

Chapter and Verse

The Family That Prays Together Stays Together, read the stenciling above our home's fireplace. I believed in those words, even did the stenciling myself. As a wife and mother of five, church isn't merely some building I drag my brood to every week for appearance's sake; it's the center of our union as a family. Family, of course, is the arrangement ordained by the Almighty for the nurturing of the spirit, in particular the spirits of the young, primarily nurtured by their parents. Jordana, Benny, Jonah, Sarah and Mary are my whole life, and there's nothing I wouldn't do for them. I try my hardest every day to be a model mother and an inspiration to other women in our congregation.

Which, I suppose, is why the fact that I'd been struggling so fervently, sitting up staring at the ceiling, praying the Lord to help me banish the memory of Benny's erection from my very vivid imagination.

Simon, my husband, was sawing logs beside me, and I was thankful that he was a sound sleeper. I'd been tossing and turning for hours now, unable to get that image out of my head. Ever since I'd accidentally walked in on Benny earlier that week in the midst of... Erm, I won't use the word, but you know what young men his age are like. Well, ever since, I couldn't get the sight out of my head! That thick, purple-red thing, jutting out from between his hands like he was choking it. Wasn't that one of those vulgar terms they used for it? "Choking the bishop?" Vulgar and *blasphemous*.

But there it was. Inspiring all sorts of... vulgarities.

For what must be the tenth time that night, I had to pull my nightgown back into place. The devil take my hands, they kept on trying to follow Benny's example! Fearful of waking Simon in this state, I let myself out of bed and made my way down the hall to the kid's bathroom to splash some cold water on my face. I looked hard at myself in the mirror.

"No," I said firmly, keeping my voice low. "No. You are a Christian woman. You do not have these thoughts. You are a better woman than this."

I was no stranger to temptations of the flesh, mind you. At thirty-eight years old, I could still see the conventionally attractive girl I had once been. I had been what the boys had called "a looker." My children had somehow all inherited my fair hair and complexion, and I was mindful that the girls' bodies took after mine. Many a young man had tried to win my affections, and in some of my weaker moments, God forgive me, I had *almost* considered giving them away. Even now, it was not uncommon for me to attract stray gazes and even the occasional lewd comment from the unchurched. My body, I know, was an occasion for sin for many men. I kept myself healthy and fit for Simon, to be a good partner for him, but it was inevitable that others would take notice.

Did Benny ever notice?

My eyes widened as I realized the question that had run through my mind right then. Benny! My Benny! My oldest son! What was wrong with me?

I let myself out of the bathroom, intending to return to my bed, when I happened to notice a thin sliver of light coming from beneath Benny's door. After Jordana left to do her mission work last fall, I'd allowed him to move into her old room. Simon had warned me he'd abuse the privacy, but I hadn't listened. He'd been right, and I'd been a fool not to listen.

Why was Benny up so late? Was he... abusing the privacy, right now?

It was a sin. He knew that, and we knew he knew. Our new pastor had confided in the parents of our congregation's youths that he was taking each of them aside to properly explain the birds and bees to them, so they would understand God's plan for their bodies. Yet since talking to Pastor Henry, Benny had only become more and more withdrawn, and refused to talk to his father about it. He'd been acting less and less like himself ever since. He'd lose track of what he was saying mid-sentence. His eyes would linger on anything round, especially if the round thing was some part of a woman. Sometimes his mouth simply hung slack; the other day while we were watching television, Benny had drooled right on his own chest without seeming to notice. Could the temptations of the flesh be so distracting? That very same night I'd walked in and seen...

It was so *big*.

I shook my head, leaping back onto my train of thought. I'd seen it, and I'd immediately gone to speak with Pastor Henry myself, concerned. To the point of fixation, really. Pastor Henry had talked to me for half an hour or more, reminding me of the importance of the role of a mother's love and support during these confusing times in a boy's life. Lots of other things; it all sort of blurred together. He was so right, I saw that right away. We were all sinners, after all, all deserving of nothing but damnation, saved only by God's grace. None of us were more deserving of it than any other, whether a murderer or a... a...

Masturbator.

There, I acknowledged the word. Now maybe it would go away.

Was he doing it right now? Masturbating? (It wasn't such a bad word, now that I said it. My Benny was a good boy, after all, and he wouldn't do it if it were so wicked.)

I don't know how many minutes I stood there outside his door, wondering. Listening. Imagining. Straightening my nightgown when my own hands strayed to sin. It felt like an eternity. But as the time passed, increasingly, I knew what I had to do. What else would Benny be doing at this hour? I was sure I could hear breathing behind that door, heavy, accelerated. He was... masturbating. Right now. I was almost sure of it.

