

Author: Fowler Gray

Title: Give Me That Old Time Religion

Part 3: Plainsong 3: Rapture Indeed

Summary: Set in the late Sixties 'Give Me That Old Time Religion,' or OTR for short, tells the story of how joining the Agapemone Bethel, where sex is considered a sacrament, changes young Jake Gledhill's life.

Keywords: mF First Time

To quench any flames before they start raging, this is a work of fiction. The author does not espouse the pseudo-theology contained in this story nor is he an adherent to its practices.

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Please pay attention to the story codes because they may change with each Plainsong.

A few readers have commented (complained) some chapters of OTR move too slow and don't have enough sex. If you're looking for a quick and dirty stroke story (not that there's anything wrong with those), OTR probably isn't for you.

As opposed to a short story, OTR is a novella where the characters will change and evolve. Some chapters will be slower and have less outright sex than others.

Some of the women who have read OTR have written to tell me they have been put off by its religious tenets and seeming misogyny. Again I can only say OTR is a story about transformation and growth.

While I hope all of you will stick around for the ride, I'll understand if some of you don't.

Finally, remember Celeste's Blow Job Principle which states "If a person expects to get a second blow job, the recipient should make the giver glad to have performed the first." Think of this story, or any story on this site, as the written equivalent of the author giving you head (a handy, gender-neutral phrase encompassing both cunnilingus and fellatio) and be sure to say thank you.

Thank yous for and comments on Gimme That Old Time Religion can be sent to this email address:
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The story codes for OTR3: Rapture Indeed are (mF)

Give Me That Old Time Religion,
An Oratorio In Several Plainsongs By Fowler Gray

The Third Plainsong: Rapture Indeed

My fulsome apology to my Dad wasn't a grudging one.

Those "vacation" photos changed a lot in my life, not the least my understanding of the life my parents led. Not only had I been wrong, I'd been foolish, viewing their adult relationship through my young eyes and thinking I knew all there was to know about how people should behave and live their lives.

Dad took my apology in stride, simply telling me he was glad I knew the truth. Neither of us mentioned the photos; to this day I don't know if Dad knew Mom had shown them to me or not. After my apology my father began to plan my first "big date," which is how I found myself with Debbie Davis in the cargo section of a 1958 Kelly Green Rambler Super Cross Country station wagon, complete with rust spots, worn upholstery, and sprung springs.

Dad had given a lot of thought to which of the girls I should date first.

"Both of 'em wanted to pop your cherry. Hell, I thought they were gunna to get into a fight over who got first crack at you. I had to step in to settle it. Since they're both good lays, I decided Debbie gets the honor because she has her own car."

Back then for a boy my age, having your own car was a rare and great luxury, not the necessity it is today. Only three of my classmates had their own cars, beaters held together more by rust, Bondo and duct tape than by metal. The rest of us went back and forth to school by bus or bike. For some late night activities such as sports, we had a parent, our own or a friend's, pick us up after school and take us home. But our basic mode of transportation involved foot power, either walking or pedaling.

Occasionally, one of us would be able to borrow the family car allowing us to tool along the back roads, feeling like little Apollos in a fiery chariot, swigging bottles of beer smuggled out of the heavy waxed cardboard cases of Goebels, Hamms and Schlitz that littered every back porch in the county; chewing cuds of Fruit Stripe or Blackjack gum to hide the telltale fumes, as though our folks had never partaken of this timeless ritual themselves when they were our age.

But it was one thing to ride along with your buddies, or hitch a ride with someone's parents. It was another for a girl to pick you up for a date. It was the man's job to provide the transportation, even when he didn't have any.

"I don't know Dad, it's pretty embarrassing to have Debbie pick me up. Can't I use our car, just this once?"

"Not a chance stud. The last thing I want is for the family car to reek of teenage sex for the rest of the month. Don't worry about being embarrassed; a good piece of pussy is worth a little humiliation."

So my fate was sealed; with the acquiescence of both my parents I was going to lose my virginity, not to the girl of my dreams, but to someone I'd never even seen, one of my father's past conquests. Sort of gave a whole new meaning to "wearing my father's hand-me-downs."

There's no question the whole thing was weird. I'd be lying if I said it didn't make me queasy. Besides the strangeness of going out with someone your own father is fucking and all of the head games that brings on, including the inevitable comparisons of sexual prowess, there was the fact my mother knew all about it and approved. Perverse, but no more perverse than what I'd already been told or seen if my own eyes.

Besides the Oedipal overtones, I worried about how this would affect my budding relationship with Elle. It hadn't gotten that far yet, we were still limited to talking before and after bethel but I had hopes the barbe would sanction chaperoned dating after I finished my instruction.

What would Elle think if she knew what I was doing? Would she be as approving of my actions as my mother was of my father's or would she think I was cheating on her the way I had thought my Dad was cheating on Mom?

