**Generosity**

by harry lime

**Chapter 1**

The isolated rural village of Sims on Riverside was recovering from a viral epidemic that decimated the ranks of the older residents as well as a number of the health care workers tending their needs in the single hospital in the area.

One of those unfortunate deceased was the Goodwife Malone. The seasoned nurse was well-known for her tireless efforts in curing the sick and spending countless hours walking the wards of the local hospital. She was familiar sight in her customary black worn because of the early demise of her railroad engineer husband. Patrick Malone was caught unawares by a faulty feeder valve in the engine car on Number Twenty-seven. It was a dependable “town to city” train that was famous for always being on time for every run, no matter how bad the weather.

It would have been a simple tragedy, except for the fact that with her passing, five young children were thrown into the category of “indigent” orphans without a home or money to cover their basic expenses. Needless to say, they were necessarily broken up to various homes without much say from any of them on the matter. The four oldest were disposed of in record time since they were sturdy lads and lasses with lots of experience in tending chores on a farm. The youngest one was a bit of a horse of another color because she was just a slip of a thing prone to daydreaming and dancing in the light of the moon, on the slightest excuse that came her way.

Her name was Molly and she was fast on her feet and quick on her toes.

None of the farm folk was interested in adding her to their households because they suspected she would be more trouble than she was worth at a time when hard work was of the utmost importance for survival. One farmer actually looked at her teeth and felt her arm and leg muscles like he was buying a brood mare for his inventory of working horses in the stable.

In fact, the only one of the parishioners that had the slightest bit of interest in young Molly was the appointed court judge, Sir Jeffrey Rutherford. Sir Jeffrey was a bachelor and it was rumored that he was a widower twice in his lifetime already and that he hesitated to take the plunge another time for fear he would become a pariah of a trice cursed husband and avoided by any future bride with the slightest shred of common sense.

It was known in the general region that he was a man of a generous construct and that he had established a training school for young ladies to prepare them for the realities of the world and to seek employment of a respectable nature not subject to sinful behavior in any form. He established strict rules of conduct and maintained full control and discipline personally attended to by his own hand and with a vigor that did him credit as a truly concerned patron of feminine refinement. The merest hint of sexual impropriety of any category was avoided to preserve the reputation of both Sir Jeffrey and the school for young ladies.

Of course, young Molly was too young for this advanced school of behavior modification, but he envisioned her as a sort of junior intern in a pre-educational program of her very own. The older girls took the blossoming orphan under their wing and showed her all the tricks of fitting into approved society and pleasing their mentor, Sir Jeffrey.

She was insulated in her program for a full year with no demand made on her because of her tender years before there was any necessity to prove her worth to her new guardian.

It was shortly after her sixteenth birthday that she was introduced to the demands of making amends for violations of the strict rules set down by the master of the young ladies training school. In a certain sense, Molly welcomed the new status of her developing role under the Generous Man’s kind attentions and she felt a degree of gratitude that sent tingles down to her hidden feminine folds of a magnitude seldom attained in one so young or, in fact, in that particular gender.

Despite her unforgivable weakness of extreme shyness and overly obsessive modesty, she obeyed her instructions to remove all clothing and present her unadorned backside for correction in the hour before tea with proper attention to cleansing her nether regions and removing all wisps of hair from her virginal female folds. It seemed a bit silly to her because her mother had a full bush as did all of the older female children that she was in close contact with prior to admission to Sir Jeffrey’s loving care in his special training academy for young ladies.

Molly’s first spanking session was pure and utter chaos.

She squirmed and she cried. She twisted and she pleaded. Nothing worked to change Sir Jeffrey’s mind. He was firm in his conviction that the girl needed discipline to make her toe the mark of a well-behaved young lady. Molly was desperate to please and she literally bent over backwards to present the most inspired of angles for Sir Jeffrey’s ministrations. Eventually, with most of the other girls in attendance, the young impoverished orphan was rewarded with a reddened posterior and a smile of sheer bliss as her virginal channel responded in the age old tingle of pride and satisfaction in joining the ranks of the exclusive school for young ladies under the full control and mentoring guidance of a most generous man.

