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adult
femdom
fiction

forbidden



Forbidden

by

Miss Irene Clearmont

The more things are forbidden, the more popular they become.

Mark Twain

On ne devrait jamais interdire ce que l' on n'a pas le pouvoir d'empêcher.

Napoleon Bonaparte, Consul of the first French Republic

Glory Be!

There are glory-holes and then there is the whole glory!

This particular glory-hole was, as you might expect, inside a small room. A room small enough to be a privy. In fact the room was privy to a great many secrets, but never a confidence greater than the one that was being enacted at this very moment. A narrow pair of wooden chambers, side by side, privacy that guaranteed secrecy as the priest took confessional and satisfied his wicked urges. The lowest of the low, the betrayer of trust and the misuser of faith. A man who had discovered that coercion led to gratification.

The priest who took confession and granted absolution at the font of his endlessly needy cock. The man who *could* forgive, for a while; all if the penitent surrendered her dignity to his manhood and sucked his swelling balls dry!

Knave in the Nave

The church was in darkness, only the pale half-moon shone in the sky and every pew was empty of worshippers, for it was long after the last mass of the day. The priest saw the shadow of the woman who was his most helpless victim in the entrance to the nave and his heart pulsed with the knowledge that relief was his for the taking.

He could not see her face as she was wrapped against the cold of winter outside, but her subtle signature of movement was all he needed to identify her. A lost woman seeking solace, a sinful soul that needed to make recompense for her carnal sins. From his position at the door to the chancery he watched her take her place in one of the pews at the back of the nave, kneeling and casting back the hood that shadowed her face.

Everything was as it ever was, she was *always* on time. A good slut come to satisfy him and God! The pattern was always the same. Elaine was ripe again for the picking...

For ten minutes she would kneel, head bowed, muttering words of the creed until at last she would walk to the altar and light a candle before taking her place in the confessional. He would lock the door to the church and then the repentance would begin.

A small ceremony that never failed to incite him.

First a muttered confession, barely audible, before the small opening would slide ajar and he would show her the route to God's mercy at the end of the hard rigid cock that sprouted through the wide opening. Her lips would enclose him as she kneeled and he would recite the Latin words

that signified that she could absolve her misdeeds by slow attention to his needy erection.

At the end, at the very moment of absolution, he would grant her the mercy of God's forgiveness and remind her of the awful hold that he had on her while she swallowed the coming of the lord. Such sweet reward for the chastity that the church imposed, such a gratification for the glory of the glory-hole.

Confession

Father Bernhard slipped back into the shadows of the chancery and chose a long robe to cover himself. He stripped off his clothes and slipped the robe over his shoulders to cover the nakedness before taking the keys to the church in his hand. His cock stood hard and rigid in expectation of the pleasures to come as he opened the door to the chancery to find that Evelyn was kneeling at the altar before a small flicker of the candle that she had just placed there.

He nodded to her and smiled, she smiled back at him and he walked with measured paces to the front portico of the place of worship. It was only as he turned the huge iron key in the door that he realised that this was the first time that she had ever smiled back at him. Normally her mien was one of suppressed anger and tearful submission that he,

Father Bernhard, had the locks to her future as well as the keys to the church in his hand. For, he knew how she made her living on the streets, all the while pretending to be a struggling single mother who relied on the good graces of *his* community for her survival.

That was his threat, implicit and open between them, because he declared it every week at the same moment of his climax as he did with every other of his weak victims who found absolution as slaves to his needy cock.

The keys, he left them hanging in the door. As usual as he turned to find that she was just entering the cell where she would beg to serve. His eyes focussed on the high heels and the seams on the backs of her stockings, both a requirement for confession with him. Though he had never even seen what lay between her thighs, though he was closed in his dark confessional, his imagination and the fact that he forced her to wear the clothing of her trade added piquant excitement to the forced confession.

For a moment, Elaine stood at the curtain, then she gathered her heavy handbag and entered. Now she was inside, the curtain swayed and Father Bernhard slipped into the neighbouring cell and pushed the cushion to the floor by the partition so that he could be comfortable while he knelt.

