

Who Would Jesus Do?

by Eustace F. Pendleby

“Mother?” I say.

I can't believe what I'm doing. What will she think? What will father think? But I have to broach this subject with them, regardless of their reaction. I hate to break their hearts like this — their loving daughter, their only child...experimenting with homosexuality.

“Yes, dear?” she replies, turning around from washing the dishes at the kitchen sink, her yellow rubber gloves shining and sudsy, her dyed-blond hair in a long bob, her light-pink apron without a wrinkle, crease, or stain.

“I...I...” I mumble. I know I have to tell them, but I am racking my brain one last time, trying to come up with some viable excuse to back myself out of this. But no thoughts dissuade me. My mind is made up. My head is bowed, my long, straight strawberry-blond hair semicovering my face, and I expectantly look up at her. “There's,

um...there's something important I want to talk to you about."

"Well, what is it, honey?" she asks sweetly. "What's the matter?" She slightly tilts her head to one side and gives me a faint smile. "Your father and I knew that you had come home for something in particular. We can tell these things, you know. It's nothing to be ashamed of. Now, what's on your mind? Do you need money?"

I laugh halfheartedly. "No, mom. It's nothing like that." I weakly smile at her. She begins to take off her rubber gloves.

It was only last weekend, last Saturday night, early Sunday morning, really, at a party at Daniel and J.R.'s house. She had pulled me into the bathroom with her. I didn't know who she was. We had never met. We had only momentarily locked eyes from across the living room. I was filling up my plastic cup at the beer keg, and she was talking to a guy, sharing a joint with him. She looked hot, wearing a short strapless red dress, her long light-brown hair unrestrained and flowing, her tan skin glowing, her big hazel eyes enrapturing me, letting me know she would show me something brand new. Her name is Stacy. She goes to my university, but I didn't learn that until after we had woken up the next afternoon at her apartment. Early that morning, we were eating out each other's pussies and fucking one another's pussies and asses with her big blue jelly dildo.

Of course, this was all a while after she had brought me into the bathroom, where she started to caress me all over with her hands, mainly my large, full breasts and my supple butt at first — I was wearing a halter top and tight jeans — and kissed and licked my neck and ears until I, overcome with desire, kissed her lips and sucked on her tongue, my body quivering, my fair skin erupting in goose bumps.

"Then what is it, sweetheart?" my mom asks, one fist on her hip, her opposing

forearm on the kitchen counter's edge.

"Heh, well, you know how before I left for college last year you and dad had that conversation with me?" I ask. My face feels like it's turning red.

"I, um, I think so."

"Yeah, well, the, um, the conversation when you and dad told me that if I ever ran into trouble or needed help or needed advice about *anything*, anything *at all*, that y'all would want me to tell you guys? Remember? And that I could always trust both of you with anything and know that you'll always love me and never look down on me?"

"Yes, yes. I remember. Here, have a seat, love. Calm down. Tell me what's bothering you. What do you need help with?" She pulls out a chair for me at the kitchen table. And I sit down and she sits down.

"Hmm. Well, I met someone," I say, my hands folded on the table, my eyes on my hands.

It was so exhilarating. I felt so naughty. Stacy lightly rubbed her hand in the crotch of my pants. I made her stop rubbing me and just kissed her more. She grabbed my hands and pulled them to her breasts. They're smaller than mine, but they're still decently big, and firm. I felt them with both my hands and squeezed them together, kissing her more, and I pulled down the top of her dress and kissed and licked her breasts. My hands made their way to her panties, which I soon moved aside, and I played with her pussy lips and her asshole with my fingers.

She brought my face back up to hers and stuck her tongue in my mouth again. Then she pulled away from me and told me to come back to the party with her. She had said, "To be continued."

"That's very nice," my mom says. But she's clearly worried and becoming

frustrated, impatient.

“Listen, if I tell you, I’m going to tell dad, too. So you both may as well be present.”

“Mm-hmm. Mm-hmm.” She looks at me with mild concern. “Jack! Jack, come in here for a moment, please.”

My dad walks down the hallway from the living room, his heavy footsteps sounding. He enters the kitchen grinning.

“Oh, that really was a wonderful dinner, Norma,” says my dad, a burly man with a stout neck and head, his short, wavy brown hair finally showing signs of thinning, but only somewhat. “The potatoes were *perfect*. And that chicken — just amazing.” He leans down and kisses my mom’s cheek. Their eyes meet lovingly, and then they both look at me.

“Jack, Elena has something to tell us,” says my mom, her voice a little solemn. “She’s met someone.”

“I bet she’s met a lot of *someones*,” my father jokes and laughs. He sits at the table. “My stunning daughter.”

