



*Paul  
Preston*

THE  
MINISTER

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The Minister  
by

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## Chapter One

### The Indiscretions of My Body, the Corruption of My Soul

When Elenora Swan first appeared in my life, the pandemic had already caused great suffering and anxiety in our country and across the world. As of today, according to the Center for Disease Control, over 567,000 Americans have died from Covid-19 and nearly 31,700,000 infected. Over a year ago I was assigned here in my home town as Assistant Pastor, just as our church had closed to protect the parishioners from community spread. When the minister in charge passed away, I was given, out of necessity, the title of Interim Head Pastor. Perhaps you've seen our beautiful church, with its impressive twin spires and stained-glass windows. If you ever attend one of our services in the future, whether I remain here or not, I pray you leave the chapel with a feeling of peace, despite the indiscretions of my body, the corruption of my soul. If this memoir offends you, it was not my intention. I hope, by the end, you'll forgive me for writing it.

During the shutdown, I've spent time wandering through these cold stone passageways and ruminating on spiritual questions. How could a supposedly loving God inflict humanity with yet another senseless epidemic? I'll never understand what possible reason there could've been for such meaningless sickness and death, all across the globe. It all confirmed what I long suspected: we live in an indeterminate world and there is no rational God in control. For many of you, that may be obvious. But for me, the realization caused cracks to occur in the fragile veneer of my faith.

But what tormented me even more was the memory of a sexual experience from my youth, which I had of late been obsessively perseverating upon. I had tried to put it behind me during my years of religious training, but it still played through my mind like the unending reel of a pornographic movie. Well before hearing the call to become a minister, I

dated Katie, a lovely, well-endowed girl my same age whom I'd met at church. Forgive me if I reminisce, but I have very fond and wonderful memories of our last summer together. How we kissed in the back of my car on those warm nights, how I would slip my hand under the back of her shirt and unsnap her bra, and how it would make me so aroused to hold her soft, full breasts in my hands... On our final weekend before college, her parents were away for the evening and she invited me to her house. Of course, being young lovers with passion in our hearts, we soon found ourselves in a state of undress in her bedroom. One thing led to another and I slipped my penis into her vagina and lost my virginity on that special night. I didn't have a condom, so she told me to pull out before finishing and offered her magnificent breasts to ejaculate upon. When I couldn't hold back a moment longer, I pulled out just in time and a cannon exploded within me, shooting a fountain of semen over the mounds of her pale, quivering flesh. It was an intense physical release unlike anything I had ever experienced. The moment I especially cannot forget was when she lifted her large swollen breasts toward her mouth and licked the fresh semen off her skin like it was some kind of delicacy for her. What she couldn't reach with her tongue she scooped up with her hand, lusciously licking the creamy-white fluid off her fingers. Ridden with guilt and shame about our sin, I didn't go to church on Sunday and left for college the next day. When I came home for my Thanksgiving break, I called her, but her number was disconnected. The more I thought about her, the lonelier I became, walking aimlessly through the austere and joyless cathedral. Losing touch with Katie was the single greatest regret of my life.

Wrestling with such troubled thoughts, I looked out of the upper alcove window one night and saw a shrouded woman, sitting on the front steps of the church. To be honest, my first thoughts were: I haven't been vaccinated yet. Why

should I let the deadly virus in the church? I should've immediately offered shelter to the poor women, but was afraid of getting sick myself. If it were a homeless man or drug addict on the steps, I would've kept the church doors shut. I ended up opening them, not because of an innate sense of goodness on my part. I offered sanctuary because it was a woman, driven as I was by the loneliness in my heart, the lust in my soul. As soon as she heard the doors creak open, the frail woman tried to slip away into the shadows like a wraith in the night.

"Wait, Miss. Don't run off. I saw you shivering. The church is open. Come in," I said. "There's no need to be afraid. I'm the Pastor here."

She stopped at the bottom of the steps, as if she had nowhere else to go. Speaking softly, with her back to me, I strained to hear what she said.

"Go back inside. I'll ruin you. It will be the death of you, Father."

What did she say? I'll ruin you? It will be the death of you? What could she have meant by that? I shivered, clutching the black robe to my chest.

"No need to call me Father. I'm not a Priest, just the Minister here. Please come in. It's cold outside."

