Counseling the Church Pianist

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Published on Lush Stories on 05 Jan 2011

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I was a high school freshman and Jason was a senior when we met. I was skinny, shy, and innocent. He was my first serious boyfriend and had what every girl wanted a sports car. He was proud of his 69' Chevelle. Times were good, I fell in love, and we got married the day after my high school graduation.

Jason found work as an EMT while I found a job in our small town library. It has been twenty-eight years now since our wedding. My marriage has brought me a wonderful daughter and a home on ten acres. While I'd like to say it brought me happiness, I couldn't. Soon after our wedding I discovered Jason had a very domineering personality. Every once in a while he would get real angry and hit me, but I was in love so I just brushed it aside. Besides that, he would always promise to never do it again.

Just to add to the insanity, he is a deacon at our small country church where I play piano. He puts up a real show at church about how caring and sensitive he is, but at home he is a nightmare. He likes sex rough and it is all "wham bam thank you ma'am." When he is mad, he yells and has been known to hit me. Except for a brief time when I moved out five years ago, until I ran out of money, I have not had much in the way of happiness. I am emotionally distant and live for my grandson.

I turned to Steven who recently became the part-time pastor at my small country church. It started out innocently enough. I had out-patient surgery to reset some toes that had been crooked and were beginning to make walking painful as I got older.

I did not expect a pastoral visit since Steven worked a full-time as a teacher so I was surprised when he came knocking on my door to check on me. I was wearing no makeup, hobbling around in a big boot to cover the surgical dressing, and decked out in a pair of comfortable sweats and a t-shirt. Jason was working a 24-hour shift on the back of an ambulance and I was kicked back on the easy chair catching a movie.

Steven was twelve years younger than I. Our conversation was initially only about my surgery and the

church. After about thirty minutes, I figured I would tell him what most of the church already knew. Him, being the pastor, should hear it from my lips and not from church gossip after all. So I let him know that Jason and I had been separated a few years back, still did not always get along too good, and I had only returned home because I ran out of money. I lived with Jason, but I did not like him.

Though Steven's preaching on Sunday mornings was heartfelt, I figured he would give me the usual advice. He would say marriage is a lifetime commitment except in cases of adultery, wives should submit to their husbands, and that I should pray more and ask Jesus to change my heart. That is, after all, what every pastor who has served my church has advised me and so I figured to hear more of the same. In my mind, men were all alike and pastors were not too much different. They created a religious culture that enabled abuse.

To my surprise, Steven was a good listener and slow to interject his pastoral wisdom. While I made no mention of the physical and emotional abuse I had suffered, he was concerned about my feelings, my needs, and my well-being. When it was time to go, he prayed for me. He spoke to my deep pain and asked God to begin to heal me. He said God wanted me to know I was loved and I was God's special pocket change. I had never heard praying like that.

Before he left, I decided to tell my pastor what I had never told anyone. Not even my children. Jason was abusive.

Steven immediately asked, "Is he physically abusive?"

"Yes," I replied.

We talked for an additional two hours about the abuse and he listened. Really listened. At my request, every week he would come back and counsel with me some more. I wanted inner healing and needed the courage to try it on my own again. I opened my soul to him, and he shared the love of God and prayed over me.

Steven had a special persona about him. Though he was thirty-four and I was forty-six, he put me at ease and made me feel special. He had a smile and a sweet demeanor that could make me melt. His sensitivity and patience helped forge an emotional connection and I found myself falling in love with a married man. It did not hurt that he looked good in a suit.

I got aroused just seeing him in the pulpit. I fantasized about making love while he preached. More than once I messed up a song on the piano during the singing because my mind drifted to him. It is the pastor and pianist, after all, who have traditionally had the reputation for having affairs.

I knew his wife, of course. She served as the church youth pastor and I felt a twinge of guilt for my feelings. He belonged to her after all. And while I thought I was still pretty with long black hair and curves at forty-six, I was no match her. She was beautiful and twenty-five. I would have to settle for fantasies.

