

*The Sanctuary*  
by Paul Preston



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## Chapter One

### *The Priest*

After another poor night of sleep I hear the ringing of the bells, calling the faithful to worship. Exhausted, I put on my thick robe and walk down the dark corridor toward the main chapel. Entering the nave I sit in my usual pew and look up at the large wooden sculpture of the crucifixion of Christ. Sacrificed for the sins of mankind, the gaunt, bleeding figure looks down upon me in agony, in judgment. As the Priest recites the opening prayer, a familiar ache settles in the depths of my soul. I've struggled with depression for several years now, but lately the narrow confines of the sanctuary are closing in on me. In a few days I'm scheduled to deliver the homily at my first Mass as an ordained Priest. The closer I get to Sunday, the worse I feel. Though I've studied four years and dedicated an additional year of service to the Mission of St. Sebastian, my faith seems fragile, like a house of cards, ready to collapse at the slightest errant thought.

In fact, I'm ashamed to admit that several times a day I'm plagued by fantasies of a highly erotic nature. It's as if I'm alone in a dark room where sensual images are constantly being projected upon a screen in my mind which I have no choice but to watch. During my years as a seminarian, with an effort of will, I managed to suppress these inappropriate desires, though they always seem to be brewing just under the surface. Over the last few months, I've lost all self-control. I see the legs of an attractive female tourist walk by and I can't stop myself from admiring the soft, feminine shape of her hips. She crosses the sanctuary and I am compelled, like a brown-robed spider, to creep after her. I sit across the aisle from her as she worships in the main chapel, her elegant long fingers holding the Holy Bible in her lap. She bows her head to pray and I imagine taking liberties with her, caressing her soft breasts and

stroking my fingers through her long, silky hair. I close my eyes, drifting away into my favorite fantasy...

It's late at night and we are alone in the Mission. The praying woman walks out of the chapel and down a long corridor into the darkness. Like a degenerate, I follow. The only sound is the clicking of her heels on the ancient stone floor. She knows she's I'm close behind, we've played this game before. Looking over her shoulder, she loosens the first few buttons of her dress. I follow her into a warm, candlelit room, shutting the heavy wooden doors behind me. She kneels before an altar and I approach her from behind. Through the opening of her blouse I see the creamy white flesh of her bosom. Sensing my presence, she stands up and faces me unafraid. Casting her eyes downward, she slowly removes each item of clothing. Blouse, skirt, bra and panties slip off her body and fall into a silken pool on the floor. She kneels before me and I remove the cord from around the waist. Slowly extending her arms, she turns her palms outward and offers her wrists to be bound. Once tied, she shuts her eyes and parts the flesh of her luscious, moist lips...

I open my eyes, ashamed once again to have fantasized about an innocent woman who has come to our chapel to pray, only to be ogled by a perverted Priest. No matter how hard I try, I'm unable to stop these indecent thoughts from infesting my mind. Am I the only person at this Mission who struggles with feelings of lust and despair? I wish there was someone I could talk to but there's no one here I can trust, not even the Bishop or the Prefect. I could blame it on a demon with a pitchfork or a slithering snake sent from the bowels of Hell to tempt me. No, these sexual thoughts have always been a part of me, woven into the very fabric of my consciousness, my identity. And I know they won't just magically disappear once I enter the Priesthood. They will be a constant weight upon my mind and are a cross I must continue to bear. I wish Adam had never been tempted or

God had not judged his desire to partake of the forbidden fruit so harshly. I bow my head and pray in vain for these feelings to go away. When the morning service ends I quietly leave the chapel with the other parishioners, keeping my eyes focused on the ground.

Despite my dirty thoughts I've carried on in this manner in preparation for a life of piety. But today, after morning meal, an unexpected circumstance plunges me deeper into my own carnality. I receive a special request that comes directly from the personal assistant of Mother Superior, one of the Directors of the Mission and the Head Nun of the Abbey of St. Sebastian. Along with her other duties, Mother Superior is the Candidate Director, responsible for choosing which prospective nuns will join the Abbey.

"Mother Superior has been taken ill this morning," the assistant says, "and we're looking for someone to step in for her today and conduct a tour of the Mission for a prospective nun named Dorothy D'Benedeto."

"Dorothy D'Benedeto," I say, repeating her name in a daze.

