

What gay man hasn't fantasized about hot sex with those repressed Mormon missionaries in their white shirts and conservative ties? But there's more to Mormon fantasy sex than curious young "elders." What about temple workers and bishops and Home Teachers and, yes, even the Three Nephites? Got cum, anyone?

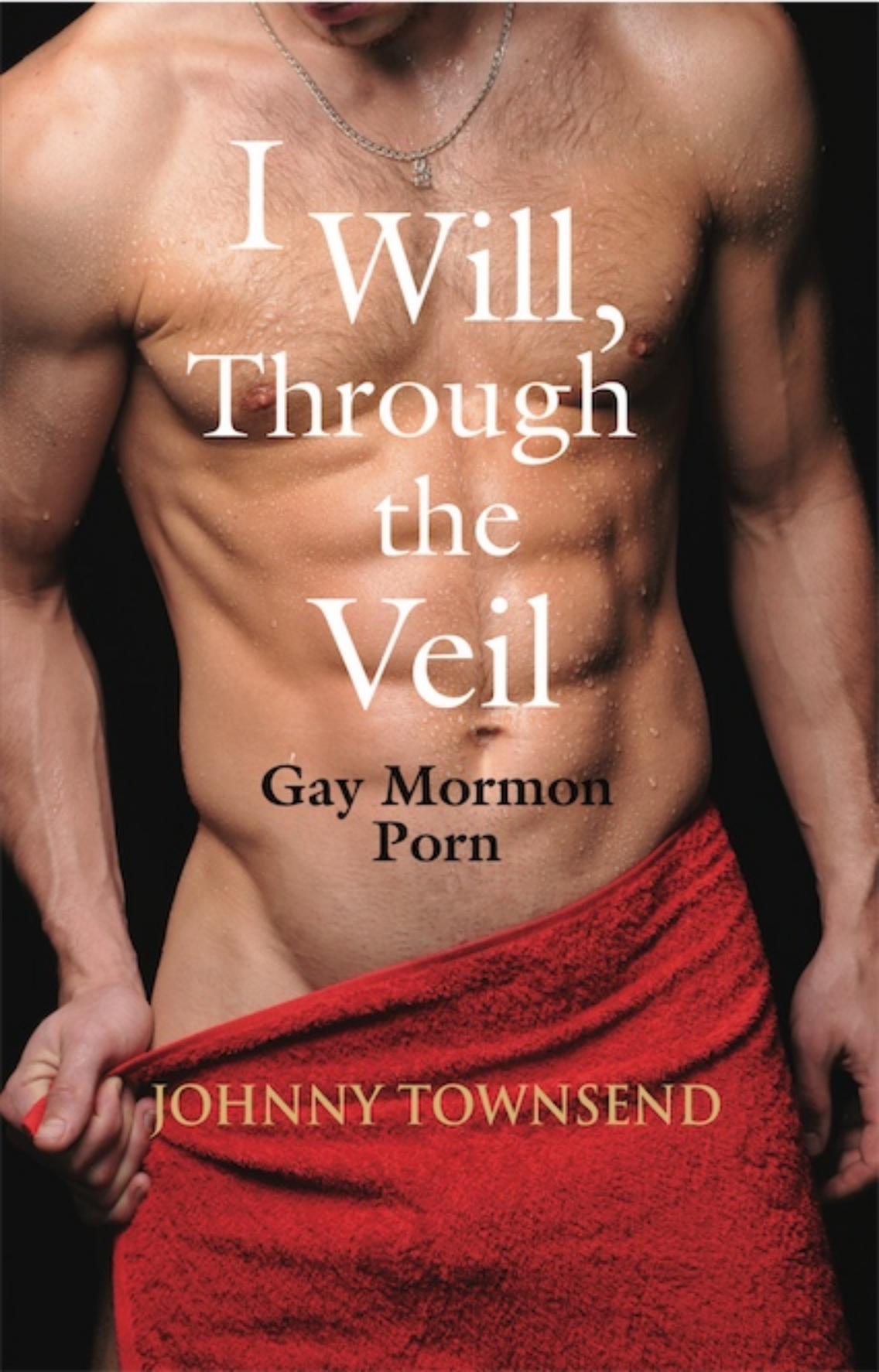
I Will, Through the Veil

Gay Mormon Porn

by Johnny Townsend

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Gay Mormon
Porn

JOHNNY TOWNSEND

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Gandolfo's Staff

“Run!” Elder Pratt pointed to the train about to leave from Corridoio 18. “We can still make it!” He took off, elbowing aside a middle-aged commuter. The man’s dark arm hair and firm buttocks testified of continued virility despite his cane. I thought about Barnabas Collins.

“Eeeiii!” the man said, lifting the cane in protest.

“Andiamo!” Elder Pratt urged me onward again.

“I’m coming.” I remembered a scene from *Jaws* a couple of years earlier. On my first official date—a double date, of course—all I could think about was Richard Dreyfuss, not the bishop’s daughter my parents had encouraged me to ask out. “Don’t wait for me!” I called back to my companion.

I put my hand on the middle-aged man’s arm as I caught up to him. “You okay?” I asked.

“Your friend isn’t very friendly,” he said.

“Mi dispiace,” I told him, for what it was worth. “I gotta go.” I squeezed his arm slightly in parting and hurried after Elder Pratt. He was my third companion since I’d arrived in Italy as a Mormon missionary four and a half months ago.