When she turned, ever so slowly, the streetlight revealed a most attractive woman with black hair and pale skin, appearing out of the shadows. I know it may not seem like much as you read this, but it was a transformational moment for me, as when the Apostle Paul fell to the ground, enlightened on the road to Damascus. In that one stolen glimpse everything about my life, everything I believed in, came crashing to the ground. A moment passed, or it could've been longer, mesmerized as I was by her beauty. After coming to my senses I invited her inside again, for the poor woman was on the street during the pandemic without a facial mask.

"It's dangerous out there. Come inside where it's warm."

“I feel sick. I haven’t been vaccinated yet.”

Walking down a few steps, I reached out my robed arm and held out my hand, surprised by and secretly proud of this strange new force that had taken complete possession of me.

“Give me the virus. I don’t care...”

After hearing my words, she reluctantly took my hand. I led her carefully up the steps and into the foyer of the church. As we walked together down the center of aisle of the chapel, her body weakened and I placed my arm around her waist. Suddenly, she leaned against me and her muscles went limp. Catching her before she fell to the floor, I took the woman into my arms and immediately carried her through the church to the quarters I’d been living in since the lock down began. Gently, without waking her, I took off her shoes and overcoat. Laying her down on the bed, I caught a glimpse of her body. She wore a tight form-fitting blouse without a bra. As soon as I saw the curve of her full breasts and nipples under the thin material, I forced myself to look away. Covering her to her chin in blankets, I turned the heat up to high and immediately left the room.

## Chapter Two

### A Man, Both Spirit and Flesh

Embarrassed and disappointed in myself for ogling the poor woman's breasts, I shut the bedroom door and entered the adjoining room to finish my work on the sermon I was to deliver for our virtual service tomorrow. What a sobering sight it was to see ministers and priests all over the internet, even the Pope himself, giving homilies to empty, echoing cathedrals. Yet there was a lightness in my mood to have some company in the next room. I imagined Adam must have felt the same way when he first discovered Eve relaxing in the Garden of Eden.

I had begun writing the rough outline of a sermon on the irresponsibility of some church leaders, who, during the apex of the fight against the infection, insisted on continuing to hold their Sunday church services. Ego-driven ministers in our state, as well as New York and Mississippi, disobeying state mandates to practice social distancing and complaining about their religious freedom, are reported to have contracted Covid-19, some actually dying from the disease. Who knows how many other believers and non-believers alike have been infected due to their reckless behavior?

Inspired, I opened the document on my laptop but could think of nothing other than the image of the innocent woman and the curves of her breasts. What's more, I became aroused thinking of her lying on my bed just a few feet away. I had to continually push my hardened, unruly flesh back down toward my thigh or else it formed a perverse tent under my minister's robe. Who was I to stand in judgment of these misguided preachers if I couldn't stop myself from having sexual thoughts of a sick, homeless woman in the next room? Struggling once more against this pestilence in my mind, I closed the laptop and took my face in my hands. What had come over me? Where were these lustful thoughts coming from? I kept telling myself I was



only trying to give shelter from the cold and minister to the needs of the poor woman, just as Jesus would've done. At the same time, I tried to forgive myself for being a man, both spirit and flesh. No one exists in our world without this dual nature to which they were born, these two primal forces destined to be in a continual battle for the salvation of one's soul.

Feeling a slight headache coming on, I popped a Tylenol and drank some water. Perhaps the woman was sick as she said or among the 40% who carry the virus but are completely asymptomatic. Awash in paranoia, I took my temperature again and it was, of course, normal. I thought perhaps if I checked on the woman, I could put my mind at ease and get back to work on the sermon. I reached instinctively for the face mask I always kept at arm's length, but then decided against wearing it, come what may. Armed with a glass of water, a cold compress, cold medicine, a tablespoon, a thermometer and a bottle of Tylenol, I slowly opened the bedroom door.

What I saw next made my jaw drop, my mouth water. Eve had slipped out of her blouse and skirt, placed a pillow between her thighs and was writhing face-down on the bed. The sheets and blankets were on the floor, along with her clothes. All she had on were a pair of nude thigh-high stockings and panties which completely exposed the round, perfectly flowing curves of her hips and back side. When she turned onto her back, her long thick black hair tumbled down over her shoulders and came to rest over the mounds and in the cleavage of her bare, voluptuous breasts. In the dim light, she appeared more like a Goddess from Greek mythology, than a human female. If I was a better man, I would've immediately backed out of the room to give her privacy, but instead I stood riveted to the spot, gawking at her through the crack in the door. Her eyes were shut and she appeared feverish. Tossing from her back to her side and to her back again, she removed the pillow the from

