

CHAPTER 5

Lori Jean waited quietly in the hotel room flipping through the Bible, reading what Dex called "trash magazines " and generally feeling miserable. She had found Dex quickly after she realized their few minutes of pleasure had a lasting result, found him before her poppa found out and threatened him with exposure if he didn't do something to help her out. Brother Robert couldn't afford the exposure of one of his staff to the sins of Satan and quickly gave Dex an ultimatum. Dex agreed to the marriage, but the conversation with Brother Robert soon turned her pregnancy into a religious event. She was now carrying a prophet of Jesus, and even her own father did not question the discrepancy in the dates of her marriage and the child's birth. His pride at being the grandfather of such a wondrous child seemed to blind him to all truths.

Lori thought about the people she saw and wondered if they were all as blind as her father seemed to be. It didn't matter, though, the scam worked. She was married, they were making more money than ever, and she and Dex actually seemed to like each other. In fact, it was becoming so perfect she was beginning to wonder if the child might not truly have some place in Heaven's plan. All she really knew was she had never been as well off or as happy as she had been recently. Happy, except for the pregnancy. She was gettin' fat, she waddled everywhere, and always had to go to the bathroom. God, she was miserable and couldn't wait for the child, prophet, or whatever to be born.

Dex came into the room. "Lori, I have a plan. Listen up. Do you realize our baby will be born in the month of December, with a good chance of being born on Christmas day?" Dex was excited now and Lori watched those beautiful eyes light up as he got more and more into his thoughts. God, how beautiful his eyes became when he truly was swept up in his emotions, she thought. But, what was that about an early delivery?

Lori, do you hear me? I said if the baby isn't ready, we could even get a doctor to induce labor so the child can be born on Christmas. Don't you understand? With the groundwork laid down by Brother Robert on the possibility of our child being the new age prophet of Jesus Christ, we could reap thousands of dollars in new donations. Better yet, we'll bring up the child on Biblical sayings and teach him our trade from birth. That way we can use him in the show and really turn up the pressure on those rubes. Hell, we might even give Ol' Billy a run for his money on the national circuit."

"Hold on, calm down, wait a minute." Lori said, her eyes even wider than normal. "I am not a cow made to deliver a baby at your whim for some religious scam to make money. What about the baby? What if it's a girl? What makes you think I'm gonna let you take this child of mine and make it some freak show for your benefit?" She was starting to scream now and Dex had stopped in mid-sentence, amazed not only at the woman, but at her protection of the unborn child.

"Lori, Lori, Lori. Wait a minute. I'm sorry. I didn't mean to come off as some insensitive

jerk. I just got excited at the possibilities. I was only thinking of you. You complained so much about your weight and how you felt, I just thought... well, if I could help you. You know, lose the weight a little quicker. Maybe you'd feel better and we could go and do some of those things you been askin' about, go to the beach, see New York, and... well, my mind got to workin' bout how we'd need money to do all those things and... Oh, never mind. I would never want to hurt you."

Lori had calmed down considerably. "Oh Dex, I'm sorry I yelled at you. I should have known you were only thinking about me." Lori's fantasy about Dex as her knight in shining armor restored, she quickly wanted to make amends with her lover. "Look, I'm not sayin' I'm going for any of this, but if you think it will help, I'll think about it. Besides, this baby could be just a 'girl', and wouldn't that spoil your plans?" Lori wrapped her arms around Dex.

Dex smiled. "Aw, I'd like a girl or a boy. But, you're right; a boy child would set better with the rubes. Anyhow, I know you wouldn't do that to me." Dex's eyes twinkled as he wiggled away from her grasp. He began to head out the door and said, "Look, I'll tell Brother Robert you'll think about it and to start heading for Atlanta. I want my wife and child, whatever it is, to have the best treatment. And Atlanta is where it's at."

Lori giggled as the door closed, picked up her favorite magazine, sure in the knowledge she had the best lover a woman could want. As least as good as these fake ones she read about all the time in these articles.