As a mother, didn't I have a right to open that door and intervene? Didn't I have an obligation?

Never mind that I so badly *wanted* to see it. My own desires were beside the point. This was about my boy. About his desires.

I opened the door.

There he was. There *it* was. The manhood of my boy. My mouth opened in awe at the sight before me. Benny did not take after Simon in this regard, there was no denying it. That

thing in his hands, it was as red and and angry-looking as the devil himself. Simon, he was tugging on it with abandon.

Was he close? Was there some way to tell if a man was close? Simon and I had made love only for procreation, and I'd never gotten much of a feel for it, if there even was such a thing. But he looked like he was enjoying it, a kind of dazed expression on his face. Slack-jawed, his eyebrows scrunched together intensely. I bet he was close. I hoped he was. The sooner he finished, the sooner the sinful impulses would subside. Pastor Henry had been very clear about that. There was no reasoning with someone in Satan's grip; you had to wait for them to come back to themselves. Help them, if you could.

"Mom?!" Benny exclaimed, suddenly noticing me standing in the doorway. Lucky for him his voice broke, because otherwise the whole house might have heard. Not wanting to embarrass him further, I hastily stepped into the room and pulled the door shut behind me while Benny pulled his pajama bottoms back over his wicked parts.

Now why did that disappoint me so? I was thinking the most foolish things tonight!

"I'm sorry, baby. I didn't mean to surprise you. I was just up, and I heard..."

"Oh gosh. Oh gosh, I can't believe... not again! Oh gosh oh gosh oh gosh...!" He pulled his sheets up over his head.

Mortified to have caused him such distress, I hurried to sit beside him on his bed.

"Benny, Benny, oh, my Benny... there's nothing to be embarrassed about. You remember what Pastor Henry said, right?"

"No," came the voice from under the covers.

"Yeah you do. He said it's only a phase, a phase many young men go through."

He shook his head. I think. "Nuh uh, he said... he said... oh gosh, I can't say it. Not to my mom!"

At that, I pulled the sheets down to reveal his face. (Was it still stiff down there?)

"Benny, you can tell me anything. No secrets between us, all right? Now what did Pastor Henry say?"

He only held eye contact for a moment before looking down, ashamed. As ashamed as I felt for my own sinful thoughts. "He said it's the devil's work. Eats my brain, makes boys... dumb. He's right, too. I keep tryin' not to, but... I'm dumber. I know it."

"Oh, Benny, that's not true! You're a very bright boy."

"No, I'm a dummy. Today in history class, Mrs. Gallagher called on me to answer a question, and I said 'Germany.' And everybody laughed."

"Oh, sweetie. What was the question?"

He shrugged. "Iunno. Something about the Civil War. But Alexis Franco was wearing this super tight sweater, and I... I..." He looked back up at me. "Who's Germany, anyway?"

"Where," I said gently. "*Where's* Germany."

"Right. Thanks, mom." He didn't seem to recall he'd asked a question. Pastor Henry must have been right – he was pretty far gone indeed!

“So, what, um, did Pastor Henry say to do? He’s a very learned man; surely he gave you some scriptural advice.” His cheeks colored, too ashamed to answer. “Benny, tell me. It’s OK. Whatever it is, I won’t judge.”

My son took a long breath, then looked up at me timidly. “He said we had to, um…”

“Go on, sweetheart.”

He took a deep breath before answering in a small voice. “He said we had to beat the devil out. That when he got in our heads, we had to… yeah. Do… what you saw. But… isn’t it wrong, Mom? You acted like it was wrong.”

I paused. Wasn’t it wrong? This had always seemed such a cut and dry question. Yet if that was what Father Henry had advised him to do… “Beating the devil out” sure sounded like a godly course of action.

“If that’s what Father Henry told you to do… it can’t be *so* wrong. You just need to clear your head. So why don’t you go on, and, you know, finish. That.” I stood up. “I promise, I won’t say a word to your father. You just go right on ahead and beat the devil right out of you.”

My encouragement seemed to help, because a tiny smile returned to Benny’s face. “OK, Mom. Uh, thanks.”

“You’re welcome, Benny. I love you.” I gave him a quick kiss, like I always had when he was younger. It felt only a little different, but he was a man now. A man, with a… penis. A *big* penis. And he’d kissed me. A peck, like a good son. But a kiss nonetheless.

I made for the door before my knees could fail me. He was about to… with his… right here under my roof…

“Uh, Mom?” he said.