between her legs and slowly opened her thighs like a clam shell, revealing the pearl within. I blinked once, then twice, unable to believe what appeared before me. As if by some planned defect in design, the panties had a completely open crotch. Her vagina and surrounding labia were revealed, smooth, moist and completely shaved. The glistening folds had peeled open like the petals of a flower, kissed by the first rays of the morning sun, exposing her innermost flesh. It was the most beautiful thing I'd ever seen in my life. I stood there entranced, the saliva forming a pool in my mouth, threatening to spill over my lower lip. Somehow, psychically sensing my presence through her closed eyes, my Aphrodite, my Venus caught me ogling her. As soon as she spoke, my heart pounded and I shut the door, humiliated.

"I know you're there behind the door, Pastor, spying on me. It's OK, you bad boy. I don't mind. I'm almost finished. Open the door and watch the show..."

What strange and wonderful new words were being uttered in the bowels of our holy church? I leaned against the door, my heart racing. No matter how quietly I hid, she knew I was there listening through the wood like a common pervert. I began to hear a distinct sound of shallow breathing and a repeated wet sloshing noise I couldn't make out. Open the door and watch the show, she said. This was my moment of temptation, when the lusciously ripe red apple was offered into my waiting, open palm.

Unable to resist, I opened the door a crack. Peering in, I watched in awe as she rapidly penetrated the opening of her vagina with her fingertips, while repeatedly brushing the pad of her thumb over a distended nub of aroused pink flesh. Her lips parted as she masturbated. Through hooded eyes, she turned to make eye contact with me, while biting down firmly on her lower lip. We held eye contact for a moment more until she closed her eyes and took several shallow rapid swallows of air. Looking closely between her

thighs, I saw a ring of dampness on the bedsheet and a clear fluid that seemed to be leaking out of her. After a final deep exhalation and a more intense period of vigorous penetration and rubbing, a treasure emerged: the release of a thick white substance, oozing out of her vagina, over her puckered anal opening, down her inner thighs to join the growing circle of wetness staining the sheet. After a moment of catching her breath, accompanied by the sporadic twitching of her thighs and the heaving of her breasts, she closed her knees and sat up in bed, the show over.

“I have the worst headache. Could I trouble you for some aspirin? I thought if I masturbated it would relieve my headache, but oh well...”

Fumbling with the medicines in the doorway, the cold syrup dropped to the floor with a thud. I quickly picked it up, embarrassed.

“Of course. Yes. I’m sorry you’re not feeling well. I’ve been meaning to... I mean, I have these various medications.”

“May I have a drink of water, please?”

“Yes, of course. May I come in?”

“You may, sir. It’s your home. You don’t have to ask.”

## Chapter Three

### Social Distancing No More

I entered the room quite tentatively, clutching the medicines and glass of water to my chest, eyes cast to the floor. The room was quite warm, almost like a sauna. I didn't want to make her uncomfortable by staring at her body, though she seemed perfectly comfortable lying nude in my bed, even after sharing such an intimate experience: a full-bodied female orgasm, with me, a complete stranger. I admit to giving her just one sideways discrete glance and what I saw was a most erotic vision. Sitting with her back against the bed frame, her torso was propped up by pillows, the voluminous flesh of her lovely pink breasts proudly and unapologetically displayed, the vertical slit of her female opening still welcoming and wet, her legs crossed at her ankles, her body relaxed. I deduced from her comfort level at my presence in the room that she seemed to like being looked at. But who am I to judge? If your slate is clean, then you can throw stones, etcetera. I may be the minister of the church, but I'm not a judgmental person, per say. While I recognize other men of the cloth may have found her behavior to be highly inappropriate, I could not help but feel honored to be in the presence of such a lovely, uninhibited woman. There was something so breathtakingly pure and innocent about her, post-coitus. It was a sublime spiritual experience for me, as if one of the angels of old descended from Heaven in all her blazing glory to breathe new life into me, both body and soul. I wish I too could be naked and unashamed like Adam in the Garden, without sin and at peace with the world. Blessed from above, with a renewed sense of meaning and purpose in my life, Elenora made me feel comfortable in my own skin.

Stopping at the foot of the bed, I offered the Goddess her glass of water and she took a long drink. As if in a dream, I watched her set the glass on the bedside table, admiring

her slender, ethereal wrist. If I could only rest my lips there, just for a moment. She turned to me and the angel spoke.

