The Preacher’s Wife

Chapter One

“I, Rebecca Marshall, pledge to God, myself, my future husband, and my family that I will remain sexually pure until I am united in holy matrimony."

It was 1966 and twelve of us, seven girls and five boys, took the pledge on a hot summer night in the basement of the Baptist Church in the small, west Kansas town of Smoky Hill. We then read together from the Bible: "It is God's will that you should be sanctified: that you should avoid sexual immorality; that each of you control your own body in holiness and honor."

Sue giggled. She was my best friend. "Shhh," I admonished her. It was a solemn undertaking for me. For Sue it was a party. Sue was big, bold, brassy, and busty. I was none of the above. I helped her with math and French and, as her friend, I shone a little brighter in her shadow. I was surprised she took the pledge.

The pledge came about as the reaction to several pregnancies in our high school. Church leaders took it upon themselves to bring in a handsome, charismatic, hell-fire-and- brimstone preacher to organize a youth group as an alternative to the drinking, dancing, and fornication that was so prevalent among my high school peers We called our Christian youth group TLC: "Teens Living for Christ." We had about a dozen regular members and a few others who showed up occasionally. We scheduled regular Friday night parties -- after the game during football season -- and the preacher counseled us on how we should conduct ourselves to avoid stoking the carnal fires of teenagers. Prayer was suggested as our most powerful weapon when temptation lurked. I fell in love with the preacher, but he seemed to pay more attention to praying with Sue. Perhaps he thought her need was greater.

The pledge didn't seem like a burden at the time. I was not besieged by panting boys. I was as ordinary as a girl could be: average height, average weight, brown hair and brown eyes. The only exceptional thing about me was my breasts. They were exceptionally tiny. Barely a curve interrupted the geometry of my chest. My nipples, however, seemed large and obscene. I kept them well covered as I did the rest of my body, usually wearing loose blouses that buttoned up to the neck and skirts that reached below my knees.

Looking back I realize that my religiosity was a defensive mechanism. I was an obscure and unnoticed person, even in my small high school. Religion was my excuse as to why boys paid little attention to me. Secretly, I dreamed of romance – especially with one of the dreamy football players who would see in me the qualities of character that the popular cheerleaders and beauty queens lacked. I was a frequent masturbator conjuring up situations in which I found true love – but my fantasy always stopped short of sexual relations.

Romance finally found me early in my senior year. Appropriately enough it happened at the Friday night TLC party at my church. His name was Don. He had not been a participant in my sexual fantasies. He sat down beside me while we were having soft drinks and cake at the conclusion of our party. Sue was on my other side, entertaining a brace of boys with slightly off-color stories. She directed a quick look at Don and gave me the suggestion of a wink.

Don, like me, was undistinguished in school. He had recently grown up to be tall, lanky, and rather good looking – although clumsy and inept in social situations. He was, in the vernacular of the time, consigned to the high school social class of "grits" – which was better than being a "hood" but well below the prestige of a "jock" or a "prep." I was too smart to be a grit but didn't quite measure up to being a prep.

"Would you like to go to the movie with me tomorrow?" Don asked. The closest movie theater was in Hickok, twenty miles away. "My father will let me take the car." Don had a driver's license, but didn't own a car himself – another factor that relegated him to the lowly status of a grit.

I was taken aback. But, I was also suffering the agony of not having a date to the Homecoming dance only one week in the future. Don was better than no date at all. "Why, yes," I answered. "That would be nice. Thank you for asking me."

The date was fun and Don asked me to go to the Homecoming dance and, soon, we were a couple -- my first boy friend. Don and I began going to church parties, watching television, and studying together. We cuddled on the sofa in the living room of my house and kissed chastely -- but we never allowed our hands or mouths to stray to forbidden zones and I kept my lips closed – one of the tips the handsome preacher had given us to preserve us from temptation.

That remained true for several weeks, but one night, sitting on the sofa together, Don moved his hand from my shoulder to my waist, his fingers running slowly over my chest. My nervous giggle ended in a gasp when his mouth found mine and he pushed himself close to me and his hand ran down my back and under the waistband of my skirt.

I allowed the kiss to continue longer than it should have before I shook myself free from him. "Sorry," he apologized.

"I understand," I said. I had been taught that it was the woman's job to restrain the savage sexual beast that lurks in the heart of men. I patted Don on the knee to show that he was forgiven and we sat a little closer than usual the rest of the night, his arm over my shoulder and my large, hard nipple enjoying the friction through the fabric of our clothing. I masturbated that night with the fantasy that Don and I were married and enjoying the blissful delights of sex between two truly committed Christians.