For the next week I didn't get much sleep as anticipation partnered with apprehension churned through my thoughts.

Finally my "date" night arrived. Mercifully, my parents went out to dinner, leaving me alone in the house to wait for Debbie. We were going to the movies; "Dracula Has Risen From The Dead" was playing at the Lycenium in North Jordan. Dad had told me Debbie was quite the fan of horror movies.

At seventeen boys are not adult, rational beings no matter how "grown up" we might think we are. We're governed by the three "I"s of our existence: impulse, ignorance and irresponsibility, microencephalonic masses of protoplasm, quivering every time a hormonal surge triggers another random synaptic flash. When I finally saw Debbie standing in the door of our home it unleashed a thunderstorm of synaptic flashes.

Dad was right, my date for the night wasn't bad looking; in fact she was downright cute; toothsome and quite eye-catching in all the ways that mattered.

Long bottle-blond hair was parted in the middle of Debbie's head then gathered into two braids, almost like a spaniel's ears. Her mouth was a pronounced Cupid's bow made even more noticeable by the garish red of her lipstick, deep dimples appearing at each corner as she smiled at me, revealing large flat white teeth as though a row of Peppermint Chiclets had been implanted in her upper gums.

Fleshy but not fat, certainly no sweat hog, Debbie was wearing a flowered knit pullover, raspberry, pink and plum on white with a pair of those "Mod" jeans that were so popular back then, straight legs with a two-button hip-riding waist and stitched-on bellows pockets.

Everything was a snug fit. I found myself wondering how she got into those pants which led me to think about what was going to happen when I got into those pants, a line of thought that in turn led to my pants becoming significantly more snug in the front.

Just as I had been checking her out, Debbie had been scoping me. The sight of the area around my fly distending not only made her giggle, it reminded me of my manners.

With what I hoped was a cool and suave air, I stuck out my hand and said, "You must be Debbie, I'm Jake. Enter freely and of your own will."

She moved forward but, instead of taking my hand with hers, she took my head between her hands, pulled my face to hers and, as my mouth opened in sheer amazement at her approach, gave me a deep French kiss.

Breaking of the kiss, she said in a fake Hungarian accent "Oh, ze children of ze night, vhat sveet music ve vill make."

Stepping back she gave me her frank first appraisal. "I

guess Lennie was right, I won't have to make you wear a bag over your head." Then, stepping forward, she ran the back of her nails over the outline of my chubby. "That's not a gun in your pocket so I know you're glad to see me." Then she kissed me again.

By now I was completely off balance. Dad hadn't told me much about Debbie other than that she was, in his words "a fun fuck." I don't know what I'd been expecting but it wasn't someone this forward. In two minutes with Debbie, I'd gotten more action than I had in four months with Elle and we hadn't even left the house yet.

As though she was reading my mind, Debbie gave her tongue one last wiggle in my mouth then withdrew saying "Time to get into the circus wagon Jake; we've got to leave now if we're going to make the 7 o'clock show."

Her "circus wagon" was the aforementioned Rambler. As it bounced its way along our rutted dirt road, Debbie told me about herself. Her family was just a bit larger than mine; she had a sister Tami and a brother Greg, both younger than she was.

Her parents wanted her to be a nurse but "the hell with that, I can't stand being around sick people," so she went to junior college to get her associate's degree in office management. "A little bookkeeping, some typing, some shorthand. Lennie says I'm really good at taking 'dick'tation."

Working at the shop was just a temporary job, a way of getting enough scratch together to head out on the open road. "I won't let any one or anything tie me down. Won't be working for a paycheck all my life either. The nine to five thing's OK for now, kind of a drag but I can stand it for a while. At least I'm not stuck in a kitchen being a good little homemaker like my Mom."

Loftier things were ahead for Debbie; she was going to be a painter or maybe a sculptor. She hadn't made up her mind yet. "I was always good at making things out of Playdough or clay. My high school art teacher said I had real talent. So did the Famous Artists School. They said my drawings showed 'a unique style worthy of further development," she told me proudly, "but I

didn't have the money for the course."

"I've got that problem licked now. I ran into my old art teacher last week. Ray said he'd give me private art lessons if I'd agree to pose nude for him. He's not fooling me; he just wants a little nookie, which is OK by me. He was always nice to me in school, nicer than most of my teachers. I took his class in the first place because I had a little crush on him. There was always that rumor about him and the librarian Mrs. Teper doing it in the stacks on homecoming night. After we fuck maybe he'll tell me if he nailed her or not."

"That's one of the great things about women's lib," Debbie chattered on without waiting for a reply. "We're empowered now, not under a man's thumb. I can do what I want to do, be who I want to be, sleep with who I want to sleep with, go where I want to go. It's my decision, not some man calling the shots for me."