Now, Molly was introduced to the classes that instructed her on the proper ways to fully satisfy the opposite sex with little thought to their own pleasures and devices. The girls were prohibited from the use of cosmetic aids to enhance their physical appearance for male appreciation. They did not hesitate to inform their youngest addition to their ranks that both oral and anal exercises were permissible, but their vaginal channels were to remain pure and virginal whist a ward of Sir Jeffrey and a resident of the secluded school. The girls were pampered and well-fed in their single communal sleeping quarters and would often walk the wooden floors at night in naked splendor, since no males were allowed up the spiral staircase. In retrospect, it resembled a scene from some sort of institution of witchcraft, but of course such a thought was anathema to decent thinking by folks of a God-fearing inclination.

The oral instruction was generally under the observation of Sir Jeffrey to insure the girls were adequately motivated and that they followed minimal standards of male satisfaction right up to the final draining and swallowing of each and every drop. He was above all a fastidious fellow and his first two wives were well trained by attentive brothers and uncles prior to assuming their spousal duties as not quite blushing brides. In fact, Sir Jeffrey was sort of an aficionado of the coupling joint venture and patted many a head to encourage spirited labors by the trainees on their padded knees.

Molly was no exception to the requirement for daily exercises in oral perfection. She took to the process with gusto and soon became the most proficient at milking the blindfolded altar boys furnished as training subjects for the girls to fluff in approved sessions. There was absolutely no thought of daring to engage in non-sponsored oral relations because that would constitute a violation of the house rules and require strident correction in front of the entire student body.

By the time, she passed her seventeenth birthday; Molly Malone was a full-fledged oral virtuoso of the highest degree of competence. She was rumored to surpass the finest young ladies of the Paris academies that were considered the epitome of sucking success. Her next stage of development was in the area of posterior gymnastics. It was a much more demanding phase of study and it required the delicate touch of the master, Sir Jeffrey, to test new student’s resolve and dedication to purpose in the role of submissive excellence.

Sir Jeffrey had pestered his first two wives incessantly in meeting his requirements for anal festivities on a nightly basis, much to their chagrin and need for constant cleansing of their sensual plump bottoms. It must be reiterated that their demise had nothing to do with such sexual proclivities and were simply a matter of good fortune and matters of personal health.

The first time that Molly actually opened up her rear portal for the passage of Sir Jeffrey’s happy shaft was in front of the entire class of young ladies watching intently to see her facial reaction to the unexpected stretching for the first time. The friendly girl with the pleasing smile and crowning glory of shocking red hair didn’t disappoint them with her circled lips and panting tongue displaying her natural acceptance of rearward acceptance of male stiffness in a place never foreseen as a source of pleasure to the male animal from the beginning of time. The sound of Sir Jeffrey’s groans with each thrusting intrusion into her most secret of places inspired poor Molly to full orgasm right in front of all her peers in shameful exposure of her “dirty” side of personal pleasure in submitting to her partner’s demands.

The girls could all see for themselves the way she pleaded for Sir Jeffrey to, “Leave it in sir, I implore you!” in shameful verbal sinfulness. It was so blatantly naughty that they called for her immediate spanking to correct her sinful ways.

That brought a pleased smile to Sir Jeffrey’s face.

It would be quite entertaining to redden up the submissive trainee’s flanks in a boisterous session of pounding her pretty cheeks. He allowed a few of the older girls to participate using their delicate hands to get in some licks on her perfectly poised bottom. Of course, the somewhat shy and sensitive Molly was mortified at her situation but she was willing to comply with the rules no matter how humiliating to maintain her perfect record of submissiveness to the rules of the young ladies academy.

In all honesty, the slightly rotund Sir Jeffrey was sorely tempted to double dip into Molly’s pretty hindquarters but propriety prevented him from overdoing in this particular instance. He solved his quandary by requesting her presence for an evening prayer before lights out in the main school section. A nice little private session of slow spooning should send the sheltered student into a shivering show of satisfied senses shortly before spinning into a smiling state of soothing sleep. Perhaps he would leave it in for the duration just to see if he would be able to come to full mast before she woke in the morning. He liked playing these little games with her because his first two wives were both a bit on the prudish side if all was considered and he had to goad them into performing the way he wanted on more than one occasion.

Sir Jeffrey knew that no need for persuasion would be needed in the case of Molly Malone because she was a “natural” when it came to kinky pursuits.

The more he thought on the subject the more he was convinced she might make the perfect spouse for spousal attempt number three. Of course, there was the matter of the vast gulf in their ages but the girl seemed well at ease with that unfortunate reality and his doctor had assured him that his virility was indicative of a far younger man. The girl’s acceptance of both anal and oral activities was reason enough to entertain the thought of putting her in permanent residency in his bed and he doubted that any of the community would dare to voice an objection to the union.