“Thank you.”

“You’re welcome,” I replied.

To distract me from staring at her breasts, which were quickly becoming the object of my obsession, I read and reread the labels of the medicines. I tried to remain calm and decided to pretend everything was perfectly normal and that I had nursed several naked women back to health during my tenure as minister of the church. Yet nothing could stop me from becoming physically aroused by her presence.

“I didn’t know whether I should give you a spoonful or two of this multi-symptom cold reliever,” I mumbled, “or just a couple of Tylenols. I thought we could start by taking your temperature.”

“You are a very sweet man for taking care of me when I’m sick, you know,” she replied in a soft, breathy, seductive voice.

“That’s quite all right. I mean, it’s my pleasure to be of service to you, Miss. That’s what our church is for. After all, I am Head Pastor here.”

“I will take care of you too, sir, if you get sick. You can count on that. I want to take care of you, to pay you back for the kindness you’ve shown me.”

“That’s not necessary.”

“Oh, but it is. I insist...”

In response, I nodded like a dim-witted person, smiling, thermometer in hand, just happy to be in the same room with her. It was like the devil’s furnace in her super-heated room. My palms felt sweaty and I began to perspire under my arms, on my forehead.

“So,” she said quite flirtatiously, “would you like to put it in my mouth now, or later?”

What was she asking me? No, it couldn’t be... Playing dumb, I acted the part of her neutered devotee.

“What do you mean?”

She glanced down at my hardening flesh, poking up indecently under my robe, and then looked at me with raised eyebrows. She now knew that I was sexually aroused and, what’s worse, she knew that I knew she knew. I stood there erect and ashamed, holding the medicines.

“What do you think I mean?”

“You mean... the thermometer.”

“Of course. Was there something else you wished to put in my mouth, sir?”

“No.”

“Then you may proceed with your examination, sir. I’ll try to be an willing and obedient patient for you.”

She looked into my eyes, held out her tongue and waited. Light-headed, I realized I’d been holding my breath the entire time during our talk. After exhaling, I placed the thermometer under her tongue. We stared at each other in silence, while waiting for the result. I smiled and she blinked her eyes once, very slowly. The thermometer dinged and I checked her temperature.

“It’s a little elevated, but not too bad,” I said. “Only 99, thank God.”

“I always run a bit hot,” she said with a smile.

“I haven’t heard you coughing which is also a good sign. Do you have a sore throat?”

“No, though it feels a bit dry. Like I could use something... juicy to suck on,” she said with a piercing, feline look, like a tiger stalking its prey.

Was she flirting with me? She seemed very flirtatious. It had been so long since I’d spoken to a woman, I wasn’t sure. My heart pounded so hard like it wanted to burst out of my chest.

“Are you experiencing shortness of breath?”

“I was a moment ago, as you may recall.”

I blushed, remembering the moment of her climax, the open mouth, the twitching flesh, the milky-white fluid oozing

out of the moist curled lips of her sex, coating the cute, puckered opening of her anus and dripping down her inner thighs.

“But not now?”

“You’re sweet. No. I’m breathing normally now, Pastor.”

As I stared, she stretched her arms over her head again and yawned, lifting the flesh of her breasts heavenward. She smiled and I shyly looked down at the medicine bottle.

“I’m thinking we could try the cold medicine and see how that works,” I suggested. “Then we can move on to the Tylenol in the morning, if the fever hasn’t broken by then.”

“Whatever you think, Doctor. I put myself completely in your hands,” she replied, placing her hands behind her head and arching her back slightly, causing her attractive breasts to appear even more prominent.

I focused on the NyQuil and poured out a dose on the spoon. She opened her mouth and I placed the spoon on her tongue. She winced from the taste when she swallowed.

“Sorry. Just one more spoonful. It will help you to sleep.”

“I hope so. I haven’t slept much the last three days.”

Happy to finally know something about her, I jumped on the new information.

“Really? Why haven’t you been sleeping? Is there something going on in your life you’d like to talk about? I am the Pastor here.”

She had a serious look in her eyes for a moment and then shrugged, accompanied by the corresponding jiggle of her breasts.

“No, not particularly.”

I carefully poured out another spoonful.

“Well, this should help,” I said.

After swallowing the second dose, she took a drink of water and settled down into bed.