“Father, I am here to make my confession...”

Her voice was almost plaintive, as usual, but there was a hint of some other suppressed emotion. Had he not known better he would have imagined that the tone hinted at satire or good spirits. Most disconcerting; for it was the coercive nature of the coming pleasure that was his true gratification. A willing cock-sucking slut was not his entire need, a tearful and intimidated woman who slipped her lips over the bulbous head of his needy prick was one of the delights of the circumstances.

“I am here for you, because I know that you are a sinner who has come to seek the Lord’s forgiveness,” was his reply as he carefully pushed the small chair to one side and knelt, ready to open the door that led to glory.

“I have much to repent, Father,” she continued.

For a moment he thought that he heard a suppressed giggle from beyond the partition, but perhaps it was his inflamed imagination?

“Tell me all and lay your heart bare in God’s sight...”

Father Bernhard’s hand trembled as he opened the small hole by sliding a part of the elaborate ornamentation to reveal a new confessional opening. Her cell was in

darkness, but he could see a knee with delicate nylon covering it before he lined himself up and waited for the right moment to accept her attentions.

"I have slept with a dozen men," she began. "All out of wedlock, but I'm sure that all of them were married. I allowed them to take me for sordid money, allowed them to penetrate me front and back and I loved every moment of my sin..."

"That is most grave," he answered. "Leviticus..."

The voice of Elaine interrupted him.

"There is more," she said. "I have a new friend and she is more a sinner even than I. A woman who punishes men and makes them beg for her whip..."

"Your friend is in need of absolution," said Father Bernhard. "I can only hope that you have not indulged in those sinful practices?"

There was a brief pause and the Elaine continued.

"I have, Father, please forgive me..."

"A sin most grave and demanding of most ardent consequence."

There was silence from the far side of the confessional and Father Bernhard realised that the confession was at an end. Time at last for the penance!

"I absolve you," he said. "Three 'Hail Mary's' and this..."

His hips thrust and he pushed through the hole to present his sinner with her means of redemption.

"Father, I thank you!"

He felt a hand grasp him and he thrust harder. Fingers played with his cock and massaged it to full hardness. His thighs and groin pressed on the wood until his balls and cock hung through the opening for the full attention of Elaine while she cupped him and played a little.

"You are so hard..."

The words inflamed him and Father Bernhard decided that this time the penance would be full and proper. This time he would expect her to slip her lips to the root of his desperate cock, swallow him whole to the throat and beyond, because it seemed to him that the woman who owed him everything was not as fearful of the consequences of his power as she should be. It was time to punish her to the full!

"I have decided that the penance is two times," he began. "You have sinned twice, for it is woman's lot to be at a man's beckoning and not indulge in sordid games to unman him! I want to feel the tightness of your throat, and then at my signal you will suck the seed from me and lap it up with grateful words of contrition..."

He felt her hands take up his balls and then run the length of him. She grasped him hard and pulled as though in preparation to obey and then a sudden departure from the fantasy! Something cold and metal touched his balls. Before he could react, the hands on the other side of the partition grasped hard, nails bit into the hard root of his prick and a metal shackle enclosed his balls, blocking their chance of exiting to the safety of Father Bernhard's confessional cell.

"Fuck!" he cried.

The single word that escaped his lips was married to a cry of shock and agony as the nails of Elaine's hands scored long lines the length of his massive organ. His hips tried to pull back, but the metal fetter was too large to escape the glory-hole and he was trapped and helpless.

"Let me fucking go," he shouted.

“No,” came the short answer that was married to a laugh that chilled his blood. “Now, at last it is time for you to make *your* confession and contrition!”

“Bitch, you will pay for this!”

“No, Father Bernhard, *you* will...”

The laughter came again and he felt her nails on his balls and then a savage pull that caused him to cry out again in shock. Then, a sound that was most unwelcome of all. The sound of heels clicking on medieval stone and tiles. Metal on terracotta, steel on granite! The sound of another person in the nave of his church, just outside the confessional.