He would keep a few of the girls from his young ladies academy on payroll at his place of business in order to maintain proper backup in the eventuality of Molly’s incapacitation similar to the unfortunate circumstances related to his first two wives. He knew it was no fault of his that caused their early demise, but the third time on the merry-go-round would stain his credibility and open him to rumor-mongering of a serious nature.

The shrewd man made personal periodic checks of Molly’s membrane to assure the validity of her virginity and he realized her time for budding womanhood was fast upon them with no time to waste with hesitant maneuvers.

It looked like Molly Malone was destined to be Mrs. Jeffrey Rutherford number three.

**Chapter 2**

Poor Molly Malone was experiencing some degree of difficulty in breathing properly due primarily to the impediment of the presence of Reverend Jeffry Rutherford’s properly christened cock. It was lodged uncomfortably in the front of her delicate long throat obstructing the flow of oxygen into her teenaged lungs. That serious fact was no doubt owing to his determination to flood her delicate feminine gullet with his sinfully inspiring creamy deposit.

She fluttered her pretty hazel eyes at his contorted face above her and even introduced her obstinate thumb into his blowhole with the idea that she could draw his attention to the fact that he had cut off her supply of air with his impassioned demand for oral submission. Somehow, the tongue focused mentor understood the gravity of the situation and allowed young Molly some respite to recover her status quo and lift her face up for further exploitation.

In actuality, it was not as dire as it sounds in these few words on a single page because the transparently dirty minded young Molly was just as eager to please her benefactor as he was to humiliate her beyond the bounds of acceptable behavior. Her oversexed cunt would drown in scented emissions with the slap of his wide black leather belt on her nicely rounded cheek or the weight of his boot on her face pushing her face down into a pillow as he plumbed the depths of her nether regions with his rambunctious shaft of enlightenment.

The supposed virtuous Reverend was already set on a course of spousal preparation with the accommodating young girl after several months of constant poking and other copulation activities that assured him of her devoted attentions.

In recent years, the frustrated administrator had favored the use of mouth and bums much in the style of the French high society to exert full control over his female companions. His first two wives had expired more from a weak constitution than from his interest in their unnatural sexual appetites, but he was cautious about contracting with a third female unable to cope with the demands of his kinky nature in a nocturnal setting. His school for disadvantaged abandoned females was a breeding ground for his constant “weeding” in the sweet fields of feminine mystique looking for a superior mate to complement his style of love-making.

Molly was one of his outstanding success stories and he was certain she was the one to settle down and reward him with a continuation of his family name in the ordinary way of properly behaving couples with nothing to hide.

Each time she allowed him kinky use of her non-vaginal openings for his consummate satisfaction, he rewarded her with a solid gold coin from his collection plate that he passed around with various excuses for its appearance in the middle of a religious convocation. His ability to impart his beliefs on a narrowly thinking audience did much to improve his financial condition and the added import of his maternal aunt’s inheritance gave him the monetary backbone that he needed to expand his brand of theology into society at large.

He was often invited to the homes of widows and women with spouses serving on board a ship of the line or some far-away outpost just to whip them up into a sort of trance-like condition that allowed him to explore their secret gardens without any fear of compromise or disclosure of his true intent. He was careful to carefully cleanse any trace of his horrible exploitation of their sex-deprived flesh before recalling them from their limbo-like state of “in the middle” with a foot in both camps. They sensed that they had been fucked properly but were afraid to call a spade a spade. Invariably they simply put it down to a case of the nerves and washed their pretty quims with the French bathing soaps that always left them smelling like spring flowers freshly picked from the garden.

Molly had already accepted the Reverend’s kind offer of marriage and made copious plans to completely re-do his modest home in the newest trends of fashion found in the better homes of an upward bound society. Money was not a problem, it was just the lack of proper motivation on the part of a man already burdened with the loss of two fairly decent spouses through no fault of his own except for his shocking lack of compassion in making demands on their mouths and plump behinds for his own pressing matters of an urgent nature that required discretion for fear of creating suspicion in the minds of ordinary folk. He was most concerned with how he appeared to others, since his perception to others was his primary purpose and it was a matter of survival in a world that relied on reputation for ultimate success.