Our next date was another descent down the sinful slope that led to the fires of Hell. Sitting together on the sofa, his hand again found its way to my breast and, beneath the waistband of my skirt, inside my panties, and to the very top on the curve of my buttocks. His hands stayed in place while we kissed -- and I broke another rule I had learned for avoiding temptation. I took my feet off the floor and reclined on the sofa. I allowed him to unfasten the top buttons on my blouse and his fingers to reach under my bra to feel my nipples. I sensed the hardness of his penis beneath the fabric of his blue jeans. "I love you, ' he said. "I want to marry you."

I was speechless. "Don't you love me?" he pressed.

"Oh, I do," I answered, kissing him on the lips.

"I think this is all right if we're going to be married."

I wasn't sure what he meant by "this." I thought about it as we lay there, he half on top of me, his fingers massaging my breasts, me twitching to feel better his hard penis pressing against my hip. "Well, yes," I said. "I think it's all right that we do this. As long as we don't go any further," I added quickly.

"Of course not," he agreed. "We promised God." We talked a lot about marriage and our future after that. I didn't exactly accept his proposal of marriage but I now regarded our relationship as enduring. I would help Don grow up to be the kind of person I thought he should be. He was sometimes slothful at school and less than ambitious about his future.

During Christmas vacation Don came over late one night to watch a movie on television. My parents had already gone to bed. I greeted him wearing flannel pajamas-- long, loose trousers held on with a drawstring and an untucked top that buttoned down the front. I thought about getting dressed more appropriately, but the pajamas were modest, I told myself, and I well aware that his hands could find my breasts easier under the top than if I put on a bra and blouse. It didn't take long for him to discover that.

We lay on the sofa side-by-side and, for the first time in my life, a boy's mouth sucked my nipples. They were so hard and big and he sucked and sucked as I turned onto my back and he rolled on top of me and pressed against my groin. He began to hunch, his body driving harder and harder against mine. I spread my legs, and he pitched wildly back and forth, breathing hard and moaning in ecstasy, and then he collapsed, his labored breathing hot against my neck.

I wasn't sure what had happened -- but I thought he had "climaxed." That was a less embarrassing word to me than "orgasm." The word "cum" had never passed my lips – although I knew what it meant.

The hard member in his jeans quickly went away after his last spasm and he relaxed in my arms, not even able to respond when I moved my hips to enjoy better the feel of him. He laid his head on my bare breasts. Only a month before the notion of uncovering my breasts for a man would have been unthinkable.

"Did I hurt you?" Don asked as his breathing became more normal.

"Not at all," I answered. "I like it when you kiss my breasts. And, and ... uh ... I liked the other too."

"I can't wait until we get married and we can go all the way."

"I can't either. I think God is telling us that we will be happy together. Should we wait until we finish college – or get married sooner?"

"Sooner," he said. "Maybe I'll get a job instead of college."

"Oh, no, you must go to college. Perhaps you could become a preacher?" That was my dream: to marry a handsome, sensual preacher and to be his sweet, satisfied, and well-fucked helpmate. The word "fuck" had entered my consciousness – and I liked the guilty thrill it gave me. Sue said it often – just to shock my pious little soul.

"Perhaps," his lack of enthusiasm was noticeable. I worried about his lack of ambition. The seed of doubt was sown.

"Please, Jesus," I prayed. "Instill in Don the desire to do your will and great work on your behalf. And, Jesus," I added, "Bless the soul of Sue. She loves you and she needs your guidance to avoid the temptations of sin." I had a strong suspicion that Sue had already violated the pledge with her boy friend, one of the stars on the football team. She was uncharacteristically vague about the details of her romance, but he was known to have had sex with several girls.

Two nights later, in the back seat of his father's car, I wrapped my legs around Don to and moved in concert with him and we hunched together in a fully-clothed pantomime of sex. He climaxed again. I suppressed the wish that he had lasted just a little bit longer as I was nearly ready myself.

A few days later, while we were kissing on the sofa, Don unzipped his jeans and pulled my hand down to his penis. I felt the hardness beneath my hand and, then, his penis sprung from his pants, standing tall, and my hand was wrapped around it. "Becky," he muttered, "I need ... some ... ah ... relief. I'm afraid I'll want to do something bad if ... ah ... you don't help me."