I blinked. Those images, those feelings running through my mind… I’d forgotten myself. “Yes, sweetie?”

“Mom, you’re still here. Staring. I can’t, um… you know.” He sighed, then grumbled under his breath, almost inaudibly. “Not that I could when you weren’t here, either.”

Oh no! That cursed devil, thwarting my boy’s efforts! “Oh, honey. What’s stopping you?”

“Well, you’re here, for one.”

“If that were the problem, you’d have been done before I ever came in.”

He sighed. “I… I dunno. It feels *wrong*. It’s hard to do something that feels kinda *good* when you know it’s something, like… what’s the word?”

“Bad?” I suggested.

“Yeah! Bad,” he parroted.

“What if I helped?”

“What was that…?!”

Exactly – what *was* that?! I couldn’t… could I?

Love and support, Pastor Henry had said. I'd lost a lot of his words, but those I remembered as clearly as my own confirmation verse. I hadn't thought this was what he'd meant at the time, but... what else could he have meant?

And it would feel so *good*, came that wicked inner voice. I shushed it once more, then made my way back to the bed. Benny seemed too surprised to stop me from taking the sheets down. There it was, pushing out against his pajamas, trying to stand almost ninety degrees from his body. Still stiff. Right next to me. So close I could almost smell it. Taste it.

"I love you, Benny. And if Pastor Henry told you to do this, then I'm going to show you it's not wrong. He's a man of God, after all. You believe him, don't you?"

"Um, yes?" my son guessed. Oh, the devil was so strong in him right now!

"So... here. Let's... let you back out, OK?"

He looked like he was trying to think of why that was wrong, and then confused at why he couldn't come up with anything. Regardless, as I helped my son remove his pajama bottoms for the first time since he was a little boy, he didn't try to stop me.

There. There it was. His penis. Benny's penis. His huge, red, stiff, twitchy, beautiful, sinful penis. I understood suddenly why all those other ugly words existed for men's privates. I wasn't going to use them myself, but... "cock" certainly seemed like it described Benny's very well.

I took it in my hand before he could object. "Oh, golly..." he groaned.

I put a finger from my other hand to his lips. "Hush, sweetheart. Let Mommy help you get the devil out. You just lay there, and I'll take care of you."

I'd never stroked a man's penis before, but there didn't seem to be anything to it. I simply watched my boy for signs that he liked something, or that he didn't, and behaved accordingly. Too tight was clearly a mistake, but too loose seemed to merely tease him. Plus, now that I had him in my hand, I was fighting my own losing battle with my urges to touch it more. His hands clenched his covers as I moved my hand up and down the length of him, savoring the warmth, the textured smoothness, the sounds he made when I did a good job, the delicious fragrance of the first little dribbles that leaked out into my fist.

He didn't even seem to notice when I licked myself clean, but the added wetness acted almost like grease, like for a squeaky wheel, making everything run smoother. I smiled at him, stroking his flaxen hair with my left hand as I gave a long, wet lick of my right palm.

I could just lick him directly next time, I supposed.

Not that there could be a next time.

(Unless he absolutely needed it.)

The lick trick worked like a dream, and I made sure to keep him well-slicked with my spit. The dribbles helped some, too, and he kept making more and more of them. Were those "orgasms," like I'd heard some of those godless women at the salon talk about? I didn't know. Simon's penis had always quit so quickly that I didn't think either of us had ever had one, thank

God. They were surely something very sinful – else how would having one help get the devil out?

“Come on, Benny. You know how much I love you, right?”

Suddenly the dribbles were a fountain. Huge blobs of off-white stuff came flying out of him, and it seemed to land everywhere all at once. On the sheets, the floor, on Benny’s chest... on mine. So much on mine. My nightgown had wet spots all across my breasts. It kept on coming, blob after blob, and soon I was catching all I could with my hands. Too late to stop the mess, but... it felt really good, actually. Like a reward, like I was being bathed in Jesus’s own arms. His gift to me for being a loving, supportive mother.

I had licked my hand clean before I even realized what I was doing. Rather than dwell on how bizarre that was – was it? I wasn’t honestly sure at this point – I turned to Benny. “Feeling any better?”

He nodded. His eyes were riveted on my chest. Was he looking at...? No. No, that was preposterous. The poor dear probably felt bad for making such a mess of my nightgown, that was all.

“Remember who Germany is now?” I teased.

But he seemed to take the question seriously. “It’s a... where. A place. With that cake you make. Right?”

Not wanting to discourage him, I patted his shoulder encouragingly. “So, um, how often did Pastor Henry say you’d need to, um, beat the devil out? You know, to keep him out of your head.”