Her arrangement with the Reverend was recognized by most around them as a soon-to-happen event even though no specific date had been broadcast to the general public. In any event, Molly was definitely “on-board” with the plan and was more than agreeable to remaining an ass and mouth entry partner ready and willing to provide aforesaid passageways to the Reverend’s personal comforting under the assumption that the date would be forthcoming in the very near future. She was therefore not in the least bit discomforted by the fact that the mayor’s nephew visiting from a nearby university town was placed under her tending care with regard to his bed linens and the washing of his clothing, most of which had seen better day. She seldom had any attraction to younger lads finding them mostly ignorant of the common vicissitudes of life. Of course that explained their lack of wrinkles and nicely toned stomach muscles more closely associated with professional jocks skilled in some sport of national interest. She didn’t really care what his future plans incorporated, why he insisted on wearing the long out of date tights that seemed better suited to beach wear rather than for lounging around with no set thoughts about agendas or planning for some specific purpose. For some strange reason, he had decided to start his second novel before he had fully finished his first. Fortunately, his first novel had been selected for publishing after numerous edits by various word-smiths from the publishing industry.

Molly thought that an imprudent plan with little to recommend it but the handsome young lad was filled with enthusiasm about the new project. She noted that his subject was slated to be a pretty and intelligent young lady from a good family. Both the family and Molly had fallen on sad times and she was forced to seek her income in a disgustingly common manner of pretty girls all over the region. She detested the fact she spent a great deal of time on her knees in out of the way places seldom traveled by pedestrians with everyday travels. These little hideaways were frequented by gentlemen that were definitely not gentlemen in the true sense of the word. They sought out the bright faced young females hiding in the shadows. Of course, they usually sought to take advantage of a pretty girl just for the purpose of humiliating her to their heart’s content without interruption. It was so simple to heap indignity after indignity on their pretty heads. Surprisingly, it was all for a modest sum that sealed their everlasting shame like a scarlet letter right in the middle of their forehead.

That was Molly’s life until the Reverend Rutherford changed her time on her knees to prayer instead of submission to a life of degradation and shame.

Jason Peabody was a lowly apprentice to the town’s only blacksmith. At that time, the blacksmith trade was not considered a gentleman’s lifestyle because it was too closely related to the common laborers that risked life and limb climbing ladders and building edifices of lasting import. The general rule of thumb was that gainful employment should reflect some sort of artistic quality to redeem its practice. The shoeing of horses and the marrying of molten metal was not seen as art but uncommon hard work with little intelligence required accomplishing any task. The primary advantage of the position was the fact that the labor turned soft flesh into hardened muscle and anyone long in the trade was a fine specimen of humanity in the physical sense.

Jason was no exception to that general rule.

He was fairly tall for a blacksmith and had long curly blonde hair that marked him as a native to the region. The girls giggled and tittered around him curious if his perfection of physique was equally as finely designed in the mysterious regions below his thick blacksmith’s belt and shielding leather apron.

The truth of the matter was that poor Jason was a virtual innocent in matters of the heart and despite his growing appreciation for all things female he had never experienced the sensation of immersing his oversized member in the wet and wonderful tunnels of feminine persuasion. He had seen the shadowy figures on the footpaths flitting here and there and offering their pretty mouths to random gentlemen willing to avail themselves of their oral services. It had intrigued him because it seemed such a dirty business and he was not overly enthused about holding a female head steady for his pleasure in a way that surely meant an eternity in the lower regions of hell.

It was entirely accidental that he came upon a tearful Molly in a doorway saddened by her fall from grace with a pair of dandies from the next town. They had taken her in turn and then refused to pay the fee generally seen as fair for the common practice of oral pleasure in the shadows of seldom traveled pathways. He knew right away she was “one of them” and he felt a sense of pity because she was both beautiful and of a pleasant personality that made him fail to hesitate before engaging her services for a quick introduction to oral satisfaction.

Actually, it was a novel experience for both of them because he found her mouth and her busy little tongue an oasis of delight in a hard cruel world. She discovered the truth of his perfectly formed male equipment and marveled that he spurted his virginal liquids right down into her welcoming core. She absorbed the marvel of pulsating vibrations of sensuality that shook her to her roots. There was no doubt that it caused her to have one of those rare convulsions of feminine joy generally found only in long term relationships of nocturnal bliss.