I watched him jump up the steps of the orange and yellow commuter train just as the doors closed, clamping him firmly

at the entrance. I could see the conductor through the glass, an expression of horror and exasperation on his face. He pulled on Elder Pratt's arms as forcefully as he could, and after a few moments, Elder Pratt finished squeezing through, the doors slamming shut behind him.

I watched my companion talking to the conductor while pointing back to me, with no sound, like a silent movie. The conductor shook his head, pointing his finger in Elder Pratt's face. The commuter train jolted and started moving away from the station.

"Stronzo," the man with the cane muttered, stopping beside me.

I had to admit the guy was right, though I'd never have allowed myself to use such vulgar language. The whole reason we were late getting back to our apartment for lunch with our housemates was Elder Pratt's insistence we call a gypsy beggar near Piazza della Repubblica to repentance. Some battles, I'd learned, were not worth fighting. I had already pretty much concluded that attempting to convert Roman Catholics in Rome to Mormonism was one of them. Gypsies didn't strike me as any better a target.

"What's your stop?" the man asked, pointing to the empty tracks.

"Ciampino."

He nodded. "The next local leaves in eight minutes." He looked at his watch. "It's over on Corridoio 23. I get to *my* trains on time." He continued on, limping only slightly. I couldn't help but notice how his gait forced his butt cheeks to contract in an especially attractive manner. I felt an incredible

longing to feel the friction the two cheeks created by twisting against each other. The man paused a second, looked over his shoulder, and waved me to follow.

Caspita. I hoped he hadn't seen the angle of my gaze. "I'm Anziano Andrews," I said, offering my hand.

"Anziano?" He chuckled. "You look twenty."

"I'm nineteen."

"Dio mio." The man shook his head. "I'm Stefano."

There weren't many empty seats on the train, which gave me a good excuse to sit next to him. I should use this opportunity, I knew, to ask him the Golden Questions. Baptism or not, this would make a good faith-promoting story for my family back home. Get the other elders here off my back.

"And where do you get off?" I asked.

"Castel Gandolfo."

The little town where the Pope had a summer home. The four of us from Ciampino had spent a few hours there one Preparation Day after finishing our grocery shopping. The town's best feature was a brilliant blue crater lake. And a jukebox that played "Sarà perche ti amo" on the shore.

"Bello," I said.

"Want to stop by for lunch?" Stefano glanced at his watch again. "You don't have to catch up with Signor Stronzone right away, do you?"

“That’s *Elder Stronzone*,” I corrected sternly. Stefano looked at me blankly for a second and then chuckled.

“Ottimo,” he said with a faint smile. “I don’t get much company these days.” He wiggled his cane as corroborating evidence.

I remembered trying to use the blunt end of a wooden backscratcher a few years ago but couldn’t get it more than half an inch past my sphincter without searing pain.

“What happened?” My companions insisted we be discreet and delicate when talking to prospective investigators. Even with each other, for that matter, and our mission leaders. We had to pretend we liked the new rule banning any other music besides the Mormon Tabernacle Choir. We had to pretend we enjoyed wearing our suits while sightseeing on P-Day. We had to pretend we liked being missionaries, when it was clear almost all of us felt trapped.

“I was attacked by a couple of thugs coming out of a bar.”

I frowned. That meant Stefano drank. And probably a bit too much, if he was tipsy enough to become a target.

“How awful.” Stefano looked pretty strong even now, after what must have been a convalescent period with limited opportunities to exercise. A period long enough that he was feeling the lack of social interaction.

Stefano took my hand and placed it on his upper thigh. “You can feel one of the scars through my pants.”

I felt a surge of adrenaline flood my bloodstream. It wasn’t unlike the sensation I’d experienced once after having iodine injected for an imaging test. My doctor had been

concerned about the blood flow in my feet. He'd held them in his lap and examined every square centimeter carefully over fifteen or twenty minutes before ordering the test.

"Go on," Stefano said. "Feel my leg."

I stared at my motionless hand, breathed in deeply, and moved my fingers back and forth a few centimeters. I could in fact detect a small ridge under the fabric.

"Were there any other injuries?" I wasn't sure why I asked. Was I hoping he'd ask me to rub some other scars? It was unlikely, after all, there'd be a scar running the length of his penis, even if I succumbed to the temptation to touch it. The entire surface of his body was not going to be covered in scars. His lips weren't going to be covered, his tongue, his nipples.

Stefano shrugged. "I also had two cracked ribs. A black eye and a busted lip. A few other things. And then, of course, the worst injury of all."

"The leg?"

"They kicked me in the groin over and over."

I stared at him.

"The doctors had to remove one of my testicles."

"Oh, my heck!" I said in English. "Cioé...mannaggia!"

"My other ball works just fine," Stefano assured me. "But I can't deny it's a psychological blow." He lifted his cane a few inches. "And I can't wear tight pants anymore." He

paused before whispering conspiratorially, “My box makes rather less of a statement these days.”

I didn’t recognize some of the words, but I understood the gist. The man really must be lonely, I thought, to reveal so much personal information to a complete stranger on public transportation.

We were taught that Heavenly Father made people emotionally vulnerable so they’d be more receptive to the gospel.

No one else in the seats around us seemed to even notice we were there. I looked past Stefano to the aqueduct running alongside this portion of the rail line.

“It feels good to be touched again.”

I jerked my hand away as if the Pharaoh’s magicians had just turned Stefano’s cane into a serpent.

