubbing over my aching length. Fuck, I need to come.

With a growl, I work my finger and the vibrator until her body stills, she's holding a breath, her fingers splayed on my forearms.

"Ask for it baby. Just ask."

"Please. Yes, please God, I want to come, please can I come?"

“Fuck yes.” I bite into her neck which seems to give her all the permission she needs. The first gush of her release hits my fingers, then rushes down my knuckles and soaks my entire hand.

It’s more than I can take. “Humping your ass through my fucking pants is enough to make me die a happy fucking man.”

She bucks and twists, more liquid streaming from her body as she squirts in a drenching shower that I will never forget.

My heart is bashing around in my chest, as my balls seize up and I give up the fight and let myself go.

“You’re mine. Forever little dove. Mine, fucking mine.”

I roll my hips, Pumping and grinding until I’m blind with pleasure.

“You make Daddy so fucking happy baby. So fucking hard.”

The climax takes me by the throat as her body quivers against mine. I drop the toy, clutching her around her soft waist, loving every inch of her lush frame. Come shoots out of me with as much force as I’ve ever had. The orgasm from less than twenty minutes ago not dimming the blast off of this one as Kitty starts to melt against me. Her body soft and panting as I steady my breathing, kissing her cheek and realize, she’s unconscious.

“Kitty?” I sit her up, but she’s slack and boneless against me. “Fuck. Kitty!”

I pull and push until I’m out from under her, my sticky release flooding the fabric of my boxers. I’m lightheaded but she’s out.

Shit.

I lower my forehead to hers, willing my breath into her mouth in a kiss. Her lips warm, as she kisses me back, the tip of her tongue meeting mine and the world lights up again.

“Jesus.” I look to the ceiling. There’s about a thousand ways to interpret what just happened, but I leave that for later, easing her panties and shorts back up and into place, stowing the full

baptized toy again in my inside pocket and scooping up pliant body into my arms, kicking open the door to the chapel and half running down the hall to her room.

Inside, I tuck her under the covers, grab a bottle of water from the closet and lift her head, holding it to her lips.

“Drink baby. You need to drink.”

She lets out a soft moan as the water breaks over her lips and I see her throat move as she swallows. “good girl.”

That scared the shit out of me. I can’t lose her, not now.

Somehow, I have to make this right. I never believed this could happen, but here it is. I’ve got a lot of fucking explaining to do but first, I need to get my life in order. There are things in motion that need finishing before I can give Kitty the life she deserves.

The life we deserve.

“Baby.” Her eyes roll forward, the pink on her cheeks returning. “You scared the fuck out of me.”

“That was intense.” She mutters on a wry smile.

I shake my head, hating what I have to tell her next, but now more than ever, I need to take care of business.

“You sleep. I’ll bring you back some dark chocolate and some electrolytes. Do not get out of this bed until I come back, do you understand me?”

She nods as I give her another sip of water then she lets out a sigh, her face in a twist. “These sheets and this blanket are third world.”

I look down, realizing I never took note before but I run my hand over the scratchy wool blanket and then, crumple the thin abrasive sheet in my hand.

My baby isn’t sleeping on this. “I’ve got a closet full of satin sheets and comforters and everything else that girls have brought with them then left behind. I’ll bring you a pile so you can pick what you want. But, I have to let you know, this evening after dinner, I’m leaving. For two days.”

She blinks, worrying her lower lip with her teeth. “I’m sorry, it’s official church business. I can’t postpone. There’s a phone in an unused office at the end of the hall. I leave the door unlocked. I’ll call you in the morning before breakfast, then after chores and before bed. Don’t miss my call. Or, I’ll have to fly back and give that ass another lesson in following rules.”

“Promise or threat?” She smiles and those dimples light up my soul.

“Both baby. Both.”

“You could just give me my phone back.” She says, with a sheepish smile and my mind spins the deception that’s flowing under this situation between us needs to be handled, but my way. I need to control this narrative because losing her now would fucking end me.

I scramble for an answer. “We will leave it on the table. If Nathalia catches you with it, she’s been known to toss contraband into the ocean. I don’t want it destroyed, so let’s leave it for now. When I get back, we will get it all figured out. For now, I don’t want to leave you in a situation that’s unpleasant baby. Just relax for a couple days, I’ll leave instructions with Nathalia on what you are to be doing and to pretty much leave you alone. In reflection.”

“I have some things to reflect on.” She chirps as the thought of secret gift on the vibrator makes me question my sanity.

“Good girl. Rest. I’ll bring back some new bedding. Then, I will be down for dinner, but I have to leave right after.”

I leave her half asleep, the thought of leaving her aches in my heart but more than ever, I need to handle the business that’s on the horizon. More now than ever to secure the future I want.

The new future I see.

I head down the hall to one of the storage rooms, grabbing the comforters and sheets, then returning to her room, peeling back the old ones and covering her in pink silk, tucking a new down pillow in a blue satin case under her head before heading

to my office, leaving notes for Nathalia to let Kitty follow the schedule and not interfere unless absolutely necessary.

I leave instructions on the meals I want her to eat, the water she should drink and a general, don't fuck with her vibe.

By the time I get back to her room, she's snoring.

I leave her a Gatorade and a brick of Danish Dark chocolate from my private stash in my office on her bedside table. Lean down and kiss her forehead, my chest tight, hoping there's a way through this maze and a life I never knew I wanted.

CHAPTER 12



Kitty

“*Y*ou should at least knock.” I snap as Nathalia delivers the bucket of cleaning supplies to my bathroom.

“And you should at least be dressed. It’s eight o’clock.”

I don’t think she sleeps. She was scrubbing the floor outside the common room when I left last night at midnight after my last round of Zelda.

“I was up late.” I yawn, stretching my arms above my head as she gives a little side eye toward my new colorful bedding.

It’s not a lie. Martin kept his promise about the phone calls but said he would call again at 3 AM before he left for the airport. I barely slept, scared I would sleep through the alarm I set on the old school digital clock in my room.

He called again early this morning while he was waiting to board his flight.

“I miss you.” I whispered into the heavy black phone behind the closed door of the little office where I’ve taken every phone call since he left.

“Good girl. I’m taking care of things. I’ll tell you more when I can. You’re always on my mind little dove. So, have a good day. I’ll be home soon.”

The way he said that, ‘I’ll be home soon’ made my insides do ten kinds of cartwheels but what does it really mean?

The phone calls came on time, but our conversations were short. Simple. Soothing but not...I don't know. There was no heat. More like a father than a lover.

He told me he had spoken to Hoover and my mother as well. Let them know I was doing fine and that I'd earn the privilege of a call soon. There was a pang of homesickness, more for my mom, but just also for the feeling of home which I haven't had in a long time.

It also made me think of Baby and truth, I don't care if I ever speak to Hoover again. Tears spring to my eyes at the thought of her soft purring, the way she used to knead my belly before she snuggled into my bed for the night.

Nathalia is sighing and huffing as she inspects my bathroom which I'm supposed to keep clean but, it's not one of my strengths and keeping her disappointment masked is not one of hers.

"Such a mess." She grouses and my heart is more achy as each minute passes.

The obstacles are looming stone walls and the doubts about what this really means feel like a backpack full of boulders strapped to my shoulders.

I thought about making a plan and just leaving. I could make a call to an Uber, but I don't have any money. I could just start walking, but to where? Again, no money.

Besides, it's pretty nice here. I've been puttering around in the chemistry lab, the dreams of being a doctor still twinkle in my dreams.

Then, there's mom. And Hoover. That's all still a mess and how to untie all the knots there is more than I want to take on right now.

But, Martin is still a priest and I'm his student. A moment of temptation does not a relationship make. Am I being romantically hysterical imagining either we could go on like we are, or that he would leave his calling?

Seems unlikely.

I know he's back. I caught sight of the limo delivering him to the front doors of the rectory an hour ago before I hopped back in bed pretty much expecting a visit, but the only visit that happened was Nathalia and her cleaning bucket.

Desperate. I don't want to seem desperate.

"...and when you speak to him he's going to want to see that you—" Sister Nathalia glares at me. "Are you listening, Kitty?"

"Yes."

"Then what did I just say?"

I shrug. "That my lessons with Father Martin will resume today." I take a shot in the dark.

"And...?"

"And I'm to be on my best behavior." I haven't been listening and I don't give a shit.

Knowing he's back and didn't come right to me makes me want to run. I want my phone. I want to call round all the shelters in Florida and ask them if they have my cat. And somehow find a way to get her back.

At least you kept your V card. You didn't give him that...

Nathalia grunts like some farmyard animal. "That's not what I said. Although you could afford to be better behaved around him. You know, he's a good man, he does good things. The work he performs here is God's work and he's good at it. Young women like yourself," she looks pointedly at me, "come here troubled, without direction, and he does his best to turn them around. I respect and admire Father Martin and you should too."

It's a good speech. I wonder what she'd say if I told her how I called him Daddy while he held a vibrator to my clit nearly in the prayer room, if she knew he almost fucked me in the boathouse then again as I held onto the altar as he told me to call him Daddy when he made me come.

"Where is he now?" I can't help myself. I'm drowning.

“Taking confession from his parishioners, he never misses Monday morning confession. People count on him to be calm, constant in their lives. He’ll be there for the next hour at least. Have you been to confession before? Might serve you well.”

She raises one eyebrow, points to the bucket of cleaning supplies in the bathroom, then turns and leaves and I flop down on my pillow, spread eagle with a dramatic sigh.

Confession. Perhaps Father Martin should confess a few things himself.

I should stay away. I should. For all her faults, Sister Nathalia is right, Father Martin is a good man, and I am...well, me. Clearly not on the high road. Even here at Saint Margarets. I’m destroying a good man.

I should stay away.

I stare at the smooth plaster ceiling feeling Jesus’s eyes on me from the little framed print on the wall.

“Stop.” I tell him. “All sins are forgiven right? I mean, that’s the deal.” I say to the stoic Mona Lisa looking Jesus then huff and kick my heels into the mattress.

Rational thought has left the station I’m afraid. Love does crazy things to a person and before I can talk myself down, I’m in and out of the shower, mussing my wet hair, teeth brushed with a swipe of cherry lips balm on my lips.

I’m out of my room fast walking down the hall to the back stairway hoping to avoid a chance encounter with Nathalia who will certain side eye my barely there black mini skirt and a too tight Legend of Zelda t-shirt.

It’s an odd pairing, but I’m getting low on matching outfits and down to zero on clean panties but, I took that as a sign.