I wasn't sure how I was to help him, but it was not very difficult to learn. A few strokes of my hand and he breathed hard and sighed loudly and his penis jerked wildly and hot sperm surged out of him and fell on my arm and hand. I held his dick (as I had begun to call it) until it lost its hardness and nearly disappeared. It was interesting how it became so small and insignificant so quickly. It didn't even respond when I gave it a few more strokes. As Don lay back on the sofa and relaxed I found myself really, really wishing that he would provide some relief for me, but I didn't have the courage to ask him. I left him as soon as I could to change my underwear. My panties were wet.

The next time we met I "helped" him again but this time he spurted cum all over my best white skirt. "I'm so sorry," he said, wiping at the wet spots with his handkerchief. "I'll never do that again. I promise."

I wanted to make him climax again -- although I had to protect my clothing from those noticeable stains. "It's all right," I said, to reassure him. "I love you. And I want to meet your needs." But not violating our pledge, of course," I quickly added.

"Of course not." he answered. "Not until we're married. Or at least engaged."

The next time we met on that same sofa I had my needs met. At last! I had begun to worry that I was one of those "frigid" women I had heard about. Despite a dozen times when he had rubbed against me I had still not climaxed. This time, however, my skirt had worked its way up to my waist and his hand found its way beneath it and he felt my slit cautiously through the thin fabric of my panties.

I didn't sweep his hand away. "Just your hand," I gasped, "not your finger." I didn't want to lose my virginity. I didn't know whether a finger inserted in me would cause that loss or not -- but it seemed too risky."

"Okay," he said. He rubbed his hand over my panties and into my slit and against my clitoris and I hunched in pleasure, unzipping his jeans and pulling his hard penis out and playing with him.

A woman's first man-made orgasm is a wondrous thing. I was 17 years old; I had never been popular with boys; I was repressed and guilt-ridden; I had little self-esteem. I was a puritan. Don's finger rubbed me to a climax that left me shaking like a leaf, my body wildly agitated and he just hanging on to me like a rider on a wild horse.

When I could talk again, I said, "I've never felt anything like that before." He was holding me, and I was naked except for my panties, wet with my juices, and his penis was rubbing against my thigh. "Make me cum," he said.

I touched him, and he exploded, cum spurting all over my panties and my crotch. "Oh, my god," I said, leaping up from the sofa. I've got to get this off before I get pregnant."

I pulled the panties off and rushed into the bathroom with him following me. I jumped into the shower, turning the water as hot I could stand it. He followed me. "I don't think you'll get pregnant," he said. "I didn't cum inside you." "We didn't fuck," he added. "You can't get pregnant." That was the first time he had said that word

"I've got to scrub it off," I answered. "I have to be sure." It was also the first time we had both been totally naked together. Don got into the shower and helped me wash myself. He was hard again. He rubbed his soapy hand over my clitoris and felt for my vagina. "Don't," I said. "I love you, but it might violate our pledge if you put your finger in me."

"I won't stick my finger in you," he promised. He rubbed my clitoris and I rubbed his penis and I said, "I'm cumming," and we did it together in the hot shower. I maintained enough presence of mind to ensure that his penis was pointed away from me and that he squirted on the tile wall of the shower.

This was new and thrilling! The next morning Don came over to the house to walk me to school. My parents had already gone to work. We greeted each other in the kitchen with a kiss and he slipped his hand up my dress and reached under my panties.

"I want to fuck you," he said.

"No, we can't fuck. Just your finger. Not in me. But make me cum," I nearly shouted

He looked at me, surprised at my outburst of explicit language. His finger found my slit and my clitoris and I cummed while learning against the stove. I unzipped his pants and returned the favor, catching his cum in a paper towel.

I had to change panties because mine were so wet. After that morning I always greeted him in the kitchen, panty-less. We masturbated each other and then I put on a pair of panties and we walked to school. At school, whenever we had a moment alone, and at night while studying we made each other cum. We were besotted with each other. Three or four times a day his finger would find my clit. I jerked him off an equal number of times. Our language with each other was getting much more forthright and descriptive.

However, I still had a terrible fear of having an errant cum shot find its way into my vagina and becoming pregnant and disgraced in the eyes of my parents, friends, church, and God. Birth control was, of course, immoral. We found a way to avoid the risk of pregnancy: oral sex.