“Half a dozen,” he said.

My eyes widened in shock. “Half a dozen?! Is that a week, or a month?!”

“A day,” he said glumly.

Six times a day, my boy had to do this, or be helpless to sit back and let the devil run roughshod over his poor developing brain. I kissed the back of his hand lovingly.

Benny nodded. “But I don’t know how I’m gonna find time to do that eight times every day!”

“Six. A dozen is twelve, so half a dozen is six,” I corrected gently.

“That’s even worse!”

He didn’t seem to be kidding. “Mama will help you, baby. Don’t you worry.”

I slept like a baby after that. I had dreams, though. Vivid dreams. Dreams of Benny. Dreams where ugly, dirty words like “cock” and “pussy” were much more attractive. The things I did – not the real me, just the dream me; the real me would never! – but they were so... so...

“You look... nice today,” Simon commented over breakfast. He had to be at work early, like usual, but he was almost always appreciative of my wifely duties. I myself was up at 5 AM sharp to squeeze in a brief shower, where I eased into the waking world washing away fading images of unspeakable, sinful, delicious acts. Then it was down here to prepare breakfast for our family.

I did look nice that day, I hoped. I remembered Benny saying something about that Franco girl and her sweater, so I followed suit with a blouse I’d not worn in years, having thought I’d outgrown it as my breasts refused to shrink back down after Mary was born. It was struggling to contain me, and not really appropriate for anywhere outside the house. With Benny here, it was frankly inappropriate for here, too.

That was the point.

I kissed Simon goodbye – on the cheek, as usual – and he was on his way. The kids were straggling down during his breakfast, but our oldest son didn’t arrive until after his father was gone. I tried to act normal, to the extent I could remember what “normal” was, but I couldn’t suppress a thrill as I saw the way he looked at my chest.

We were going to get the devil alllllll the way out of him, by gosh. If it was the last thing we did. If I had to help him twenty times a day. A hundred. If he never stopped masturbating again – still, I’d be there for him.

“Benny, while I was in the basement this morning, I clumsily bumped into one of the shelves and... well, I’m afraid I made a little mess, and it’s a bit heavier than I think I can handle. Would you mind staying and helping me? I’ll call the principal and let them know not to expect you for your first class.”

His head cocked to the side, then glanced around at Jonah, Sarah and Mary. “Uh, why can’t we all help? I bet together we could get it done and catch the bus.”

“Because it’s heavy,” I reiterated, sliding the plate of scrambled eggs to him. “I need a big, strong boy to help.”

“Well why don’t I go do it now,” he said, dropping the spoon mid-scoop. “I can eat on the way to school.”

Poor, poor boy. The devil still had his poor brain so addled! I tried to give him a hint, sliding off my slipper and placing my foot between his legs, rubbing his thighs gently. “Don’t worry, Benny. I won’t take too long. Be a good boy for your mama and do as I ask. All right?”

“Mom...? You’re...” He looked down.

As his siblings craned their necks to see what he was referring to, my foot stomped into the floor in my haste to get clear. They were only children. They wouldn’t understand. Simon, either. (I should have him talk to Pastor Henry.) I tried to pretend like it was part of a little dance. “I’m delighted to have such good children?” I finished for him, laughing.

He didn't seem to get it, but neither did he pursue it. No worries. I'd fix him.

His siblings got on the bus together, waving at Benny and I through the windows. They were such sweet, delightful children.

Speaking of...

He was stiff before I even had his pants off. From the stunned look on his face, I don't think he even knew what I'd intended. Right there in our living room, with Jesus looking on in what I prayed was approbation from his place on the cross over the doorway, I tried not to drool at the sight of that amazing penis.

"Mom? I gotta get that stuff from the basement," he said.

"There's no mess in the basement, Benny. Look how addled you are! Mommy's going to make it all go away, all right?"

He stood, swaying slightly as he tried to maintain his balance, as I once more took him in my hand. I had been paying attention last night, and was already doing better. I licked my hand right off. Used the right pressure. Made sure to smile when I caught him trying to look down my blouse. Undid a button for him. That *really* seemed to help. I'd thought he was big before, but that button made him swell like he was allergic. But in a good way.

I undid another, and he grinned at me like he had when I played peekaboo with him as a baby. Only now, it was my chest that was playing peekaboo. I couldn't help but give him another, and another, until I was kneeling there with my bra completely exposed in the front.