I know where the confessional box is, or whatever it’s called, and my skin tingles and the cool air of the hallway brushes on my heated bare lady bits as I move silently through the hallways that wind around to the chapel.

AS I approach, a stooped over woman with curled and teased white hair and a lavender wool coat exits the box, making the

sign of the cross and muttering something over her shoulder toward the open door of the confessional before meeting my eyes.

I'm not sure what I expect, but she smiles, and I smile back. I have no idea what to do.

Is he in there? On the other side? Do I wait to be called like in the doctor's office?

Miss Tennant? The doctor will see you now...

I remember the little Latin inscription on the front door of the dormitory that I translated with an ancient Latin to English textbook I found in the library.

Per has iportas salus exspectat.

Through these doors, salvation awaits.

I head into the box and sit.

I'm not even Catholic. At least, I don't think so. I'm not really sure if I have any religion, or any faith. But here I am. And I have no idea what I'm about to say.

"Bless you, my child." Father Martin's voice is unmistakable through the grating and my heart takes flight as wiggle my bare butt on the wooden seat.

Does he say that to all the parishioners? My child? He must be less than half their age.

"Um, hi," I say.

A pause. That's not the right thing to say, but I'm not sure what is.

"Kitty?"

"Hi," I say again. "I don't know what I'm doing here. I'll go." The air is charged even with the wall between us. There's a screen sort of deal with a filigree wooden carving that blocks his face.

"No, stay. You came here for a reason. God won't turn you away and neither will I."

“That’s the thing, I’m not sure I believe in God though. I shouldn’t be wasting your time.” I’m not sure if I’m talking about confession or something else.

“You could never waste my time.” His voice has that sexy dragging through gravel sound and I feel myself melting. My flesh is turning slick and my heart is beating between my thighs. And I really do want to stay. “Tell me whatever you want little dove. I’m sorry I had to leave. I had... a few things to do. Things I had to make right.”

“Because of me?”

“No. Not *because* of you.” He hesitates. “Because of me. Deals I made a long time ago. Things I’ve had to follow through on.” He sounds distant, like he’s not telling me everything. Like maybe, he’s having second thoughts and how could he not?

“Do you hate me?” I blurt out. It’s not really what I want to ask, but it’s the little girl in me, feeling that rejection and wanting it to go away no matter what. Wanting to test him.

Another pause, and my heart thunders. This is the moment, another pineapple on pizza moment but way, way bigger.

“No, Kitty, I could never hate you. What we did was—”

“It was good, Martin,” I blurt, using his first name, needing the playing field a bit more level right now. “I wanted you. Did you want me?”

“Yes, but I want to do this right.”

“So, are you saying what we did was wrong?” My chest collapses, is this it? He’s letting me down easy?

“Yes, but—no—” There’s a low grunt, a mumble, “Kitty, right and wrong...it’s not that simple.”

“We can’t be together, can we?” The impending sob tightens around my windpipe as I struggle for breath.

“It’s not as simple as that. I made vows, Kitty.” He groans, and I hear him whispering.

I lick my lips. He’s praying. For what though?

Forgiveness or a sign?

No risk. No reward.

“I’m sorry, Daddy, I’ve been a very bad girl,” I whisper, clawing at the barrier between us.

“Kitty—”

“Are you going to spank me again?”

I can almost hear him gulp in the silence.

And there’s no stopping me now. I put my fingers through the metal grating on the confessional box. I pull myself closer.

“I’m not wearing any panties, that has to be a sin.”

“Oh, God...” I hear his heavy breaths from the other side and fuck it. I’m a good girl but I know how to be bad.

I unlatch the door and skitter around to the other side barely giving a glance at the chapel to make sure it’s empty.

I twist the knob on the door where he’s at and swing it open, practically flinging myself inside and closing it behind me.

God, he smells so good. The tiny space is warm, hot even and even in the darkness, his eyes shine with that look that tells me he’s fighting his own demons.

“Kitty, I’m your steward. You’re headmaster. Teacher.” He says as I wiggle my way between his knees and the wall, standing in front of him. “Fuck, you’re fucking breaking me.” His voice cracks as his gaze feasts on me in the confined space.

“I can just stay here with you. Tell my parents I did so well, you offered me a job. A position. I know Hoover will be thrilled I’m not coming back.” There’s a clutch in my belly as I consider my mom might be just as happy to get on with her new life. And, with Baby gone, what is there to go back to?

My friends?

No. A few days away and sober, things get cleared up pretty fast. They aren’t my friends, they were just a place holder and one that has been replaced.

By Father Martin.

“That’s not possible.” He answers, his words pushing me away as his hands slide onto my hips, fingers splayed as his thumbs rub up and down over the fabric of my skirt. “This is no life for you.”

“But, it is. I mean, we have each other, this whole place, we have science together. We could make our own lab, you could teach me everything you know. WE could...” I wind my fingers into his hair as he lets out another groan. “Blow shit up.”

He tugs me my hips forward, my back arching. “You are blowing everything up.”

My cheeks heat as he tugs me forward, his knees pushing between mine as he holds me steady.

One hand leave my hip, traversing up my side, this thumb grazing the side of my breast as my nipples sends a zap of arousal down to my already slick entrance, my body preparing for what its been craving since that first day in the bck of the limo.

His thumb and forefinger find my chin, pinching, drawing my jaw lower as he drags my mouth to his, his tongue invading, pushing, spinning. His mouth is warm and welcoming as my muscles go slack and our mouths move together.

“Mine.” He hisses on a quick breath and I whimper at the possessiveness in that word. “You belong to Daddy. I’m going to seal it with another kiss baby. I want to kiss you here.”

His other hand drifts down from my hip, moving under the hem of my skirt hiting my exposed womanhood.

His fingers dip into the slick, warmth and I moan shamelessly.

Mine, mine, mine. I hear his voice in my head as I look into the ark eyes that are pinned on my face. Searching for something and I want to give him everything I am.

“Tell Daddy how good it feels when he plays with you.”

Oh God. My obsession with this dark fantasy takes me to places I didn’t know I could go. I want him in ways that arne’t

just...this. Aren't just sex. But they feed off each other needing each other to make the parts into a whole.

"Daddy." I manage as his deft fingers dance and tease. "It feels so good."

"Good girl. It should. I want you to feel good when I touch you. Pleases me."

His lips are on mine again, harder this time, lips crushing on mine, the scrape of his short beard warming my chin and cheeks as he slips a single finger inside me making my body concave, the pressure already building.

"Uh, uh. Not yet. All that beautiful wetness you drenched my hand with yesterday is going in my mouth today."

I've lost the capacity for speech as I stare gap mouthed as he brings his wet fingers to my lips. "I want this pussy dragging all over my face. You like my kisses don't you little dove?"

I nod as he drags his fingers in and out between my lips.

"Good. Because I'm going to kiss you down here now. I want you to squirt all over my face. Baptize me with you."

"God." I say on a broken whimper as his hands work their way down and for a brief, lucid moment, I ponder the logistics of what he wants to do. "How—"

He presses his arousal coated fingers to my lips. "Do as I say, trust me, remember?"

I don't so much as agree, but I let him move my body as he wishes, I'm teetering and unbalanced for a moment, then I'm lifted on a gasp, my feet on the bench straddling his hips as he eases my shoulders back against the wall, my center ending up at his mouth, which, by design is what he wanted.

"Seems the confessional was build for sin." He growls as he flips up my skirt exposing my bare pussy. "Pretty little girl cunt. Coming in here without panties, you knew what would happen. It's what you wanted, isn't it? You wanted to drive Daddy crazy, make him kiss you down here."

I nod like a crazy person as the idea that this man will never cause me shame crashes in around me.

Wow. That vibrator needs to take some lessons from Father Martin's tongue.

He's too licks in and I'm already a quivering, squealing mess as his tongue dancing on my little nub making me wince and shake.

"My God, you are heaven." He groans into my folds as his fingers dig into the still tender flesh of my ass, holding me against his invading mouth. "You're breaking me little dove. Breaking me."

A moment of panic fills my chest as the realization once again that a priest is the object of my sexual awakening and is quicky on the way to becoming my obsession.

He licks away those thoughts with the jiggling of his tongue on my clit making me shudder and slap my hands to the walls on either side of my head, holding on for dear life as my chin falls to my chest and my knees start to give way.

How sex was such a mystery to me only a few days ago is baffling. I want this feeling to never end, but I only want it with him. As he words the nub of flesh my mind goes blank, waves of pleasure soak me from every direction as a fever grows in my center.

"So good. Like honey. I can't wait to fuck the sweetness out of you my child."

God, that mouth of his. It's perfection and how he's given to me every time and never once pushed himself on me. Never been greedy and I realize now how much I want him.

I want to see him, touch him, taste him the way he's done with me.

The thoughts must transmit through my pussy because he pauses, looking up as I stare down at this gorgeous man between my legs. "Soon I'll teach you how to please me baby. You want that don't you?"

"Uh huh." I mumble on a nod and a swallow. "I want to see you."

He smiles, his face glistening with wetness. “I know you do, but all good things my child. All good things.”

He dives back in and I imagine his huge body rocking into me. How much will it hurt I wonder? But that thought is banished as my orgasm builds. His focus on my clit, then lapping at my folds, then clit, hands still on my ass grinding my sex to his face as he releases feral growling sounds, then, his tongue is inside me, fucking, in and out, in and out as my voice turns to that of an injured animal.

Any thoughts that there could be other parishoners waiting their turn doesn't seem to matter to Father Martin. His priestly focus is between my legs and I praise the Lord for his devotion.

I'm a babbling, whining, twisting, primal beast as my climax takes root. Whizzing up from somewhere down low and wrapping around my center then flinging me out into space. I bang my hands on the wooden walls as I scream, the sounds muffled in the small space as his lips pinch my clit, drawing it out and then holding it there, his tongue sucking and looping around until I come undone.

“Daddy!” I purr and that words seems to give him a moment of pause as my climax crests and my thighs shake in delirious, wonderful torture.

He tilts his head back and forth, my long clit still the focus on his mouth as he sucks it in and out, flicking it until I'm rocking my hips onto his face, sobbing and letting go of the tension that's burrowed itself deep inside me.

“Oh Fuck yes.” He mouths onto my clit as the gush of my peak flows from my body. I'm too delirious to care if it's normal to have such a dousing reaction to the pleasure but he seems to be in hog heaven so what else matters?

The dry cleaning bill might matter, and I just hope he has a closet full of his robes and black suits because I'm taking them out like Zelda queen of the squirting orgasms.

