

The Sissy's tale.

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I found the suspected sissy in the Canterbury tales, I wrote a story about them. the pardoner btw is was a seller of indulgences, a trickster and described by Chaucer as

troue he were a geldyng or a mare,

Which apparently means he was some kind of beardless eunuch homosexual with a strange high voice.

I've never been convinced Chaucer is actually any good. Or anyone liked it at the time.

It's just held in esteem because unlike stuff people actually liked at the time it survived, in print until the present day.

The Sissys Tale

Brother Alaric, known to the pilgrims as the Pardoner, felt the familiar, shameful thrill in his gut.

Before him, Lord Godfrey was sprawled in the room's sole sturdy chair.

"A hundred days, less in purgatory?" Godfrey grunted, "For a man of my status?"

"The Church understands the burdens of noble blood, my lord. Some sins especially those committed by noble birth can be erased through a particular earthly service."

Alaric let his gaze, just for a flicker, dip below the lord's broad leather belt.

Godfrey's eyes, previously bored, sharpened. "What manner of service, pardoner?"

"I offer absolution," Alaric whispered. "Through my mouth. A holy vessel for your divine forgiveness."

For a moment, Godfrey just stared. Then, he, he seemed to understand the pardoners meaning and unlaced the front of his breeches

The sight of Lord Geoffrey's cock, veined and heavy, sent a jolt of undiluted desire through Alaric. This was what he traded for. Not coin. This.

"Come then, pardoner." "Forgive me my sins."

Alaric dropped to his knees

He leaned forward, and pressed his open mouth to the hot, velvety tip.

The taste exploded on his tongue, a sacrament more potent than any wine.

Then began the pardoning, a slow, worshipful forgiveness expressed in every movement of his tongue, of every thrust of Lord Geoffrey's hard ruddy cock. Alaric's tongue swirled around the broad head, tracing the sensitive ridge beneath, collecting the slick pre-come that beaded there. He savored it.

Every pass of his tongue was a prayer, every soft suck a plea for Gods forgiveness.

He took more into his mouth, his jaw stretching achingly, wonderfully wide to accommodate the lordâ??s girth. The feeling of being filled, of his own pathetic desires being shoved aside to service this monument of flesh, was a bliss sharper than any heâ??d ever known from any coin

Youâ??ve thought about it. Perhaps for years. Perhaps days, The stockings. The heels. The surrender of it all.

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