"Though I know your work here is principally concerned with the management of the Kristoff Food Pantry, Mother Superior tells me you also conduct tours of the historic Mission for tourists and visiting dignitaries..."

"I have, occasionally," I say.

"Would you have time to fill in for the Candidate Director this afternoon at 1, Father Joseph?"

I agree to take Mother Superior's place, having no idea how this innocent meeting would dramatically alter the course of my life.

## Chapter Two

### *The Nun*

Dorothy D'Benedeto... What a lovely name. Just the sound of it brings a sense of peace to my soul, like a wave breaking upon the shore. I pace the Mission grounds, looking forward to the meeting and whispering her name just under my breath over and over: Dorothy D'Benedeto, Dorothy D'Benedeto... At the appointed time, I walk down the corridor to where the meeting is scheduled to be held. The door to the Fellowship Room is half open and I look in. The young woman is already inside, kneeling on the floor in quiet contemplation below a statute of Jesus. I pause in the doorway and look around the edge of the door to drink in her beauty. Her eyes are shut and her hands are clasped tightly together in her lap. Her pink cheeks, painted lips and light blue eye shadow bring a much needed burst of color and life into the musty old room. Her long brown hair is very thick and pretty, sweeping over her arms and covering her shoulders and breasts like a prayer shawl. She is well endowed and... strikingly attractive. It's as if the fantasy woman I've tried so hard to repress has somehow burst out of my mind and come vividly to life, right before my astonished eyes. In her kneeling position, the hem of her short skirt has slipped all the way up her legs, revealing her pale upper thighs. She bends forward in fervent prayer, a Madonna in the flesh.

When I see her breasts between the buttons of her blouse, I stand absolutely still. I try to cast my gaze discretely downward, but my eyes inevitably creep back up to her bosom. Through the material of the blouse I notice she isn't wearing a bra. My lips part and I breathe out a quiet sigh. Not only is her cleavage showing, but I can see a portion of the light brown rings of her areolas as well. Her swollen nipples are clearly protruding through the thin material, standing proudly erect and pointing heavenward.



My eyes drift up her elegant neck to her pretty face and I watch as her red lips move in silent prayer.

I assume no one noticed Ms. D'Benedeto when she entered the cathedral. Sucked dry of life, with receding hairlines and shuffling gaits, the Priests of the Mission greet tourists with sad, half-smiles and look out at the manicured gardens through sad, sunken eyes. I suppose my sexuality will be gone soon as well, whisked away in the smoke of devotional candles and incense. But at this moment at least, in the presence of such a lovely creature, my heart pounds in my chest, blood courses through my veins. Like the earthquake which toppled this Mission many years ago, her beauty shakes me to the core. I feel a weakness in the knees, a slight dizziness and... God help me... I become physically aroused.

Mortified by my reaction, there is nothing whatsoever I can do to stop it from happening. There I stand, like the cliché of a sexually deviant priest, a laughable figure, peering through the crack in the doorway at the young woman's breasts, my erection creating a perverse tent under my cloak. One glance at the comely young woman and twenty nine years of Hail Mary's, a Theology and Divinity Degree as well as a lifetime of homilies and bible study are forgotten. Even the cold marble eyes of Jesus seem to admire her beauty.

I don't know how long I stood there gawking at her. It could've been less than a minute or more than five, I have no way of knowing. Suddenly, the Mission bells begin to ring loudly. The woman opens her eyes and glances up at me. She doesn't appear in the least bit startled by my presence; as if she knew I was there the whole time. Even after she catches me peering in at her I continue to stand in the doorway. What's wrong with me? Have I lost all sense of morality? The thought crosses my mind I should ask one of the nuns to conduct the tour of the Mission, but it's too late. I don't want to leave her now.

After the ringing fades, I immediately intertwine my fingers and push the disobedient thing under my robe back into place. Hopefully, she didn't see it pointing at her like the barrel of a gun. I have never felt more embarrassed or alive in my life.

"Hello," she says, rather sweetly. "I didn't see you standing there."

Her voice is lovely, like the sound of bird landing on the branch of a tree. She stands, pulling down on the hem of her shirt.

"I'm Dorothy D'Benedeto..."

"Good afternoon," I manage to say.