“You were born for me.” Father Martin mumbles as he eases me down into his lap, the frong of his robe is soaked and I taste

my arousal again as he presses our lips together, sweeping his tongue into my mouth as I shudder and shake and come down, eyes unfocused and I wonder if everyone's orgasms are this... life changing.

Or, if it's the element of taboo.

"I've never given in to any girl that's come here before Kitty. You should know. You are special. So very special to me."

"Daddy." I whisper as he curls me into his chest. "Your mouth is pretty special too."

His chest rumbles with a chuckle as his heart thuds against my temple.

CHAPTER 13



Martin

She's mine and I'm never fucking letting her go. Church be damned, parents too. I want today to be perfect, then, when I've got everything else in place and she's locked down, I'll deal with the whole stepbrother part. I don't give a rat's ass about Hoover or her mother, but making sure the slate is clean is what matters, but today there are bigger things brewing and once my letter is received and accepted, I'll deal with the rest of it.

The only thing that matters to me now is keeping Kitty. I don't give a shit about right and wrong, about good and evil. If I have to sign on the dotted line with the devil himself, I'll do it if it means she stays.

I'm a fucking idiot. Pushing her away like that.

"What are you thinking about?" she asks softly, her head resting on my chest with the flavor of her orgasm coating my mouth.

"About how good you taste."

"Come on. Really, no judgement, remember?"

"This place, it's always been enough for me, but you're changing all that. I want you to have everything Kitty. Silk sheets and trips around the world and fast cars and whatever your baby heart desires. I want to be the one to give it to you."

I'll find out what toothpaste she prefers, what shampoo she uses and the brand of tampons she gets, and I'll make sure she

has them all. I'll know her time of the month and I'll give her chocolate and foot massages and heating pads and orgasms to get through it.

Nothing is too much. She will never want for anything, because if she does then I'm not doing my job.

I kiss the top of her head, pulling her in close, feeling the soft roundness of her flesh against my hard edges. I love it all. Every inch.

"Let's get out of here." I say, as much as I'd stay locked in here with her forever, we have plenty of room to roam and I want to take her out.

"Yes, it's a little claustrophobic."

"No, I mean, out of here. The church. The school. The dorm. Go out. Into the world."

"Really? No, this is wrong, we shouldn't, second thoughts?"

"None. I was stupid, I'll probably be stupid again, I mean, I am a man. I'll be super glued to you from now on. So, you may want to push me away at times..." I glance at the dim light coming through the window. "Let's go be normal. Nothing but us, no Father Martin and his student, just Martin and Kitty."

I wonder if the Bishop has read my email. I know he has to approve my resignation, but in my heart, I'm already free. But for Kitty, I need it to be right. Official.

"Yes! What's there to do around here? I only remember trees as we were driving. Is there a town within a hundred miles?" She slides her hand over my chest, down my belly, resting on the throbbing erection under my robe.

My dick responds to her touch the way I imagine it always will. If we live to be a hundred, I'll still get hard at the sight of her, still want to fuck her every which way 'til Sunday.

Soon. Soon, boy. Just a little while longer.

I stroke her head, then easing her back onto her feet.

“Get out of here?” she asks. “Like, together, together, be *seen* together? You’re sure about that?”

“I’m taking you to town, yes, together together.”

“And if someone recognizes you? Won’t they be shocked that you’re with a student? Won’t they talk?”

“Let them talk, I don’t give a fuck about anyone but you.”

She grins. “Really?”

“Yes, now, let’s go grab a shower, change clothes. You run up to your room. But, you wait to get dressed. I’ve got something I want you to wear. There’s a closet full of clothes too. Anything you can think of that teenage girls use, it’s here, somewhere. I have a whole section of clothes that still have the tags on. I’ll bring you what I want you to wear before I take my shower. I’ll leave them on your bed.” I don’t trust myself to shower with her, I’ll no doubt have myself balls deep nutting some baby batter into her belly before I’m officially a free man and I want to do this right.

As right as I can, that is.

“You’re going to dress me now?”

I shrug. “Daddies dress their girls. After today, I’ll be buying your clothes too. And, there will be more rules. Some fun for you, some...fun for me.”

“This whole Saint Margarets resort sure has some tricks up it’s sleeve.” I smooth her skirt back down, both of us drenched and I make a note to be sure to get the confessional cleaned up myself.



I DRIVE US into town in the limo that belongs to the church. I’m sure my driver would have a fit if he knew I was taking it out without him, but to hell with that. He’s employed by the church, and this isn’t a church outing.

Cape Highsmith is small and close-knit. Which means, yeah, there’s a chance someone could recognize me. I park the Mustang along a side street under a thick Oak and step out and around to her side. There’s a view of the ocean, even here, and

when we get out Kitty takes a deep breath, apparently still in love with the smell despite any lingering memories of slipping and falling in.

“Where are we going?” she asks as she slips her hand into mine. It feels fucking perfect. “Are we, you know, going to eat cake by the ocean?” She smiles and I get that fucking song stuck in my head.

“If you want. There’s something I want to do first though.”

I pull her with me, not rushing or hiding. I’m prouder than I’ve ever been with her hand in mine and everyone knowing she belongs to me. Now that I have her, I’m never letting her go. I left a note for Sister Nathalia, not explaining or making excuses, just informing her that Kitty and I will be gone for the day. There’s no way I want anything to disturb us.

“So... You said your grandmother brought you to the church, but that’s not the whole story is it?” She turns to look up into my face as we walk. “I’m not prying. I just... I sensed something was wrong and I don’t want you to face things alone. You said I could write things in my journal and not worry about being judged, well, you can tell me anything you want and I won’t judge either.”

I nod. It’s hard to talk about, but she’s right. But, men do hard things, and not just with their dicks.

“My grandmother is a good person. And I used to be... Not exactly a bad person but on a bad path.”

“So she wanted to save your soul?”

I laugh. “Something like that. My mom wanted me to go into the church, but it wasn’t something I ever thought about. She was very religious, always went to church, devoutly catholic. I rejected all that, and she understood. She supported my dreams of going into research. I wanted to find a cure for cancer. Or at least a new treatment. My mom supported me one hundred percent. But, I had a bad boy streak as well. I got into trouble a lot. And then...” I lick my lips swallowing back the rest of that story.

“Then?” she prompts.

I meet her eyes, searching her face for some clue. Some hint of how much she can take.

But then I realize: life isn't like that.

Life isn't certain or safe. It's a series of risks. And I want to face them all with her.

"Then my mother found out she was sick," I tell her. "Cancer. Like your dad."

I expect her to break down. I expect to have to pick up the pieces. But instead she stops walking, takes my other hand in hers and stares up into my face, her big green eyes so perfect and comforting and grounded.

"I'm sorry," she says, and there's so much meaning in those two simple words.

She's sorry because she understands, because she's felt it. She's sorry because she doesn't like the idea of me hurting any more than I would want that for her. I can't tell her how close our stories are, that when my mom died my father was no comfort to me at all, same as her mom. Because that would bring us too close to the truth I've promised not to reveal.

But, I have to. Soon. I never expect things to be...*this*.

God, if I have one more favor to ask, please, don't let me have fucked this up beyond repair. Help me figure out how to scale this final wall and not blow up what we've built.

"I was already on a bad path before she got sick. I have no excuses," I tell her and she smiles knowingly. "But then something really shitty happened..."

A memory flashes back into my mind. Being called a pervert by a girl I'd trusted, the first person I ever allowed to see that side of me. The side that likes to play at being dominant and caring. The first girl who ever called me daddy, and in the moment seemed to love it, but everything changed when it was over.

She didn't want me, she wanted good grades. I was the professor's assistant.

“What happened?” she asks. There’s concern in her green eyes as she looks up into mine, and the guilt I’ve been carrying all these years over the accusations made against me seems insignificant against the love I feel for this woman, right here and now.

I smile. “Things happen. We make mistakes and move forward. I made the mistake of trusting someone and they used that trust to hurt me. Stabbed me where it hurt the most at the time. When I wouldn’t do as I was told, charges were filed against me by people I’d never even talked to. The school couldn’t find any evidence, of course, but you fling enough mud and some of it’s going to stick. I was kicked out, my mom was dying and she wanted me to be safe. Between her and my grandmother, they came up with a plan.”

“And that was going into the church? Kind of drastic, don’t you think?”

“I had a choice to make. Continue the way I was going or find something new. People talk about hearing God’s voice calling them to the church, but I didn’t hear any voice. I saw an option that would give me the seclusion I wanted. A wall around me that said, stay out, especially when it came to relationships. That was my calling, I guess, or at least that’s what I thought.”

I look up, and nod at the doorway to the tattooist’s shop we’ve stopped outside.

“We’re here,” I tell her.

She glances at the front of the shop and half-smiles, one corner of her lips going up. I can’t resist moving forward to kiss them.

“A tattoo studio?” she says when the kiss breaks.

“Uh huh. You’ve seen my tattoos. I want a new one. Potassium Permanganate and Glycerin.”

“Excuse me?” she giggles.

“Come on, you know the chemistry.”

“Yes, it explodes.”

I chuckle, gathering her into my arms. “Well, kind of a slow burn to begin with. Then the sparks start to fly. Like us.”

Her eyes go wide, then she narrows them at me. “Hold on, am I the Potassium Permanganate or the Glycerin in this reaction?”

“Oh, you’ve definitely excited my Permanganate.”

She smirks, one hand trailing down to my growing bulge. “You’re such a nerd.”

“You like nerds?”

“I like this one.”

I nod. “Then, I’m your nerd baby. Tattoos and a sketchy past, but a nerd down in my core.”

“I’ve got a better idea though,” she says, massaging me still, like she’s forgotten she’s doing it. I haven’t. “If that reaction is us, then you get the Potassium Permanganate tattoo, and I’ll get the Glycerin.”

“Are you sure? A tattoo is a commitment.”

“So are we.” She grins up at me, then turns to the tattooist shop. “Let’s do it.”

So we do.

Rod, the tattooist in question, knows me well. He’s only ever seen me in civvies, and if he’s aware that I’m a priest he’s never mentioned it. He doesn’t even take a second look as we walk in together, just greets Kitty like they’re old friends and starts telling me about his latest boyfriend, picking up a conversation we started the last time I was in here over a month ago.

I tell him what we’re thinking for the tattoos, and he grins, nodding, asking where on our bodies we want them, and we both in unison say *‘Over our hearts’* so I guess that’s settled. But before he starts, I pull him to one side and whisper an extra instruction, just between us.