“Please,” Stefano said softly.

Aaron’s staff had devoured the staffs of the magicians.

The train slowed down as it reached Ciampino.

I put my hand back on Stefano’s thigh a few moments later as the doors closed and we continued on our way.

He talked about Juventus for the next several minutes while I stared at the dark hair on his arm.

I wondered if he was uncircumcised.

“Eccoci.” The train slowed to a stop again, and Stefano urged me out the door. “We can walk from here.” He took a

few steps, his limp more pronounced after sitting for twenty minutes. Then he paused and held out his free hand.

I hesitated, remembering when the Italian elder in my first district used to hold his companion's hand. The gesture didn't mean the same thing in this culture.

I took Stefano's hand.

There were noises—birds chirping, traffic moving past, the occasional voices of passersby—but the weight of Rome had lifted. I could feel the tranquility of small-town life. Even walking up a slight incline, I felt relaxed.

“Eccoci,” Stefano said again a few minutes later.

I followed him into a small apartment building. The lack of an elevator had probably never been a problem before his injury, but he slowed as we climbed the last flight of stairs. The view from behind brought back the thoughts I used to have about one of my Italian instructors in Provo.

Interesting how the name of the city where Brigham Young University and the Missionary Training Center were located meant “I'm trying.” I watched Stefano's ass twist attractively until he paused to rest.

Would an offer of assistance be welcome or upsetting?

I placed my hands on the seat of his pants and gave a gentle push.

“Grazie.”

A moment later, Stefano unlocked his door, and I followed him into his apartment. When he shut the door

behind us, I saw that the inside portion resembled the door to a bank vault, covered with huge, thick bolts going in four directions.

Stefano was safe here from hoodlums.

I wasn't going to be able to leave without his permission.

"Bibita?" he asked. He poured us both some aranciata.

"Do you mind if I make myself more comfortable?" He kicked off his shoes.

"É casa tua."

"But I want my guest to feel comfortable, too." He pulled off a sock. "Or you might not come back."

Would he be more receptive to hearing the story of Joseph Smith's first vision if he was relaxed? Or did he still need emotional distress to be open to the truth? Letting him think I was going along with his plans and then stopping might cause the requisite amount.

But that sounded distressful to me, too. And what if my suspicions were all in my mind? While I'd only been on five real dates, I'd had sex in my brain hundreds and hundreds of times. It meant I carried sex around with me everywhere I went. Perhaps actual sex might leave less of a mark on my soul.

Maybe all we were going to do was eat lunch. He'd never said he was gay.

"Take off your tie, Signor Andrews."

“Anziano.”

“Giovanotto.” Stefano reached for my neck. “Let me help you.” He began fumbling with the knot.

I remembered a scene from *Strangers on a Train*.

“That’s better. You can take off your shoes, too.”

I pulled off my black dress shoes, watching as Stefano unbuckled his belt, and feeling another infusion of contrast dye flowing through my veins. “In tutta la storia dell’umanità...” I started reciting the first missionary lesson in my mind.

“I need my legs to feel free,” Stefano explained.

So why was he taking off his shirt, too?

My eyes traveled to the various scars across his body but didn’t linger on them long. If the bulge in his underwear had looked more impressive before his attack, it had looked mighty impressive indeed.

Stefano took my hand and placed it on his chest. “Feel this scar,” he said. I fingered a short scar on his left side, wondering why a beating would have left such a mark. Would doctors have performed surgery on a broken rib? And why was there a scar on his shoulder? Did the men kicking him wear sharp boots?

I rubbed my fingers gently over each of the scars. Stefano moved half a step closer.

I remembered watching *The Graduate* one evening when my parents weren’t home.

“Will you feel the last scar?” Stefano whispered.

I should raise my arm to the square, I told myself. I should call him to repentance. What would Ammon do?

I thought about Elder Pratt’s gypsy as I reached past the elastic of Stefano’s underwear.

I wondered if he’d even been beaten in the first place. Maybe he’d been in a car accident driving drunk and was just trying to manipulate me. Gay men were always recruiting.

Stefano unbuttoned my shirt as I continued fondling his sack and penis. He unbuckled my belt and unzipped my pants, letting them fall to the floor. He didn’t say a word about my own underwear, the one-piece union jack certainly as unsettling as any scar he carried.

“The bedroom’s this way.” He tilted his head and moved off to the left. I stepped out of my pants, pulled off my shirt, and followed. Stefano had already removed his underwear before I could join him. He reached forward to help me remove mine but paused, clearly unsure how to approach the task.

“I’m not allowed to take them off,” I said. If I kept them on, the Lord might protect me. Keep me from committing a terrible sin.

I could still testify, talk about the importance of holding onto the iron rod, of enduring to the end. I could tell him how baptism would make him pure as the driven snow.

I thought about his dark pubic hair showing through his wet white pants in the font.

Stefano turned me around and slid his hand through my back slit, his fingers tentatively exploring my asshole. I remembered my first prostate exam during my final physical before sending my papers to Salt Lake. I'd been seeing my doctor since before I was ordained a deacon. He'd been first councilor in the bishopric at the time, eventually moving up to bishop when I dated his daughter, and was now first counselor in the stake presidency. He'd explained that since I might be sent anywhere in the world, it was important to make absolutely sure my prostate was okay before I left.

