

A SHIFT OF TIME

By

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“FATHER THOMAS!” The shouting voices are fearful, filled with trepidation and wonder. Both women shake the screaming man to wakefulness.

“Mrs. Heaton! Sister Yvonne! Why are you in my bedroom;” The man glances at the clock glowing next to the bed, “and at this hour?”

Mrs. Heaton takes the lead, “You were screaming, sir. It sounded as if you were being killed, I came running and collided with the Sister at your door. We hesitated, you sounded so terrified, and we violated protocol.”

Father Thomas, raised himself to a sitting position, resting on his right side, “Ladies I thank you both for your concern; it was just a bad dream. Scoot I shall see you at breakfast.” He waited until the women left the room before rising from the bed. What he had not said was

that he was soaked with perspiration as were his sheets. His insides were trembling like a terrified kitten, he was feeling emotions he had not known since mommy chased the last boogie man from under his bed.

He retrieved a damp washcloth from the bathroom and sat on the side of the bed, "God?" are you trying to tell me something, kept circulating through his mind, as he tried to remember more than just flashes of the dream. No matter, tomorrow was to be a busy day, he moved to the other side of the bed and again sought sleep.

Avek, lay face down across the couch of his owner, Mistress Eabon of Sodom. He was in both agony and ecstasy the crazed woman ravaged his anus with the strap on phallus. His muscular shoulders, back and sides being gouged by the sharp manicured nails of the mistress. He knew that when her lust was satiated he would again need the Greek. The Greek, the wielder of salves, herbs and spices to heal the body, he called himself physician others magician.

At the time Eabon impelled Avek, the Abyssinian knelt and impelled her quim with himself. With every stroke of the huge black man in her Eabon, moved equally in and out of Avek, becoming wilder and more impassioned as she pounded and was pounded. Her screams and shouts were in no known language yet they were understood by all. As she reached her peak she became hysterical, crying, pleading and laughing, for she knew that tomorrow she would have the Abyssinian staked and disemboweled for the liberties he had taken with her quim.

Avek, endured for he knew that as payment for this night, at a future point he would have a night with the mistress where he would be the master of her mouth, anus and quim. For that night and possibly others, for having given her Sapphic satisfaction numerous times, he knew his forfeit. Death following pleasure exceeded continued life as the slave of another.

“Morning ladies,” Father Thomas said, trying to be cheerful, “trust we all slept well after my little adventure last night.”

The women looked at each other and smiled and both smiled at the Father. Neither knew what to say or if they did how to say it.

“Mrs. Heaton, I think I want to have a little gathering tonight, about eight of the contributors, myself and the Sister. Something with chicken; alright with you sister?”

“Sure, whom were you thinking about?”

“Ben Dupree and Estelle, Tommy Poche and Marie, Lynne Boudreaux and Jack, you and me.” Thomas says easily.

“Father, you can’t possibly omit Bunny and Sunny Olivier.” Sister Yvonne and Mrs. Heaton seemed to interject simultaneously.

“I wish I could! But, of course you are right. Sister would you handle the invitations.” The Olivier sisters, spinsters, millionaires (daddies money), busy bodies, some say sluts and whores, generally pains in the collective arse of the diocese’s.

Father Thomas and Sister Yvonne had been task raising the monies and permits required to establish a new elementary school for the parish. So far the permits had been easy, the

money like blood and the turnip. It had been much easier in the past when all the Priest had to do was ask and flock would provide. Now the persons of the cloth had to come close to prostitution.

“Mistress Yvonne.”

“WHAT?”

“Sister, I am sorry. I was thinking about one thing and saying another.”

Smiling the Sister says, “On one hand I would like to know what you were thinking on the other you dare not tell me.”

Father Thomas laughing at his own faux pas, “Right.”

Avek stood tall and erect in the center of the room, he had been scrubbed, perfumed and oiled. Around his middle a loincloth of the finest silk. On his hands jewels and rings of gold, chains of gold hung from his neck and cuffs of silver emblazoned his wrist and biceps.

Tonight was his! Tonight he shall be the master of Eabon.

All this day fanatics have taken to the streets, “The angles have been among us the wrath of God shall rain upon us this night.” Servants have been deserting their masters to flee the city, masters have left their servants to the curse of god. Madness sweeps the city, but not the house of Eabon. She has declared that on this day no male nor female may deny the pleasure of another, today is wanton.

In a room lined with the softest pillows, draped in colorful silks and filled with fragrance Avek finds Eabon bound by gossamer threads to the ceiling. She is naked but for golden

rings through the nipple of each breast. Avek takes a sabre from the wall slices the woman's bonds commanding "On your back, spread your thighs and beg me come."

The lustful woman extends her arms, "Avek, come fill my quim."

Avek strips away his loin cloth and drops to the open woman. He positions his manhood at the entrance of her quim and is ready to thrust. God thrust first; a shaft of fire and brimstone penetrated the roof of the building falling upon the entwined bodies. In an instant they were turned to ash.

"I think that went well." Father Thomas said as the final guest left the rectory.

"Commitments of three of the four couples including Bunny and Sunny."

"Yes, but it practically took my commitment for you to be their virgin sacrifice."

Thomas said, smiling.

"Father!"

"With another slip, I bid you goodnight, Eabon."

Neither man nor woman, Father or Sister noticed the last slip. Nor did they hear the sinister implication.

It was not a sound sleep that found Sister Yvonne that night. She was restless but knew not why, was it what the Father said, the way he looked, the way he smelled, the way he acted. None or all she was not sure. It was just something that stirred her. She was plagued within and without. It was the snap of the latch that wakened her.

“Father.” Her voice anxious.

“Eabon it is I. For more than five-thousand years I have longed for this night; you shall be mine.

The voice was Father Thomas, yet it was different. The words he spoke too were both frightening and exciting. “Thomas!”

The man moved to the bed falling upon the woman his hands and lips going places that no man had ever been. She struggled, fought to no avail, he was too powerful, she too weak. He filled with lust, she filled with confusion. Her screams of fear caught in her throat at the beginning and her cries of ecstasy caught in her breast as she perished.

“Sister Yvonne D’ Lassieur, twenty-six, raped and strangled. Room was locked from the inside.”

“Guess next you say the windows were locked.”

“Nope! No windows.”

“Suspects?”

“Priest sleeps in the room next door.”

“Where’s he at, now.’

“Dunno!

“Sargent Diddle, what do you know?”

“I know that a beautiful nun was raped and murdered in a locked room. I know that the only suspect is missing. I know the next clue I can’t explain is a pile of ash on the bed next to the woman, top with a priestly collar marked on the inside with the name Thomas Avek.”