Lucky for me, Rod isn’t averse to an underhanded deal or two, especially if I’m offering more money.

I sit with Kitty while she has hers done, holding her hand tight since it's her first time. But if I have any doubts about her ability to take pain, they don't last. Suddenly, all I can think about is what I can do to test those limits next time we play.

And then it's my turn, and I chat with them both while Rod works on my chest, inking the shape of the molecule into my skin, a permanent reminder of how much Kitty means to me.

"Hey, what's this?" she asks as we head out of the shop, pointing at the letters within her own tattoo, small but obvious, and upside down so she can read them by looking down at her own chest.

Shit, I don't need any excuse.

"My initials, baby." I point at my own chest. "And yours right here where they belong. Now we'll always have a little piece of each other to carry around."

She grins, turning to look back at the shop as we walk. "I didn't ask for these."

"I did. And I paid Rod extra to do it for me. You're mine, Kitty. And I'm yours."

"Are we really doing this? I mean, you're still a priest and—your vows. All that you said..."

I catch her up into my arms, pulling her in, putting my lips on hers as my hands slide to her ass and her legs wrap around my middle. Yes, I'm still a priest. For now. But we'll work it all out.

Because me and her? We're forever.

CHAPTER 14



Kitty

*M*y first impression of this church was that it would make a fantastic hotel. But now I'm not so sure.

For some reason, I'm thinking family home.

I mean, hear me out for a second. Right now, sure, it's cold and austere, and gives me a bit of an Addams Family vibe. But with the right decorator's touch, renovations to all the rooms, maybe knock through a couple of the school rooms here and there... You could definitely raise a family here. A *big* family.

As we head up in the Mustang, past the church buildings and on up a barely visible path to an overlook that belongs to the church, I'm getting visions of picnics with children. *My* children. Children I don't have yet but maybe...

Maybe...

"Pretty secluded," I point out. "You could do anything to me and nobody would know." He stares at me and I grin. "What? I'm just saying. In a way, you *own* this land, right? So, I know, the vows and all but.... No jail time if we got caught."

I want to ask the big question but my heart would break into a million tiny pieces if I didn't get the answer I want.

Are you going to forgo your vows? Are we going to really be together?

He said he wouldn't...consummate because of his vows, but, so does that mean forever? These are important questions and

I'm caught up in how I feel and avoiding the glaring red flats flapping over his head.

He smirks giving me nothing to build on as he pulls up on the grass, and the ocean stretches in front of us like a metaphor for the rest of our lives. Ours to shape as we like. Ours to explore.

"I don't own this land," he says as he shifts the car into park. "But... Well, I might."

"What? The church owns it, right?"

"The did, or do. It's not a done deal yet so I don't want to write checks my ass can't cash, but it's been a part of the plan for a while now especially when the renovation costs started to skyrocket. The church isn't usually interested in selling old buildings or land, but this one costs a lot to keep for the few parishioners that use it. The population here has declined so much and lets face it, Maine is not going to see an population explosion anytime soon." He pauses on that, his eyes licking up and down my body leaving fire in their wake and that ovarian flex I keep feeling returns.

"My grandmother has a lot of influence, that's the meeting I was at for two days. Working out the details. She was there too, she's made huge donations to the church. Makes a difference."

"Wait, so you're going to own all this? As, like, arch deacon or whatever?"

Please, just say you're not going to be a priest. I'm sorry God, I don't mean to steal him from you, but if you don't ever make mistakes, then you put us together, so seal this freakin' deal already, I'm dyin' here.

Martin laughs. "I'd have the space to make a serious laboratory. Research, invent, maybe I could come up with a cure for cancer after all, or contribute to some developments that make a real difference in people's lives around the world. My best friend has been pushing me to come partner with him. He has a big research supply company. That was always my dream. My other dream I mean."

"And the church would fund all of this?"

“No. I... I have money, Kitty. A lot of money. Money isn't the issue. When my grandfather—my mom's father—died, he left a sizable fortune. He gave half to my grandmother and half to my mom, and she left all of hers to me. It's in a trust. Since I took my vows, I haven't touched it, so it's technically mine, but not until I invoke the terms of the trust and take over as executor. It's weird, semantics but I don't want to be the asshole here, but I gave my life to the church, I didn't really want to give them all my money. Even priests have secrets.”

Like me. Does that mean I'll be a secret forever too?

“But it's enough to buy this place *and* finance a company with your own lab and equipment to develop, like, whatever you're thinking of developing? That's serious fuck you money.”

“I love your dirty mouth.” He turns in the seat and reaches out to brush a stray strand of my hair behind my ear.

“Is that how you know Hoover? Because you're both super rich? Did you like, meet at a cocktail party on a yacht or something?”

“No. I don't *know* Hoover, not really. Just enough for him to trust me with you.”

I think about that, then nod slowly. He's always talked about trust, and I do trust him. I have to just go with that.

Looking around at the overlook, and the church buildings, the school, I get that image again, of raising a family here.

“It could work,” I say to myself. “Of course, I'd have to deal with Mom. And Hoover...”

“What could work?” Martin gives me a sexy smile and I decide to light this candle.

“You. Me. Here in this place. It needs work, but... We could be happy here.” I focus on his face. The twitch of his eyebrow, the way he grinds his teeth...

Before he can say anything, his phone rings from where it's sitting in the console.

Bishop Murphy.

His body tenses, hand dropping from my face.

“I have to take this.” He says, leaving me dangling by a thin thread as he lifts the door handle and steps out into the grass, closing it behind him leaving me alone. Where it seems I am going to end up in all of this.

I’ve baited the hook enough. If this was real, he’d be commsumating all over the place right?

I mean you can have all the fun you want, as long as you don’t knock her up for the world to see.

Is that in the vow contract? Everything but the old dick in the babymaker?

My hopefulness crashes down crushing me with the reality I’ve been pushing away.

He’s the one that said how important vows are.

Out the window, Martin is turned toward the view of the ocean, hand on his head, his other hand holding the phone to his ear as he talks, gesturing every few seconds clearing involved in an important priestly conversation.

Fuck it.

I wasn’t wanted at home and here, I’m just a side-preist’s plaything. Nu-uh. It’s time for Kitty to grab her self by the balls and stop being the sub-character is someone else’s romance.

I ease open the door, the radio playing ‘Born to Run’ by Bruce Springsteen and now, *that’s* a sign.

I bolt onto the damp grass for the tree line. There’s a road down to the compound just through the trees, I’ll get my phone and figure out my own life. Fuck everyone else. I can do this. I don’t need Mom or Hoover or Martin.

I *want* him, yeah.

But need him?

Okay, *whatever*; now’s not the time to split hairs. My feet pound onto the soft dirty path covered with pine needles as I reach the edge of the woods.

Each breath burns as I push my lungs beyond their capacity reminding me I really need to add some cardio to my routine, but fuck it, right now, I just want to be away. Away from the fantasy that is clearly not the same one that Martin is having.

“Okay, just a little farther.” I tell myself as I scan the trees, I dig in my heels as I notice a crumbling stone structure just beyond the pines in a overgrown clearing and I decide to head that way when I hear my name.

Shit, he’s onto me. I figured any call with a Bishop would take longer.

“Kitty? *Kitty!*”

I ball it toward the structure, hoping there’s some old crypt I can tuck into and hope that he will go on by or head down to the church thinking that’s where I’ve gone.

I slip on the moss that covers the stone steps, swinging inside where the door has long rotted away and press my back onto the stone wall, sliding sideways. The inside is relatively intact if you don’t count the vines that have intruded through a few cracks in the mortar. There’s an altar at the front, the stone wall is broken away and grass has crept over the floor making it look like a green carpet blankets the entire area in front of the carved cross and altar at the front of the small church.

I steady my breath, my belly quivering from the run, my tennis shoes damp and my white skirt clings to the sheen of sweat that’s covering my body.

The birds chirping somewhere in the rafters mixes with a few crickets hiding out in the corners as blood rushes in my ears, my heart pounding into my throat.

His footfalls come before I hear my name and I burst from the corner of the church toward the open wall at the front just as Martin barrels through the open doorway.

“Kitty?” I’m slipping on the stone as he catches sight of me, confusion twisting his features. But, God, he’s fast, he got here in like ten seconds. “What are you doing? Are we playing chase?”

CHAPTER 15



Martin

*H*er tits heave up and down as I grab her arm before she can tear through the broken-down wall.

I don't think she's playing. The idea of a little chase and capture has my dick rising but from the way she's throwing daggers with her narrow green eyes I'm not thinking we're quite on the same page with that yet.

"What the fuck?" I hiss, the rage and terror in her eyes makes me pause, but the fuck if I'm letting go. "Where are you going? Thirty seconds ago you were fine."

She twists on a grunt, her face in a grimace. "I wasn't fine. I was *pretending* to be fine."

"Why would you pretend anything with me? I told you, no judgement. That's not just for the fucking journals little dove. That's for you. For us."

She's unleashed a monster inside of me. We're not leaving her without my cum inside her. I won't go out into the world until she's mine. I'm officially free and it's time to bathe my virgin dick in her innocent little honey pot and I'm not taking no for an answer.

There's a choir of voices shaming me inside my head but I'll deal with my guilt later. I've waited so fucking long for her, for this, there's nothing that could stop me now.

"We've been doing all this—" She throws her free arm around as she battle and tugs to get away from me but I only pull her

body closer. “*Stuff*. But, you never, you haven’t...” She lets out a frustrated groan. “You won’t commit. I can’t be with a priest!”

She’s kicking and screaming like a feral cat but I know what she needs. What we both need.

“I’ve broken my vows officially, now I’m going to break you. And me....”

“Vows! Ha!” She laughs. “Exactly. You’ve made your vows. You haven’t said one thing about making vows with me!”

Her face is flushed, eyes wild. Her brat is out in full battle armor and part of me wants to laugh but she’s got a point. I’ve not handled this well, and I’m still juggling the how to’s and final details but leaving my position with the church was the hurdle I needed to jump before I could take the next step.

“Stop fighting.” I tug at her arm as she grimaces, her ass jiggling under the white skirt and more than ever, I need to mark her as mine before we go back to the church or face any other humans. “That cherry you’ve been saving is mine, isn’t it?”

I wrestle both her wrists into my hand as I reach up and grip the neckline of her shirt, jerking it forward, buttons flying then proceed to tear it from her torso, leaving her tits swinging free.

She freezes for a moment, I seize the chance, leading her to the grass in front of the altar, the sun streaming in through the broken wall in a golden warmth on the blanket nature has laid there just for us.

