

Who Would Jesus Do? II: The Second Coming

by Eustace F. Pendleby

It's Sunday morning now. Last night, after my dad and Pastor Carmichael and the church elders ejaculated on me, I took a shower and then went to my bedroom and masturbated. As I lay there, fingering my hole and speedily rubbing my clitoris, slapping it a few times, and tickling my sphincter and sucking on my other hand's fingers and fondling my breasts, stroking my nipples, I thought about Christ. I thought about what He might think about my current state of affairs, and I thought about what He might be like in bed, about His penis size, about if He was really black or not. I didn't want to, but I kept picturing Him having sex with me.

I tried to distract myself from such musings by thinking of Stacy, but I stopped myself. I now know how wrong lesbianism is. So I thought instead of my old boyfriend, Nathan. He wasn't a great fuck, but he cared for me. And then I climaxed while fantasizing about Grant, the basketball player I had cheated on Nathan with. Grant and I

only had sex three times. To be fair, that's all I needed. The guy beat my pussy up.

And here we are, my mom, my dad, and me, sitting together in a pew in our church, listening to the assistant pastor, Mr. Richards, speak. I'm not listening very attentively, though. Right now, he's saying this:

“In the eyes of God, we may be justified, but we cannot be sanctified until we cross the road — the road of mercy, that long, wide road of mercy.”

But I don't know what that relates to. And I've already caught Mr. Richards staring at me a couple of times. Perhaps he's staring because I'm wearing this sky blue sweater dress that makes my tits look awesome and my blue eyes stand out. And he has a direct line of sight to them, my hooters. We're sitting close to the front.

“Do you hear that, Norma?” my dad quietly asks my mom. “Very interesting. What a good point he makes.”

“Mm-hmm,” hums my mother.

I am sitting between my mom and dad. My dad slides his arm on the pew's back, behind me, resting it there, patting my shoulder with his hand. My mother looks over at him, and they exchange an affectionate glance. I take a tiny pencil from the back of the pew in front of us and doodle on the back of a visitor card. I doodle a stick figure and then scrawl a beard on his face, and I give the bearded stick figure a robe with a sash. I doodle a dildo in one of the stick Jesus' hands. Now everyone stands, and we're apparently about to commence singing. The lyrics to some praise song called “Thank You, God, for Dying for Us” have appeared on the four large jumbotron screens arranged near the sanctuary's ceiling.

The sanctuary's main lights dim, and multi-colored spotlights shine on the band. The band is situated next to the pulpit, and the vast choir is on seated risers behind the

band. The drums come in, followed by the bass guitar and then an electric guitar's catchy, distorted riff. The strobe light kicks in as the choir starts scatting out an intro. Then the music director makes some wild gesture, and the choir sings the first line of lyrics, which is highlighted on the jumbotrons, as the fog machines start spouting their vapor and the laser light show's neon beams form outrageous patterns above the congregation. The parishioners unenthusiastically sing along.

A half hour later, Pastor Carmichael says some closing remarks, and the congregation stands up and begins filing into the expansive vaulted entry. I take the visitor card, onto which I have now doodled a stick dog, a stick woman, and a stick man with enormous muscles and a comically huge penis, all in a scandalous scene with the stick Jesus, and put it in with the other visitor cards on the back of the pew. Maybe it's weird, but ever since last night, since I woke up this morning, I've been really horny, really craving some big juicy cock.

"Honey pie," says my mom as we walk out of the sanctuary and into the crowded entry, "why don't you go and visit your old Sunday school class while your daddy and I go to our Bible study?"

"Okay, mom," I say, twirling my hair with my finger, looking at my dad with sultry eyes.

"Yes, Elena!" says my dad. "You can catch up with some old friends — maybe some *boys* you miss." He guffaws. "After that, we'll go out to eat. Ruby Tuesday, anyone?"

"Oh, that just sounds great," says my mom. "Doesn't that sound nice, Elena?" My mom squeezes my shoulder and excitedly looks at me.

"Yeah. Sounds great," I say, looking around at the church members standing

around and talking to one another, kids running everywhere, people getting lemon squares and fruit punch at a refreshment table. I spot Mr. Williams and Mr. Ferguson talking to each other. They're laughing about something, chugging cups of punch, popping lemon squares in their mouths like they were Tic Tacs, crumbs flying up. They see me looking and both wink at me. I wink back, and I turn my back to them and ostentatiously slap my ass as I walk through a doorway to a stairwell.

I go downstairs and walk down a long hall and pass by a group of middle schoolers who are messing with their cell phones. I walk through other hallways for a while. I get to the choir practice room, where the high schoolers usually met up before Sunday school class, and look around. There's no one here. I am about to open a door and walk through some more halls and search elsewhere, but then I hear a door behind me open and shut. I've turned around, and this guy says, "Is that you, Elena?" It's Jeff Arnold. He played soccer for my old high school. He was a sophomore when I was a senior. "It is you! Why, I don't think I've seen you since Christmas."