As the exam continued into its third minute, then its fourth, I stared at the wall and begged Heavenly Father to keep the doctor from noticing my erection, shouting when he pressed hard with no warning and a stream of fluid shot out of my penis. He caught it with his ungloved hand. "Sorry," he said. "I thought I felt something that needed checking out, and I didn't want to drag this out any longer than necessary, so I made a split-second decision to get a sample for testing. I'll be right back. Hang tight."

He returned a few minutes later. I was still leaning over the examining table with my pants around my knees. I knew I'd be naked at some point my first time through the temple, so I kept pretending this was all a part of taking out my endowments. "Turns out your seminal fluid is fine. You don't have to worry about a thing. Let me just check back here one more second to make sure I didn't hurt you." He pulled on another glove and rubbed my anus for another few moments. Then he took a towel and wiped me carefully for several more seconds after that. "Okay," he said, "you can get dressed now. You should be all set for your mission."

I felt something wet on my anus. Stefano must've been using some kind of lubricant. I remembered hearing one of the Laurels in Seminary gossiping about another girl who always carried Kentucky jelly with her.

A finger pushed past my sphincter. I thought about camels passing through the eye of a needle.

I stared out the bedroom window. Stefano had a partial view of the papal palace. I could just make out the observatory where the telescope was housed, hardly used anymore, I'd heard, because of the light pollution this close to Rome.

I was supposed to be a light set on a hill. I needed to bring light into Stefano's life. The Lord had called me on a mission.

"I work up there," Stefano said, apparently aware I was staring. "Used to, anyway." He sighed. "It was two of the priests there who followed me to the bar in Rome and..."

I felt something larger than a fingertip pushing against my anus. Then it slid in without any further warning, my sphincter reluctantly protesting the welcome intrusion. Stefano's penis seemed to slide in six inches, eight, twelve, fifteen. I remembered a TV movie I'd seen, *A Short Walk to Daylight*, about a subway in New York.

I gasped as Stefano's abdomen slapped up against my ass, the tip of his penis seeming to collide with the bottom wall of my stomach.

What kind of spiritual scars was this going to leave on me? And on him? I was causing more damage than anything those priests could have done.

“Do you and Elder Stronzone do this?” Stefano asked, pulling out ten or eleven or twelve inches and then pushing back in.

“No.” I groaned.

“Do you *wish* you and Elder Stronzone did this?” He pulled out eleven or twelve or thirteen inches until the tip of his penis popped all the way out. I was about to answer when Stefano lunged forward, his penis gliding deep inside again.

“Unh.” I thought about the two kilo salami I’d bought the last time it was my turn to cook for the week.

“Are you going to ask Elder Stronzone to do this to you tonight?”

Stefano started pumping slowly.

“N-no.”

“Are *you* going to do this to *him*?”

“No.”

Stefano squeezed his arms about my chest like a vise and nuzzled the back of my neck. He held on tightly as he continued to pump slowly. Then he squeezed more and more tightly as he began to pump faster. Even when he slowed down briefly, his crushing embrace continued forcing me to take shallow breaths. “Are you going to let me do this to you again?”

“In tutta la storia dell’umanità...”

Stefano stopped moving, and the stillness was like an itch. I pulled forward a few inches and then pushed my ass against him as hard as I could.

“I’m glad,” Stefano whispered. “I want to see you again, too.”

He didn’t know anything about me, I thought. How could he tell whether or not he liked me?

Neither of us spoke for the next several minutes. I concentrated on the pressure of his penis against the walls of my rectum, on his arms constricting my chest, on his sweat dripping onto the back of my garments. I concentrated on the observatory in the distance.

“It’s lovely, isn’t it?” Stefano asked.

Catholics definitely had Mormons beat when it came to beautiful buildings. I nodded.

“I didn’t mind so much the aspergillum being shoved up my ass,” he said, sliding slowly in and slowly out, “but being beaten with that sharp crucifix...” He pushed himself in so hard I was sure he was going to tear through the lining of my stomach. I had no time to think about some of the unfamiliar terms.

“No one gave a damn.”

I began to understand why his social life had declined. “I’m sorry,” I said.

“Your hot ass feels so good.” He squeezed me more tightly. “I wasn’t sure I’d ever...”

Could the priests in the summer house watch us through the window with their telescope?

I wondered what excuse I'd give Elder Pratt for being late. I wondered what I was going to tell the mission president. How would I pay for my plane ticket if I was sent home in disgrace?

"Do you want me to cum inside you?" Stefano whispered in my ear. I felt a drop of his sweat hit the back of my neck, and then I felt him lick it up.

"Sí."

"I *want* to cum inside you. I *want* to..."

"But?"

"I won't unless you promise to fuck me, too."

Such language. This was all wrong. If I didn't have an orgasm myself, maybe letting him inside my ass wouldn't count as sex. Maybe...

Stefano started to pull out.

"Cum inside me," I ordered. He kissed the back of my neck, squeezed me even more tightly, and started pumping away with more determination than before.

Was this what women felt when men were inside them? It didn't seem possible. Wouldn't they want to feel this all the time? I always thought women didn't like sex, that they only did it because they had to. But this...this was...this was enjoyable.

I reached behind me, placing my right hand on Stefano's right ass cheek and pulling him toward me. I remembered how difficult it had been to wash in the community showers of the Missionary Training Center. To have permission now to touch a man's ass erased any sensation of confinement the vault door or Stefano's muscular arms created. To be able to give another man permission to spread apart my cheeks seemed a greater blessing than anything I'd ever conferred with my consecrated oil and Melchizedek priesthood.