She’s still mad as hell but I see that tangle of scared little girl in her eyes and I know that she’s been a handful for a while.

“Why did you run?”

“Because you don’t really want me. And I’m tired of giving and giving.”

“What are you talking about? You are everything. I gave up my life for you. The life I had. I’d go tot hell and back for you little dove. Now, stop!”

She kicks at my shins and I've had enough. I'm going to give her what she needs.

I scoop her up, her bare tits pressed into my shoulder as I rip her skirt away leaving her in the little polka dot panties I picked out, then tangle those off her twisting legs and throw her over my shoulder.

I stomp over to the center of the grass then throw her down and straddle her body, freeing my dick all in one motion.

Taking in her nakedness laid out in front of me with the altar at her head like a crown, my dick hardens to the point of pain.

I reach behind me and find her cunt dripping, slipping my fingers down and up watching her bite back the moan as I toy with her clit.

“Why did you only touch me? Not let me touch *you*? Not... you know, have sex with me? I'm not good enough? Too fat? Some game you like to play? Just this, but not that so you're still...holy?”

Now, she's just throwing shit against the wall. This juxtaposition of bad girl and good girl is going to stop now.

“You're fucking exquisite. You made me hard the first time I saw you and I haven't been hard in ten fucking years.”

Her eyes widen, pupils dilated.

“I didn't care about women. I didn't want to care about women, then there you were with your broken suitcases and your purple vibrator and your...fucking tits. You ruined me right there Kitty. Fucking ruined me. But, I don't want it any other way. I'll burn down my fucking life for you, do you get that?”

Her hips buck upward where I'm sitting, tugging down my jeans while trying to keep her down. I manage to get my jeans and boxers to my knees, then strip off my shirt and I see something come over her face.

“Jesus.” She stills staring at my torso. “You're covered.”

“Covered? Yeah, my life before.”

“I like it. A lot.” The moment of calm passes. “I imagine a lot of the girls at the school like it too.”

Oh for fuck’s sake.

“Enough!” I roar into the quiet of the church, her nipples tight and rosy as I grab my cock and shift myself forward, smacking her across the face with my erection, watching her mouth open, then slap her other cheek for effect. “You could put a leash and collar on my dick and take it out for a fucking walk Kitty. All the other shit that’s come before us doesn’t matter. We didn’t start out on the cleanest slate baby, but I’m erasing all the shit that comes between us. I’m not going to look at any one else ever. And neither are you.”

I reposition myself as she tugs her legs closed, pulling them from under me but this is happening. I reach up and pry her tight thighs open sinking my fingers into her soaking cunt.

“You’re pretty fucking wet for being such a brat.” I wrench her legs apart, shoving my body between them instinct telling me a good hard fuck is going to adjust that attitude.

I know it will adjust mine.

The sight of her pussy on display with the shadow of the cross across her body makes me pause. She is my church. She will be the altar on which I give everything.

“You need this dick and this dick needs you.” I hold her body down with mine but her fight is losing some of its intensity as my thick hard on bounces on her belly as I dig my knees into the soft ground, slapping her open pussy with my cock. “You’ll be dripping with me from now on. We go out in public, every man will know who you belong to from now on. No questions.”

I line up my weeping dick with her hot little hole as her churning anger washes away. “You need fucked baby, don’t you? Daddy’s fat cock is going to pump in that tight hole of yours and make everything okay.”

I’m in position and I already know this is going to be tough. I’m thick, long and her body is lush and stunning, but her

pussy is little girl tight and there's no bones about it, it's gonna hurt.

"Do it." He says with a hard set of her jaw. "just do it."

"Your tantrums are going to get you fucked until you're begging me to stop from now on."

"Big talk." She hisses, but there's a smile cresting her lips as I bellow an drive half my cock into her wet heat in one shove.

Fuck, it's tighter than I imagined. Instint takes over and I get her another thrust, knowing I need to get this part over with but her body is strangling my dick to the point of torture.

Her scream lances me through my heart as I shudder, shoving myself deeper again as she clenches against my progress.

"Baby, you need to let me in. You tempted me, and now I'm here, I'm not stopping until my baby's inside you no matter what."

I push forward, through the tension, my pre-come already flowing free as she fights to take my inches, kicking at the dirt and calling me every nasty name in the book but I know, once this part is over, her body will thank me.

I lower my head and feed one other nipple into my mouth while I buck my hips forward, in and out as her body eases the way with a rush of warm slick welcoming juice.

"that's it, your cunt knows what it wants."

I'm panting like a dog, my blood pressure skimming the red as I press my weight down on her, pumping, pumping until she's her nails score my shoulders and her body takes me down to the root.

I hold myself there, nestling my lips to ner neck as my pulse pounds in my jugular. Her skin is wet with sweat, as our bodies slide together. "You belong to me now my child. Daddy will be with you forever. Inside you. You're never getting away."

I bring my mouth to hers, free fucking her now as the last tension leaves her body and she raises her hips to meet my thrusts.

I kiss away the last scream as I move in and out, in and out as I thrust and grunt and grind my teeth to keep from blowing my nut inside her right now.

I want her bathed in my seed. I want a brood of what we create together running and screaming and feeding from her tits. Things I never dreamed before crash around me as I rut into her, the soul of who I want to be with her rising like a ocean tide inside me.

“Daddy loves you.” I growl between clenched teeth. “I know what you need. I’ll give it to you whether you like it or not.”

I bury myself to the hilt, as her body pulses around me, I grab her ass from the grass, pulling it up as I bring my chest upward, dragging her soft body forward, hitting her deeper as her eyes start to roll back and her hand flail at her sides.

“Love me.” She moans. “I want Daddy to love me.”

And there it is.

“Daddy loves you. Feel how much.”

She start to move, hiss, and I look down to see the mess I’ve made. Her blood stains my dick. “You’ll never doubt that will you? Say it, Daddy loves me, Daddy loves me...”

We fall into rhythm, repeating the mantra until she’s gritting her teeth. “Fuck, God, *please, faster, faster...*”

I go full on battering ram. Pounding to her limits, as she goes off. That glorious sex fountain etween her legs drenching us both as I reach up and grab her throat. “Look at me when I make you come.”

Her eyes flutter to mine, her orgasm blinding her. “Say please and thank you. Tell Daddy how much you love being his dirty little fuck toy. You’ve got the real thing now baby.”

I can’t hold back. I let it all go, filling her drenched and bloody pussy with all the years of pent up frustration. I thrust through my orgasm, and into another while she turns to butter on the ground, my roar scaring the birds from the beams above, fucking into my stepsister on the floor of the church as the devil whispers in my ear.

Now that you've got her, can you keep her?

Fuck you. She's mine. Sister or not, I'll breed her until she can't get away. I'll lock her up in the tower, giving her my thick cream until her body binds us together forever.

"Little dove..." I keep my cock buried deep as I lower my chest to hers, thumbing away the tears from her cheeks. "I mean what I said. I love you. I've loved since the moment I saw you. You need to believe that."

"I do." She mouths as I reach for her hand and put it over the plastic covered tattoo so she can feel the manic beating of my heart.

"Good, because I'm going to show you how much for a long time. In ways I didn't know I could."

"Like a good Daddy should."

"yes, exacty baby, like a good Daddy should. And that's what I will always be for you. Always."

CHAPTER 16



Kitty

I'm sore and dirty but peaceful and clearheaded for the first time in a long time.

When we get back to the car, Martin's phone is blowing up.

"Shit," he mutters. "Shit, shit. Sorry, we've got to get back, baby."

He pulls me in for a quick kiss.

"You okay? I'm sorry I know it hurts." He puts the key in the ignition and shifts the car into reverse as he starts it up, pulling back and turning to head for the church.

"Hurts so good." I curve a shoulder to my ear.

"Such a good girl. I'll kiss it and make it better..." He phone starts ringing again. "Shit."

"What's up?" I ask.

"I missed my lunch with my grandmother. Not that I mind, this was a much better lunch. But there are things in motion I need to handle. There's five missed calls from the construction foreman too. And as many text messages, something to do with the old crypt." He catches my expression and laughs. "Emptied out decades ago, baby, there are no dead bodies under the church."

"So you want me to go to my room and lay low?"

“No. Fuck no. No more laying low. Unless you’re under me that is.” He shifts the car into gear, then into the next and the next until we are flying, windows down, holding hands riding into the future. “I want you with me. You’re going to have to meet my grandmother sometime, may as well be now.”

“You sure?” My tummy churns. He’s not said anything bad about her, but I have this feelings she’s not a strawberry smoothie sort of granny.

“It will be trial by fire, but just hold onto me and you’ll get through it.”

I hope so. Because if my ovaries are telling true stories, that sticky goodness you just delivered into my babymaker may just have found its home.



MARTIN’S GRANDMOTHER is a *whole* situation.

She tore Martin a new one for missing their lunch, and all I could do is stand there and gawp. And when she was done, her barrels pointed toward me as the foreman came in, babbling about some water main they’d broken that was flooding the crypt.

Jesus.

I wilted as she shot me with those lasers she has for eyes.

“Martin?” I squeaked but he was gone. So much for holding onto him...

“I’ve seen you before,” she says, her eyes narrowing. “What’s your name?”

“Kitty.”

“Kitty... Yes. I know you. You were on Hoover’s Facebook. The pictures his new wife took of their wedding and tagged him in. You’re her daughter, correct?”

“Yes. You do Facebook?”

She rolls her eyes and turns to Sister Nathalia who has just come through the door with a tray of tea and cookies. “*Do*

Facebook. Can you not teach the girls that come here to speak properly?"

"Well, I—" Nathalia looks flustered, her whole face turning pink. And I realize, despite everything she's said and done to me, Nathalia has become like family over the time I've been here. I *do* respect her, and even like her, even if she can be a total bitch.

Sometimes a total bitch is necessary.

"I haven't been here that long," I tell Grandma. "I'm sure if she had the chance Sister Nathalia would beat the correct way of speaking into me."

"Huh. Well. Yes I am *on* Facebook. And Instagram. And TikTok. Just because I'm old, doesn't mean I'm past it."

"So you know Hoover? Small world."

"Know him? Of course I know him. What kind of a question is that?"

"Well, Martin said that they don't know each other that well, so..." I frown, trying to figure out what I said that was wrong. "For you to know him, that's a little...odd I guess."

Grandma sighs. "Yes, he would say that. And I suppose he's right, they don't *know* each other very well. Strained, that's the word I'd use to describe their relationship."

Well, that's a puzzling word to use.

