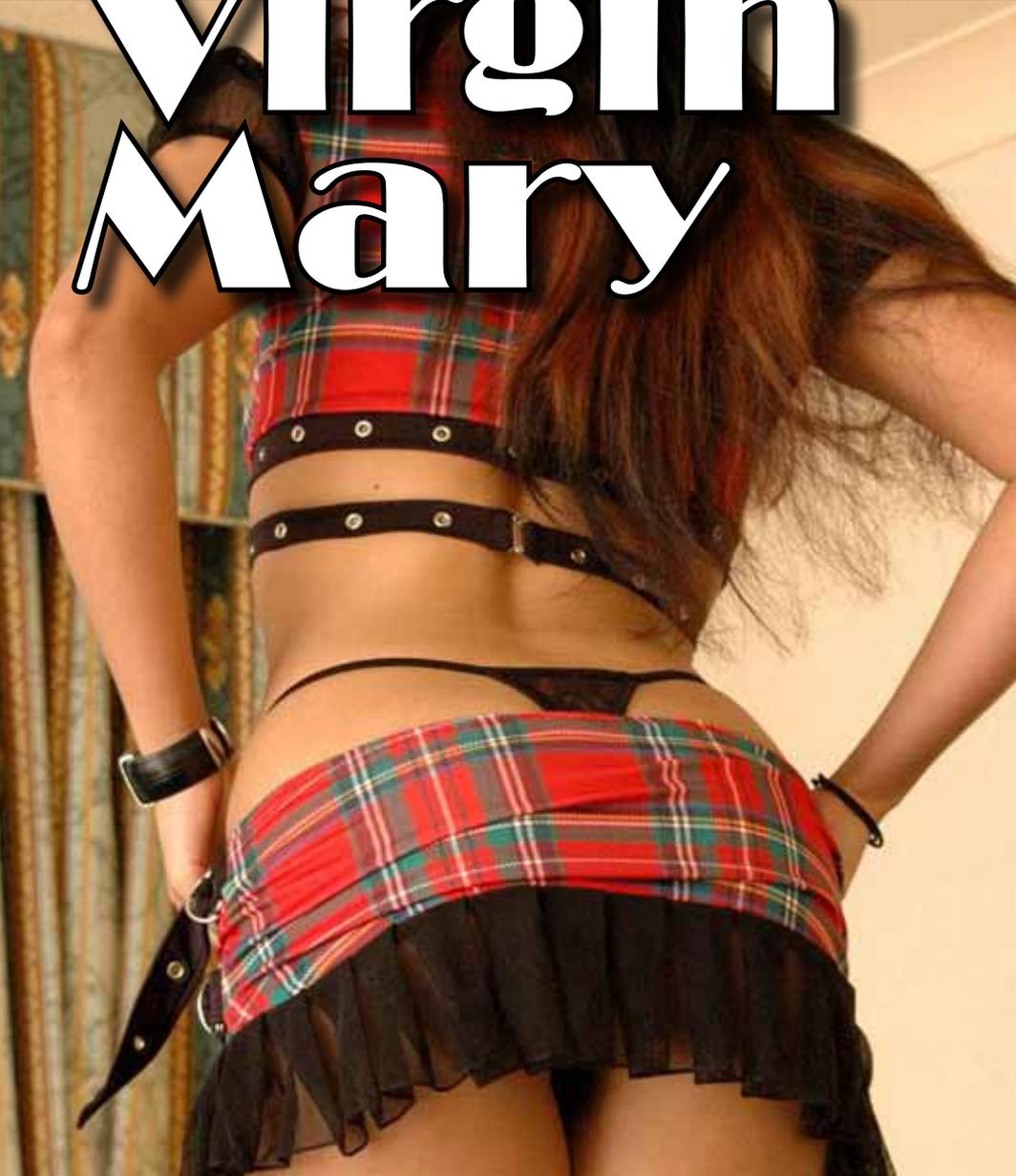


Burping Frog Publishing

# Virgin Mary



Jason Price

# Chapter 1

“Mary Ann Migallos!” yells Father Daniel.

To his shock, he sees Mary, an eighteen year-old Filipina girl in the confession booth with her blue plaid skirt pulled up with her right hand down her white cotton panties as she pleases herself fervently. Her white blouse is halfway open and her right breast is exposed and fondled by Mary’s left hand.