"Don't get me wrong, I'm not a man hater. Shit, I love men. I love men's bodies. Each man I'm with is different; I'm a traveler in a new land every time I fuck some fresh. I adore the feel of them slipping inside me, coaxing me to my orgasm. But I won't let a man own me. I'm independent."

As Debbie was talking, we were pulling into the parking lot at Beal's IGA just across from the theatre. Before I could get out of the car to open her door, Debbie grabbed my arm, holding me inside the car.

"I don't want to get too heavy and I don't want you to either. This isn't a serious thing we've got going here. Just a little light fun and entertainment. There's no commitment here; I'm not looking for a boyfriend. I don't want you falling in love with me just because I popped your cherry. Lennie's told me all about you and Elle. I think that's sweet, not for me but still sweet. Just enjoy tonight and go with the flow. It's only sex Jake, nothing more. OK?"

I smiled in what I hoped was a sophisticated way but was more than likely a sickly leer. "I'm cool with where you're coming from. We're just a couple of people getting their kicks where they can."

She smiled back, a far more sensuous smile than mine. "I like that Jake, I like that a lot. I like you too. But we better get inside now. The movie should just about be starting."

The tickets for the show were \$1.25 each, five hours worth of work since I only got to keep half of my dollar an hour minimum wage. By the time I added in candy, popcorn and soda, plus hamburgers and malts after the movie at Sugar Joe's more than a week's pay would be gone. On the other hand so would my virginity, a more than an even trade.

The movie was pretty good, scary in some places, sexy in others. The best part of the movie was all the attractive women in low-cut bodices and nightgowns waiting breathlessly for Dracula's bite then writhing in ecstasy as he sucked their blood. The best part of being at the movie was Debbie, even though she did nothing but tease me.

The theatre was almost full. By the time we got there, all the good seats had been taken including every one in "make-out row." So we found ourselves sitting about five rows back from the screen in the last two seats off the right hand aisle, right up against the wall.

Just as the picture started I plopped my arm over Debbie's shoulders to be in position to cop a feel or two during the movie only to have her lean away from me. "Behave yourself, Jake. There'll be plenty of time for this later. We're here to watch the movie not put on a PDA."

But what was good for the gander wasn't good for the goose. Debbie was merciless all through the movie, leaning over to blow in my ear and whisper things like "Are you going to bite me tonight Jake, make me squirm like she is? I've got better things for you to suck on than my neck."

At times Debbie would use her left hand, hidden from view by the seat back, to rub my crotch. "Are you going to stake me with that big thing of yours, hammer it into me until I scream," she'd ask me in a voice too

soft to be heard by anyone else. Once, just once, she guided my hand to between her legs, "I'm so wet Jake, just thinking about tonight; what we're going to do to each other."

It seemed like an eternity until the house lights came up. Even after they did we were almost the last couple to exit the theatre, waiting for the throbbing hard-on I'd had throughout the movie to subside.

Finally we were outside. Taking Debbie's hand in mine, a maneuver she didn't object to, I began to walk with her down to Sugar Joe's, talking about the movie along the way. Because we were so late leaving the show, we were at the back of the line for a booth.

"Jake, do we really want to waste time tonight waiting for a shoe leather burger from here when there are much better things we could be munching on," she asked ostentatiously licking her lips as she looked at my belt buckle. Five minutes later we were on the road, speeding toward McClure's Orchards.

In a rural community there's no shortage of places to go to make out or even go all the way. Admiral Groom's Park had a small watchtower, accessible through a trapdoor in the floor. If you knew how to get there, the back gate to Sullivan's Sod Farm was usually left unchained. There were always the assorted farm fields of corn, wheat and alfalfa that dotted the county. But the best locations for sexual mischief were always the orchards. Easy to get to, you could drive a car well back off the road. The frequent spraying of the fruit trees meant you could roll down the car windows or even get out of the car without worrying about being besieged by biting insects.

McClure's was the best of the orchard passion pits, isolated with no houses around; it was furthest away from town of any of them. The 20-minute ride out there discouraged joy riders looking for a chance to "shine" couples making out.

As Debbie's circus wagon made its way down a two-track trail, I began feel my gut churn and not just from the greasy popcorn. It was four years before the Joy of

Sex made its way to bookstores but there were some sex manuals available by mail, delivered in plain brown paper wrappers.

These always had a pseudo-intellectual/psychological introduction by someone with a Ph.D. after his name, explaining how the book was "of paramount importance in reaching an understanding of the problems which confront the neurotic as well as the normal individual in today's society."

They usually quoted one of the raunchier passages from the Canterbury Tales or a small section from Fanny Hill. These contrivances allowed them to argue in court the book wasn't obscene; it had literary merit or at least some redeeming social value.

The week before my date, Dad had given me one of these books, "The Secrets of A Successful Marriage." After the usual introduction plus a single chapter on the value of listening to your mate and being helpful around the home, the remainder of the book was a "how-to" sex manual, crude anatomical drawings on the left hand page, clinical instructions interspersed with lurid prose describing the results of following those instructions on the right.