As my weekly "counseling" sessions continued, Steven remained a complete gentleman and a professional. Even on weeks when I would be in an extra flirty mood it did no good. I would wear a knee-length skirt to show off my legs, cross them, and swing the top one back and forth to catch his attention. When I thought I had caught the corner of his eye, I would uncross my legs and cross them again with the other leg now on top hoping he might see a glimpse of my panties in the process. Except for what I thought might be an occasional fleeting glance, my efforts seemed in vain. During times of prayer, I would reach out for his hand and grasp it. When our hands were joined, I would rest them on my lap hoping he would enjoy the feel of my skirt on the back of his hand and the warmth of my leg. Whether or not he got anything out it, the touch of his hand turned me on. I longed for him to slip his hand under my skirt.

He had been the pastor for about six months when rumor started that his wife was having an affair with Scott, one of the church youth. The whole thing was hush hush. The youth's ex-girlfriend made the accusation, but Steven's wife and the eighteen year old boy were in complete denial. Without solid proof, and only the word of a scorned girl to go on, the whole situation was swept under the rug.

After Christmas, the young man moved off to college and things seemed to get back to normal. Including our counseling sessions. At our next counseling session, however, I noticed Steven seemed to be distant.

"Are you okay, Steven?"

"I'm sorry. My mind is on other things."

"Can I help?"

"No, it is a personal thing," he replied. "I don't want to burden you."

"You listened to me. Let me see if I can help by listening to you."

After talking about his wife and his love for her, and 'hem-hawing' around about romantic times in the past, Steven finally admitted she had an affair with one of the young deacons at their last church. This pastorate was supposed to be a new start for both of them.

"Poor baby."

"She told me she was going to visit her sick mother this week. I called her mother today and Brandi was not there."

Putting my hand on arm, I responded, "You're too sweet a man to be treated that way."

Steven's eyes held mine as he responded to my praise. He hesitatingly pulled his arm away from me. It was as if he was scared of enjoying my touch, but the thought of seducing him was getting me turned on. I pushed my soft bangs out of my eyes and tossed my long black hair back over my shoulders as I tried to hold Steven's attention.

"Do you think she is with Scott today," I asked?

"I think so," Steven said, as tears formed in his eyes.

"Let me hold you," I begged.

He agreed. I pulled my chair directly across from his, leaned over, and took him in my arms. He began to weep on my shoulder as I softly soothed him. The warmth of his body pressed against mine made the sensitivity of my nipples heighten. In the midst of my comfort, I was wrestling against my inner desires.

As I held him, Steven put his right hand in my lap and I began to hold it with my other hand. We held each other for a long time as his tears soaked my blouse. Bringing him closer, I pulled him into my bosom, his head resting against my cleavage, and gently let him release his pain while I began to rub his back.

"Your the sweetest man I know," I said.

I gently gave him a kiss on the top of his head in the midst of my embrace. A small current of electricity flew through my body. I did not want to let go of him. His company was my brief break from my lonely life.

As I withdrew my kiss to his head and eased my hug, he looked up at me and our eyes locked. In that moment I saw the look of loneliness and yearning in his eyes. We looked at each for a few moments, my arms still holding him lightly. My body ached with desire and I needed him.

"You ministered to my needs, let me minister to yours," I begged.

"Please help me," Steven replied.

I surprised him with a kiss to his lips. It was a slow loving kiss. One I hoped would be well received.

In the seconds that passed while we looked at each other in my small living room, fear set in. What if he rejected my form of counseling? Would he ever come back to my home again? What if Jason finds out? Before fear could turn to panic, Steven met my lips with his and gave me an extended kiss. And we kissed again and again. Letting each one float in my country home in northern Maine. We suddenly had a moment of peace in our stressed out lives.

There was no going back. I traced the shape of his mouth with my tongue. A fire raged within as I touched between his lips, testing the boundaries. Encouraged, I carefully slid my tongue in and we began to make love in a sanctuary of saliva. Building passion, we kissed deeper. My heart thundered in my chest as desire overwhelmed me. My gums made love to his tongue. Tightening as he thrust again and again into my mouth.