Do they know each other or don't they?

As I'm trying to figure it out, Martin comes back in the room, looks at his grandmother, then at me, and gives a puzzled smile. "Everything okay?"

I nod, a little dazed. Grandma rolls her eyes.

"We need to discuss what's happening with this building. Let's all take a seat. I've got good news and I've got complicated news, but nothing we can't figure out if we put our heads together. That's why I was hoping to have our lunch at the appointed time, but I suppose I'm the only one that bothers with a schedule any longer in these modern times." She

glances at me, then at Martin, then gives a frustrated sigh. “Well? Chop chop.”

Martin chuckles. “Kitty, you don’t need to hear all this. Why don’t you have some contemplation time in your room and I’ll find you when we’re done?”

“Why?” Grandma huffs. “No, she may as well stay. She’s family, after all.”

“What?” I laugh. “No, I’m—”

“Hoover’s stepdaughter. Yes. I’m not an imbecile.” Grandma points at a chair. “You’re family, dear, I don’t have secrets from family.”

“You’re *related* to Hoover?” I’m staring at her now, looking from her to Martin, whose face has darkened as he takes a step forward, coming my way. For some reason, instinct makes me take a step back. Something is happening and I don’t know what it is. “How are you related?”

“I’m not.” Grandma laughs. “Related to that oaf? No thank you. But he was married to my daughter, and he is the father of my grandson. So we keep in touch.”

“Your grandson...”

She turns away from me. “Martin, is this girl on drugs? She seems very confused.”

But Martin isn’t looking at her. He’s looking at me. And as he takes a step forward and tries to catch me, I move away from him. “Kitty, I can explain. Please, I need to tell you—”

“*You’re* Hoover’s son? We’re... That makes us...”

Stepbrother. Stepsister.

Jesus fucking Christ...

I have to get out of here. I have to run. This can’t be real, it must be a nightmare. If I run far enough away maybe I can flee back to the real world. “Don’t touch me!” I cry out as I scramble back.

The keys. The keys to the classic car. Martin left them under the wheel arch. I saw him do it.

“Kitty. Please. You have to let me explain.”

“No.” I shake my head, and when he tries to touch me again I scream.

I literally scream.

“You lied to me! You talk about trust and truth and none of it’s real! How can I believe anything you say?” I step back, shaking. Trying to process it all as Grandma stares and Nathalia heads towards me. “You lied!”

“Kitty, I—”

As he tries to reach for me again, Nathalia steps in between us. “Father Martin, I... Have you violated this girl? Have you broken your vows?”

And I take the opportunity. I grab my phone from the desk and I run.

I run down the corridor, not stopping at my room. I run out into the courtyard where the old sports car is parked. I grab the keys and I climb in, starting it up in an instant as Martin runs out of the building behind me, glancing left and right.

As I drive, the tears flow. I don’t even think about what I’m doing as I pick up the phone and start to text, pulling up my mom’s number and tapping out the first words that come to mind:

Me: How could you do this to me? Why didn’t you tell me the priest was my stepbrother?

Mom: Honey, are you okay? You’re not supposed ot have your phone.

Me: Really? That’s what you have to say?

Mom: I have no idea what you are talking about. Are you drunk?

Me: NO I AM NOT DRUNK. But I’m fucking pissed.

Mom: What is going on there? Hoover said you would be safe there. Saint Margarets is highly respected, he knows the headmaster. He’s a family friend.

Me: LOL you go the family part right. HEADMASTER FATHER MARTIN IS HOOVERS SON!

Mom: ...

Me: Never mind. I'm just letting you know, I'm leaving and I don't know if I'll ever talk to you again I thought you should know. BYE

Mom: I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THIS SON THING. I know Hoover has three sons...he doesn't talk much about them, but yeah, one I've never met. Cole. Hoover told me he was a recluse...that's all.

Me: *eye roll* well, sure, he's a recluse alright. At SAINT MARGARETS.

Mom: OMG, honey. I'm calling you. I didn't know. Hoover lied to me...

CHAPTER 17



Martin

“Tell me where the fucking cat is, Dad. Tell me now, or I swear to God—” I curse under my breath as I try to step harder on the gas, but the pedal is already flat on the fucking floor. This old limo doesn’t have anything more to give and it’s barely doing fifty. “Jesus fucking Christ.”

My dad growls, his voice coming through the car’s speakers because yeah, this old thing might not be breaking any speed limits but someone installed Bluetooth. Of course they did. “You talk to your parishioners with that voice, son?”

“Fuck you!” I grunt.

“No, fuck you, Martin. You don’t want anything to do with me, that’s fine, but from what I’m hearing you’re out of your goddamn mind. Some sort of affair with Kitty? That’s going to get you defrocked, if it doesn’t get you a prison cell.”

“We’re both adults.”

“You could have fooled me.”

A horn blares as I swerve out into the center lane, trying to get ahead of a semi that’s somehow going slower than I am. The limo lurches like a fucking hearse, the weird weight distribution catching me off guard as I haul on the wheel to bring it back in.

I give them the finger, but I doubt they see it, not with the tinted windows in the back.

“I don’t care about us, Dad. The only fucking reason I agreed to this whole thing with Kitty is because I was curious about my new stepsister. Because, you know, all us step-siblings gotta stick together with a father like you.”

“Father like me? What’s that supposed to mean? I’ve always taken care of my kids—”

I laugh. Actually belly laugh. “Taken care of us? We’ve had to look after ourselves. Kitty was better off before she ever met you, I know that much.”

“You don’t know what the hell you’re talking about.”

“What I know is, you were never there for any of us. Six kids and not one of us has a good word to say about you. And when you had another chance, when Kitty needed you, instead of being there for her you sent her to me, and told me not to reveal who I really was.”

“Because I didn’t want her to think she was going to get any special treatment, not because I wanted you to fuck her!”

I seethe at that.

He still speaks to my grandmother, they don’t exactly like each other but they’re allies when it suits them. And as soon as my grandma found out what was going on with Kitty, she called him right up. But he doesn’t get to lecture me. Not about this.

“Pot kettle, dad. And too little too late. And a whole load of other cliches I can’t think of right now. I’m getting my shit straight for me this time. I’m doing what makes me happy. I loved mom, and I thought going into the church was the right thing because it was what *she* wanted. But you know what? What she really wanted was for me to be happy.” I wipe a hand across my face, surprised to see it come away wet. I haven’t cried about mom in years. “I’m happy right now. With Kitty. If I didn’t fuck it up forever.”

“Martin, you’ve got to think this through. Are you really going to give up what you’ve made of yourself?”

“Not your fucking problem. I get to make my own decisions. Just tell me where Baby is. You better hope she’s still okay,

too, because if anything has happened to that cat I'll make sure the same happens to you. I mean it."

He huffs. I can almost see the classic Hoover eye roll from here, disappointment mixed with a healthy dose of holier-than-thou.

"That cat is living the fucking high life, Martin. Probably eating better than I am right now. I left her with Glenda."

For a moment, I frown. The name rings a bell but I can't place it. Then I remember. "The old neighbor from Collingswood? She's still alive?"

"Yeah. Glenda. The fucking cat whisperer."

I lean forward and put the closest intersection I remember in that neighborhood into the nav. "You told Kitty you took Baby to the shelter. Now you're telling me you took her to Glenda? Jesus. That's fucked up."

"Yeah, that's what I keep telling you. I'm not the monster you keep making me out to be."

"You're a fucking jerk, dad. Kitty thought her cat might be dead, or with someone that would hurt her."

"I wanted to teach her a lesson."

I growl, shaking my head, not sure whether to be pleased that my job just got a whole lot easier or horrified that I share the same DNA with him. "Your lessons suck," I tell him, then end the call.

Time to try to save my relationship.

CHAPTER 18



Kitty

*I*t feels strange to be back in Orlando, especially living out of a hotel instead of a house. I mean, it's a nice hotel, the best I've ever stayed in. Spa treatments, a private restaurant, indoor and outdoor pool. But it feels like a vacation, or being on the run. Not living.

Happily ever after. For a second there, I thought that might be on my horizon. Yeah, earth to Kitty, time to wake up and smell the nitroglycerin.

I glance down at my chest, at the tattoo that glares back at me asking what the hell I thought I was doing.

Truth, I thought I was in love. Well, I was. But I thought it went both ways.

"We have another week," Mom says as she puts down the room phone, tucking her credit card back in her purse. I half expected the front desk to tell her the card had been declined, since Hoover could cancel it anytime he liked. I'm surprised he hasn't. "We're going to have to decide where we go from here."

"I love you," I tell her, and she gives me a thin smile. We both wish it hadn't taken all this to make us realize how much we need each other.

Turns out, Mom had no clue that Martin was her stepson. None. Hoover kept that little detail a secret from both of us.

And she was pissed.

She couldn't believe Hoover sent me to Saint Margarets on false pretenses, to a brother I didn't know I had. One with a reputation. When she found out I'd been seduced and deflowered, she blew up, told me she would meet me at the airport and we were getting away. Marriage over, no more Hoover, stuck in a hotel until we figure out our next move.

I've never known her to be so defensive of me. If I had any doubts that she does love me, deep down, they're well and truly dispelled.

So why don't I feel like my life is getting better right now? Why do I feel lost, cast adrift in a wide ocean with still no clue how to swim?

"I love you too, sweetheart, and it will all work out. You'll see. My eyes are open. I should have been better to your father."

"Mom—"

"No, it needs to be said, Kitty. I always wanted more. Not just for myself but," she sighs, shaking her head, "mostly for myself. Blue collar wasn't so bad. We were happy, all of us. I guess it's true what they say, you don't know what you've got until it's gone."

"Dad's dead, Mom. I wish he wasn't but he is. And it wasn't all sunshine and blueberry pancakes, either. I know your marriage wasn't perfect."

"No, it wasn't. But I shouldn't have let you see that. So, from now on, it's me and you against the world." She draws a deep breath like she's psyching herself up for what comes next. "I can get a good settlement from Hoover. Any judge is going to see that what he did to you was unforgivable. We'll start over. New house, new life. You can go to community college. It's not med school, but it's something. We'll be okay."

"Yes we will."

"Yes we will," she agrees. "Right. That's settled. We have a week in this hotel, so I'll start speaking to some lawyers, get the ball rolling on a divorce. But not today, because today I'm getting one of those hot stone treatment things, and I'm going right now. You want to come?"

“No. I’m... I need some time alone. Is that okay?”

“Still missing Baby?” I nod, and she puts a hand on my shoulder. “You stay here then, but if you need me you know where I am. Yes?”

