

A Fantasy *Divine*

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Are you here for a Bible Study? Let's begin.

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It's a different thing, standing on a balcony watching wasted opportunity go by in the form of a possible lover, feeling like a useless contestant in a fight over righteousness. Righteousness that doesn't concern you more than the need for two warm bodies to share a sensuous moment, a thought of your own. And then you try to find shame, but there's none. Anger, lust and disappointment beseech you, an experience you must endure until you find the right answers. You begin by justifying your emotions, revisiting your motives in a previous state of mind.

I only wanted him to take me as I am, joining me in a quest for the mercy of love. This was my excuse for the thought of seducing one of God's angels. This is what I told myself while I plotted, and schemed and lied to bring him to me. I wanted to feel what God feels, the undying love of his most faithful servants. I close my eyes, cover my mouth with my hands and wave my head with embarrassment, God still loves me...This is my crime!

He is a Reverend, a Priest, a Man of the Cloth, tall in character and beautiful in heart. I'm...I'm a call girl with only one thing in mind, sex. And I desired his innocence. I had met him once, but obviously not under the circumstances which I wanted.

So I did it. I made a plan to seduce him. To make his heart yearn for me. To make him ask God why, why must he be human and experience the temptations of mankind? And then I did it. I just did it. I slipped into lust like a favorite pair of jeans, comfortable and provocative in every way.

Six months ago today, a local churchgoer handed me his card and said he could help. She wrote the date, her name and number on the back. All the while, I kept thinking, help with what. I don't need any help. I'm happy just the way I am. There was only one thing he could do for me. This is how I came to know of him. I slept on the thought of us together, tossing and turning in masturbation, one hand cupping my left breast, fingers from the other inside my

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vagina sliding in and out with moisture and wetness that must soon be rewarded with the real thing.

The next morning, I phoned and asked him over for a Bible Study. Odd, but he seemed to know my voice and I his. It appeared he remembered me with the same hopeful exuberance as I remembered him. The exchange of names with the goodbye's and my address were just a necessary formality. Over the six months, I kept seeing him walking the elderly in my neighborhood with the lady who had given me his business card; an instant rush would come over me. She blocked the sexual energy between us. A plain old train wreck, no make-up, eyes sadder than a kid without candy, she'd definitely keep your mind on God. I'd watch them bring food, warmth and conversation, leaving smiles a mile long behind them. This I could relate to, it's why I've never had children. You give them your life and then they leave you high and dry, and unappreciated, until you're depending on the clergy of the world to bring a warm plate of food and a smile to your face. Well, that's all I've ever seen them do! Besides, it's my excuse for not settling down to make a family.

Anyways, sometimes I'd walk along side him and the train wreck and in between houses, he'd tell us how to get next to God. But of course, I wasn't listening. I found it rather intriguing watching his mouth instead, imagining his lips and tongue in the most secret places on my body. Now my actions have become second nature, my conscience belongs to lust.

I prepared a brunch for two, finger sandwiches, eggs, bacon and juice. Then I put on this powdered blue summer dress that had a warm, subtle lingerie appeal. Its spaghetti straps, deep "v" neckline and body hugging fabric would certainly heat the moment. I found a musk like perfume and used a red glossy lipstick. I wanted my lips to make him think of an apple

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with its red flavored skin calling, like Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden. That one bite and Adam found out about desires and things he never knew. I think one kiss and my Reverend will suddenly realize how much he really, really wants me.

He came prepared, Bibles in hand, one for me and one for him. Honesty in heart. Beauty beckoning at me. My lust controlling me.

“Thank you for coming.” I said.

“Oh, it’s no problem. Are you ready?”

Ready for what, I kept thinking. Whatever it was I was ready for, was definitely more than this Bible Study. He gave this reassuring look, like a person does when their encouraging you to do something you’re not sure you want to do. Eyebrows in the air, chin dipped a little low, eye-to-eye contact, a puzzling smile, I knew this look had to do with God and being righteous. But in whose eyes, God’s or his? Every day, I give my body to women’s husbands who deny them pleasure, no matter if I want to or not. Because I enjoy pleasing them and seeing them go back to their families relaxed and ready to give again. Is that not righteous?!

“I’m always ready.” I said softly, seductively as always.

“All right. Let’s begin.”

He stepped inside to the aroma of brunch. The burning smell of vanilla musk candles tickled his nose and made him sneeze a smile. I promptly blew them out and let some air in through the kitchen’s back door. A black leather pit sofa accented my picture window, which hung black fringed, satin beige curtains matching the plush carpet as the sun brightened the area. With enough light to read, we sat at a table just towards the dining room and next to my bedroom. He opened the Bibles, took out his lesson plan, said a prayer and we began.

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“Today, we are going to talk about I Corinthians.”

“Excuse me.” I said, the devil in me, encouraging me, putting words into my mouth. “I’m just a little distracted.” By his charm I was. His demeanor, so smooth and calm. His eyes had a twinkle in them that reaped a sign of lust and vigor, I hoped. “I’ve been having such a hard time coping with my life. Sometimes, I just don’t want to live.”

“Ahh, but you must live. Christ, our Lord, our savior, Jesus Christ would want you to.”

