

For what I am about to receive

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Thoughts during a meal

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For what we are about to receive may the Lord make us truly thankful Amen.

They are all mentally thanking the Lord (as well we should) but it would be nice if occasionally they thought of thanking me. There are seven of us round the table, six officials of the church and me, pastor's wife and general dogsbody. A simple meal while they discuss weighty matters.

Does every have all they require? May I get anyone anything?

No, they're all fine as they tuck in to their vegetarian supper, which, say it though I do, is not bad. But I long for a great hunk of meat; in more ways than one. All of us dressed soberly, on the outside at least. I wonder what they'd say if I stepped out of my long plain high necked dress and showed them what I was wearing beneath. A thong, a lacy bustier bra, both in purple silk, laced in gold and stockings. I love pulling stockings up my smooth legs. I'd love a man to pull them back down, slowly.

I've got to behave. I'm in trouble. When they have all gone I'm down for a sermon. 30 minutes if I'm lucky, probably 45. Must try and earn a few brownie points. Step one. Don't open your mouth. What do I, with a philosophy degree, know about religious matters? What do I really care? My thong has moved into my crack. I'll put the discomfort down to self flagellation, must get a point for that.

In trouble? Yes. Today at the college where I teach I was laughing with a colleague and as he walked off I smacked him on the arm in appreciation of his joke. Husband, who is one of the chaplains, saw. I saw him seeing. Though he said nothing then, I knew. Half an hour for laughing, half an hour for unnecessary physical contact. Hopefully sentences to run concurrently. So after the meal and before the clearing up, he must get to his bed on time, down to the chapel to pray.

The kneelers are long thin covered planks with raised ends. So if I position myself where two meet and adjust my dress accordingly I can massage myself quiet comfortably while he gets it out of his system. I don't even have to say yea or nay at intervals. Just move my hips gently and let the hard wooden ends dirty another pair of panties. It's a pity our church doesn't do ecstatic rejoicing! I'd be

minister by now.

Has every one finished? Shall I serve the dessert?

In the kitchen and alone for a few minutes. Adjust clothing and give myself a little rub to warm me up for later. Thank the Lord for all the nice men online. Desert should be light and creamy with alcohol. Oh sinner you mentioned the demon drink down on your knees. Well yes I am actually but only because I've dropped the mixing spoon on the floor. Oh well the floor must be clean. Dessert is stodgy pudding and custard. One day I'll get some drugs from one of the students to spice things up. Fantasy, fantasy. I'm stirring the custard with one hand and feeling myself with the other. Mmmm.

Shall I serve? Help yourselves to the custard

I wonder what it would be like to be naked, lying on the table covered with custard and having it licked off by six sexy men? A lot better than eating the stuff with stodgy pud. Still crap food makes dieting easier.

Back in the kitchen to make the coffee. An odd ritual. I had to agree with the comedian who recently commented on ending evening meals with coffee, guaranteed to keep you awake. I've bought some cream to go with it. A frivolity that I might or might not get away with depending on who takes advantage of it. My punishment is democratically determined.

I wonder who will be on-line tonight. Who will excite me and give me what I need. Will I excite them? I hope so. I need to excite as much as being excited. I never know about them but they seem OK, some come back for more so I can't be too bad. Most of them do it for me though, eventually. Sometimes I like to hold back a bit to stay simmering for longer before coming to the boil. Sometimes one of them does something for me I'm lost in minutes.

Will he go to sleep quickly so I can browse in peace? Two more hours including a lecture. I just wish he'd bend me over his knee and thrash me. Shouldn't say that, seen too many battered wives. What's worse, physical or mental violence? Both as bad as each other I suppose. I am lucky, bored and frustrated though I am, I appreciate what is good. He is good, they do do good things, but they have no joy in them. Laughter of the right kind can drive out many devils. Oops I'm getting philosophical, give my tits a little rub and back to serve the coffee.

Who would like a little cream with their coffee? Sugar anyone?

Might be alright here. Cream was accepted. Even He had some, probably thought it was milk.

Pastor, one of the parishioners gave me this box of mint chocolates and I wondered if this was an appropriate time and place to share them. To compliment a lovely meal

Wow, someone appreciated me; you can have a blowjob any time you like. Pastor has agreed, even more wow. Mind you, the lecture will be full length after this amount of luxury.

Question: Why is an after dinner mint like a blow job? If you suck it enough you get an explosion of white cream.

Oh dear I've got blowjobs on the brain. Serious face while business is conducted. What an idea though, mint flavoured sperm. Come on scientists. If you could make semen taste of mint, chocolate would be better, the whole sexual arena would change. Hello Darling I've just taken my chocolate flavour pill in case you feel like a taste later!

You seem amused my Dear

No Pastor. I was contemplating that picture of God smiling down on us and thought that perhaps sometimes we should smile back to say thank you.

An interesting thought.

Have I got away with that on? Still now I can gracefully leave and do the tidying up while they finish their business.

Well, lecture over, not too bad, 40 minutes. He's off to bed I've taken off my dress, slipped on a pair of stilettos and tarted up my makeup. Looked at myself in the mirror and thought yes my girl. Laptop in my bedroom. Thank the lord we now sleep separately.

Logging in: 37 members in the chat rooms. goody

For what I am about to receive I will be truly grateful.

Ahhhh MEN