Why did I need permission from God to be kind to someone?

Why would the Lord disapprove of Stefano's kindness toward me?

Stefano seemed to push deeper and deeper with each thrust, fifteen inches, sixteen, seventeen inches, as if his penis—no, his cock—grew longer with each transgressive act.

Was that why finocchio was the Italian word for gay?

“Aaagghh!!”

Stefano sounded like he'd just been beaten with a club. “My physical therapist,” he panted, “said this was good for my recovery.”

For the first time since being set apart, I felt like a missionary.

Stefano pulled out and handed me a bottle of lubricant. As I extracted my dick through the slit in the front of my garments and dabbed some of the lubricant on it, I was

shocked to see that his cock appeared to be a mere eight inches long. What had I been feeling in there? The Spirit?

With Stefano's arms no longer around my chest, I felt light and free as I pried apart his cheeks and probed for his opening with my lubed fingers. His sphincter already felt a little dilated in anticipation.

Or was that particular muscle just heavily used?

"Put in your two index fingers," Stefano guided me, "and pull my hole open wide."

He was soft and warm and wet inside, and I wanted to be a part of Stefano's heat. I aimed my dick at the beckoning hole in front of me, feeling like the brother of Jared entering a barge headed for the Promised Land, and slid all the way inside him with no resistance.

I remembered a crude joke the son of the first councilor had told before Seminary class one morning. "If God had meant for a man to be fucked, he'd have given him an asshole."

I slid in and out as slowly as I could, afraid of overstimulating myself. Every skin cell in my shaft tingled. My asshole still burned, too, like the time my doctor's son had handed me the wrong leaves to wipe myself during a ward scouting trip.

I used to listen to the Osmonds singing, "He Ain't Heavy, He's My Brother," before the music ban.

The road was long.

I pushed all seven inches of my dick inside Stefano.

I needed to stay on the strait and narrow path.

If I had an orgasm, there'd be no going back. I'd be damned. I'd be sent home. I'd be excommunicated.

I pulled out.

And then pushed myself in again.

It might still be possible to salvage my soul, and his, too.

When I shot inside this man who was no longer a stranger, I started trying to figure out how we'd be able to do this again when I came back with Elder Stronzone to teach him.

I was just about to finally ask those Golden Questions when Stefano spoke up first. "Caro mio, what do you know about being gay?" Without waiting to hear my answer, he asked the follow up question that changed my life.

"Would you like to know more?"

We made love another two times before morning.

Holy, Holy, Holey

My life of sexual service—not servitude, mind you—began in the Bellevue temple on my eighteenth birthday, right after I’d been ordained to the Melchizedek priesthood.

But the mail carrier didn’t need to hear that. He looked to be in his mid-thirties, a mix of Anglo and subcontinent Indian. I lifted my skirt like a can-can girl and spread my legs slightly. Since the postman stood directly in front of my open apartment door, no one else outside could see me. I wasn’t going to show up on Youtube. The man’s eyes were riveted to my clit. After a moment, he looked up into my eyes, back down again, into my face once more, and down yet again.

I stepped backward slightly, my skirt still raised. The mail carrier glanced around nervously and then stepped into my apartment with no further hesitation. I closed the door behind him and put my back up against it. He dropped his mail and then his pants. I grabbed one arm and his dick and guided him into me. Ever since that fateful day in the temple, I’d been permanently lubricated and instantly ready for penetration.

“Oh, my god,” the man whispered. “This can’t be happening.”

These kinds of scenes made up the bulk of my life over the past year since I received my endowments. I’d heard that

members going through for the first time used to get naked during the initiatory, but I'd seen nothing sexually inappropriate while I was there.

A little disappointing, really.

My bishop was reluctant to submit my papers to Salt Lake, feeling I didn't have "the right personality" to volunteer as a full-time missionary for two years. What I called progressive he called worldly, but since I hadn't actually committed any disqualifying sins, he had no choice but to grant me a temple recommend.

In the Celestial Room after making my way through the veil, I sat quietly on an overstuffed chair covered in velvet as I tried to persuade Heavenly Father to convince my bishop that I was ready to serve.

With a last, prolonged thrust, the mail carrier came, breathing heavily in my face. A mild, pleasant curry enveloped me. The man stood motionlessly inside me another moment until his eyes slowly closed, and then he pulled out. I feigned a demure smile and released my skirt to cover my privates. Glancing down at my skin for the first time since the carrier arrived at my door, I realized I was whiter than usual, with some tiny red freckles across my hands and arms.

These things were impossible to predict. Sometimes, I found tattoos. Other times, I found scarification, henna artwork, and of course every possible skin tone. One guy, I kid you not, wanted a woman with leprosy. Another guy had wanted a man's ass covered with HPV warts.

I know, I know. But sexy is in the eye of the fucker. Since I never suffered any prolonged disability from these aberrations, I just went along with the flow...or discharge.

The postman backed up and stared at his dick as if it belonged to another man. I certainly understood the sensation. "You can come in the rain," I whispered. "You can come in the sun. You can come in the snow."

He was a sub I'd never seen before, so that was always enjoyable. The regular carrier liked to suck my dick for just a few seconds to get himself hard before sliding his own up my ass.