"Hey, Jeff," I say. He looks good — taller than I remember and more filled out, more muscular, his hair shaggy, a bright smile, great complexion, dressed in khaki slacks, hiking boots, a solid dark-red button-up, and a beat-up baseball hat. He has good heft to his crotch bulge. "Yeah, I was in town visiting my parents, and I thought I'd come see the old place. So where is everybody? Isn't there Sunday school?"

"Heh. Yeah, there's still Sunday school," he says. We're now standing close enough together that I can smell his wintergreen chewing gum. "They have that on the other side of the church now, silly, in the new wing. I just came by here because I left my cell phone in here. I'm in the choir, you know. I was planning on going to class, though. You wanna walk over there with me?"

I lick my top front teeth and pet his crotch with my hand.

“No,” I say. “I want to suck your cock and get it hard and wet, and then I want it in my dripping wet cunt.”

He raises his eyebrows, and I take him by the hand and lead him into the boys’ dressing room. He’s already untucked his shirt.

“I had no idea you felt this way, Elena,” says Jeff, suavely, in his pretty deep voice.

“Oh, I do feel this way,” I say. I am on my knees, and I brush with my fingers his broad penis, which is hanging out of his unzipped fly. I spit on his dick. It’s getting hard and it is very big. I am jacking it off and he’s grumbling in delight. I’m flicking my tongue across his glans.

“Oh, shit. Yes,” he says, his head tilted back. I’ve put his cock in my mouth. I’m touching his abs with one hand and playing with my pussy with my other. “This fucking rules.” He has undone his belt and he unbuttons his pants. The pants fall around his ankles, and he pulls down his plaid boxers and puts his hands on his hips.

“Jesus loves you, baby,” I say. I hock a substantial loogie on his cock and rapidly pump his cock with my hand. “Oh yeah. Jesus fucking loves you, you sexy fucking stud.”

He puts his dick back in my mouth, and he grabs a handful of my hair behind my head and fucks my mouth. I grip his ass, which is shaved and extremely firm. Jeff stops thrusting and steadily, slowly pushes his dick as far into my mouth as he can. It’s pressing against my throat. I gag a little, and his penis slips in even farther.

He gently slides it into and out of my throat, and I pull back my head, my teeth scraping slightly his swollen member, his cock bringing out with it thick strands of saliva and phlegm. I take a deep breath and then go back to sucking his dick, him rocking his

hips back and forth. I am fucking my pussy with my fingers. I'm getting very wet and groaning in pleasure, his prick still in my mouth, my tongue slipping and whirling around it.

"Fuck yeah, bitch," says Jeff. "You like that, don't you?"

I take his dick out of my mouth and stand up, and Jeff helps me pull off my dress. I resume stroking his sloppy dick.

"Fuck my twat," I tell him. I jerk it faster. "I want it so bad. Make me come, you bad boy."

He strongly kisses me and kicks off his boots and pants and boxers, and I turn around and take off my panties and shoes and grab onto the pole the choir robes are hanging from and stick out my ass. I feel his warm shaft enter my slick vagina. He unfastens my bra, and I take it off. Now he's spanking me.

"Ooh yeah," he says. "Gonna make those ass cheeks red, bitch."

"Fuck me!" I yell. "Spank me! Fuck my little pussy!"

He is ramming his cock in me. He is spanking my ass, and he's playing with my breasts, which are bouncing and jiggling with his powerful lunges. He spits on my ass, and I feel something, probably his thumb, go into my butthole. I let out a whimper that turns into a growl. I'm rubbing my clit, my pussy sopping. I come hard, my legs wobbly, my torso bucking. He's still spanking me, still fucking me.

"Oh...oh...Jesus fucking loves you," I say. "Jesus fucking loves you."

"Yeah, bitch," he says softly. "You just came all over me." He pulls out. "Turn around, you fucking cock guzzler. Take my cock in your mouth."

I turn around and get down on my knees and put a hand on his dick and suck it as he is wildly face fucking me. His stony penis gets even stiffer, and he comes. Shot

after shot of his semen fills my mouth. I swallow as much as I can. He's grunting and still fucking my mouth, and I feel a lot of the semen dribbling out of my mouth and down my chin. I can't believe he's still ejaculating. He pulls out of my mouth and jacks himself off while I'm playing with his soaked scrotum, and he is coming on my face and my breasts. I massage my tits, spreading the jism all over them. He finally stops coming and smacks my face and boobs with his deflating penis as I am licking my lips.

I wipe myself off — my face and neck, my breasts and stomach, my legs, my pussy, my ass — with one of the choir robes, which I throw in a corner of the dressing room with my panties.

“God, I need a cigarette after that,” I say as I put on my bra.

“Yeah. Listen,” says Jeff, dressing himself, “I need to go meet my girlfriend in Sunday school. You should come with me. It's Mr. Gregory teaching. I love Mr. Gregory. We're talking Corinthians.”

“You go on ahead, big guy. Maybe I'll catch up with you.”