I breathe out. Her voice soothes me, quiets my tormented thoughts. She holds her soft, small hand out and I gladly take it in mine. I hold it gently for a short, blissful moment, feeling her skin against my fingertips, until it slips out of my grasp.

"Are you here for the tour of St. Sebastian?" I ask, stupidly.

"Yes..." she says.

A long awkward silence passes between us. I stand there, knuckles dragging on the ground, a wolf in sheep's clothing.

"I'm sorry if I disturbed your prayers," I say.

She looks me directly in the eyes in a disarming manner, as if she can read my mind, peer into my soul. A slight smile creases her lips.

"Oh, you didn't disturb me, Father. I was only... pretending to pray," she says.

Pretending to pray? What an odd, insightful thing to say. Why would she say that? Are the first words out of her sensuous lips some kind of veiled spiritual message to me? Is that not what I've been doing all my life, pretending to pray?

"I'm not sure I understand what you mean," I say.

"You see, I've done something... very bad. No one can forgive the sins I've committed," she says.

I try to give an appropriate priestly response.

"All sins are forgiven by the Grace of God."

My words come out flat and hollow. What exactly is meant by the concept of sin? Lately, I seem to be questioning all my former beliefs.

"Not my sins. Some sins can never be forgiven..." she says.

What in the world did she do? This was obviously way beyond my level of expertise. With my recent crisis of faith, I was the absolutely worst person for her to talk to.

"Do you wish to talk to talk to someone, Ms. D'Benedeto? If you'd like, I could arrange a confession with one of the elder Priests, perhaps?" I suggest. "Whatever you say will be strictly confidential."

"No thank you," she says. "I'd rather confess my sins to you, Father. Perhaps later, if you don't mind..."

She cocks her head slightly to one side and there is a mischievous twinkle in her eyes. Is she flirting with me or is my fevered brain just imagining it? In the silence, she breathes in and arches her back, making her lovely breasts stand out even more prominently than before. Despite how inappropriate it is, my eyes drift down to her cleavage, just for a brief instant. My cheeks flush with shame when she catches me looking at her breasts. I immediately glance away.

"I'm sorry, Father..." she says.

"For what?" I ask.

"For...the inappropriate way I'm dressed."

I haven't spoken, really spoken to a woman for so long. I realize how much I enjoy being in her company. The depressed feelings I've carried for several years seem to lift off my chest like a heavy weight and I feel much lighter without it. I imagine Jesus carrying the heavy crucifix up a hill and suddenly deciding to toss it to the ground and walk away from it all, Mary Magdalene by his side.

“Nothing whatsoever is wrong with the way you’re dressed. The blouse looks... pretty on you, if you don’t mind my saying.”

“No, I don’t mind, Father...”

Was I flirting now? With a prospective nun? In this sacred Mission? Rather than being insulted, she smiles.

“That’s very kind of you to say, but even I know this top is not suitable for church. You see, my Mother wishes to embarrass me in front of the nuns,” she says.

“Why would she want to do that?” I ask.

“Well... it’s a little personal, Father.”

I look down, knowing I had crossed the line.

“Of course. I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to pry... Forgive me.”

“That’s OK, Father,” she says.

When I look up she gives me another warm smile.

“Maybe I’ll tell you all about it later... in confession.”

“I’m not officially ordained as a priest yet, so I’m unable to hear your confession,” I say.

We continue to look at each other through the half open door. Despite the way she’s dressed, something about the innocence and purity of the young woman makes me open up and share my innermost thoughts with her. The truth I’m too afraid to admit, even to myself, spills out of my mouth unbidden, just as the precious pale flesh of her lovely breasts spills so tenderly out of the opening of her blouse.

“Actually, I’m not at all sure if I’ll be ordained,” I confess. “I’ve performed all the prerequisites, finished my degree in Theology and my Masters in Divinity and completed my year of parish service, but... I still don’t know whether I have the calling to enter the priesthood...”

An embarrassing silence follows after I share such private details of my life. It is too much information to share with a complete stranger. Once again I’ve crossed the bounds of propriety with her.

“I’m sorry. I really shouldn’t have told you that...” I say. “It’s just... there’s no one really for me to talk to about these

matters and... I'm sorry, Ms. D'Benedeto. If you'd rather be given the tour by someone else, I can see if one of the nuns would be available."

Again, her smile brings a fleeting sense of joy to my heart, like the bright colors that sometimes shine through stained glass windows.