The consummation of her oral offering was soon followed by a stand up performance pressed flat against the doorway corner taking the full length of his huge salami of a cock from behind and unable to wiggle or squirm to escape his muscular control. He sucked all the air from her lungs and weakened her limbs to the point of total collapse in a headlong rush to perfectly timed explosion of precious bodily fluids. She knew the sensation of being fully fucked for the first time in her short life. After that, she was spoiled for masculine efforts because there was no other salami to match the perfection of Jason’s huge contribution to coupling in any position ever conceived in the minds of mere mortals. She knew that immediately, but was unable to do anything about it because she was in an inferior situation and he was unlikely to see the value of continuing her acquaintance in her present occupation.

Thus, when he crossed the threshold of the Reverend Rutherford’s domicile, he did not suspect the cleaned-up and confidant Molly was the same girl he had bonked in the darkened alley. He could only focus on her particularly delicious bum that seemed to be swinging in every direction and so temptingly within reach most of the time that he was in her company. He did not reach out and grab her like so many others had done and caused her eternal wrath in personal interaction. Molly had recognized him immediately and accidently, on purpose, managed to press her pretty bottom into his groin seeking the familiarity that even well intentioned humans understood to be inevitable.

**Chapter 3**

Molly’s upcoming nuptials to the Honorable Sir Jeffrey Rutherford were close approaching like a train wreck with no feasible way to avoid without some degree of difficulty.

Unbeknownst to him, she had already received numerous sessions of practice in the use of her feminine folds for the happiness of male admirers and she was well acquainted with the joys of womanly release after a spirited exercise in deep vaginal penetration.

Sir Jeffrey had taken scrupulous care to treat with her anal and oral entrances only in the fond hopes of relieving her of her tightly guarded cherry on their wedding night. In her own way Molly was duly ashamed of her fully rounded sexual appetite for various cocks of assorted sizes. Still, a girl has to have what a girl has to have under the light of the bewitching moon.

Molly felt a familiar urge coming over her whilst kneeling in the pew waiting for her pre-marriage confession. She was certain that the priest would absolve her of her unladylike behavior with countless middle-aged gentlemen of prosperous means merely looking for a friendly face to drain their sacs into without any conversation or dalliances of the romantic kind that would make them feel guilty of an unforgiveable sin.

The priest was a new one and he had a thick Irish brogue that made her pussy swim in her female juices because it sounded so nice to her ears when she was in the mood for serious horizontal slap and tickle. His name was Father Featherstroke which she thought sounded strangely odd for a man of the cloth. Still, he listened to her many sins attentively and she could almost see his robe rising in the front when she got to the real juicy parts. It was because of this reason and none other that she started to rub her own pussy under her dress and soon the scent of raw sex was running rampant over the confessional box like the stench of depravity unleashed to the naked nose.

Fortunately, hers was the last confession and the other two priests departed forthwith and she exited to do her penance in the nearest pew. The priest came out and she saw that he was often a customer at the inn where she had been plying her covert business of renting out her cunt by the half-hour to any man with enough coin to pay her minimum fee.

She had only seen him drinking and not fooling around with any of the friendly females looking for a hard cock in need of a tumble and very little conversation about current affairs.

Molly turned her face up to him from the kneeling bench and she saw his robe sticking out again in front and she knew he was in desperate need of an escape valve to blow off some of his pent-up male juices denied free passage for so long a period of time. With a sudden impulse Molly raised his cassock and holding his shaft steady with one hand she shoved it all the way down her throat in a way that could not possibly be denied even in the face of devoted vows taken with a sincere set of mind at the time and regretted many times ever since.

She knew it would not be long before he would be flooding her mouth with his sticky residue unable to delay its flow once started. Molly heard him gasp with heartfelt emotion and she felt his wetness surge down her throat and into her waiting belly. It hit her in her hidden core like a dash of warm milk to soothe her tummy like a peaceful shroud of calming syrup that took away all her tenseness and her feelings of doubt about her actions.

“I absolve thee of thy sin in giving me that delightful suck my dear but I am afraid I must find a confessor to take care of my guilt in this sinful use of your pretty little mouth.”

Molly giggled because she knew she was the instigator and the truly bad girl in this instance and she walked with the priest out to the entryway and told him, “Not to worry Father you know my history of sins of the flesh and one more or less is of little consequence.”

The priest looked at Molly and replied, “Every sin is to be repented and proper contrition should be the rule of your soul.”