“Oh, Jack. But Elena seems to think this is...” She pauses and looks at me. Her gaze drops to the table. “This is more serious, I think.”

“Wait. I — ” I say.

My dad interrupts me. “What? Are you getting married? Are you pregnant?” He’s not yelling, but his face looks worried.

“No. No, dad. I’m not pregnant. Will you listen?”

She had taken me by the hand and walked me through the house, upstairs, outside, back inside and into a couple random rooms, searching for someone,

occasionally looking longingly at me with her gorgeous eyes, keeping my fire stoked.

I was really drunk by that point, on wine, the keg beer, and some shots, and I took a half of some painkiller this drug dealer gave me.

“I just met someone,” I say. “That’s all. And...well...she’s...a girl. And...I...well, I like her.”

She found who she had been looking for, this tall, athletic guy. He was drinking whiskey and smoking weed with some people in J.R.’s bedroom, and she said something in his ear and looked at me. He took the bottle of whiskey and followed us out of the room. We went back to the same bathroom, and we all took gulps of the whiskey. He was smoking a cigarette, and Stacy unzipped his pants and pulled out his dick, which the two of us played around with and sucked on for a little bit. He didn’t come. Stacy and I started making out in front of him.

Stacy whispered to me that she wanted to fuck me — just me — and said to follow her lead. Then she flirtatiously told the guy that he should drive us to her apartment. The guy agreed, and we quickly left the party and went to Stacy’s apartment, which was pretty close. We teased the guy the whole way there, massaging his cock through his pants and kissing him. When we got out of the car, Stacy took my hand and said to me in a hushed voice, “Come on. Run for it. Run with me.”

We darted for her door, both of us giggling. It was unlocked, and she opened it, pulled me inside, slammed the door behind us, and locked it. She forcefully, sexily told me to take off my clothes. The guy knocked on the door and told us to open up. Stacy told me to ignore him. She went into her bedroom and closed the door and opened it a couple of minutes later, nude beneath a sheer white babydoll and holding this dildo and a bottle of lubricant. I was in my bra and panties still, and she took me into the bedroom

and playfully pushed me on the bed. She told me to take off my panties but leave my bra on, and then she went down on me. She put some fingers inside of me and licked my pussy more. She put the dildo in me and it began vibrating. She fucked me with it and rubbed my clit, and I came, uncontrollably moaning in pleasure, very quickly.

“And I...I...well, I don’t know,” I tell them, getting flustered, overwhelmed with emotion and confusion. I start to cry. “I don’t know why I like her. I just do. And I don’t know if it’s right or if it’s okay or what I should do about it. I need your advice. I need your help.”

My mom gets up and walks over to me and puts her arm around my shoulders. I put my head in my hands, crying harder.

We had sixty-nined, swapping the dildo, exploring with our tongues one another’s pussies. I can still smell her cunt if I try. I made her come at one point when I was eating her pussy and fucking her butt with the lube-slathered dildo, and she yelled out as she grinded into my face, soaking it with her juices.

We kept going until after the sun had come up. She looked even more beautiful that morning, in the sunlight pouring through the window, naked, next to me, gently stroking my body. She had been my first female lover. I remember rationalizing, at the time, that there is nothing wrong with what we had done. She is beautiful and I am beautiful. It’s okay for us to find each other attractive and make love to one another.

We fell asleep holding each other, and when we woke up, we went to Steak ‘n Shake. We got along really well, laughing together, talking about people and TV shows and music. We have a lot in common. We know some of the same people. And then we went our separate ways for the day.

The last time I talked to her was Wednesday, and she hasn’t returned my phone

calls since then. It's Saturday now. I haven't been able to stop thinking about her.

"It's okay, Elena," my mom says, patting my hair. "It's all right."

"So, you think you're gay, huh?" my dad asks. He sort of laughs. "You think that you're gay, do ya?" He sort of laughs again.

I look up at him. He's smiling at me, but pleasantly, not condescendingly. He stands up.

"I'll be right back," he says and leaves the kitchen and walks back down the hallway and into the living room. He comes back, holding a copy of the Bible, and sits back down at the table. "Let's see what Romans has to say about this."

My mom has given me some tissues from her purse, and I'm wiping my eyes with them and blowing my nose. My mom goes and stands behind my father and puts her hands on his shoulders. My dad seems so relaxed as he flips through the pages. His apparent authority calms me.