"No, that's OK," she says. "I appreciate your honesty. It's refreshing. I'm not so sure this sort of life is a right fit for me either, Father."

"Entering a convent is certainly a big decision to make," I say. "And my name is Joseph, by the way. Not Father Joseph, just Joseph."

"Pleased to meet you, Joseph," she says, smiling again.

I smile back. The sound of her cheerful voice causes a warm sensation to slowly spread through my chest. Standing stiffly in the doorway, I feel like one of the cold, religious statues in our sanctuary coming to life.

"May I come in, Ms. D'Benedeto?" I ask.

"Yes, of course," she says.

I walk into the room and shut the door. Shutting the door is really unnecessary, but I want to be alone with her. There is a kind of electricity flowing back and forth between us, though I realize I may be imagining it. Perhaps I only hoped there was. Another long awkward moment passes. With an effort of will I direct my eyes upon her pretty face and try not to look down at her lovely bosom and curved hips. I wonder if she could tell how attracted I am to her.

"Where is the Mother Superior?" she finally asks.

"Oh yes. Uh... she was taken ill this morning." I say. "I was asked to give you the tour of the Mission in her place and answer any questions you might have about the monastic life here. Would you care to sit down?"

She nods and we sit across from each other at a large wooden table. I'm relieved the grotesque physical reaction of my body is finally blocked from her sight. While seated, I keep pushing down on it to hold it between my thighs, but it

seems to have a mind of its own, popping back up under my robe like a dirty Jack in the Box.

Again, silence. Dorothy must think I'm the worst guide, being so tongue-tied around her. I wish she could be sitting closer to me at the table. She seems so far away, even though it's only a few feet.

"So... when did you decide to explore the idea of becoming a nun?" I ask.

"To be honest, I don't really want to be a nun. It's Mother's idea. I'm from a very religious family. Because of what happened recently, she thinks a few weeks in the nunnery will straighten me out, like sending a boy off to military school, I guess," she says. "What about you, Joseph? What made you interested in becoming a priest?" she asks.

"Oh, I suppose I was inspired by the teachings of Jesus when he fed the poor and took care of the sick. I was raised in the church as well and it seemed like a worthwhile thing to do with my life," I explain in a dull, uninspired way.

We stare at each other for another moment and then I stand up, careful to keep my hands folded in front of me.

"Would you care to begin the tour, Ms. D'Benedeto?"

"Yes, but please call me Dorothy. Ms. D'Benedeto sounds like I'm already a nun."

I actually smile. I had forgotten the last time I had smiled.

"There are several historical sites and monuments at this Mission I'd like to point out. I can also show you the cloister and the abbey where you'll be staying, if you choose to join the abbey," I say.

"OK," she replies.

"The tour can be pretty tedious. Please stop me if I'm boring you."

She laughs.

"If I'm going to be stuck here, I better know my way around, right?" she says.

"Right," I say, laughing as well.

I open the door for her. Before we leave, Dorothy faces me and puts her hand gently on my shoulder, resting it there for a fleeting moment. It was the moment I knew I would look back upon before I die and think, that was the moment I truly felt happiness...

"You know, Joseph?" she says. "I want to thank you. I was very nervous about coming here today and you really have put me at ease. Even though you might not think so right now, I think you'll make an excellent priest."

I look at her with a blossoming of love in my heart. Tears appear in my eyes.

"That's kind of you to say, Dorothy."

She takes her hand off my shoulder and walks out of the Fellowship Room. I watch her leave and could hardly breath, admiring the perfect curves of her hips and the sensual spot under her short flirty dress where the two crescent-shaped halves of her flesh touch. How beautiful her ass is, and how lovely. I make a mental note to rip this journal up into million pieces so no one, other than God if He exists, can see into the perversity of my soul. No one must ever read this. No one.

## Chapter Three

### *The Tour*

I guide Dorothy around the grounds, mentioning a few facts about the Mission in my chipper, tour guide voice.

