

The Twisted Love Potion

by Pan

Chapter 4

Aeryn looked around the youth group, a dour look on her face. One of the Godbots (as she mentally called them) sidled up to her, sporting a grin.

“Howdy,” he said, holding his hand out in front of him. “I’m John.”

It figured. He *would* have the least interesting name one could possibly have.

“John Smith?” she replied, her eyes looking him up and down.

The least interesting-looking teenager she’d ever seen laughed. “How’d you know that?”

“A wild guess.”

“What brings you to the Greenborough Parish Group?”

Aeryn considered telling him the truth. It was tempting, just to see how he’d react.

Admitting that she was an atheist, that she believed God was an invention to keep boring people - like him - from killing themselves, or keep interesting people - like her - in line. That her parents lamented for her immortal soul, and had struck a deal; if she went to the Greenborough Parish Group, they’d let her keep her black clothes and black make-up.

That they’d even call her Aeryn, instead of her birth name. ‘Erin’.

But Aeryn figured that ‘John Smith’ probably wasn’t capable of handling someone as rebellious as her. He’d probably never even met an atheist before. She didn’t know what the Godbot would do, when presented with someone who so utterly failed to fit into his worldview. Probably explode, or melt down. Maybe he’d just start openly crying.

That would be fun to watch, but it would draw way more attention to her than she wanted. She just wanted to stand at the back of the room while all the Godbots congregated, telling each other how well they got along with their imaginary friend, then slip out again to meet her parents.

Aeryn had even forgone her black makeup, and tucked her septum piercing away so she could blend in better.

Of course, she hadn’t worn the blue dress her mother had chosen for her. She wasn’t a *complete* conformist.

“I thought this was Narcotics Anonymous,” Aeryn said flatly. “Did I come on the wrong night?”

John laughed. “Narcotics Anonymous! Good one, new friend! You’re a hoot - c’mon, let me introduce you to the rest of the gang.”

Aeryn rolled her eyes. Before she could decide whether making a fuss to avoid meeting people was worth the attention it would draw, John was guiding her by the arms.

Within the next few minutes, she was introduced to Glen, Patrick, Peter, Stacy, Beth, Rose, Katherine, Michael, and Ezra, and she could not for the life of her imagine meeting a less interesting collection of people. If you paid the world’s greatest writer all the money in the world to spend the rest of their life coming up with the most boring group they could imagine, Aeryn was confident you’d still end up with something more interesting than the collection of Godbots at Greenborough Parish Group.

“Are you born again?”

Aeryn tried to stare down Ezra, the black girl standing next to her. She steadfastly returned Aeryn’s gaze, until she finally sighed and gave up.

“No,” she said. “I didn’t even want to be born the first time.”

She’d expected the religious chick to wither under her sharp wit, but to her surprise, Ezra

laughed.

“John’s right,” she said with a chuckle. “You’re a hoot!”

Aeryn rolled her eyes. What century were these people from?

“Come on,” Ezra said. “We normally don’t have beverages until after the ceremony, but your dry wit could use a drink. Not that I expect the liquid to dampen your spirit!”

In response, Aeryn just sighed. No wonder they thought she was hilarious, if that was what passed for a joke around here.

Ezra stopped at the punch bowl, and served a drink for both Aeryn and herself. The goth girl stared at the red cup suspiciously.

“This isn’t a like, Jonestown situation, is it?”

“Jonestown?”

Aeryn narrowed her eyes. Anyone in a cult would absolutely pretend not to know what Jonestown was...or, more likely, *genuinely* not know what it was.

In response to her 'new friend's glare, Ezra just took a sip of punch. When she didn't drop dead, Aeryn reluctantly took a sip as well.

Her eyes widened as soon as the liquid touched her mouth. It tasted like the kind of punch she'd had at countless poorly-run school dances - a combination of whatever sodas the school had handy, with no consideration for how the various flavors would go together.

That wasn't to say it was *bad*. If anything, it reminded her of the drinks she'd proudly made herself as a child whenever she'd been presented with a drink fountain - a simple mix of everything fizzy. More than anything, it just tasted *sweet*.

But that wasn't what had surprised her.

The moment the drink had touched her lip, she'd suddenly realized:

Ezra was a babe.

No, more than just a babe.

Ezra was the single most attractive person that Aeryn had ever encountered.

Her dark skin, her smokey brown eyes, her frizzy hair...

Aeryn had never thought of herself as gay. Truth be told, she'd never really thought of herself as straight, either. She'd briefly wondered if she was asexual, but in her quest to forge her own identity, to escape any boxes that others could use to pigeon-hole her, she'd decided to just avoid labels entirely. At least until she figured it out.