Molly knew he was right but she was already plotting a way to get the priest in a compromising position before she was married because in her mind it was much less of a sin if she was not bound by her marriage vows to her husband-to-be.

In a way she was right on the money because there was a vast difference between fornicating and adultery in the eyes of the Lord and sins of the flesh are considered serious even without one of the partners being a member of the clergy and bound by a higher vow of chastity. Of course Father Francis knew that the sin was a creation of the Church and not of God and he could logically deny it was a sin against God as much as it was a sin against the strange rules of the Church that had evolved long after the demise of the twelve apostles.

Her mentor and husband-to-be was most annoyed at her absence but when she explained she was in church he changed his tune and led her up the spiral staircase to the master bedroom where he had already laid out the items he needed to make her penance a lot more demanding than anything the church could devise in payment for her fall from grace.

Sir Jeffrey was slowly undressing his ward taking each item of clothing and folding it and putting it on the bureau in its proper place. Soon Molly was as naked as the day she was born and she waited patiently for his ministrations. Sometimes she was not certain of his mood and if he would be in a loving mood or a punishing mood and she had learned to accept his swings in emotions like the turning tides that changed unexpectedly when you least expected it.

It looked this time that he was in a loving mood because he gently bent her over the side of the bed and cleaned her closely shaved cunt and her brown eye with his greedy tongue using his own saliva to lubricate her until she started manufacturing her own supply as he knew she would without a doubt. She still felt twinges of guilt about seducing the priest right in his own church but she could not deny she had a sense of attraction to the man and in the long run she felt he could easily say no and that would be the end of it.

The very ardent Sir Jeffrey was licking her on the insides now and doing a super job of hitting all her special spots that he knew so well. She was pumping out her own juices now and the sheets were ruined without a doubt. Molly felt her soon to be husband spread open her soft silky cheeks and press his hardness into the gap with serious intent. She knew he would head straight for her rear door because he was saving her supposed “cherry” for the wedding night. She had a potion from the doctor that would solve that tightness problem for her at least good enough for her to pretend that she was immaculate in that special place between her legs that she had been using to her advantage many years ago.

“Oh my God, kind sir please go slowly there. I am a bit sore from our last session.”

She knew it would be believable because he had been unusually feverish with desire in their last session and there was no point mentioning that she had satisfied several other random cocks in the period after their last encounter.

Slowly his long dick slid inside her sphincter and she sighed a breath of relief when she felt him touch bottom deep inside her fundament. His full weight was on her back now and she saw him hump up inside her like an animal in the full length closet mirror on the side of the bed.

She lifted her hips slightly and he took the opportunity to slide a pillow under her belly so his dick could penetrate further inside her rectal channel. It felt so good all inside her because she felt stuffed like a turkey at Thanksgiving with no more room and anything else inside.

Molly remembered being sandwiched between two brothers from the docks nearby and taking their identical cocks in each side like the forces of good and evil and she did not know which way to twist or turn because she like them both so much she didn’t want to lose one not even for a single second outside. She imagined Sir Jeffrey humping her from behind like this all the way deep inside her brown eye and the Irish priest burying his thick salami in her Fanny like he was burying a bone for later consumption.

The dual penetration made her feel like a female dog, a bitch of the worse sort in the throes of heat and feminine desire that had her burning her candle at both ends unable to stop without getting burned in the process. She shut her eyes with Sir Jeffrey on top of her and imagined that Father Francis was poking her in her private parts with her husband-to-be mounted on her flanks giving it to her nice and proper from behind all the way up her rear door.

The following Friday she was inside the same confessional and telling all to Father Francis about her dirty thoughts that involved him as part of her threesome adventure and hearing the nasty sounds of him pulling at his stiffness in the darkened interior. This time they made their way to the adjoining school cafeteria and she pushed the soup pots and other things to the floor and perched on the edge of the counter for him to slip inside her cunt from the front looking her straight in the eye as he pounded her lower half with the determination of a dedicated male with only one goal on his mind.

She took a kitchen towel and cleaned him up nice and clean and told him the next time she wanted him inside her tiny ass stretching her wide open with his salami of a man-stick putting her through her paces like a well-trained filly at the fair.

Molly thought that Father Francis was in fine shape for a man of the cloth and she imagined him as a football player in his university days concentrating on playing ball and staying away from manipulating females like her hoping he would change his mind about his vocation and put a ring on her finger instead.