After he leaves, I walk through a hallway to a close exit that puts me behind the church. I walk across the parking lot and behind this little old house that's used for Boy Scouts meetings. I smoke a couple of my Marlboro Lights and check and fix my hair and makeup. I go and wait by my parents' car and message some of my friends with my BlackBerry, and my parents get to the car after a bit.

“How was Sunday school, honey?” asks my mom.

“Blew my mind,” I reply.

Later, we're sitting at a table at Ruby Tuesday. It's crowded, and we're waiting for our waiter to greet our table.

“Elena,” says my father, “I spoke with Pastor Carmichael today. He told me how

happy he was we all got together last night and that he thinks you're quite an intelligent young girl with a bright future. He did speak very highly of you. Also, he mentioned that he thought the bukkake was spectacular."

"Huh," I respond disinterestedly.

"Norma, dear, would you like to have some wine?"

"I think that would be nice," says my mother.

The waiter comes, a tall guy who's hot and tan. He has nice muscles and long blond hair in a ponytail, and I notice he has a superb ass. My dad orders ribs, and my mom orders some kind of fish. I say I just want the salad bar and a glass of water. I tell my parents I'm going to get something from the salad bar, and I walk to the bathroom, passing our waiter on the way. I pinch his ass as he's bullshitting some old couple. The waiter winks at me. I go to the bathroom and take a dump and then get from the salad bar some croutons and chickpeas and baby spinach leaves and return to our table.

"The war in the Middle East *is* legitimate, honey," my father is telling my mother. "If you can even consider it a *war*."

"Mm-hmm," hums my mom. She sips on her glass of white wine.

I pick at my plate.

"You know..." I say, trailing off.

"What?" my father says after a moment. "What were you going to say?"

I look into my father's brown eyes, and what I see is this: swirling dark clouds that are smoke clouds rising from the smokestacks of factories in China. I see teenagers inside the factories, laboring intensely. I see armies of rats inside the factories' walls, and I see a dead girl hanged by a noose in a utility closet in one of the factories. Her face is deep purple. I also want to kill myself, and I want to fuck someone.

“Well, I was just thinking that maybe we could rent a movie or something after this and watch it before I drive back to school tonight,” I say. “It’s been really cool hanging out this weekend.”

“A movie’s a good idea, sweetie,” says my dad.

“Oh, I forgot something at the salad bar,” I say.

I get up and walk past the salad bar and to the men’s restroom, which I just saw our waiter walk into. I walk inside, and no one else besides the waiter is in here. I tell the guy I want him. He smacks my face fast, erotically. I’m pulling up his shirt and feeling on his pecs and stomach. He’s lifting me up, clutching my ass, and he sets me down on the countertop and puts his tongue in my mouth and pulls down the top of my dress and takes one of my tits out of my bra and sucks on my nipple. I am tenderly purring. He slides his hand down to my already very wet vagina and fingers it.

My dad busts in through the bathroom door.

“I saw you come in here,” my dad says to me, grabbing my arm. Then my dad is taking off his pants and his underwear. His penis is fully erect. “Suck our waiter’s cock, dear. I want to watch.”

Not long after, I am naked and have one leg propped up on the bathroom’s countertop and am bent over at the waist, sucking this waiter’s long, thick, bulbous dick, and my dad is standing behind me and holding me by my hips and easing his own cock into my pussy. I gurgle in enjoyment as my dad starts humping me. He pounds me with passion and strength. I’m playing with my clit. By the time my dad is trying to fit his penis into my ass, I’ve already had two big orgasms, and then my dad fucks my ass real good while I’m sucking and jacking off like anything our waiter’s killer dick. A man walks into the bathroom.

“What’s going on in here?” asks the man as I continue to suck off the waiter and get ass fucked by my dad. “I’m the general manager of this establishment.”

“I’m coming!” yells the waiter. The waiter’s dick pulsates as a whole bunch of semen goes into my mouth, and I pull his dick out of my mouth and let some of the warm white fluid splatter on my face.

“Well, if you’re calling it quits,” says the manager, “let me get a piece of that.”

“Suck the manager’s dick, sweetheart,” my dad tells me.

And so I suck off the manager while my dad keeps plowing my asshole. I come again. Eventually, someone else — some total stranger — comes into the bathroom, and I suck his dick, too. And then someone else comes in, and then someone else. Before I know it, the bathroom is filled with waiters and assistant managers and cooks and fathers with their teenage sons. They’re all taking off their clothes, and I’m sucking and jacking off all of their cocks. They all fuck my pussy and butthole. My mom has come in and is recording a video of this with her cell phone.

When it’s all done, we eat our meal, and when we get our check, my dad tells the waiter not to expect a tip. We do rent a movie — *While You Were Sleeping*, starring Sandra Bullock and Bill Pullman. I watch it with my mom and dad, the three of us snuggling together on the big couch in our den, and then drive back to the town my college is in, which is only an hour away. On the drive, I smoke cigarettes and listen to the rock station.

I marry this guy, a realtor, when I’m all grown up. We have a son and a daughter together. Ultimately, I die, and when I do, I am very happy with how my life was.