She kisses the top of my head, then heads for the door and is gone. And I pick up my phone and bring up a photo of Baby.

Martin has texted. A lot. Like, my phone was starting to slow down because of it until I blocked his number.

Does he care about me, or is he just desperate for me not to report our relationship to the church and ruin his career? Not that I’d ever do that. I’m not vindictive. He lied to me, a lot. All that stuff about trust and then it turns out he was keeping the truth from me right from the start. But I don’t hate him, and I *would* hate myself if I did something I couldn’t take back, just because I’m hurt.

No, he can live his life. I’ll have to find a way to live mine.

A knock at the door. I roll my eyes at the hundredth time Mom’s forgotten to take her keycard with her in the few days we’ve been at this hotel, and stand from the bed, crossing to the door.

“Did you forget your—”

I fall silent as I swing the door wide, and stare up into eyes that hold me captive like I’ve just been pinned to the wall.

“What are you doing here?” I breathe, shaking my head. “Father Martin—”

“Just Martin,” he says. “We need to talk, Kitty. Please let me in.”

For a moment I hesitate. My mind is saying no, tell him to leave you alone, but my heart... My heart wins, even if it hurts.

I step back and move my arm, letting him come past. “How did you find me?” I ask, then gasp as he walks in through the door. Carrying a cat carrier. “Oh my God. Please, please tell me that’s who I think it is—”

“Someone is excited to see you,” he says as he turns, holding the carrier out to me. “I had to smuggle her past security.”

Everything else is forgotten. My head feels light as I take the carrier, hurrying over to the bed, barely willing to let myself even hope that this is actually happening. I fumble the catch on the door twice, my fingers feeling stumpy and uncoordinated all of a sudden as I hear a meow that I recognize. I really do. It’s distinct and it’s us and—

“Baby!” I cry, choking back a sob as she comes out into the room, nuzzles against my face, takes one look around and then curls up on the bed. I giggle, running my fingers through her fur over and over as she falls asleep, accepting that she’s back with me without a second thought. “How did you find her? Where was she? Is she okay? Is she really back—”

Martin reaches forward, tucking a strand of hair behind my ear. “She’s fine. She’s back. She was never in any danger, I promise you. Hoover...” I glance up, meeting his eyes as they go a shade darker. “My dad hadn’t taken her to the shelter. He left her with a kind old lady we used to live next door to. She loves cats, she knew it was only temporary fostering. I’m sorry you had to go through that.”

I nod. I’m grinning. None of that really matters, because I have her back. My hand is still tangled into her fur as Martin continues.

“I’m here for you, Kitty. I’m not leaving without you.”

“You lied to me.” I glare at him. “You lied right from the very beginning.”

“I know. I’m sorry.” He crouches in front of me, pulling my free hand away from my side and kissing the knuckles. “Kitty, I never expected any of this. When Hoover told me to take you on and told me not to tell you who I was, I didn’t care. But I care about you. I love you. I should have told you the truth as soon as I met you, and I had a thousand opportunities to come clean—”

“So why didn’t you?”

“Because I was scared. I was scared that if I told you who I was you’d freak out and run a mile. I didn’t want to lose you. These last few days have been hell. I’ve been walking through a living nightmare, getting things ready for both of us without any idea if you’d ever speak to me again. You wouldn’t take my calls, you wouldn’t answer my texts.”

I glance at my phone. Baby is purring loudly as she falls asleep without a care in the world. “Hold on, back up, what do you mean ‘getting things ready for both of us’?”

“Giving up my job with the church, getting us a place to live —”

“You’ve given up the priesthood?” My eyes go wide as I try to process what he’s telling me. “Wait, what will you do for money? You didn’t have to do that, not for me...”

“I’ll do anything for you, Kitty. I’ll spend the rest of my life making up for my mistakes. And I have money. A trust fund from my mom, I can access any time I like. I was going to use it to buy the church building once my grandmother persuaded the church to sell it to me, but I don’t care about that anymore. All I wanted was to be alone, now all I want is to be with you. Anything you want, I’ll give it to you, Kitty. Anything. Name it and it’s yours. You want a swimming pool so I can teach you to swim? A home laboratory with all the specialist equipment? Med school? A library with one of those sliding ladders?”

“Yes,” I nod, and his eyes meet mine. Then he starts to grin.

“Which one?”

“All of them,” I tell him. “And a dozen bodyguards for Baby so nobody can ever take her away from me again. And a gold cat bowl. And my mom has to be able to come live with us because she’s left Hoover and I—”

“Fine. No problem. Make a list. Just please tell me you’ll have me back. I’m dying here.”

“On one condition.”

He nods, kissing my knuckles again. “The bodyguards, I get it. First thing tomorrow—”

“No.”

“Okay, right after we leave here. I’ll make some calls.”

“No, I mean, that’s not the condition.” I lick my lips. This is the most important moment of my life and I have to stay strong. I have to make him say it. “Promise you’ll never lie to me again. Promise me that.”

He stares into my eyes, and his are filled with tears. And I realize as I blink and he turns into a kaleidoscope, so are mine. But he nods.

“I promise,” he says. “No more lies. Never. From now on, we always tell each other everything.”

“Even if it’s scary.”

“Even if it’s scary,” he agrees. “So we’re good?”

I grin. “We’re good, daddy.”

And right at that moment, my mom walks in through the door.

“No way. I’m not having those hot rock things! Do you know how much they charge? I’ll just get a massage later and—” She stops, staring at Martin. Then at Baby. “What... Who are you?”

“Mom, meet your stepson,” I tell her, hiding a chuckle.

“*You’re* Martin?” She glares. “You’ve got a lot of nerve showing up here. After what you did to my daughter I should —”

“Mom, we’ve figured everything out,” I say on a laugh, unable to hold it back. “It’s all good. I’ve made him promise not to lie again.”

Martin stands from where he’s kneeling in front of me, gives my hand one last kiss, then turns and looks at my mom. She still looks suspicious, like he might be about to break my heart again, but when she glances across to me I nod and her shoulders fall, the fight draining out of her.

“In the spirit of all this honesty,” Martin says, “I should tell you my father is downstairs.”

“Ugh, what’s he doing here?” Mom asks as she crosses to the bed. She hesitates for a moment, then smooths a hand over Baby’s fur. “I hate to say it, but I kind of missed this little ball of fluff.”

“He told me where you were,” Martin continues. “He had credit card charges from this hotel. I let him come along for the ride, but made him wait downstairs, drowning his sorrows at the bar with a whiskey glass and his own tears for company. What you do is up to you. See him or don’t see him. But for what it’s worth I think he is truly sorry.”

He wraps his arm around me, and mom looks from one of us to the other. Then she nods, turns and heads back out into the corridor.

“So, where exactly is this house of ours?” I ask.

He pulls me in close beside him, kisses the top of my head, then reaches into his pocket and drops a bunch of keys into my hand. “You want to see it? I’ll get you a pen and some paper on our way out, and you can start making that list.”

CHAPTER 19



Martin

One Month Later

Things hit different when you're true to yourself.

The leaves on the trees at Saint Margarets are starting to turn. The last six weeks have been filled with the best ups and downs.

Kitty is still a handful and I tame her ass with my dick when her tantrums start up now and I think, no, I'm sure, she does it just to get a good hard fuck when she needs it.

It's all good with me. I'm making up for thirty-three years of no sex with my perfect girl and she's sore and filled with me most of the time, but I don't hear many complaints. Mostly because I'm also filling her mouth with my dick a couple times a day.

"Kitty." I tug her hand toward the old church in the woods where we consummated our union for the first time. "Let's go, I want to talk before the workers get here."

She's crouched down petting Baby's belly, the little bell on her collar ringing as she wiggles and rolls on the ground. "But, Baby needs lovies." She looks up with a pouty lower lip.

"I know who's going to get some good hard lovies if she doesn't come along."

She scoffs as I pull to her feet and she gives Baby's pink leash a tug and she rolls around refusing to get up.

“She’s not going to walk on that thing. She’s a cat.”

“fine.” She bends down and scoops her up. “I’ll carry her.”

“Spoiled cat.”

“You spoil me.” She smiles, leaning into my shoulder.

I’m the happiest man alive. Every day I wake up with her next to me, I thank God.

The split with the church went well. The property transfer fell into place and the church retains control of the main chapel while I put the rest of the property into a trust that will protect it for the generations to come.

It took a couple weeks for everything to calm down. I spent some time in Orlando after I got Kitty from the hotel, and her mom and my dad are still working through their own bullshit.

I’m got my dad on ice for now. After some tough love, it was clear he’s just got a style of parenting that’s not really compatible with the life I see myself in now.

My brothers are coming to visit next month and I will always be there for them as I have. I guess I’m the father figure they missed with Hoover and I’m not going to fuck that up.

“I love this place. Maybe we should just leave it as it is? It’s beautiful, even broken, it’s beautiful.”

“True.” I agree as Kitty sets Baby on the grassy area where we fucked for the first time. It seems so long ago, so many fucks ago, I should say. Now that my dick is off ice, damn if we get anything else done, including sleep.

“When are the workers going to be here.”

“See, that’s the thing...”

“What?” She crooks her brow, tonguing her lip as she rubs her soft belly where any day now, that pregnancy test is going to come up with two pink lines.

“NO workers are coming.”

“No! You lied!”

“No...” I reach out to grab her hands, her eyes are already flaming with an oncoming tantrum. “I said, we had something important to do here. Decisions to make. I didn’t actually say we were meeting anyone else.”

“Cole Martin.” She says with a glare. “Daddy, bad Daddy.”

“Just hold your hot brat back for a minute, then you can stomp your feet all your want if you choose.”

She huffs on a pout. “Fine, but you promised I could register for fall semester later, so this better not take too long. Whateer it is we are here for.”

“You’ll get restered, I promise, but first...” I scratch as my jaw, nerves suddenly stealing the words I had memorized as I clear my throat and reach into my pocket and pull out the piece of paper. “Kitty, you’re my everything. You’re the pain in my ass I never knew I needed but I can’t live without. I’ll walk to hell and back to make you smile.”

I unfold the piece of paper. “Marriage license?” She gives me a quizzical look. “We applied, but you said we had ninety days to have the ceremony.”

“I did say that, but I don’t want to wait.” I swallow. “I’m still ordained, and although technically, you’re not supposed to marry...yourself. It’s been a month since we made love here, right where we are standing and I need you to be my wife Kitty. Right now, under the sky and with the birds in the rafters, I’ll give you whatever kind of wedding you want later, but I need you to marry me right now.”