"Aha. Here it is," he says. "Yep, yep. Here we go. Romans, chapter one, verse twenty-six: 'And God gives over to sinners shameful lusts. Sinful women exchange natural relations for *unnatural* ones.' Then it says, and this kind of ties it all together, 'Sinful men abandon natural relations with women and become inflamed with lust for one another.' And this part here you should really listen to: 'God *righteously* decrees that those who do such things deserve *death*, and so do those who approve of people who practice such things.' So it's all very plain and simple, honey. Gay people die and go to hell."

"You see, dear," says my mom, "it all makes perfect sense. It's all here in the Bible."

And it does make sense. I want to believe it. But part of me, deep within, resists

all this, and a funny idea creeps into my mind. I don't know where it comes from, but I can't hold it in. I have to let it out.

"Thanks, dad. Mom. Thanks so much," I tell them. "But I was just thinking, you know?" I clear my throat. "What if Jesus was gay?"

"Oh my god," says my mom. "Why would you even say that right now?"

"What was that, Elena?" my dad asks. "What did you just say?"

"You heard me," I reply, my distraught mindset now inexplicably crystal clear. "He very well could have been. I mean, think about it." My mom and dad seem to be gasping for air, stunned by my speculation, but I can't stop myself. I don't want to. "He was single, no kids, He mainly hung out with guys, He stayed in great shape and was really thin, and He was into wine and going to weddings. All the signs are there."

I give my parents a chance to respond, but they're only staring at me, motionless, mouths hanging open.

I go on. "I mean, compare Him to some other religious figures — Mohammed, Krishna. They definitely weren't gay. Do you have any idea how many wives Krishna had? But Jesus? I mean, I don't see so much evidence to support his being into girls."

"Alright, young lady," my dad says. "I've had about enough. Jesus was no faggot. You go to your room right this instant."

"You can't tell me what to do," I respond plainly and stand up.

My mom steps back. My dad stands. He picks up the Bible from the table.

"If you want to keep your cell phone and keep driving the car that I am paying for, then you'll do what I say and go to your room!" he yells. He takes a few deep breaths, composing himself, and he holds out the Bible to me. "And take this with you."

I think I see tears in his eyes.

I take the Bible and walk upstairs and into my bedroom. I fall on my bed, my head swimming, thinking that maybe I crossed a line. I open the Bible and start reading from the beginning of the Book of Psalms. I read through a few verses, and then I turn on my television. I watch a rerun of *Family Matters*. I open the Bible again, this time to the New Testament. I'm about to start reading Romans, but there's a knock at the door.

"Elena, it's your father," he says. "Can we talk?"

I get up and go and open the door. My dad smiles kindly at me.

"I'm sorry for the argument, dear," he says. "Your mother and I want to talk to you...in our room."

I nod and follow him downstairs, through the living room, through a hallway, and to their bedroom door, still holding the Bible. My dad opens the door, and my mom is sitting on their bed. My dad shuts the door behind me, and I feel two pairs of hands grab my arms from behind, startling me. I drop the Bible. My dad steps in front of me, the hands still holding me. On my left, holding me, is Pastor Carmichael, the pastor at the church my family goes to, and on my right, holding me, is Mr. Richards, the assistant pastor. Also standing in the room are Mr. Williams, Mr. Thompson, Mr. Ferguson, Mr. Sanders, Mr. Hendricks, Mr. Hays, and Mr. Tanner — all elders at our church. I've known these men since I was a small child. They're all wearing suits and ties and stoically looking at me.

"What...what's this all about?" I ask, totally shocked, the hands on my arms tightening their grips. Mr. Thompson brings from behind his back several lengths of thick rope. My mom, beaming, stands and walks toward me and lifts to my face a purple ball gag. She puts it in my mouth and fastens its black leather straps behind my head, and I am led to the middle of the bedroom and stripped naked and sat in a wooden

chair. Mr. Thompson and Mr. Williams start tying me up, beginning with my ankles, as Pastor Carmichael and Mr. Richards hold me in place. Soon, my mobility is completely constrained, except that I can move my head.

The men in the room are taking off their suits. They are all so fat and so hairy. My dad is standing in front of me, and he is now only wearing his underwear and his gold watch and his socks. His erection is bulging.

“This is for your own good, Elena,” says my father.

“We’re inoculating you, my child,” says Pastor Carmichael.

“We’re going to give you Christ’s love,” says my father. He pinches both of my nipples, biting his lower lip.

And then the men form a circle around me and take off their undergarments and put baby oil on their penises and begin masturbating as I’m crying my eyes out. Pastor Carmichael is the first to ejaculate on me, and he does so after only a couple minutes. Ten minutes later, my dad is the last. Afterward, my mother, who has been standing in a corner of the bedroom the whole time, watching with a serene expression on her face, looking happier than she has in years, takes Polaroids of me.