“Why?” I asked. As if I really cared. I had no real interest in saving my life, nor taking it. I just wanted him.

“If you trust in the Lord, you shall overcome.”

“Can you help me overcome?” My emphasis on the “You.” “Never mind.” I paused, sat back and folded my legs. My hazel brown eyes staring intently into his. “Is it a sin for you to fantasize about the opposite sex?”

He gasped and leaned forward.

“Why do you want to know?” He asked.

“You have nothing to hide. You have no worries, right?”

“That’s true. I trust in the Lord.” He paused trying not to notice my silken, clean shaven legs under the glass table.

“Well, it depends on the depth of the fantasy.”

“Have you ever fantasized about me?” I laughed and caught myself. “I’m sorry. Let’s get on with our study.”

“I find you attractive,” he said quickly. “Now, let’s turn to I Corinthians.”

I smiled and lust even more.

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“Ummm, can you describe sins of the flesh for me?” I asked in a raspy murmur.

He replied, rubbing his chin with a sheepish grin on his face, “Well, just your regular old stuff, fornication, adultery, primarily because these sins require a total involvement of the body, mind and spirit. Because of the complete giving of one’s self to another, this was forbidden except by husband and wife.”

“This.” The way I see it, if two people wanna screw, they screw.

“Sex.” He replied.

“Oh.” I paused. “Have you ever had sex outside of marriage?” I churned my lips into a twisted little picture, trying not to smile.

“Ann, your questions are a bit intrusive?”

“I, I, I just want to know. You said you find me attractive. Maybe....”

“Yes I have, but what does that have to do with I Corinthians?” He hesitated. “I’m a changed man now.”

I put my hand over my heart, and shook my head.

“I just wanted to know. And my second question?”

He let out a long sigh.

“According to the scriptures, fantasizing is still a sin.”

He said, reassuring himself. I could tell he’d been haunted by his fleshy desires, he hid his eyes from me.

“But have you fantasized about me?”

“What?” He asked. I quickly changed the subject.

“Would you like to have sex? Sex relieves stress, you know.”

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“Ann I’m not sure you want a Bible Study today. The conversation should be Bible directed, don’t you think?”

“It is Bible directed. I like you, too. This discussion will help me know if I can handle a life with God.”

“I guess it will. Or, it could. I’m glad you’re leaning towards the Lord. But I can’t answer any questions regarding my sexual feelings for you right now. You did mean sex with you, didn’t you? Or did you mean, just would I like to have sex?”

“Of course, with me.” I tingled all over and his eyes delved into the Bible.

I was beginning to feel orgasmically out of control, fumbling in my seat like a river of passion would explode from within me. I wanted him to be as close to me as possible and I think he wanted to be close to me, too. I think.

“Ann, I’ll come another time.” He scooted his chair back and pushed it up on its back legs, a bold gesture for a Preacher, suggesting something rather improper about him, I hoped. “I can’t concentrate.”

“Oh, no, please don’t go. Please stay. I promise, I’ll be good.” I smiled innocently, trying not to let the corners of my mouth go up too high.

“Ann, I really have to go.” He stood up.

I jumped out of my chair, my light brown skin polished and soft, my long brown hair swaying. I threw my arms around his neck and held on tight. An erection greeted my thigh and I blushed. He lifted my arms and kissed me. Stunned, I reacted slowly to his tongue entangled with mine. When it was over, it felt like slow motion as I tried to remove myself from this trance. He took the Bibles and headed for the door. A call girl desperate for love or sex, I

don't know. I just know I wanted more of his touch than I wanted to save my own soul. What a pity.

I'll tell you this. My life is one fantasy divine. One fantasy that I would have this fair skinned, dark featured gentleman all to myself. That God couldn't have him when I have him. We'd start out with a question or two.

"How are you?"

"Fine."

"Did you miss me?"

"Of course."

And no matter who is asking, the answers are the same, the same. He arrives with the blackness of his suit serving as his armor. He blesses me near the threshold of the dining room and I confess my sins at his feet. I stand before him wearing a white hooded cotton robe, naked, and a virgin to his ways. A soft kiss, and then his fingers touch my throbbing home.

"Yes. Yes." I sigh.

He cries out, "Father, forgive me."

A moment later, his chastity cloth falls at his ankles and I observe a penis so perfect and long and thick with desire, it is a wonder to me.

We retreat to the floor atop my white robe. A slow physical rapture. There are tears in his eyes, he has willingly sinned.

"Yes." I say to assure him what he did was right.

"Yes." He replies in agreement.

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Every thrust prompts a tear from my eyes, and he kisses them away. I am finally loved.

This is my fantasy divine!

It's a different thing indeed, standing on the third floor balcony watching a wasted opportunity go by. I hear the outside door slam and I can see the sun shining droplets of spotlight on the crime I've just committed, the attempted seduction of a Priest. The wind was blowing leaves about his head. The essence of fall was whispering its arrival with his every step. He still wears his sacred cloth. He still walks his sacred walk. Deep down inside, I knew another Bible Study would probably do the trick; but for now, I laid my hands down and reminisced on the stolen moment God just let me have.

And this is my confession!