Why had I never gotten more fashionable bras? The devil would laugh if he saw me in this thing. I'd have to make a trip to the mall on the far side of town and see if I could get my hands on something... sexier. Another word I never used, but suddenly I needed to, for the well-being of my family.

"Is this better, Benny dear? Is it better when you can see Mommy's bra?"

"Oh golly, yeah!" he agreed.

I'd never really tried to seduce anyone before, yet I wasn't ashamed to admit I didn't quite know what I was doing. Should I take the bra off? Was that crossing a line? Or was it silly not to use every tool at my disposal to show my son how much I wanted to support him through this? What made Benny's penis taste so good?

I blinked. I hadn't put it in my mouth, quite, but without even realizing, I'd been licking it, kissing it. Not just the sweet, motherly kisses I'd done for him in the past, on his face, but... wet kisses. Open-mouth kisses. The sorts of kisses I'd seen those tarts on the television do, with their tongues out. Only I wasn't tongue-kissing his mouth.

Lord be praised for the taste of my boy's penis.

He seemed to really like it, too. He was moaning now – so was I – and having such a hard time keeping his footing that I guided him to my husband's armchair. "Are you enjoying that, with my mouth? If you like something I'm doing, all you have to do is tell me you want more of it and Mommy will do it for you, OK?"

"Really?" my son asked in a small voice.

“Really. You don’t have to be embarrassed about anything. This is the Lord’s work, like Pastor Henry says.”

He nodded. “Can I see more of your boobies then?”

“Language, Benny!”

Lord forgive me! I clapped my hand over my mouth in shame as soon as I’d said the words, but there was no taking them back. Benny wilted in dismay at my rebuke. He was only a boy! How was he supposed to know what the proper words for body parts were? The way I was flouting my body like Jezebel herself, of course he was tempted to use sinful words. In fact, if our sinful acts were being done to draw the devil out, perhaps it would be *more* effective if we sinned all the more?

“I’m so sorry, sweetie! An old habit. I forget what a big boy you’ve gotten to be, and of course you can use words like that. So you like Mommy’s boobies? Yeah?”

He nodded, still apprehensive.

“You want Mommy to take off her bra?”

Another nod.

“What do we say when we want somebody to do something for us?”

“Uh, please?” I smiled, and he formed the whole question. “Please, Mom, take off your bra and show me your boobies.”

“Of course, dear.”

Once they were out, he simply couldn’t get enough of them. Here I’d been hoping, selfishly, to get his penis – no, his *cock*, that was the word that would push out the devil – into my mouth, but once my boobies were out, he couldn’t seem to stop sucking on them. That was his second request, and I had to reward good manners. He’d said please, after all, and I could still stroke him while he sucked. Seventeen long years since he’d last had them in his mouth, but I think he appreciated them even more now.

This time when he orgasmed – is that even a verb? I’d have to learn some new vocabulary to help my Benny – it was all over my chest. Simon had only ever done that inside me, to make babies, so I’d never seen it outside of my... my pussy. (There, I thought the word. It would take some adjusting to say it out loud!) But I didn’t think he’d ever done it as hard or as much as his son. I was rather proud of him, actually! Surely that much fluid meant more of the devil had come out!

Half a dozen times, eh? I was already planning – fantasizing – about where we’d get the rest. One right after school, for sure. I could give his brother and sisters outside chores and we’d have the house to ourselves. Again after dinner while I “helped with homework.” Before bed when I tucked him in, and at least one late-night rendezvous. He’d be his old self in no time.

“Mom? It’s, um, happening again,” he groaned, pointing to the bulge in his jeans as he was about to step out the front door.

“What? So soon?”

“It’s, um, you. Your boobies. You look so pretty, I just...” He grimaced.

I smiled. “That was a very nice compliment, Benny. Remember that – girls like to be complimented.”

He mulled this over a moment. “I bet you’d look even prettier without your skirt on,” he said. Then, before I could even remind him, he added, “Please?”

I nodded. The devil was coming out so fast, we barely knew what to do. For the first time in my life, I wished we had a condom in the house, but Simon and I had never needed them, and I wouldn’t know how to put one on if we did. Besides, I chided myself, Benny definitely wouldn’t like it as much. I didn’t know much about this wicked business, but I knew that.

Oh, well, I told myself a couple minutes later as I curled my knees up to my boobies and spread my legs. Benny slid into me – into my pussy – like he was made for it. Maybe he was.

I’d have to ask Pastor Henry if he knew some more ways to help my boy. But in the meantime, I put my mouth over his, placed his strong hands on my wobbling womanly odds and ends, and moaned in exultation at being privileged to do the Lord’s work.