

Preacher Man

Harley's congregation had swollen to 5,000 of the faithful, so he knew he was doing something right. The next step on his career path was obvious, he needed to publish a book, a spiritual book.

That's why she was there, this rabid lover of the Lord, a literary agent dropped down from heaven. Taking her hand, he couldn't help noticing her feminine charms – her fresh fragrance, the moist soulful eyes, the slightly parted lips. She was a beacon of erotic promise in her smoldering Christian coolness.

“If you want us to represent your book,” she said sweetly, her sophisticated Atlanta accent as soft as a duck's ass, “we need to make sure that your ideas are firmly based in scripture.”

“Oh yes, absolutely,” he assured her. “But I assumed you had already read my book.”

“Heavens, no, only the first fifty pages, but I do like it, that's why I'm here.”

“Please, sit, sit...” He couldn't help noticing how beautifully she crossed her long, shapely, legs. “I believe,” he said, thoughtfully tapping his fingers together in front of him, “in simplifying the message so that faith is accessible to and enjoyable for everyone. Readers don't want to work for the payoff, they don't want to feel guilty or ashamed, they simply want to slide into it effortlessly, like a well lubricated, uh... a well lubricated...”

“Machine?” she offered innocently.

“Exactly... So my job is, first of all, to find that opening, that place of acceptance, and to lightly stimulate that warm, soft, uh...”

“...soft spot?” She smiled sweetly.

“The soft spot, of course, seeking to excite that soft spot, you understand, to enflame those sacred passions by turning on the, the, uh...”

“...light of truth, perhaps?” Her voice was angelic.

“You must be an editor as well as an agent,” he said, laughing awkwardly.

Thankfully she took over, asking him about his views on heaven, hell and the afterlife. He barely heard the words, locked in, as he was, on the gentle rise and fall of her ample breasts, the mesmerizing movement of her full, wet lips.

“We’re not interested in this universal salvation nonsense,” he heard her say, “no watered down stuff, right?”

“What?” He felt brutally assaulted by her question, suddenly finding himself in free fall, tumbling down from the soaring heights of his titillating fantasy.

“Some people think that a loving God would never send anyone to hell. You’re not one of those, are you, pastor Stanton?”

“Oh no, absolutely not,” he assured her, “I’m a salvation by faith man through and through.”

“By faith, yes, but that faith must be reflected in good works, right?”

“Of course...”

“Loving God is a very serious business.”

“We’re in total agreement there, Ms Darling.”

“All right, pastor Stanton,” she said, standing up and offering her hand. “Nice to meet you, we’ll be in touch.”

He couldn’t help thinking that they had an understanding. It was impossible to think he was having all of these feelings on his own. There had to be some kind of mutual attraction going on. But pinching her bottom as she stepped out of his office was the mistake of his life.