“I left a cold cloth for your forehead on the table if you need it.”

“You’re very kind. Thank you.”

“Well, I’m sure you need some sleep. I’ll leave so you can get some rest,” I said, turning to leave.

“Wait,” she said. “Don’t go. I’m cold.”

“Oh. Let me turn up the heat.”

“No, the room is warm, but I have the chills. Can you tuck me in?”

“Sure.”

I picked up the blankets and bedsheet off the floor, tucked them under the mattress and pulled them up to her chin.

“There.”

“I’m still cold,” she said.

“Do you want your clothes? I think I saw them on the floor.”

“No, they’re itchy on my skin.”

She shivered.

“I’m so cold,” she repeated. “Would you do something for me?”

“Sure,” I replied.

“Can you get in bed beside me?”

The apple glistened in my hand. I hesitated.

“Are you sure? I’m...”

“I need to feel a warm body against my skin. I’m so cold.”

My heart kept pounding in my chest.

“I’d like to help you. I would. It’s just...I’m not sure. I mean, I really don’t think...”

“I’m cold, sir. I’m so cold. I’ve already swallowed your nasty medicine. Why can’t you do this for me? You say you want to help. Are you the kind of man who likes to see a woman beg?”

“No, it’s not that. I’m...”

“Please, sir. Come under the sheets and warm me up. You’re so mean to me. Can’t you see I’m shivering?”

What would Jesus do, in such a circumstance? I recalled how respectful he was to Mary Magdalene. But unlike Jesus I



knew I would never be able to resist her. She was making it so easy for me, holding the apple to my lips. All I had to do was bite.

“Well, I suppose I could try to warm you up for a few minutes, if you’d like.”

I got under the sheets beside her in the bed, which was sublime and rare experience for me, having not laid with a woman since my experience with Katie. She immediately found the zipper to my robe, removed it and tossed it to the side of the bed. Wanting to feel my skin against hers, she removed my undershirt. In the next few seconds her hands found the elastic waist strap of my underwear and, with some effort, pulled it over my full erection, down my legs and off my body. Glancing down under the sheets, she nodded her head, impressed.

“Not bad, for a minister. Very yummy, Pastor.”

Elenora moved closer to me, so the length of my penis snuggled against her. Almost immediately it was like we’d been together all our lives. How can I describe how nice it felt to me? All I can say is... it was glorious. I put my arms around her shoulders and felt her large soft breasts press against my skin. I held her there, close, pressing my penis firmly into her belly. Under the sheets, I felt one of her hands reach out and gently cup the soft, vulnerable underside of my scrotum while the fingers of the other hand closed around the base of my penis and did not let go. I know it was wrong to take advantage of the young woman, to give in to my base human instincts and desecrate our historic church which has stood in our community for over 150 years, but I never felt more joy or peace in my soul than at the moment when our naked bodies intermingled and became one.

“Is that better?” I asked.

“Yes, I’m finally warming up,” she said.

I stroked my fingers once through her hair and looked into her eyes. Our lips met, sweetly, barely touching, and

then again, much deeper the second time, exploring each other with our tongues, a kiss I will never forget. She said her sexy words and for the first moment in the last three months, I stopped thinking about the God-forsaken virus that was ravaging the world.

“You have a nice penis. It’s rather big and thick. You’ve been hard for hours, you poor man. Your balls feel huge, like two big balloons about to pop. I bet you have a lot of nice creamy semen in there you’ve been saving up for someone just like me.”

Though I found her dirty words rather shocking, I wasn’t offended in the slightest. In fact, her compliments about my body made me feel good about myself, I’m ashamed to say, whether they were true or not.

“I’m so wet and open for you, sir. Would you like to get inside me?”

“I... uh...”

“Do you have a condom, Pastor?”

The way she kept calling me Pastor should’ve brought me to my senses, but instead, God forgive me, the word sounded sexy between her lips.

“No, I’m sorry. I wasn’t expecting...”

“May I ask... have you been sexually active with anyone recently?”

I looked down, embarrassed.

“No. It’s been a rather long time.”

“OK. One last question. Have you ever had a sexually transmitted disease?”

I blushed and nodded no.

“Good. Just so you know, I’ve recently tested negative for STD’s as well.”

“That’s... good to know,” I said, smiling nervously.

She took my hands in hers, like a child, about to leave home for his first day of school.

“Just relax, Pastor. Your penis is hard. You’re attracted to me, right?”