I tried to memorize every page of that book, the same way a boy scout would memorize his survival manual before his first wilderness hike. Women were more than two breasts and a vagina. I should pay attention to her entire body. Some women's breasts were super-sensitive. I should stroke and caress them, not squeeze them like oranges. Whenever I touched a woman's vagina I had to make sure my finger was wet. I should work up to touching her clit. My mind was awlirl reviewing all the hints and instructions.

The book told me when I went down on a woman I should make my lips into an "O" and suck her gently, watching her face all the while for her reaction; although how I was supposed watch her face at night in a car with no lights on, my face mashed between her legs the book didn't say.

Most of all don't jump her bones right away. It was

important to take our time, work up to it; better for both of us that way.

My fear was all I had to guide me was my fantasies, which would be absolutely useless, and book learning from a pretty shitty book. In a few minutes I was going to have to do the deed with an experienced woman, not just an experienced woman but also one who had been repeatedly fucked by my own father. Inside I was shaking like a bowl of Jell-O in an earthquake with the minor temblors running their course across my skin.

I'll always bless Debbie for she did that night. She knew I was uncomfortable, uncertain about how to start, nervous about not measuring up or being thought a spazz and so she took control.

"Boy that was some movie wasn't it? I thought I was going to jump out of my skin when they found that woman's body hanging in the church bell in place of the clapper. From then it just got more suspenseful. I'm still all tense from being so scared. Jake, do you think you could give me a little massage, maybe rub some of the knots out of me?"

As Debbie opened the tailgate of the station wagon to let us into the back, "No sense in crawling all over the seats," she said. I couldn't help noticing the cargo area was covered with a thick, puffy comforter and that there were several different sized pillows in one corner as well. Debbie had come prepared. As she got in she kicked off her shoes, letting her bare feet swing back and forth in the gentle night breeze, I followed suit taking off both my shoes and socks.

Leaving the tailgate open, Debbie lay down on her stomach, her head pointed the front of the car and cushioned on a pillow. She had spread her legs just enough to allow me to kneel between them. I could feel her thighs rubbing against mine as I began to rub her shoulders. Here at least my shaking hands would be an advantage, sort of human magic fingers without the need to keep putting in quarters.

After a few minutes Debbie lifted her head, asking me to massage her a little harder. "I'm not made of fine

china, Jake. I won't break. If you hurt me I'll let you know." I began pressing more forcibly.

"That feels a little better Jake," she told me, "but it's still too soft. Maybe if we took my top off?"

She didn't have to ask twice. As I reached under her torso to tug her flowered pullover off, my hands brushed against her hanging tits. "Shame on you Jake, copping a feel like that," she said coquettishly. "If I didn't know better I'd think you wanted to do more than rub my back."

Settling back down on the comforter, she gave a contented sigh as I returned to my task, the feel of her warm slick flesh against my fingers sending a tingle down my spine, one that quickly rushed to the far tip of my cock.

Emboldened by her response, I began to work my fingers underneath the back clasp of her bra. It was tough going, the clasp slapping back against her every time my fingers returned to her bare skin.

"That does hurt, Jake. I think we need to unhook my bra, otherwise I'm going to have a big welt there in the morning. While we're at it let's just take the whole thing off, the straps were digging into my shoulders anyway."

Mouth dry, I returned to my task, basking in the little murmurs of enjoyment that reached my ears.

"My legs are really, really sore. You wouldn't mind rubbing them for me too would you? I'll have to get out of the car to take my jeans off though, they're too tight just to wriggle out of in here."

As I sat transfixed on the edge of the tailgate, Debbie stood facing me, slowly removing her jeans. God, she looked beautiful as she revealed herself to me, Astarte under the stars, her enticing body dappled by moon glow and shadows.

"Jake, I feel awfully silly. Here I am in nothing but my panties while you've got everything on but your

shoes and socks. It isn't fair. Maybe you should take some of your clothes off. Better yet, stand up and let me take them off for you."

Now our roles were reversed. I stood, arms over my head, as Debbie peeled off my shirt and undershirt then had me sit as she pulled my pants down over my legs, revealing a pair of white undershorts just slightly less soggy than Snyder's swamp.

All pretenses were abandoned as she placed my hands on her heavy full breasts. Hungry as a newborn babe, I leaned over taking first one then the other into my mouth, softly running my tongue over each magnificent globe. As I suckled, she reached up to untie the bows holding her hair. A quick shake of her head caused to her spaniel ears to transform into long flowing tresses, easily reaching the middle of her back.

I moved my mouth from her left nipple to the little hollow at the base of Debbie's throat, applying just the slightest pressure against her skin, exhaling soft wafts of air, all the while running my hands along her ribs and back. Then upward again until our lips met, our mouths covering each other, both breathing the same moist air, both moaning deep in our throats, feeling each other's desire yet wanting more.

