

The Sacred Whore

“For fifty bucks she’ll take away your pain, your sin, your self-loathing. She commands respect, for she is your salvation. She relieves your agony, your needs, your desires, bringing herself to you, into her.

She rises up to meet your challenge, leaving you vanquished on the floor, sobbing for her warmth and love to return, to purge you again.

The ecstasy is returned to the fallen, the beleaguered, and the sinful. She aches to be your whore, your prostitute, and your intermediary to the goddess herself. Through the pleasures of her body do you reach enlightenment. Through the intermingling of fluids do you achieve peace and rest.

She loves you wholly, completely, and physically. Pleasure is her bread, your cum is her drink. She is the sacred whore.”

I stopped reading the newspaper and looked up at the woman who sat in the chair opposite the bed I rested against. Her body languidly was cupped by the chair. Her hair was matted with sweat, having just saved another man just minutes before I had arrived.

I was a freelance writer, hoping to score an article for Details magazine. Possibly Playboy depending on the explicitness of the object I would be writing about. I was thirty-four, the woman across from me was somewhere between twenty-five and thirty.

“Who are you?” I asked.

“My given name is Angela DuBois.”

“Fitting.” I scribbled on my notepad.

“I know. I take my gift seriously.”

“They say that you are a heretic.”

“They said the same about Luther.”

“And Jim Jones.”

She smiled then, reaching for her glass of wine and toasting me. “I am just a simple woman who believes in what she does. Does a man or woman after experiencing my talents not feel reborn, not feel refreshed? Cleansed?”

“But why have you chosen this profession? Why not join a nunnery if you want to do God’s work?”

“Because sex is my gift. I saw how the Church repressed sex along with everything else that wasn’t male. I saw the horrors of that repression. I read the stories, how priests abused young boys and girls. It was because they were forced to deny who they were, that those base sexual urges were wrong.”

“Aren’t they?”

“When directed at an improper outlet, yes, that is wrong and abuse, but when you free yourself to direct that energy in a proper outlet, i.e. sex in it’s many wondrous forms, those things will not happen nearly as often.”

“You’re sitting there, naked as the day you were born. You invoke a desire among men and women.”

“That is my gift. My calling.”

“The Sacred Whore.”

“My moniker. Gifted to me by the media. By definition, I am no more a whore than the Church. The money I ask for is no worse than tithing. I too must eat and sleep and cover my head. The rest goes to training my successors.”

“There are others?”

“Many. Both men and women who understand my calling. Most have been hurt in many ways and healing them takes time. But they see the goal of salvation, they see the pleasure that they give to others.”

“Do you believe that what you are doing is God’s work?”

“I never said I worshipped the Christian or Judaic version of God. That is a fantasy constructed by men to enslave others. I merely take the sins of others into myself and restore peace and grant them salvation.”

“Salvation?”

“From themselves.”

Her answer surprised me. “Have you ever been hurt doing this?”

“My ministry?” She shook her head. “No, I can sense their pain and I soothe it. Once I begin, they feel my touch, they understand. They let go of their sins, their pain and I take it into myself, purge it.”

“A living Christ.”

“No, I subscribe to no denomination. Sin and pain are universal. Sin is just another word for evil.”

She was beautiful. Peaceful. Seeming a little sad in her eyes. “You have sad eyes.”

“Because there is much pain in the world. I can see it in you as well.”

I was surprised. “Yes. My wife split from me a month ago. She took our child to Baltimore.”

Angela leaned forward, her breasts hanging between the elbows that rested on her knees. I could smell her sex. It was intoxicating. “I could soothe your pain.” I sat back, unconsciously trying to escape her. Her eyes stared into mine. I couldn’t help but become entranced by them. “Let me help.”

“I can’t... I do not have the money.”

She stood up, walked over to where I sat on the bed and positioned her body over me. I felt a terrifying fear course through me. “Do you feel that? That is the pain within you. You do not want to let it go because that pain is all that you have left of her and your child. If you do not let go, it will fester and poison any hope of happiness or joy in the future. Let me be your solace. Let me take your pain and replace it with peace.”

She bent forward, an arm on either side of me. Her beauty astounded me. Her scent was mind boggling, gripping me in a petrifying fright. A miracle occurred at that moment. Suddenly I was naked. It came as a shock, because I had no experience with the supernatural. I could sense power within her. She had power over my pain. She believed in what she was doing. My cock was erect and I wanted her. Not in a way that was possessive or demanding, but one of need.

Tears formed in the corner of my eyes. Her lips came close to my ear as my cock touched the outside of her wetness. The soft hairs that surrounded her sex moved. “I take your pain from you,” she whispered as she sank down around my cock. A wave of orgasmic pleasure swirled around us as she began to ride on me. Her breasts pressed against my lips, the hard nipples accepting my tongue upon them.

I kissed her deeply, feeling myself swell within her. She looked down at me with those dark eyes of hers, telling me to release within her, to reach out and grasp salvation. I cried out, tears pouring from my eyes, and I came to understand her ministry and her love of all. I felt her take my sin, my pain, my evil into herself where it was cleansed and returned to me. When it did, my orgasm was so incredible, so intense, so powerful that it lacked words. No orgasm that I had ever had even came close to this.

I passed out.

When I awoke, she stood by the edge of the bed, watching me. “You understand now, don’t you. I can see it in your eyes.” She spoke the truth, I was saved by her. I felt free, one with the world, with her. I loved her.

“Yes!” I exclaimed, sitting up. “I see your work. I want to join your ministry. Speak your words far and wide, show others of my salvation.”

Angela shook her head. “No, you have a different path. You will go to Baltimore, find your wife and you will show her the gift within you now.”

I was confused. “Baltimore?”

“You do not have the gift as I do. You have your words and for you, that is enough. You are cleansed of your pain, you are healed of body and soul. Now go heal your life.”

She bent forward and kissed my lips gently. She took my hand, lifted me up as I grabbed for my clothes. She walked me to the door. Opening it, I was led outside. There stood an older woman, her face wracked with sorrow.

Angela released me and outstretched her hand to the woman. “Enter and be at peace.” The woman covered her face and disappeared into the room. “Goodbye, Robert.

I left the hotel behind. I never saw Angela again, but from time to time, I hear of her work, of how she heals the sick of heart, purging the sick from sin. The miracle I witnessed of my disappearing clothes was but one of thousands that I have heard of throughout the years. She truly was the Sacred Whore.