But as her eyes travelled over Ezra's skin, down the teenager's body, she shuddered with pleasure.

Yeah. She was *definitely* gay.

Or bi, at the very least.

“C'mon,” Ezra said, her voice suddenly raspy. “I, um. Sit down. I'm doing the service tonight.”

Aeryn nodded. She'd been dreading the idea of sitting through forty minutes of a 'youth-led' lecture, but...now that she knew that Ezra was doing it, it suddenly didn't seem so intolerable.

Sitting and watching Ezra talk for forty minutes? That she could do.

Truth be told, she could sit and watch Ezra do *anything* for forty minutes. And the only thing she could imagine that would be better than watching would be...

She sat down, forcing her mind off such inappropriate thoughts. She wasn't religious, but still. There was something...off...about imagining herself kissing Ezra at youth group.

Imagining tasting Ezra's neck. Stripping her naked, and moving her mouth to Ezra's

nipples.

Grasping Ezra's hair as she guided her new friend between her legs, and allowed her talented tongue to...

Aeryn closed her eyes and silently counted to ten. When she was done, she reopened her eyes, excited to see that the black girl had taken her place behind the podium.

"Thanks, everyone. I felt so blessed when it was my turn to talk, because...well, I have a lot to say."

Ezra's voice was still breathy. Aeryn squirmed in her seat. It was so...erotic. Like she was panting with arousal. She could picture exactly what it would look like - Ezra would be naked, covered in sweat, pulsating with desire. Aeryn would move her lips to Ezra's, taste her own juices on the black woman's tongue, reach down between her legs to find...

"God is with us," Ezra said, snapping Aeryn out of her fantasy once more. She glanced around - no one else seemed to find anything even remotely strange about the way the young woman was speaking. Perhaps this was just how people sounded when they were talking about their sky-fairy; breathy with fervency.

"God is here, with us, tonight. And he *loves* us."

Ezra seemed to be looking straight at Aeryn as she spoke. But wasn't that the sign of a good public speaker? Making everyone in the room feel like they were talking directly and exclusively to you?

"He loves us so much. He wants to...touch us. He wants to touch us with his love."

Aeryn narrowed her eyes. No, Ezra really was talking directly to her. And, seemingly, only her.

"He wants us to connect with each other, to touch each other. That's why he put us on this earth. That's why he gave us mouths, and tongues - so we could...love each other."

A brief titter ran around the room at Ezra's unusual phrasings.

"So that we could talk," she clarified. "So that we could connect with each other. God wants us to connect. God wants us to love each other. And by loving each other, we love God."

To her absolute horror, Aeryn found herself nodding along. Ezra's passion was...it was getting to her. It was doing something to her.

Maybe...maybe there was something to this whole 'god' malarkey after all.

Ezra's speech went for another half-hour, but Aeryn never got bored. Her energy was contagious - as she ranted about God's spirit filling her up, filling each of them up, Aeryn could practically feel it. She could almost feel Ezra's words inside her, filling her up, making her whole.

Her entire body ached. For the first time in her life, she felt empty. She wanted Ezra, more than she'd ever wanted anything.

Was this what it felt like to want God?

Fuck. Was this why her parents had wanted her to come to youth group?

Had they somehow known how effective it would be?

She tried to disconnect, to tune out Ezra's words, but she couldn't. She was inexplicably drawn to the young woman - she found herself questioning everything she'd taken for granted until that point; her atheism, her sexuality.

Maybe she was gay.

Maybe God was real and she was gay.

Ezra's sermon finally finished - Aeryn realized she was literally sitting on the edge of her seat, her entire body tingling. Ezra looked pretty worked up as well - she was coated with a thin

layer of sweat, and the cup of punch she'd been drinking from was empty.

The entire youth group stood up and applauded, and John moved to the podium.

"Wow," he said, slapping Ezra on the back. "What an amazing job. Did you have an activity for us?"

"Yeah," she said, clearly flustered. Despite her sermon having finished, she was still staring at Aeryn. "I mean, it's stupid."

"Oh, don't be like that," John replied, turning to the crowd. "C'mon, gang, what do you say - do you want to see what she has in store for us?"

"Okay," Ezra said, her voice shaky. Aeryn could tell that she wanted nothing more than to step down, to drag Aeryn into a back room.

To do things with her that she'd never done with another woman.

Or was she just projecting her own desire?