Debbie took the initiative. Pushing against me, she leveraged us apart. "I'm going to suck you now Jake," she told me. "I want you to come in my mouth. Don't worry about lasting; don't worry about pleasing me; don't worry about anything but enjoying the blow job I'm about to give you."

Her hands encircled my hips and, as she sank to the ground, pulled my underwear down with her, revealing not a blue steeler erection but a soft, shrunken schlong. If it wouldn't have added to my already overwhelming mortification, I'd have broken out in tears.

Again Debbie rose to the occasion, even if, for the time being, I couldn't. After sheparding me to the tailgate, she sat down beside me rubbing my shoulders almost exactly as my Mom did.

"Don't be upset Jake; this happens to everyone. You're just nervous about tonight but everything will be all right lover, just trust Momma Debbie," she said giving me a comforting smile.

Feeling the deep blush that stained my face, I nodded.

"This happens to guys all the time. They don't like to admit it. They sure won't talk about it with their friends but you're not the first to lose his hard-on and you won't be the last."

Moving softly, her hands began to stroke my lower abdomen coming close to but not touching my dick. As our mouths merged and our tongues dueled, she pressed her bare flesh against mine. I could feel her breasts flatten against my chest, our nipples hard as pebbles.

As she licked her way down my torso, I began running my fingers through Debbie's hair. When her head drew level with my cock, I could feel myself becoming engorged, my drooping member straightening in anticipation of what was to come.

Like a cat marking territory, Debbie started to rub her cheeks against my thighs; quick furtive licks to my glans swabbing off the moisture gathering there. Then, using a hand on each of my thighs to steady herself, Debbie went down on me.

"Debbie went down on me;" what a crude un-descriptive term for such a wondrous life affirming act. Slowly and deliberately her lips enveloped my cock, gently sliding down its pulsing tube; the strange tactile sensation of the flat of her tongue along its underside drawing involuntary whimpers from my throat. Ascending back up my pole she opened her mouth slightly, using her hot thick saliva to mark her way.

When she reached the tip I began to thrust forward, only to have her shake her head in negation. Momentarily removing me from her mouth she instructed me that she would do all the moving. "Just stand still, if you can," she said, resuming her oral ministrations.

Legs quivering, I bit my upper lip to prevent myself from shoving my dick deep into her throat. It felt so good, making me desire so much more. The woman was a she-devil; moving faster, moving slower, abandoning my dick to lave my balls then returning to tease my cock tip with the point of her tongue; always keeping me on teetering on the knife edge of orgasm.

Suddenly it was just too much. My balls began to contract, my dick to pulse uncontrollably; my time of crisis was on me.

An inarticulate warning caused Debbie to tighten the seal of her lips around the circumference of my cock as I spilled my seed into her waiting mouth, slumping against her as wave after wave of sperm fled my body.

Disconnected from the moment, I floated in a netherworld of slaked lust; apprehensions of inadequacy banished replaced by a sense of realized potential. All of my past fantasies had been a dress rehearsal for this night and other nights to come.

Returning to the present I reached down and helped Debbie rise to her feet, my dick as limp as a dishrag, my face aglow with unexpressed gratitude. I knew better to say thanks as though my date was a shop girl and I was her customer. Still, I wanted to say something to indicate how I felt.

Before she could speak I told Debbie how wonderful it had been, careful to distinguish the act from the person. We were now lovers but I didn't want to raise any fears I was falling in love with her. Instead, resolved to let my actions indicate my gratefulness, I started off by simply holding her, arms wrapped around her back.

Tilting her face, my mouth hovered over hers until her lips parted. We kissed deeply, her mouth salty and slick, the remnants of popcorn and cum flavoring our oral embrace, our hands running across each other's bodies like the blind searching for a sign in Braille.

Slowly we made our way back into the wagon, careful not to break our mutual caress. Somewhere along the way

Debbie had shed her panties, the dark thicket of fur between her legs contrasting with her blonde tresses.

Avoiding Debbie's direct approach to lovemaking, I begin a more oblique and unhurried campaign of discovery, reveling in my exploration of her body. I knew my first time making love would be clumsy and maladroit; more to be tolerated than enjoyed and that it didn't matter. Debbie's acceptance of my virgin efforts, as ham-handed as they might be, gave me the serenity to proceed without fear of ridicule.

Her breasts felt like warm yeasty bread dough against my hands, their gumbdrop nipples rubbery in my mouth as I sucked, gently scraping the edge of my teeth against their nubby surface. Her hands clung to my head as I licked the brackish sweat from between her breasts and the ribcage they rested on.

Removing her hands, I turned them upward, running my open mouth over the flat of her wrists, feeling the blood in her veins flutter and pulse against my tongue. I kissed her arms, bit on her earlobes as my hands stroked the sides of her ribs, finally coming to rest on the outer edges of her thighs.