The UPS guy, on the other hand, liked to suck the biggest dick I'd ever had so far, the only man who could take such an enormous thing straight down his throat. His own dick, unbelievably, was even larger, and he liked to slowly insert it inside me, pushing forward at a rate of maybe a centimeter a second, taking almost half a minute to sink the entire thing inside me.

But, of course, I was always ready for anything. Ever since the temple, my body conformed on its own to exactly what the men around me desired. Through the power of the priesthood, I was able to provide an infinite variety of dicks, pussies, and assholes.

Reflecting on my endowments that first day in the Celestial Room, I'd begged Heavenly Father to let me serve him any way I could. I would be a faithful missionary, I promised, and follow every command, no matter how difficult. I would serve everyone I met.

I'd prayed silently for ten minutes, fifteen, until I was shooed away by a matronly temple worker. I'd hoped to detect some sense of Heavenly Father's will before being cast out, but I felt nothing.

I'd walked softly in my Dearfoam slippers to the Men's bathroom and stood at the urinal. I vaguely registered the sound of someone washing his hands a few feet behind me, and then the door opening and closing. I felt utterly alone. When I finished, I stood in silence staring at the drain, watching sullenly as a last drop dangled on the head of my penis. Why, I wondered? Why hadn't the Lord—?

Suddenly, a man moved up to the urinal on my right and unzipped, making me jump. A second after that, a man unzipped to my left. Both began pissing in unison as a voice immediately behind me whispered, "We're the Three Nephites, sent to answer your prayers."

Oh, brother, I moaned inwardly. I knew missionaries always teased newbies, but I hadn't been aware this kind of thing happened in the temple to guys getting their endowments for the first time. "Very funn—" Without another word, the three men in their temple clothing dragged me into a handicapped stall and closed the door.

"Feel free to stop by again any time you're in the neighborhood," I said to the mail carrier. "There are still other holes you haven't tried yet." I kneeled down, licked his penis clean, and pulled up his underwear and then his pants.

"I—I get off at 5:00," he said.

"Excellent. Come back after work and get off again at 5:15."

“Damn,” he said. “I hope I don’t put the rest of the mail in the wrong boxes.” He started for the door.

“Just remember that you can put your male in any of my boxes you want.”

He paused a second without looking back and then continued on his way.

With a year of experience behind me—and in front of me, and over me, and under me—I’d learned to be coy when necessary, and brazen and trite and clever and stupid, whatever the situation demanded. After all, I’d been initiated by the best.

“When we cum inside you,” the tallest of the Three Nephites had told me in the bathroom stall, his hand on my still exposed penis, “your body will change in the twinkling of an eye.” He’d been the one standing behind me at the urinal. The smile lines around his eyes crinkled as he lifted his green apron and unzipped. The other two men were already unzipped from their activities at the urinals, their dicks hanging out.

Uncut, I noticed.

“You won’t be resurrected just yet,” said the guy who’d been on my right, “but you’ll remain alive and healthy and young until the Second Coming. At that time, you’ll come forth in the First Resurrection, without ever having to die.”

He turned me away from him, leaned me over the toilet, and pulled down my white pants and my new sacred underwear. I felt something press against my hole, and for the first time in my life, I had sex with someone other than

myself. I'd inserted a finger up my ass before, but a dick felt decidedly better. Once, I'd unscrewed the top of a bottle of lotion and inserted the opening into my anus and squeezed, trying to imagine what a load of cum would feel like. I knew instantly that whatever this man in the temple bathroom did to me, it would be better than anything I could do myself. He pulled out and pushed in, pulled out and pushed in.

I knew I'd never be going back to lotion bottles.

"What's your name?" I grunted.

"Amalek the Younger," he returned with a deep thrust. "Did you know," he said, panting heavily, "that when the Lord came to the Americas, he blessed the Nephites with copious loads?"

"Unnhh. Moroni must have left that out."

"Well, I'm putting it *in!*"

"Unnhh!" Thrust. "Aahhh!" Thrust. "Unnnhh!" I didn't ever want it to stop.

Watching the mail carrier walk off down the block, I tried to decide what to do next, *who* to do next. That was really the hardest part of this calling, trying to figure out how to find private time with other men. The Three Nephites had encouraged me to have as many repeat customers as possible. It was the quantity of sex that mattered, not the number of new subscribers.

I remembered that three days had passed since someone moved into the house at the end of the block. Welcome wagoning always offered fun options. Today was Saturday, and if I was going to make a move, today was as good a day

as any. I grabbed a coffee mug from the kitchen, poured some sugar in it, and walked to the house one lot away from the corner. Curtains were now up in the windows. I'd only seen a single man go in but still wasn't sure if a wife or husband was involved. I walked up to the door and knocked.

I could hear rustling inside the house, and a moment later the door opened. "Yes?" The sandy-haired man was in his early thirties, his toned arms suggesting a gym membership, his emerald earring suggesting the gym in question might be popular with gays.

"Welcome to the neighborhood," I said, offering him my sugar.

"Thanks," he said, taking it with a laugh.

"I was wondering if I could borrow a cup of cum."

"Excuse me?"

"I brought my own cup." I turned sideways and patted my ass.

I couldn't determine my new features exactly, but I could certainly feel a Prince Albert in place as my penis began pressing against my jeans. I could feel chest muscles straining against my T-shirt.

