

Spread

Sherilyn Connelly

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My girlfriend Maddy and I first became aware of the Reverend Steven Johnson Leyba in 2002 at a group art show featuring the work of him and a mutual friend who called herself Chupa Cabras. A legally ordained priest in the Church of Satan, Steven's contribution to the show was a series of paintings titled Sexgoblins. Chupa had posed for them, and she suggested we do the same. Though partial nudity was required, she assured us Steven was a perfect gentlemen about it. If Chupa said it, we believed it.

A Sexgoblin was essentially a close-up of a face with other elements painted and collaged over it, primarily their naughty bits. Hence the nudity, lest someone else's starfish end up your face, and nobody wants *that*. Maddy wasn't comfortable with being more than topless, but I decided to go all the way.

We met Steven and his girlfriend Monique at their apartment in Berkeley. He was very polite, almost shy, probably not how most people would imagine a Satanist, let alone a priest. The card-carrying Satanists I've met have always been extremely nice people. It's the hardcore xtians you gotta be careful about.

We chatted for a while to break the ice, and then he got out his camera. I sat on the edge of Steven's bed as he moved in close enough for me to see my reflection in the lens. He hadn't given me any particular direction, so I tried to look blank, to be Jean Seberg at the end of Godard's *Breathless*. It wasn't hard. I'm often told that I don't smile in pictures, even when I think I do. In this case, the last thing I was expecting to hear about the final product was "Why aren't you smiling?" It would more likely be "Is that what I think it is?"

After the face, he moved south. I removed my blouse, revealing patches of hair around my breasts, as I was letting it grow up for my next electrolysis appointment. Dumbly, I felt much more self-conscious about my stomach, in spite of the fact that he wasn't taking pictures of it. After all, it was *there*, wasn't it?

When he finished with my breasts, I took off the rest of my clothes. Maddy later assured me I didn't look even half as nervous as I felt. It's that Vulcan blood, I guess.

As it so often will be, my penis was like a sleeping turtle, hiding in a thicket of pubic hair. He photographed it as it is, which I appreciated. Next, I found myself on my knees and elbows, buns up kneeling like Dinah Moe-Humm, warmed by the klieg lights Monique moved closer to the bed.

Then Steven said something which I wasn't expecting:

"Spread."

For a moment, I was perplexed. Spread? Spread what?

Then it hit me. Oh. *Spread*.

Um...how?

My arms were down on the bed, supporting my weight. If I moved them I'd collapse, and I certainly didn't have the sphincter control necessary to do it without my hands. I was at a total loss.

Doing a remarkable job of *not* sounding like he was talking to a complete idiot, Steven told me to straighten up a little and use my hands. Ah. Duh. Of course. Well, what can I say? I'm new at this sort of thing.

He didn't seem to hold it against me, though, and we hung out with him and Monique for a few more hours. Afterwards, Maddy and I went to see Chupa, who was all kinds of curious about how it went and was practically beaming with pride for us. I waited for the what-the-*hell*-did-I-just-do feeling to hit. It never did. Still hasn't. I don't think it's going to.



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