

Sacred Heat"
by Kay Derwydd

I'm going to burn in Hell for what I'm about to confess to you. My soul is already damned for my thoughts, for the impurity of what my mind has conjured in the dead of night. But I cannot live with the weight of this secret—this sin—any longer. I'm lying awake in my bed, even now pleasuring myself as I make my confession.

"Forgive me, Almighty Father, for I have sinned."

The cross on my wall is little comfort—as that is where my fantasies inevitably lead me to.

A man's lithe body hangs from the arms of the wooden cross, his head down, his body barely clothed. My breathing becomes labored whenever I look at him, whenever I think of him. What is it that I see in my mind? Is that what you want to know? Then listen closely, if you dare—for what I'm about to tell you is truly sinful, in both pleasure and pain.

I wake up to the sensation of another body—soft, warm flesh—brushing against my own. A hand reaches out to touch me, to slide along the patina of sweat that covers me. A tongue—a slick, hot muscle—slithers across my flesh to taste me, to taste my skin, my sweat, my arousal. A slender hand curls around my length, squeezes me until my hips rise of their own accord. The man begins to stroke me, sliding his hand up and down the length of my shaft in slow, languid moves that serve only to torment me further.

His mouth covers my own and I taste his tongue, his lips, his breath. He slides his lips from mine, down to my throat, to kiss and lick my flesh as his strokes continue below. I slide my hands through the thick mass of his chestnut hair and push him lower. I want his mouth on me; I want to feel him suck my hardness down his throat.

He moves down my body with the gracefulness of an angel—delicate, loving, gentle. When his lips close around me, I cry out. He begins a slow slide down my shaft, and my hips rise to meet him. He slips his hands under me, cupping me, pulling me up to him. A soft gasp, a throaty moan—my body releases within him. He slides his lips off of me and smiles. I smile back.

He moves to kneel between my thighs and my heart begins to race. He wants me; he is ready, his shaft erect and pulsing. With a gentle touch of his hands, my legs part. He slides into my body in one slow, gentle motion.

My hips arch under him; he slides deeper inside. I cry out and he covers my mouth with his. I encircle his neck with my arms; he moves inside me slowly. He is strong, and kind. He kisses me again; then he fills me with his sweet release. When he is done, he slides off of me and into the darkness.

My Messiah.