Father Bernhard tried to pull free, but there was no chance! He was kneeling looking up at the curtained entrance and a hand curled around the curtain. Fingers that were gloved in glistening latex, each one decked with a heavy ring that bore a single spike, making the hand seem a terrible weapon. The curtain was opened slowly as if to add terror to his frantic attempts to pull free. A figure stood looking down at him and he knew that he was in the presence of a Succubus from hell. A demoness who was the embodiment of sexual dominance.

From the glistening stiletto boots to the smooth integument of latex that ran from knees to neck, an incarnation of sexual aggression that was smiling down with possessive delight. In one hand a short cane, on the fingers of the other, a half circle of ringed thorns.

"This is my friend and lover," came Elaine's voice from beyond the partition. "She is here to confess..."

He looked up and saw the interloper's hand move to grasp the neck of his robe. The hand moved and he shied from it, but it grasped the thin cotton and the rings scratched his neck as she tore it from him with a single powerful movement.

"Father hear my confession," said the latex clad demoness. "I have sinned and need absolution."

As she spoke, the figure of Elaine appeared behind and the sudden flash of a camera blinded him with its ferocious glare.

"You can't do this..." he began.

"And yet, here we are," said the demoness. "You with your cock rammed through a hole and us enjoying the helplessness of our new slave!"

Elaine stated to laugh and the demoness in latex turned to smile back at her.

“We have all night to enjoy this pathetic worm, but what is going to happen is: that he is going to confess to his sins and then receive absolution. He has the rest of his life to show us the true meaning of God’s forgiveness!” she said. “First it is time for him to repay his previous debt... have you decided?”

Elaine nodded and held out her hand. All Father Bernhard could see was a brief glitter of silver in the dull light and he suddenly fully realised that he was in the hands of a true sadist.

“Good,” continued the latex demoness. “I shall take my pleasure and you will bind him to us forever!”

“Please, please...” cried the naked priest as Elaine disappeared from behind the smiling woman who was her new friend. “Anything...”

“My, my, that’s so good to hear...”

She entered his cell. Stepped over his knees to stand looking down at the weeping man. The spurs on her heels bit into his folded thighs and his face looked up the height of her and tears rolled down his cheeks.

"I'll tell you when," she called to Elaine as her hand slipped to her crotch and grasped the leaf of a zipper. "I think that he knows what is expected of him!"

Father Bernhard felt hard hands on his cock. Once again it sprang to life, rigid and not at all under his command. The hands played with his manhood as the zipper opened before his eyes. The tight latex between the demoness' legs slowly parted to reveal a sex that ran with the honey of her anticipation. Naked, plucked of all its rough hair, the lips swelled and pouted to reveal inner lips as the zipper ran under her groin and a single silver stud embedded in her mounted as her clitoris swelled.

"Make your confession, bitch," breathed the woman who stood over him. "Make it full and complete, for the God that you serve is watching..."

He could do no other.

His lips met hers and he tasted for the first time the sweetness of her juices. A moan from on high filled his ears and then the sudden sting of her cane on his back impelled him to press hard into her. His tongue quested deep. It reamed the matrix of her cunt, lapping at the wetness, teasing the stud that was had on his lips.

“More...”

The cane swept down with sudden speed and forced him closer with a cry of agony while hard hands played with his trapped cock. They slapped him, they pinched nails into the delicate trapped balls, teeth scored the sensitive tip of him and then another slap caused Father Bernhard to squeal.

“You are nothing but a useless fuck-pig,” said the hard voice from above. “Try *harder* to satisfy me, you little shit...”

He licked, he kissed and he burrowed into her warm wet thighs with his face while slowly her weight made itself felt. Now her thighs were opening and she pushed to bend his neck back as she mounted his face with a ruthless determination to extract every erg of pleasure from her helpless victim.

His hands raised to fend her off. An instinctive movement that was quelled by the thorns on her fingers brushing them aside to allow a third blow of the vicious cane. All the while, the punishment and tormenting of his cock heightened. He felt bruised and in agony, but the response was an ever-heightening sense of a need to come. The thighs opened, now Father Bernhard's face was upwards, the legs gripping him as he struggled to satisfy the swelling pussy that filled his senses.