“The Mission of St. Sebastian, originally called the California Mission, has been designated a Minor Basilica by the Holy See due to its cultural, historic, architectural, and religious significance. The main chapel has been rebuilt three times, due to floods, earthquakes and general disrepair. After the last major earthquake, the most recent remodeling and expansion of the Mission grounds began in 1927 by Father Sebastian, a devout Spanish Priest and architect. It took over 20 years of labor on his part to finally complete reconstruction in 1950. The Mission was officially named after him in 1953 upon his death. His body is interred in a holy crypt under the chapel floor in his honor. Candles are constantly lit on an altar and burn there in his memory. As we walk around the base of the outer structure, you can still see some of the original stonework and masonry that survived the last major earthquake, laid in by the Native American Indians of the area. These cornerstones have been preserved on the grounds of the Mission. If you look up at the campanile in the front of the cathedral, you’ll see the five flawless bronze bells.”

“I love those bells,” she says.

“Yes, they are quite a popular attraction. It is one of the most photographed spots in Southern California. Father Sebastian had them forged in Spain, and then painstakingly brought by boat to America and hung on the original façade. This is what gives our Mission its unique picturesque visage. A familiar sight to pilgrims all over the world, the five bronze bells still call the faithful to worship to this day...”

Through I’ve given the speech many times in the past, today the memorized words sound hallow and pretentious in my ear. Minor Basilica? Why would the Mission of St.



Sebastian be any more or less holy than any other place? Then a powerful and life-changing revelation occurs to me. The religious beliefs I claimed to profess were merely an assortment of words I'd memorized and parroted back from my religious teachings, just like the speech I had just given to Dorothy. I had not one original thought in my entire brain. Like Paul on the road to Damascus, I was overwhelmed. Suddenly, I felt dizzy and slightly nauseous.

"Joseph?"

I hear her sweet voice, but can't respond. Now everything I thought I knew or had been taught about God had to be questioned. What was it that I actually believed in, if anything? I lean my hand against the stone wall of the Mission for support.

"Joseph?" she says, touching my arm. "Are you OK?"

"Oh, yes," I say, composing myself. "Let's continue the tour, shall we, but I'll stop the silly speech, if you don't mind."

"Sure," she says, smiling. "But it wasn't silly at all. I found it quite interesting."

We stroll around the numerous buildings, going inside each one and looking around. It's as if we're on a first date inside a mall, passing yogurt shops and clothing boutiques, rather than faded murals depicting the Stations of the Cross. I become slightly annoyed by the ostentatious statues of religious figures holding bibles, dispensing wisdom with pious smiles permanently etched into their faces. I had given the tour of the chapel and grounds of the Mission several times and the statues had never bothered me before. Why now? I thought about the Native American Indians slaughtered in the name of God when the Mission was originally built, their bones scattered under the same ground as our Founder. They had their own beliefs and customs. Did we have a right to build this Mission of their land? Does anyone come to light a candle in honor of their

memory? I decide to put these questions out of my mind and just enjoy my time with Dorothy, however long it lasts.

We walk aimlessly together, our bodies close but not touching, and chat idly, about nothing in particular, her favorite foods, where she lived, what schools she went to. Other than telling her about the basic stages of becoming a nun, from candidacy, to novitiate, to final vows, we don't discuss religion or spirituality at all. I jealously keep her away from the nuns who see us on our walk, who want to reach out with their old trembling hands and take her away into the abbey. I just point out the cloister area and abbey from a distance and continue the tour. I didn't want our time together to end. We stroll over to the Kristoff Food Pantry and Soup Kitchen attached to the Mission.

"Who is Kristoff?" she asks.

"No one talks about him or mentions his name," I say. "I assume he's the donor they named the building after."

After passing through the gardens we reenter through the main doors of the Mission. Every time we pass a priest or nun they give Dorothy a disdainful, sideways glance. It annoys me further that everyone seems to act so morally superior to her. Dorothy seems oblivious to their nasty looks, but I'm certainly aware of them. I guide her into the shadows of the main chapel where none of the faithful can cast their judgmental eyes upon her. We sit quietly in the back pew for a moment to appreciate the beauty of the chapel. I notice her glance over her shoulder at the confession booths directly behind us. Then she looks at me and whispers her request.

"Would you like to hear my confession now?"

"Uh... well, like I said, I'm not a priest yet," I say. "It's kind of against the rules."

"Come on, Joseph. It will be good practice for you when you do become a priest," she says. "Besides, it'll be fun..."

## Chapter Four

### *The Confession*

There was no one at the back of the chapel. My heart is racing.

“OK,” I say.