"So I know we're not Catholic, but I thought...you know how they do the communion thing, like at the Last Supper? I made punch, so I thought we could do something like that."

"That sounds great," John said. "Everyone, grab a cup of punch - Ezra is going to show us what they did at the Last Supper."

While everyone got their drinks, Ezra managed to slip down to where Aeryn was waiting for her.

"Wow," Aeryn said breathlessly. "You...you were amazing."

"Thanks," she replied. "I...god. Most of that wasn't what I was going to say at all. It was like...it was like God was speaking through me, you know?"

Despite never having experienced anything even remotely similar, Aeryn found herself nodding fervently. "Uh huh," she said. "Totes."

A blush spread across the young woman's face. 'Totes'. What was she, twelve?

"Okay," John finally said. "I think everyone has one."

Aeryn glanced down at the cup that Ezra had poured her almost an hour ago. It was still half-empty.

She stiffened, as a wave of attraction suddenly swept over her. Glancing around the crowd, it took her a minute to find the target of her sudden affection - a gangly-looking ginger boy at the side of the room.

He was staring at her and Ezra, a look of adoration on his face. Aeryn glanced to her side, to see that Ezra had locked eyes with the boy, watching in awe as he brought the cup to his mouth and took another sip.

"Ezra?" John said, and Aeryn wanted to cry out as her new friend tore herself away from Aeryn and the ginger, and returned to the podium.

"So has everyone got a drink and a cracker?" she asked, and the group returned a volley of affirmations. "Okay. So in Corinthians 11:25, Jesus says 'This cup is the new covenant in my blood: this do, as often as ye drink, in remembrance of me.'"

Ezra brought her cup to her lips, and the entire group mirrored her.

There was a long, stunned silence as the group of thirty-odd teenagers swallowed down a gulp of Ezra's punch. Aeryn felt like her head was spinning - the attraction she'd felt for her new friend, then the ginger...it was like it was widening.

This is what God must feel like, she thought with a gasp. This feeling of...this feeling of love.

As if she could read Aeryn's thoughts, Ezra continued, her voice wavering as she spoke.

"I just...I just feel so much for all of you tonight," she said, a tear slowly moving down her face. "For my new friend...oh golly, I don't even know your name."

“Aeryn,” she replied boldly. Fuck not drawing attention to herself - in that moment, she wanted the attention of everyone in the entire room. “My name is Aeryn.”

“For Aeryn,” Ezra said. “For you, John. For Patrick, for Rose. For Katherine, for Michael. For Glen, Peter, Beth, Stacy, Diana, Josephine...”

As Ezra continued listing names, Aeryn looked around the room, trying to memorize each name she heard. These were her people now; her heart swelled as she learned more and more names. Her stomach tightened as she realized how many of them there were.

And her pussy throbbed as she realized what she wanted, more than anything, was to make them happy.

Once more, it was as though she and Ezra were on the exact same page - after the black woman ran out of names, she smiled.

“God has brought us together,” she said proudly. “God has brought us into this room. We are His flock, and we serve him. We serve him by serving each other.”

Aeryn nodded. That was it. She wanted to serve these people.

God she wanted to serve them.

“Take the hand of the person next to you,” Ezra instructed. Aeryn looked to her left - the boy that Ezra had called Ben was standing there. She took his hand. “Look into their eyes.”

Aeryn obeyed, staring into Ben’s eyes, shocked to see he was staring at her lustfully.

Shocked and excited.

“Now kiss them,” Ezra hissed. Aeryn’s eyes widened, but she didn’t hesitate - she and Ben moved forward, as though one. Their lips met.

“Explore their body with your hands,” Ezra ordered, and Aeryn did as her new friend told her, running one hand up and down Ben’s back, while the other grasped his chest. His hands moved immediately to her ass, her tits - he began stroking and groping her without hesitation.

“Don’t be shy,” Ezra said with a gasp. “We are all God’s children - we have nothing to be ashamed of!”

For a moment, Aeryn wondered why John wasn’t putting a stop to this, why no one was objecting to Ezra’s instructions. She opened her eyes, and could see John behind her - his lips were pressed up against Patrick’s, and they were making out as passionately as she and Ben.

“Strip them,” Ezra urged, her voice as strong and passionate as it had been during the service. “Adam and Eve were naked, and they felt no shame. Take off your clothes; present yourself to the Lord. Present yourself to each other.”

Aeryn groaned with need as she struggled to unbuckle Ben’s belt. He was having similar trouble with her bra, but it wasn’t long before they each solved the tactile puzzles, and before long they were stepping out of their clothes, their eyes wide at the sight of each other’s naked bodies.