It hadn't taken long after my encounter in the temple to realize that my clothes adjusted as quickly as my body. Once, when I'd finally gotten behind closed doors with the District Attorney, I was surprised to discover a chastity belt blocking the entrance to my pussy. But I'd found a key in my pocket and handed it to him with a pleading look. "I'm afraid I can't

quite reach the keyhole,” I told him. “Can you help me? It has to be inserted at just the right angle.”

The guy was a rising political star. I wondered if our encounter would show up in his memoirs one day.

I supposed some might consider my experience in the temple rape, but while none of the three men specifically asked for my consent, I was totally on board, and I think my smile and the ease with which I complied conveyed my eagerness to participate. While only God the Father, Jesus Christ, and the Holy Ghost could read minds, the members of the godhood were also capable of passing along the information they gathered. The Three Nephites almost certainly heard it from God himself that I was quite happy not to delay sex another two years while on a mission. Even happier that it was going to be the penetration I fantasized about every day.

I’d worried the bishop had been able to discern I was gay despite my playing on the ward basketball team. Was that why he hadn’t wanted to submit my papers?

It wasn’t fair. Gay men should be able to serve God, too.

As the first two Nephites from the side urinals fucked me, I kept my thoughts on sharing a missionary apartment with three other elders. There would be so much opportunity to share the work load, the heavy load of missionary stress. I’d heard Sunday School teachers tell us to “Let Jesus take your load.” I’d do my best to take everyone’s load, too. After the two men finished, they turned me around to face them again. “Feel any different?” asked the second guy.

My ass burned a little, but I said nothing. I could get used to that. In fact, I already wanted to feel it again.

“Put your hands on your chest,” he said.

I did and gasped when I felt rather substantial breasts. I looked down to confirm I wasn’t imagining it, and my mouth opened in shock.

“I won’t need your mouth today,” the third Nephite broke in, the tall guy, “but I do want your vagina.” He shrugged. “Sorry. Even after two thousand years, we’ve never been able to figure out a sexy word for vagina that wasn’t somehow a little demeaning at the same time.”

I’d never even tried to think of vaginas. But I was soon to learn over the coming weeks that he was right.

As he pumped away, I noted with tingling curiosity the difference between being entered from the front compared to being entered from the back. It wouldn’t be many days before I experienced both at the same time, in the bathroom of a private home during a Republican fundraiser. Conservatives needed all the service they could get to divert their energy away from politics. As the Third Nephite fucked me while the other two braced my body from behind, I searched the man’s face, looking for Native American features. The signs were indeterminate, like that of a mixed-race Filipino back in high school who I’d never suspected was part Asian until he told me, and then suddenly I could see it. Feeling the strong hands of the other two Nephites on my back and ass, I realized I’d always believed that if I ever did run into these guys, they’d help me change a tire or revive an injured deer on the side of the road. I hadn’t considered this kind of help.

Maybe that was the real reason there weren't more first-hand accounts of the famed trio circulating throughout the Church. If we weren't even allowed to show bare shoulders or watch an R-rated movie once in a while, no one was going to be at the pulpit during Fast and Testimony meeting talking about their four-way in the temple bathroom.

"Opening yourself to the dicks of unhappy men," the left urinal Nephite whispered as the third Nephite fucked away, "will be your gift to the world."

The right urinal Nephite licked playfully at my ear. "You'll serve mankind faithfully every day until the Millennium begins."

"S-serve?" I managed. Being pounded relentlessly made it a little hard to catch my breath. How did people manage non-stop sex talk, I wondered?

I gained a new respect for pop stars who could follow energetic choreography while they sang. I ended up impersonating a handful of them as well, but the men I met weren't interested in hearing me sing.

"Most of the world's misery comes from men acting out when they don't get enough sex. It's mankind's fatal flaw. You'll make sure that the men you come across have no need to lash out financially or politically or physically." He shook his head. "There are some men, of course, who are too damaged and hopeless to work with, for whatever reasons. We'll help you avoid those guys by letting you see a dark aura over their heads."

I appreciated that, but I did wonder what kept Heavenly Father from granting that gift to everyone else, too. Most

people had the gift of vision and hearing and smell to help them avoid danger. Why not just give everyone's brain this kind of input, too?

The right urinal Nephite who'd already taken a turn leaned over to lick my right nipple. "Sometimes, all this background information takes the tingle away." He reached over and lightly pinched my other nipple. The left urinal Nephite gently licked my earlobe.

"I'm still tingling."

"That means we were right about you."

My new neighbor, still grinning from my surprise visit, set his cup of sugar down. I remembered the day I discovered how good cum could taste when mixed in with a sugary Italian soda. Cum, sugar, and almond flavoring was my favorite, but I tried to keep my mind as open as my various holes.

"We used to call women to this position," the third Nephite had told me as he pumped away. It was true that I could always recall my first time more vividly than any other sexual encounter. Even that long, long afternoon with the talented Chinese businessmen last month couldn't compete. The third Nephite was taking longer than either of the other two to climax. I could taste the salt when sweat from his forehead dripped onto my lips. "But few of them ever enjoyed a calling they felt they'd already been assigned at birth. If anything, they wanted us to stop them from being forced to serve men all the time."

“So,” the right urinal Nephite added, “you’re also serving the women who can now get out of having to sexually serve those men.”

When I stepped forward and kissed my new neighbor, his tongue found its way instantly into my mouth. My body, of course, instinctively knew how to adjust my kissing to accommodate each partner’s preferences. It was rather nice not to have to worry all the time if I was doing things correctly. But in a way, it didn’t feel like real service if I didn’t have to struggle a bit more. I wondered if worrying I was only a service imposter was what pushed me to seek out more and more men every day. Perhaps it helped push my service to the next level.