We stand up and go into the dark, intricately carved confession booth without anyone noticing. I sit down and slide open the small partition separating us. I can see Dorothy’s profile through the veiled screen. She fidgets in her seat. I feel nervous too. She takes lipstick out of her purse and paints her lips a brighter shade of red. God, how lovely she is.

“Bless me Father, for I have sinned. It has been over a year since my last confession,” she says.

I had looked forward all through my years as a seminarian to easing the troubles and relieving the guilt of people during confession, but now I feel at a loss. Who was I to give absolution for the sins of others or understand their troubles, an inexperienced man who has never tasted the joys of life?

“Dorothy, I don’t think you should give your confession to me. Perhaps one of the ordained priests can...”

“I told you. You’re the only one I feel comfortable telling this to...”

I take a deep breath in and exhale.

“Ok. Tell me what’s troubling you, Dorothy.”

“I don’t know how to start... I’m a little nervous to talk about it.”

“No matter what it is, I promise I won’t judge you.”

“I know you won’t. OK... During my last year of college, I knowingly engaged in a mortal sin... with my boyfriend... and with others... many others. I have engaged in forbidden sexual behavior with a number of different men and I continue to do so, without a feeling of regret or remorse... I can’t seem to stop doing it, nor do I want to.”

“Dorothy, I’m sure you don’t need me to tell you how risky it is to have sexual intercourse with multiple partners.”

“No, you don’t understand. I don’t have intercourse. I’m still a virgin.”

“Oh. Then, I don’t understand. Why are you upset? I’m sure whatever you did is not that bad. I think most people tend to exaggerate their sins.”

“Not in my case...”

“It’s perfectly normal for you to have sexual feelings...”

There was an awkward silence on her side of the partition.

“Did you allow one of the men to touch your breasts?” I guessed.

“It’s worse than that. Much worse. You seem open-minded, Joseph, but I’m afraid you might find my story rather... crude. I don’t want to offend you.”

“There’s nothing you can say that will offend me, Dorothy.”

“God, I wish I had a cigarette...”

I gaze her pretty face and painted lips through the opening of the partition. Her red lips, her lovely face, her full bosom. She is the most beautiful woman I had ever seen in my life.

“Dorothy, do you think you’re alone in this struggle?” I ask. “Do you think you’re the only sinner here? There’s nothing you can say to me that’s worse than the sins I’ve already committed.”

She smiles at me, as if I’m teasing her.

“Really? What sins could you possibly have committed, Joseph?”

“If I tell you... will you share with me what’s troubling you?”

Dorothy looks directly at me through the screen.

“You tell me your sins and I’ll tell you mine.”

“OK... That’s fair. But what I’m about to say might make you... uncomfortable.”

“I think I can handle it...”

I look away from her, shut my eyes and tell her.

“From the moment I saw you kneeling before the statue of our Lord and Savior, I’ve been... sexually attracted to you.”

My heart is pounding and my breath is shallow. God, why did I tell her? Why couldn’t I have kept it to myself? I bury my face in my hands for a moment. When I glance up she is sitting in the same position, as still as a stone, just inches away from me across the petition. A long moment passes.

“Go on, Joseph,” she says.

As I continue my confession, she takes cosmetics and a small pocket mirror out of her purse and touches up her makeup. She applies rouge to her cheeks, draws a line of mascara under her eyes and paints the lids of her eyes a brighter shade of blue.

“I’m sorry, Dorothy,” I utter. “But I seem to have developed an unhealthy infatuation with you. In my case the spirit is willing, but my flesh is weak. Your sweet voice and red lips, your pretty face and... lovely breasts... I can’t control the way I feel. I like being around you and... God help me... I’ve been aroused, sexually aroused, off and on, all afternoon, since I first saw you. When you touched my shoulder, though I know it was a completely innocent gesture on your part, it made me feel so good inside. Even though my robe, your hand felt warm on my skin... During the last hour together, I’ve entertained one sexually impure thought after another about you... You can report me to the authorities of the church, if you’d like. Perhaps that would be the best thing for me at this point, to be removed from my position within the church. But you must believe me when I say I will never put you in an uncompromising position, despite my attraction to you. I’d rather remove the skin off my back with the scourge than touch a single hair on your head in an inappropriate manner. I’m sorry, Dorothy, if what I’ve said has made you uncomfortable...”