Nuzzling against the side of her neck I made my first tentative approach to her vagina, fingers threading their way through her bush to brush against her mons, teasing around the edges of her clit, filling with self-satisfaction when her breath caught in the back of her throat.

As her legs opened in welcome, I began to glide my lips down Debbie's torso, leaving a snail's trail of saliva behind me, an impatient desire growing the further south I descended.

As I reached Adam's altar the scent of Debbie's arousal filled my nose, not fishy or unpleasant but pungent none the less, spicy and earthy at the same time. All lessons forgotten and with far more eagerness than expertise I buried my face deep into her cunt, determined to return the favor and eat Debbie until she came.

"Whoa, go easy, stud," Debbie told me raising her head from the pillow. "I'm sensitive down there. Don't act like you're a starving man at an all you can eat buffet."

Under the direction of my carnal muse I pulled back using the tip of my tongue to coax the sticky lips of her pussy apart. The comforter was already soaked with the juice flooding out of her; I wouldn't have to worry about wetting my fingers. Lapping with long slow strokes, I savored the taste of her, a spicy sharp flavor of cinnamon and clove with just a hint of musk.

Following Debbie's instructions, I placed two fingers inside her. The walls of her cunt were slick and moist, like clay edging the banks of a creek. While I blew softly into her, my thumb rubbed circles around her clit, careful to massage the edges without pressing too hard.

At her command I put my tongue on her clit, vibrating back and forth like a hummingbird's wing, the aroma of her arousal reaching me even with my nose buried deep in her public hair. She let out a small gasp as I breathed into her, swooping my tongue around and over her, plunging it further into the dark circular opening at the center of her being.

Her body began to convulse, tiny waves of pleasure rolling through her. Her breathing turning faster and shallower, matching itself to the lingual exertions of my tongue. Raising her hips up she grabbed my head, forcing it tighter against her cunt, her words drowned out by the noise of the blood surging in my head.

I flicked and sucked and pistoned with my fingers, the rhythm hard and fast driving Debbie ever closer to the edge. She pushed wildly against me as the first buzz of her orgasm hit, bucking and twitching so hard our fleshy connection was severed. Then she fell back to the comforter, silent except for the sound of her breath whistling from her lungs.

As we lay nestled together my head pillowed on her breasts, a passage from the Song of Songs came into my mind.

"Awake, O north wind; and come, thou south; blow upon my garden that the spice thereof may flow out. Let my beloved come into his garden, to the beds of spice, the well of living waters and eat his pleasant fruits and feedeth among the lilies."

"That was nice Jake, really nice," Debbie told me, her voice relaxed and languid in the aftermath of her orgasm. "Are you sure you've never done this before," she teased. "You're a natural born cuntlapper." As she spoke, her hand wandered down to embrace my dick, now proudly hard and upright.

"Give me time to catch my breath and we'll see if we can't put this hard-on of yours to good use," she promised, softly stroking up and down my rod. "That protein shake you gave me was tasty but now I need this stuffed deep inside me."

I made love to Debbie as masterfully as Clapton plays his guitar, making her claw the sky and scream out my name over and over as multiple orgasms wrung every ounce of desire from her quaking body, leaving her a limp but well satisfied woman.

OK, so it wasn't exactly like that. But it was close, well, close if you switch me with Debbie, leave out the whole screaming of the name thing (I didn't scream, just sort of moaned loudly and then only once), and reduce those multiple orgasms down to a singleton. In fairness though, I was limp and well satisfied when it was over.

Pleased by Debbie's exaggerated praise of my cunnilingual skills, I nibbled my way back to her pussy, suckling on her clit like a just dropped calf, savoring her tangy secretions as they gushed across my taste buds. When she was aroused, Debbie overflowed her banks like the Oletangy River at flood crest.

She wasn't the only one who was aroused. If I didn't get inside her soon, I'd be emulating Onan instead of Solomon.

Self-control slipping, I pushed her legs further apart,

sliding my way up her body. Melding my lips with hers, I felt my dick throbbing, her mound brushing against mine as my rod blindly sought entrance to her grotto.

"Stop Jake," Debbie said, tearing her mouth away. "Not like this. Let me get on top."

Performing an inelegant pirouette we switched places. The roof of the wagon was too low to allow Debbie to sit completely up, forcing her into a squatting position over me. "Hold on to my hips, Jake," she grunted, one hand reaching underneath her curled legs to grab my cock, the other balancing her descent.

Shivers running from my scalp to my sweaty feet, I felt her guide me, settling slowly until she was resting on top of me, my dick fully sheathed in her center.

This was rapture. The warm satiny feel of her cunt muscles contracting and relaxing against my dick. The way they milked my shaft as she rose and fell, little grunts of exertion escaping her lips in counterpoint to her movements. The feeling of those elongated breasts hanging like Zucca gourds against my palms, nipples solid as diamonds. The sweep of her hair against me sending little jolts of electricity through my skin with each feathery caress.