It was my initiative, a sign of my increasing boldness. I was jerking him off one evening on the couch in the front seat of his father's car and I suddenly decided to lower my head and kiss his penis. The response was encouraging -- to say the least. In record time he cummed in my mouth and I realized I had found a solution to the pregnancy problem. I couldn't get pregnant if I swallowed his cum -- and besides that it was fun to feel his hot, throbbing penis in my mouth and to taste the salty, sticky cum. He tasted good – pure and clean. There was none of the alcohol or coffee or tobacco taste to his sperm that I would experience so often later in my life. I began to give Don blow jobs whenever we had the opportunity and jerking him off when we didn't.

A few days later I enjoyed my first experience as a recipient of oral sex. I had never felt anything half as good as his wet tongue licking my clitoris and plunging up my vagina. Surely, his tongue would not cause me to lose my virginity.

We were the horniest couple in the world! I discovered that I was one of the fortunate women able to enjoy multiple orgasms, especially by mouth. Don would often spend an hour or more making me cum over and over again. Nor was he a one-shot male. I could blow him to a climax several times in an evening, and next morning he was ready to be jerked off in my kitchen.

Don acquired a car which facilitated our lovemaking -- and some discoveries. Sue had taken the pledge but her boyfriend had not – and was not even in fact a church- going Christian. Don and I double dated with them several times. One night, after a movie we parked on a lonely road. Don and I were kissing in the front seat -- to shy to do more than discreetly feel each other with another couple present. I stole a look at Sue and her boyfriend in the back seat. Big-titted Sue was naked and her boyfriend's pants were around his knees. He was fucking her.

On a later double date -- the night we graduated from high school -- they made no pretense. Sue's boy friend leaned her over the fender of the car, pulled off her clothes, and fucked her from the rear. There was enough moonlight to see her tits flopping around and the two of them writhing in passion. Don and I were in the front seat of the car. We watched them through the windshield, fascinated by the spectacle. It was exciting, but I was disturbed at how little the pledge meant to Sue.

I was concerned also that Don watched Sue all too attentively. Even after her boy friend pulled out of her and zipped up his pants, Don didn't turn his eyes and his attention to me. He was very hard.

"Turn on the car lights," Sue shouted to us. "So I can find my clothes." She found her skirt on the ground and wrapped it around herself and pulled he blouse on, but didn't fasten the buttons. Her boyfriend found her panties and put them in his pocket. She draped her bra over her shoulder. Don opened the car door to help Sue and her boy friend get into the back seat. Her tits were still hanging free of her blouse and she gave him a friendly smile. She was only mildly embarrassed. "Sorry for the show," she said. "We got a little out of hand."

We dropped Sue and her boy friend at their homes and Don drove me home. He parked in front of our house. I reached over and unzipped his pants and prepared to give him the usual valedictory blow job, But he raised my head from his lap and pulled my skirt up over my waist and said, "I want to fuck you, Becky."

He pressed me back against the car door, parted my legs, and his engorged penis sought my vagina. As had become customary on our dates, I wasn't wearing panties. "No, no," I said, "The pledge!"

I tried to push him away, but his dick found the passage and he was inside me. But just for a moment. "No!" I shouted. "I'll get pregnant. And the pledge! The pledge!" I put my hands on his shoulders and pushed him off me and he was out of me and I was crying uncontrollably.

Slowly, he regained his composure. "I'm sorry, Becky. Then, he added, "I didn't cum."

"We promised God," I said sobbing. "I can't fuck you." I had the awful feeling that I had violated my pledge. The moment his penis slipped inside had crossed the invisible line between chastity and immorality in my eyes. I arranged my clothes, got out of the car, and walked alone to my house without looking back. Don drove away slowly.

Was I still a virgin? Would I be able to receive my life mate in purity? I didn't know. My doubts, however, about Don as a future spouse were confirmed. He lacked the initiative, the moral stature, and the discipline of a true Christian. I wanted to be the loyal helpmate of a passionate and consequential Christian man. I was positive after that night that Don was not going to be my husband.

I didn't break up with Don immediately. We continued to see each other for the rest of the summer. But, late in August, I said good-bye to Don and went off to live and study at a Baptist college. Don decided not to continue his education. He got a job driving a truck for a sand and gravel quarry. We never had another date after I left for college. Two years later he married a woman a year or two older than him who already had a child. I wasn't invited to the wedding.

So ended my first, semi-consummated love affair. But looking back now, more than 30 years and one hundred men later, I still wonder to myself, "Did Don take my virginity? Did I lie to my husband – the preacher – when I told him that I had never been with a man?"