My body ached with desire and I needed more. I stood up, took his hand, and placed it on my blouse against my right breast. He squeezed my breast causing my body to rise from his fondling and I let out a loud moan. My nipple burned at his touch and I gasped as waves of pleasure pulsated between my legs leaving me soaking wet.

I wanted to feel him too. Working by touch, I ran my index finger along the front of his suit pants until I found his hard flesh. I ran my nails across my sex, then rubbed my thumb over the tip. He was much larger than I had anticipated and that excited me. A firm squeeze confirmed his thickness and I reveled in the thought of him plunging that beast deep within me.

We were both moaning now. I watched his face contort to my every move. Exploring his body while he discovered mine, was sending vibrations all over me. At my every touch, the veil of ecstasy across his body moved in an erotic dance as if he were a stringed puppet and I was controlling him with my fingers.

I felt Steven's hands move to my skirt. His hands were strong and his organ pulsated with excitement. All my senses focused on those wandering fingers as Steven passionately began a frontal assault on my skirt. I desperately wanted him. His fingers forced their way between and up my thighs, found my wet panties, and pressed in between my legs. The sensation against my clit and entrance to my sex made my eyes roll back and my legs buckle. I shuddered and tried to catch my breath in vain. My nails tore at his shaft as he pressed ever more into my sex. My hips shook when he started moving his thumb up and down against my buried clit while his fingers traced along my hidden outer lips. His

other hand grabbed my ass through my panties and held me steady as I balanced on my tip toes.

I released my kiss in an effort to get a breath of air between gasps of pleasure. I tried to muffle my increasing moans as ecstasy overwhelmed me. Steven's fingers followed the outline of my bush pressing against the front of my panties upward to gain entrance from the top. Current shot through my body when he slipped his hand inside my panties and dived deep through my hairy bush. A bush that no hand had ever explored but Jason’s. When his fingers found me, I was on the edge of climax. I raised my hips to greet him as he slid through a river of moisture to my secret most place. He crossed my clit and then my outer lips on his journey of exploration to my eager moans. I was slick with love juice. When he began rubbing my clit, I unleashed a muffled scream. All my attention was focused on his fingers and the orgasm he was bringing me. I would have collapsed if it were not for his strong arms balancing my ass in the palm of his hand. I knew it would be only moments before he would make love to me.

He lifted me off the ground with his strong arm, bringing me to climax with his other hand, all the while carrying me to my bedroom. Once there, he laid me on my bed and undid his pants. I was amazed at the size of his organ. I struggled in an effort to raise my hips and shed my skirt. I searched for my skirt zipper, but I could not find it fast enough. Getting the skirt off would have to wait.

We were both desperate for each other. Steven spread my legs so that my skirt bunched up beneath me, slid my panties aside for an easy entrance, lifted my ass with his hands, and buried his long thick shaft deep within me. My hips rocked up and down beneath his hands as his shaft pushed deep inside just to ease out. I let out a low, deep groan as he continued to thrust inside me. I bucked and twisted under the pleasure of another intense orgasm.

We made love fully clothed for close to an hour. Him on top, me on top, on our sides. Sitting up leaning against the bed frame. All over the place. He was 34 and I was 46, but our passion had no limit. I loved the smile on his face as we made love. His suit tie flying wild as he thrust into me. Sex was never like this with Jason. I savored the moment.

"I want you to cum," I begged, knowing he was trying to maximize my pleasure.

Steven looked at me with those glowing eyes and began steady thrusts. I gasped quietly and writhed with each long thrust of his shaft. He went faster as I felt my inner body tightening against his member. I leaned up and slid my hand under his balls and began to rub them as he made love to me. His breathing grew heavy. I felt his shaft begin to expand within me. He was going slower now as waves of pleasure swept through him. It was wonderful watching his facial expressions as my body shuddered all over as we climaxed together. He filled me up with spurt after spurt of his semen. I traced my fingers over his balls as my legs shivered and shook the last of the orgasm.

I was smiling, looking at my new lover, unable to move much yet, and my breathing drained by the heart-stopping moment he had given me.

"Steven, do you feel less stressed now?"

"That was some good counseling Susan, I think I need some more."

"I agree."

The next time around we removed all of our clothes and took our time.