I thought I'd reached Eden when I entered Debbie's mouth, now I knew I had only been on the outskirts of the Garden.

Thrusting upward I buried myself deeper into her, grinding against her heat, pushing my crotch against her pelvic bone, all politeness and decorum burnt away in the raging fire of passion.

My vision narrowed. Jungle drums began to beat in my head as my body rocked with hers in a motion as ancient as time, our smooth gliding rhythm disrupted by the urgency of our needs, replaced by something more primeval and primitive, a duel of thrust and counterthrust one step removed from combat.

Falling forward, she pinned my wrists with her hands, her groin tight against mine. Teeth gnawed at my lower

lip, drawing blood, adding the taste of copper and iron to the night's melange of tastes. Her breath hot against my throat, she began to chant "almost there, almost there, almost there." I fought to keep cadence, plunging in and out as fast as I could, knowing that I had only a few moments left.

Pressure grew in my loins, heavy and insistent, demanding to be released, to spill out as nature intended instead of in my fist. Just as I thought I couldn't restrain my explosion any longer Debbie ceased to move, frozen in orgasm. Moaning out her name, I began to convulse inside her, baptizing her womb with my spending, consummating my first time with a woman, gifting Debbie Davis my virginity.

With each pulse of sperm that shot from my prick a feeling of lightheadedness grew in me until it seemed my body was floating in the clouds. As the intensity of my orgasm diminished my flesh grew heavier and I descended back to earth, my senses slowly returning to normal. The barbe was right, what had just transpired in the back of Debbie's Rambler wagon was a sacrament from God.

"Oh god, Jake that was great," Debbie said, her sweaty body mashed against mine. "My toes curled so hard I thought they'd break." Even though I knew Debbie was embellishing my performance, I couldn't help but break into a big smile. I may not have been a master cocksman but at least I'd avoided any truly embarrassing missteps.

An audible pop marking the moment of our post-coital separation, Debbie rolled off to one side, resting her head on my shoulder. "So don't keep a poor girl in suspense, was it good for you too?"

I felt more than saw Debbie's goofy grin as she asked me this question. Trying to keep the moment light, I responded in my most serious tone, "Believe me Debbie, I can honestly say that was the best fuck I've ever had."

"You filthy beast," she screeched comically, "that's the only fuck you've ever had. You're going to pay for

that comment." Shaping her hands into claws she attacked, tickling me unmercifully, her peals of laughter merging with mine as we finished our evening in joyous play, showing each other that what had just happened "was no big thing."

On the way home the scent of our rutting was so thick you could almost scoop it up in your hand. Dad was right in not loaning me the family car; it would have taken a dozen bottles of Airwick to clear out that smell.

I had more "dates" with Debbie, practical courses in sex education, the very thing my mother said I needed. Debbie enjoyed tutoring me in the art of making love to a woman, patiently giving me instructions to improve my amateurish techniques. Each date was fun even if some were vaguely clinical, but not one of them ever equaled that first soul-stirring time we made love.

We didn't only fuck on our dates; we talked. Talking with Debbie was like buying one of those grab bags at the five and ten, you never really knew what you were going to get or how long it would last. Hummingbirds hovered longer around a single blossom than she did on a single topic. Sometimes it seemed as though she wasn't really talking to me but rather using me as a sounding board to get in touch with herself.

Far from the light and inconsequential chats we started out with, portions of our later talks often were contemplative and penetrating, honest conversations without guile or pretense; revealing those bits and piece of our true selves we kept hidden from view. I discovered a different Debbie Davis existed underneath the free spirit, sexually liberated woman persona she showed to the world.

"I'm not stupid," Debbie said one evening out of the blue. We had just finished making love for the second time that Saturday night and were lying together on our backs on a blanket in the middle of one of Sullivan's sod fields, gathering enough energy to get dressed and go back into town.

"Guys are using me, I know that. They've heard all the

gossip and when they see my big tits, all they can think about is jumping my bones. I'm not really a person to them, just a easy way to get off. They're not interested in me for me; they're interested in me for how I can make them feel. I don't mean you or Lennie. Shit, you two treat me the nicest of anyone in town. I'm talking about those other needy jerks."

Eyes focused on the stars, she continued her monologue in a matter of fact voice as though she was discussing the weather instead of making so personal a revelation.

"Christ knows I'd like it to be different, to have someone think of me as more than the town pump but that's not going to happen here. I've made my bed, hell a lot of beds and I'll sleep in them. And I won't fool myself about what it means.

"No matter what sweet nothings they whisper in my ear, how loudly they tell me they love me while we're humping, I know they don't mean it. I don't fool myself, once they come, hell they won't really think about me again until the next time they want to get their rocks off. But you know that's fine 'cause I'm using them too. Sometimes when they stick their dick in me, it's like I've been shot up with Novocain and I can forget how plain and ordinary and boring life in this small town is."