Father Bernhard felt the latex slacken as the zipper coursed away from him. Rounded buttocks swelled from the latex skin as her sex slid over him to present another hole for his attention. The first touch of him on the wrinkled wet skin caused a gasp and his personal demoness sat fully on his upturned face while her latex clad fingers slid to the stud that glistened in the matrix of her sex.

“That’s good, the penance is nearing an end...”

Her voice was a gasp, and he pushed his tongue deep. Now he could feel the circular motion of her fingers between clitoris and forehead and he knew that she was approaching her climax. His own was not far away and he gasped to breath between the smooth globes of her ass. A slap, a claw that tore at him, he surrendered to the emotion and cried out in agonised pleasure just as the woman who was using him as a tool for her pleasure exploded in a climax that caused her thighs to clamp down on him and press her weight to use him as her seat fully.

The cry that came from her shattered the silence as none before, the trembles in her body a signal that a long slow orgasm had arrived at last and then she just cried out a single word.

“Now!”

It was just a second of time!

Slowed by the intensity of pain and pleasure. A second before he would be on the path towards inevitably spewing the slime from his trapped balls. A second that changed everything as a terrible searing agony caused his whole body to lift and press his tongue home deep into the hole that slackened in acceptance.

Elaine grasped the pliers and pressed hard, just as her hand pulled on his cock so hard that her victim lost his way towards ejaculation. The ring passed through the eye of that cock, plunged through the flesh and closed with a finality that signified the priest's captivity. Seamless and broad, heavy and of steel it bound his manhood to Elaine's possession.

A single ooze of precum and pale liquid exuded and then a few drops of red mingled to mark the event.

Father Bernhard wept. The tears coursed down his cheeks as he realised that he was now possessed by a woman who wished eternal abuse in retribution and a woman who was more sadistic than he could ever have imagined. The cane swept down again and again to emphasise his bondage,

but he could not feel the strokes as self-pity and hopelessness consumed his mind.

She whipped him until his back and rear were welted with her marks and then lifted at last to enjoy the gasps of breath that he took as he could at last breathe again. He heard the steps of his former victim on the stone and tiled floor and then he saw that Elaine's enjoyment went far beyond mere revenge.

Her skirt was lifted and her hand reamed her pussy with frantic strokes as the demoness, at last stepped over him to take her lover in her arms. The hands that had been so brutal were soft and loving, the fingers with those thorn'd rings held Elaine close and teased soft breasts through silk.

The body that had forced submission of a man held her gasping lover close to it and the sliver of the cane dropped to the tiles as the latex clad demoness held her climaxing companion close in compassionate love. As Elaine climaxed with joyful abandon, her lover held her gently and soothed her with stroking hands and loving kisses.

A Vengeful God

"You are our bitch now," said Elaine as she looked down on the broken man. "No more confessional, instead you are going to spend the rest of your pathetic life trying to

please us. We shall use you and abuse you, fuck you and play with you for our pleasure and you will thank us for every moment of cruelty and exploitation! Do you understand?"

"Please, please..."

All that was left of the man who had given the grace of God and his hungry cock to his victims was a snivelling creature that instilled no pity in Elaine's mind.

"Is that a 'please would you fuck me'?" asked Elaine. "A 'please make me yours for ever'?"

Father Bernhard nodded slowly and the woman in latex showed him the cane in her hands.

"Do you *need* to be caned?" she asked with a small smile. "Beg for it..."

"Please punish me," he muttered and his request was met with a single stroke of the cane that slapped his flesh and caused him to cry out and weep with renewed fear and dread.

"There, you see," said Elaine with a small laugh. "Already you are ready for confession! Tomorrow at six I shall return

to release you and then I will tell you when you are next required for our pleasure!”

The flash on her phone swept the church again, bringing detail into hard relief.

“Now! I have needy clients who need my *intimate* attention, hopefully I remember to return to release you from your prison in the morning.”

His mouth opened to speak, but the look on Elaine's face forced the lips to close.

“Pray that I do!”

The End

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