“Take them,” Ezra moaned. “Know them, as the Bible commands.”

With that, Ezra stepped away from the podium. Aeryn didn’t even need to look to know that she was coming straight for her, coming to join her in pleasing Ben, in allowing Ben to please them. As the black woman moved through the crowd, she removed her clothes, and by the time she landed on her knees beside Aeryn, she was as naked as she’d been in the young woman’s fantasies, just under an hour ago.

“Hey,” Aeryn said, turning to kiss her new friend. Ben watched in awe as the two women made out - Aeryn’s hand never leaving his hard cock as they did.

All around them, teenagers were getting each other off. John and Patrick were simultaneously sucking each other’s cocks, Rose and Beth were enthusiastically finger-fucking

each other, and Diana was letting Josephine lick out her asshole while Katherine took Glen in her mouth, Michael in her pussy, and a confused Peter tried to work out how he could join in pleasing her.

Kissing Ezra was everything Aeryn had hoped it would be - she shuddered with pleasure as the black woman reached between her legs, and delicately stroked her clit, even as she continued jacking Ben off.

The sight and sensations of the two teenage girls pleasing each other soon became too much for the young man, and he began cumming, spurting the interracial couple with his cum.

Ezra gasped - the combination of Aeryn's tongue in her mouth, hand on her mound, and Ben's cum spraying all over her was enough to set her off, and as she began twitching and moaning with orgasm, Aeryn's own climax wasn't far behind.

It was more than twenty minutes before the Greenborough Parish Group began to regain their composure. The hall reeked of sex - the scents of cum, female arousal, and sweat combined, but no one objected to the strong musk that filled the room.

To Aeryn, it was the smell of God Himself.

The teenagers began reluctantly putting their clothes on, although the act was broken up by kisses and plenty of caressing - over the past fifteen minutes, several of the teenagers had switched groups, sampling various aspects of the smörgåsbord of sexual experiences available to them.

Finally, about ten minutes before the congregation was due to end, everyone had gotten redressed. By the time parents started trickling in, most everyone looked presentable - Aeryn was unable to find her bra, but she didn't mind. She assumed that one of her new friends had taken it for their pleasure, and that was all she wanted: to please them.

"Is it always like this?" she asked Ezra, pulling back from their kiss. Ezra's hands were on Aeryn's tits, fondling them lovingly through the shirt.

"Um. Not really."

"Oh." Aeryn wrinkled her nose, as her hands ran up and down Ezra's sides, delighted by the soft feeling of her friend's skin. "I just thought..."

"Maybe you were sent here by God," Ezra interrupted, her eyes widening. "You...you inspired me, Aeryn. Maybe you're an angel."

Aeryn raised one eyebrow. An atheist angel with a septum piercing?

Hell, maybe. What did she know about religion?

"Y'all meet every week, right?" she said, dodging the accusation.

"Uh huh," Ezra moaned. One of Aeryn's hands had slipped down her jeans and started playing with the wet tuss of hair between her legs. "Although..."

"Mmm?"

"Once a week might not be enough. Maybe - oh!"

Aeryn's hand had found her clit.

"What is it, babe?"

"Maybe...maybe we should try to meet more often. I just...God's love feels so strong with us. I'm sure He wants us to be together more."

"Mmmmm," Aeryn said, slipping two fingers between Ezra's wet pussy-lips. "That sounds so good."

There was a knock at the door, and Aeryn quickly pulled her hand out of her new friend's pants. Her parents were at the door, looking around for her, a confused expression on their face.

"Hey," Aeryn said, making her way over to her parents after giving Ezra a discreet slap on

the rump.

“Erin,” her Mom replied. “I mean...Aeryn. How was your first night?”

“Amazing,” Aeryn sighed.

Her Dad still looked concerned.

“Why are all these kids holding hands?” he muttered.

“It’s a really close group,” Aeryn replied with a smile. “I...I kind of like it.”

“Really?”

The creases disappeared from her father’s brow, and he beamed down at her.

“You had a good time?” her mother asked, tucking one of her daughter’s stray hairs behind one ear.

“Yeah,” Aeryn replied with a nod.

“John!” her father called out. The teenage boy released Michael and Diana’s hands, and made his way over to join them.

“Mr. Walker! I didn’t realize this one was yours.”

“I don’t exactly brag about it,” Aeryn’s father grumbled, a half-smile on his face. “Did she behave herself?”

“Oh yes,” John said, smiling proudly at Aeryn. “She was divine.”