I’d had such a fun afternoon with the guys working on the tenth floor of a new building in the Central District.

“I want more than your tongue in me,” I told my new neighbor when we came up for air.

“I haven’t unpacked my condoms yet.”

“I’m on PrEP,” I told him. “We’re good.”

As if HIV were the only infection to worry about. But whatever the Three Nephites had done to convert my body into that of a living sex doll also took care of disease. I didn’t have to worry about herpes or syphilis or chlamydia or anything else.

Who wouldn’t want to have worry-free sex ten times a day? This was a lot more fun than traditional missionary work. Even more fun than doing baptisms for the dead in the temple.

Though subsequent visits to the temple had revealed quite a few workers with baptismal font fantasies. The trick was to satisfy those fantasies strongly enough to displace the accompanying guilt. Religious folks in general were a tough crowd, happy and unhappy at the same time. I didn't want people to end up encouraging their lawmakers to pass even more oppressive legislation. I wanted them to develop a live and let live attitude.

"Many are called but few are chosen," the tall Nephite had said softly into my ear after he finally came that first day. "You'll always be a good lay."

"I hope...I hope I can help make the world a better place," I said, feeling my vagina close up and my breasts disappear after he pulled out. My penis reformed, but it turned out that even my "resting state" now included a bigger, better penis than before, because *I* was one of the people I got to please as well.

"Why do you think there was peace for 200 years after Christ visited the Americas?" The tall Nephite cupped my balls. "You know the scriptures record that the people had all things in common. That included husbands and wives. Sharing everything is the only real way to maintain peace."

The left urinal Nephite patted me on the shoulder. "We used to initiate sex missionaries in the Holy of Holies, but we've found it's easier to do in the presence of plumbing."

We exited the stall together and moved over to the row of sinks.

"You'll find," the right urinal Nephite told me, "that most men need this service daily. At least weekly."

“One person can only do so much,” the left urinal Nephite added. “That’s why there’s still so much aggression—”

“And oppression,” the tall Nephite interjected.

“—in the world.” The left urinal Nephite sighed. “I’m afraid your mission will last longer than two years.” Then all three leaned over to kiss me on my cheeks and forehead.

I looked at the Three Nephites as they dried their dicks and hands with paper towels. I was in the presence of greatness. It was intoxicating.

I wondered if I’d ever be able to convince the programmers over at the BYU cable channel to develop a new show: *Intimately Touched by an Angel*.

Of course, these guys weren’t angels.

They were the Three Nephites.

The Book of Mormon was true.

I remembered thinking back in the Celestial Room that if I was finally able to convince my bishop to submit my mission papers, served two years and still came home gay, I might look into surgery. Not to transition to a woman’s body but simply to *add* part of a woman’s body. It just struck me as easier to have a hole that wasn’t in constant competition with bodily waste, even if I was a happily dicked gay man who wanted to spend my life being fucked by another man.

Much of my time this past year was spent visiting the courthouse, City Hall, and the Federal building on 2nd. A handful of police officers in two different precincts needed a great deal of assistance in reducing urges to take out their

frustrations on marginalized people. It was best if I could keep any cathartic shooting confined to my vagina and ass. Despite my dislike of long road trips, I helped lawmakers in Olympia pass less vindictive legislation, sometimes visiting the capitol two or three times a week when sessions were in full swing.

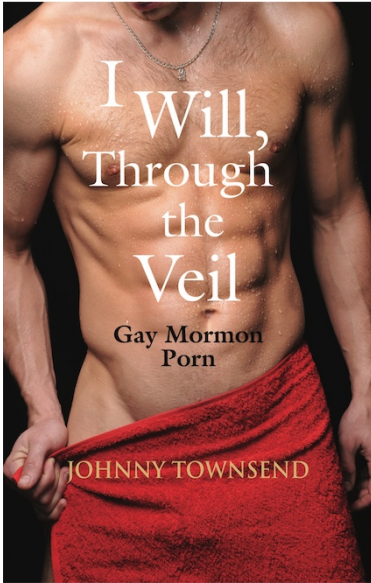
I was an elderly visitor in nursing homes, a willing doctor or nurse or patient in hospitals, a friendly college student during professorial office hours, and a grateful homeowner in the tax assessor's office. In a way, the non-stop sex was a little like eating ice cream every day. At a certain point, it's not quite the same treat as when you only get it once or twice a month. But not many people ever turned down ice cream, especially when they could try 30 or 40 or 200 different flavors.

"My lube is packed away somewhere, too," my neighbor told me as I gently stroked his penis.

"I have a bottle of lube right here," I said, putting his hand on my own cock. "You just need to pump it a bit before the lube squirts out."

I let him tug at me a couple of minutes before I deposited a generous amount of lubricant into his palm. I leaned over the sofa and spread my cheeks so he could slap it across my ass.

Our body is a temple, the scriptures tell us. Mine included the most sacred room in any temple around the world. The Assholey of Holeys.



What gay man hasn't fantasized about hot sex with those repressed Mormon missionaries in their white shirts and conservative ties? But there's more to Mormon fantasy sex than curious young "elders." What about temple workers and bishops and Home Teachers and, yes, even the Three Nephites? Got cum, anyone?

I Will, Through the Veil

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