Rolling over she looked at me keenly, her red lipstick made a deep black by the shadows playing over her face.

"This place sucks ass. As big a shithole as it is they should put a toilet seat over it. I've got to get out of here Jake. I can be more than I am now but only if I can blow this pop stand.

"I've got a reputation and no one here's going to look beyond it. There's no room for me to grow here and I've got plenty of growing to do. Right now I'm just the butterfly trapped inside the cocoon but when I spread my wings, look out world."

That night, staring at an unlit ceiling instead of the stars, Debbie's words rolled in my head like thunder. I'd never thought much about living in a small town

before, figuring my life would be an echo of my father's. I'd get some kind of job in one of the businesses around the county, marry Elle, buy a small house and raise a few kids.

It's not like I had any real marketable skills. I sucked at math, and was only so-so in science. Sure, I was good at debate and forensics but where would that get me? Mr. Shoemaker, who owned our village newspaper, The Harbinger, said I had a flair for journalism but then again, his was a family-run business so there was no job for me there. The thing I was best at was reading. I could devour three or four books a night but who would pay me to read?

College was out of the question. We had no money and my grades were nowhere near good enough to get a scholarship. I needed to resign myself to being another one of those people who were born, lived and died in the same town.

Still, Debbie started me wondering that night. I thought about some of the families I grew up with, people I knew, and how I'd watched them wither on the vine.

Charlie Mackie, a three-sport star in high school, the best athlete ever to play on a Flying Dutchman team, sure to be a pro one day. Tore up his knee the first day of spring practice at college. Charlie's the school janitor now, drives a school bus now instead of a Cadillac.

Betsy Walker, won more than 20 beauty pageants around the state, aimed to be a professional model. Dean Musgrave knocked her up the night of the senior prom. Now she does nails at the beauty parlor.

Jimmy French, president of the 4-H club, science whiz. His second year in vet school big brother Al ran into a tree on Tin Bath Road, running from the cops at night, lights out because he had a case of beer in his car. Jimmy took over the farm, vet school abandoned.

How many times had I seen hope curdle into resentment as someone discovered their dreams of glory would never

be realized, their potential would never be fulfilled? And when those visions failed to solidify, was there a collective turning to the one type of fantasy that could be achieved?

Maybe all the frequent liaisons weren't just about enjoying casual sex. Maybe they were a means of escape from the drabness of life, a respite from the terrible knowledge our options were limited, not by a lack of talent but by fate. All of this community fucking that was going on, these displays of lust, the rampant carnality disconnected from any real relationship were happening not because people were oversexed but to hide our inner fear and pain.

Or were they, as the bethel taught, truly a way to God?

Lying there with far more questions than answers, I tossed and turned through most of the night.

The night after our final date Debbie scarred my soul.

Standing on the front porch after we had returned from McClure's, I gave Debbie a copy Kahlil Gibran's *The Prophet*. It hadn't been easy to obtain. I had to special order it through the village library and I'd been afraid it wouldn't arrive in time. On the flyleaf I'd inscribed a passage from the book:

"And in the sweetness of friendship let there be laughter, and the sharing of pleasures. For in the dew of little things the heart finds its morning and is refreshed." Beneath the quote I had written, "Thank you for the morning. In appreciation and friendship always, Jake."

Debbie was artificially animated while unwrapping the book, making suitable noises of unspecific gratitude while doing so. When she opened its cover and read the dedication she fell silent and unmoving, leading me to believe I'd really blown it.

There we stood, frozen in place like a frame of film that had jumped its sprockets. I can't say how long we were still; time seemed to have stopped as we each digested the gift's meaning.

Suddenly the film restarted, Debbie throwing her arms around me, hugging me so tight I was afraid she'd bruise a rib, her face buried in the junction of my neck and shoulder. A kiss followed. Not the deep, sensual kiss that so enlivened our lovemaking, but a soft chaste kiss, her lips made salty by a few tears rolling down her cheeks.

Breaking off our embrace, she averted her eyes from mine. Speaking slowly she reminded me of what she had said on our first night; that she didn't want me to fall in love with her just because we'd fucked.

In a wistful tone I had never heard her use before she said "And I still don't, I don't. But Jake we can still be friends and as a friend you could love me just a little, not a lot but a little and not because we fucked but because of who I am. It'd be nice to have a friend who'd love me a little for just me and not my pussy."

A sad smile on her face, she kissed me goodbye and drove away in her green Rambler wagon, leaving me standing on the porch, a sense of loss coloring my psyche.

My mother told me when innocence leaves, wisdom begins to take its place. The Bible told me the price of wisdom was above rubies. But as the taillights on the circus wagon dimmed in the distance one question kept running through my mind.

Was gaining my wisdom at the expense of others too high a price to pay?