Father Daniel’s outburst abruptly stops Mary’s blissful trance. She opens her hazel eyes and sees her family priest holding open the door of the confession booth. In complete shame, Mary withdraws her hand from her panties and pulls her skirt down to cover her wet pussy. Although she moves her other hand from her breast, she becomes too embarrassed and confused to button her blouse and leaves her firmly round breast uncovered.

“What are you doing, Mary?” bellows Father Daniel.

“I’m sorry, Father,” Mary blurts with a low voice. “I was waiting for you and I ... I ...”

Father Daniel takes Mary by the arm and roughly pulls her from the confession booth and guides her to his office. Mary noticing no one else in the church and only she and Father Daniel are in church, which gives her some relief.

Father Daniel takes Mary to his office and shuts the door. Mary walks to the priest’s desk and turns to face Father Daniel standing at the door. Father Daniel sees the look of fear and shame on her face, she is obviously scared about her family finding out. Father Daniel cannot help but notice Mary’s exposed right breast

and centers on the small but pert nipple.

Father Daniel has known Mary's family for years and has seen Mary grow up into a beautiful young woman. Only recently, Mary has been coming to Father Daniel for counseling of her emerging "impure thoughts" of sex. Mary would tell Father Daniel about sudden sexual urges she would have in school and in church, then it lead to sexual fantasies she would have about several boys she knew, her soccer coach, one of her father's co-workers.

Father Daniel tries to give Mary the spiritual guidance she needs but despite his good intentions, he finds himself tempted.

"What happened, Mary?" sternly asks the Father.

"I had another urge, Father," Mary quickly answers. "I was leaving school when I saw the football team head for the shower room and just thought about sneaking in, taking my clothes and let all the boys just fuck me whatever way they want."

"Did you?" Father Daniel asks, immensely waiting for the answer.

"No, Father," says Mary. "I mean I wanted to. But when I found myself walking to the door of the shower room ready to pull off my panties, I ran here as fast as I could to tell you."

"So why were you touching yourself like that in the confession booth?" Father Daniel further asks.

"I went inside to confess, but you weren't there, so I waited," Mary desperately explains. "But then I started thinking about all the guys in the shower room, soaping up their dirty and sweaty bodies, then I started to fantasize about me walking in naked and having sex with all of them one at a time, maybe even two at a time. That's when I began to touch myself and I just lose control."

"Sounds like to me you didn't have any control to begin with," states Father Daniel. "In fact, I think you're still horny from all this, aren't you?"

"Yes. I am," confesses Mary.

"Lift your skirt, Mary," orders Father Daniel.

"Father?" asks a confused Mary.

"Lift your skirt," Father Daniel reasserts his order.

Mary's hands begin to shake as she pulls her skirt up, exposing

her damp panties. Father Daniel calmly walks to Mary. Standing in front of Mary, Father Daniel's hand reaches between her legs.

Mary's mouth gives a sudden sigh of shock and pleasure as she feels the priest's fingers lightly pressing against her sacred vagina, still covered in her damp white panties. The fingers slowly moves upward, seconds feels longer than before for Mary until the fingers connect with her sensitive clit, causing Mary to moan from another twinge of pleasure. Mary feels her legs unable to hold her trembling body, but luckily sits back on Father Daniel's desk.

"You have let yourself be taken by the demon that is lust, Mary," says Father Daniel as he continues to diddle Mary's secret pleasure spot. "This is because you have yet to understand the consequences of your actions."

"Please, Father," softly pleads Mary, looking into her priest's eyes. "What can I do to rid myself of these urges?"

Father Daniel gazes into Mary's desperate eyes for a few seconds, and then slowly withdraws his hand.

"Take off your panties, Mary," Father Daniel calmly commands.

Obedying her priest, Mary hooks her thumbs to her panties and slowly pulls them down her slim and smooth legs. Holding her panties to her chest, Mary looks to Father Daniel for further instructions.

"Now the skirt," commands Father Daniel.

Mary stands up for the desk and unfastens her skirt, letting it drop to the floor.

"The blouse and bra now," Father Daniel commands.

Mary tries to stop her hands from shaking as she unbuttons her blouse. After removing the blouse, she places it on the desk with her panties. Mary manages to keep her hands steady as she removes her bra and leaves it on the desk.

Father Daniel now sees Mary naked, wearing only her white socks and black leather shoes. He feels his penis beneath his trousers harden, wanting to penetrate Mary's virgin maidenhead.

"Lay yourself on the desk," Father Daniel commands.