I pull out the wedding bands from my back pocket and push mine into her palm and hold hers in my fingers.

I put an engagement ring on her the day after I came to Florida but we’ve been pussy footing around on getting married and I’m done waiting.

“If I die tomorrow—”

She gasps. “No...”

“I’m not going to die tomorrow, baby, but if I did, I’d want to die as your husband. So, just repeat afater me...”

I go through the vows I've said for other couples on many occasions over my time as Father Martin but this hits me in the feels in a way I hadn't expected.

By the time I get to my own, "I do", I'm choking out the words, "I now pronounce you husband and wife."

Kitty flings herself at me for a killer kiss as Baby licks her paw, ready to sign as our witness.

I've got her by the waist as I walk her over the altar and set her feet on the grass. "Up on your tip toes baby. Daddy need to fuck his wife."

"Oooo, Daddy." She hisses as I flip her skirt up and tug her panties down to her knees, slapping her bubble butt and knocking her feet wide as I release my already hard dick and drive it home in one hard thrust.

"Fucking soaking for me. Seems getting married is on your turn on list."

"Getting married to you is on my turn on list."

"Damn right to me. Anyone looks at you, I'll send them to meet God."

She doesn't answer. I'm hitting her sweet spot already as she lays her cheek down on the stone altar letting me bang away at her hot little bratty cunt like a good Daddy should.

I fuck the brat out of her as often as she needs, but our sex is more than that. I make love to her slow and easy sometimes too. Eat at her sweet pussy fountain for hours while she reads some medical research report or just puts her head back on a pillow and let's me have my fill.

I paint her fucking toe nails at least once a week and help her give Baby a bath risking life and limb because Kitty likes her kitty clean.

Me too. I just like to clean hers with my tongue.

I burst inside her hot little hole after she gushes and we've gotten smarter, keeping towels and a change of clothes in the car or a bag with us wherever we go.

Because, when it's fucking time, it's fucking time and we could be in the rest room at the damn grocery store when I get a wiff of that sweet pussy and need relief.

She's there for it every time like the good girl I always knew she was.

Giovanni and I are in the first stages of our research facility which will have a home base here on the property, but we've partnered with PharmCo. on a new build that will take our research to the highest levels.

We named the building after her father and my mother. The Lisa Dean Research Center.

"So good." Mutter as Baby tugs at her leash, laying on her back trying to pull the collar from her neck and go romping through the woods. "No way. You are not getting away. I'm not going to console my wife when you disappear again and she's crying non-stop for two days."

I slip my dick from Kitty, fingering my cum back up inside her as I do every time we fuck.

"Don't be mean to the pussy." Kitty smirks and I give her cheek a soft slap.

"Then, get your pussy under control." I zip up, then smooth her skirt back in place as a clap of thunder sends the birds chirping and skittering into the sky.

"Storm's coming." She says, reaching for Baby and tucking her under her arm.

"I'm your storm shelter little dove. Never forget it, I'm your safe place. No one will hurt you. Not even Mother Nature."

She smiles as we jog back to the car and there's a moment of darkness as the clouds block out the sun.

I told her I would never lie to her, but there are things she doesn't know.

I hop in the car and start it up. "Buckle up, baby." I remind her like I do every time we go somewhere then turn on the ignition just as the clouds open up and the rain covers the windshield.

I took a little trip the day after I landed in Orlando and we had our own room at the hotel while her mom and Hoover tried to deal with their own shit.

She said the guy that grabbed her in the bathroom was missing two fingers on his left hand and he had a bat tattoo on his neck with the name, Cruizer underneath.

It took some digging, but since she had given me the info on the club where she was that night, it didn't take long to find him.

I'm not sure if taking a life is the ultimate sin, but no one touches my girl and gets away with it. Not like that.

She still won't go into a public bathroom without me. That causes some issues here and there, but no way am I letting her out of my sight.

"I think we should wait out the storm." Kitty says as Baby curls up in the back seat.

"You think?"

"Yeah."

"Well, you should give Daddy's dick a good cleaning with your mouth."

I'm already letting my cock loose from my pants. Her mouth is next level and I'll take a good cock sucking from my girl whenever there's an opportunity.

"Get busy." I pull her by the hair down onto my already thick cock, laying the seat back and letting her do her magic.

She's my heaven and my hell. She brings the joy and the challenge, but I'm up for it.

And so is my dick.

"Good girl." I pet the back of her head. "You make me proud."

She cocks her head, my dick stretching out her pink lips and I see the smile in her eyes.

My sweet, bratty, dirty wife.

I would have waited for her forever, but now that she's here, I'm never letting her go.

"I love you." I grit out as my balls tighten and I fill her mouth with my cream.

We may have had a rough start, but I'll spend the rest of my life making up for it. As long as she's with me, anything is possible.

CHAPTER 20



Martin – Cole

*E*pilogue 2 – Five years later

MY CHEST FEELS like it's going to burst as I stand and clap, tears streaming down my cheeks as my wife stands in front of the standing ovation on the stage.

“Thank you.” She starts, her eyes on me as she holds the crystal statue in her hands. “Really, I should not be up here alone, this was a group effort in all ways.”

Her voice cracks when I blow her a kiss instead of joining her on stage even as she waves her hand for me to come.

This is her moment. I'll be right here, cheering her on like I always have.

She delivers a heartfelt and humorous speech. Her list of people to thank starts with her dad as it should.

Then me. And I'm honored to be in second place.

He gave her life. I'm just here to make it a happy one.

It wasn't easy letting her go to class. I registered to audit most of them so I would be there with her but there were days when she went off alone and I nearly cried like a dad sending his five-year-old to kindergarten.

She aced every class then went on to get her master's and PhD in record time all while being pregnant most of the time, nursing and dealing with my horny ass.

Her mom and Hoover didn't make it. But, they reconciled after a couple years of solid therapy and she's been helping with the kids so we can work and love each other at every turn.

We stayed at the compound but only the church retains the name of Saint Margarets. The rest of the property we named High Hopes and it houses our own private research lab, our home and a small private school because Kitty couldn't bear sending her own babies to school.

She hired all the teachers, supervised while I ran the curriculum and basically did the headmaster duties.

It's been a whirlwind of chaos but I'm the happiest man in the world because of her.

She's as beautiful as ever. Voluptuous and proud of her body somewhat because I'm worshiping it as often as I can.

We find places to fuck that keep things lively and revisit our old church in the woods at least once a week for a renewal of our vows sort of deal.

She takes a bow on stage, thanking the organization for its generous donation and promising to continue her stem cell work so that fewer and fewer cancers can leave loved ones behind.

She's made incredible strides on therapies for bone, breast, ovarian and a handful of other cancers and hundreds of lives every month are saved because of her work.

I'm speechless as she leaves the stage, practically running into my arms, as I grab her around the waist and plant a kiss on her sweet lips.

She winks when we break from our kiss, knowing I'm hard for her even here in front of five hundred other people. My balls ache every day for her and three kiddos will soon be four. But, we haven't told anyone yet.

My brothers visit us often and we take the kids on trips all over the country to visit them, go to National Parks and do all the regular family stuff my father never did with me.

Grandma is still kicking. She's in Arizona now. Found a guy online, twenty years younger than her that rocked her world. She's got more money than God and set up all the kids with trust funds but they don't get a penny of that money until I think they are ready.

My portfolio is staggering as well and I've been giving away millions to charities every year because, I've got everything I need right here.

My phone buzzes in my pocket as the room fills with the hum of voices, the end of the evening being announced.

I pull out the phone to see Isiah and Mikala our two oldest on the screen making funny faces and waving.

I tap the unmute button and their high-pitched voices draw Kitty's attention.

"Hi guys." She says on a little wave.

"Bring. Pizza." Isiah begs with little prayer hands. "Nathalia made fish. I hate fish."

"She makes great fish." I retort but they both make faces that tell me they disagree.

Nathalia still lives on the property in one of the apartments we created in the dorm. WE converted most of it into our home, but making her leave wasn't right. She'd been there for twenty years and now, she's our stand in nanny and cook and general overlord.

"Pizza it is." I answer as Kitty gives me a look. "What? I'm the good dad."

I spoil them. I do. I don't care. Every kid should be spoiled.

"Okay, we will see you in an hour." Kitty waves as I blow a kiss and click off the call.

We wind through the congratulating crowd and into the waiting limo. A new stretch Lincoln driven by the same driver that's been at the church for a decade.

I bought him the car so he could start his own service on the condition Kitty and I take priority and he was more than happy

to drive something that didn't need a quart of oil ever hundred fifty miles.

Inside the back of the car, I've got the privacy screen locked and my cock is out in an instant.

"Sit on my dick wife. Scholar. Winner of award. Saver of lives. Mother of my children."

I stroke my hard on as I pull her my way, flipping up her dress and delivering a swat on her ass.

"What was that for?"

"Because I wanted to. Rule number—"

She cuts me off. "I know, you make the rules. Now, make me come husband."

"Always baby." She straddles me as I sink into her soft heat, wrapping one hand around her throat and the other frees her tits from her dress. The nipples dripping, our youngest still keeping the milk flowing which he unknowingly shares with me.

"Fuck me, Father Martin. Fuck the brat out of me."

I do just that for the forty-minute ride home.

"You're my world baby." I remind her as we fix our clothes and she dabs some lipstick onto her lips.

"You're my daddy, my lover, my husband, my protector...my everything."

"Good girl. Daddy loves you." I plant a kiss on her forehead as the car comes to a stop and the kids come screaming out the front door.

It's a messy, crazy life. But, you gotta take it by the balls and show it who's boss.

Which, is my wife.

My wife is the boss.

When I say so.

Which is most of the time.

WHAT'S THE NEXT STEP?

What's the next STEP?

[Have you read all the WANTING WHAT'S WRONG
SERIES?](#)

[You can start your journey here!](#)



SOMETHING FR/EE!

But, wait! Before you go...

Amazon

BANNED

EARNING HER KEEP! So, I'll give it to you free!

[Get it here FREE!](#)



DANI'S OTHER BOOKS



[FIND ALL MY OTHER BOOKS](#)

[HERE](#)

LET'S STAY CONNECTED!

FOLLOW ME ON FACEBOOK

[FACEBOOK FRIENDS](#)

GOODREADS: [Dani Wyatt](#)

PRIVATE READER'S GROUP: [Wyatt's Wenches](#)

[Dani Wyatt on Amazon](#)

dani@daniwyatt.com

www.daniwyatt.com