Mary sits her bare ass on the edge of the desk and lies back on her elbows, maintaining her eye contact with her priest.

“Do you feel any shame with what you’re doing?” inquires Father Daniel. “Lying naked, wanting to be used like some whore?”

“Kind of.”

“Do you still feel the need to please yourself?” asks Father Daniel.

“Yes,” Mary answers.

“Then do it,” calmly asserts Father Daniel.

Almost immediately, Mary’s fingers locate her pink pearl and delicately caresses it. She lays her back flat on the desk and leans her head off the edge. In less than a minute, Mary is overcome by the pleasures of her eager body, greatly expressed through her moans. Father Daniel intensely watches Mary’s fingers as they gently tease and fondle her sensitive clit.

Father Daniel walks around the desk to his chair. Sitting down, he looks at Mary’s face, eyes closed and slowly moaning louder through her lips. Father Daniel surmises how easy it would be to have his cock sucked on by the lusciously full lips of Mary’s mouth. How long it’s been for Father Daniel since the last time he enjoyed the pleasures of the flesh.

“Father Daniel,” Mary blurts. “I’m gonna come. Oh, God, I gonna come.”

Father Daniel’s attention shifts back to the naked Filipina lying on his desk, about to orgasm in front of him. Mary’s hand goes faster and her moans grow louder as her climax get closer. Father Daniel looks deeply at Mary’s face as the skin becomes sweaty.

“OH, GOD!” yells Mary, “I’M COMING! I’M COMING!”

Mary’s eyes open wide and looks into Father Daniel’s eyes above her. Much to Mary’s confusion, gazing into the eyes of her family priest pushing her lust further than she anticipated.

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGGHHHHH!” Mary screams out her orgasm, still at eye contact with Father Daniel. In the few seconds, he sees the look of sexual bliss burning in her eyes.

As the orgasm ends, Mary slowly takes her hand from her pussy as she closes her eyes and slowly catches her breath. For several minutes, Father Daniel watches Mary's sweat covered body resting on his desk.

Father Daniel then stands up from his chair and walks to the front of his desk. Mary opens her eyes and sits up, crossing her legs while she crosses her arms to cover her tits.

"Do you still feel lust, Mary?" asks Father Daniel.

"No, Father," softly answers Mary.

"Do you now feel shame?" Father Daniel asks in an accusing tone.

Mary is reluctant to answer.

"You do, don't you?" Father Daniel inquires with a harsh accusing tone.

"Yes, Father. I do," Mary softly answers mortified. "Are you gonna tell my parents?"

"I have to," says Father Daniel. "You need to pay penance for this."

"No. They don't need to know," pleads Mary as she leaps off the desk to Father Daniel. "Can't I pay penance with just you?"

Standing so close to her priest, Mary places her hands on Father Daniel's chest. Father Daniel sees the sad desperation in Mary's wide eyes as he discreetly fills his nostrils with sweet aroma of Mary's sweat.

"Very well. I won't tell them," says Father Daniel.

"Thank you, Father," Mary quickly beams with a grateful smile. "What do I have to do?"

Father Daniel gently takes Mary's hands from his chest and guides her back to his desk. Standing in front of the desk she just masturbated on, Mary is directed by Father Daniel to lean forward, placing her hands firmly on the oak surface.

Standing at Mary's side, Father Daniel observes the curves of Mary's heart-shaped ass for a few seconds. He considers the temptation Mary brings him to break his vow of chastity. Even though he cannot have sexual intercourse with the young virgin girl, he deduces he can still take advantage of her problem to his

gratification.

Not fully satisfied with just watching, Father Daniel's hand gently feels Mary's divinely beautiful ass. He slowly motions his hand and feels the firm muscles underneath the smooth and soft skin.

Father Daniel continues to fondle Mary's ass for a few seconds ... then gives it a hard slap. Mary gives out a short groan from this but gives no resistance and is actually thankful for her punishment to begin after a pause of growing uncomfortable silence. Even when her priest delivers another slap to her nude ass, Mary is still grateful to him to take on himself to carry out her punishment after her sin.

Then she feels another slap. The pain subsides for Mary as she feels Father Daniel's hand caressing the now red skin of her ass.

As the spanking continues, Mary patiently waits for it to end as she has long lost count how many times Father Daniel's hand has smacked her rosy red ass. She doesn't know how many spans she has to take to pay her penance, but she trusts Father Daniel to do what is necessary to help keep her virtues.

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