

The Kiss of the Unholy

b. Mya

They played in the graveyard as if they really wanted to consort with the dead. Draped in black and wild with invented ceremony, the teenagers pretended to be vampires and witches. It was all quite theatrical and if I had not done something similar in my youth, I would have thrown them out of the graveyard immediately.

I gave them some time, my black robes, more frightening to them than any vampire's cape. Storming into the midst of their summoning, I didn't mean to overturn their cauldron but it did make a fetching display.

As they ran into woods, dye-black hair whipping about, I laughed.

I knelt in the midst of their pagan revelry littered with bags of candy, snatched from younger children no doubt, bottles of spirits barely dented, a joint and some candles. It was a lot to clean up, but I wanted to be out in the cool, purple night. It gave me a thrill.

"I do not know why they come. Halloween belongs to the Christians now," said a voice.

Spinning around so quickly that my balance failed, I ended up on my rear. There was nothing but stone, the dead, and vines surrounding me, perhaps a bit of wind. With my heart thundering inside my chest, I promised the Lord that I would repent my small celebration of Halloween with a slice of pumpkin pie.

Returning my attention to the mess around me, I used the cauldron as a trash receptacle, gathering paper cups, bottles, even a voodoo doll. The sweets, I shoved in my pocket. I even took a chocolate chew from a pale hand, proffering. I was about to add it within my heavy cotton folds, when logic struck me.

Again I fell on my rear, but unlike before the scenery of gravestones and overgrown greenery had to be considered as background to the creature before me. Nearly seven feet tall, the naked man had skin reminiscent of marble with great wings outstretched behind him. He had a short set of white horns amidst waist-length hair, the color of the gunmetal moon. I had never laid eyes on something so stunning and could not deem it angelic or demonic.

The man-thing considered me with shimmering gray eyes. "I didn't mean to frighten you, Little Father."

"W-what are you," I gaped. My eyes couldn't decide whether the answer was to be found in the elongated canine teeth or the length of the intimidating ivory cock suspended in perpetual erection.

He smiled toothily and pointed to my church in the distance. By the light of the full moon, I could see the turrets where a statue had once perched. My lips formed the word no, and then I exhaled.

“One can’t sleep forever, especially on a perfect night.”

He stepped towards me and I scooted three lengths back. “W-what do you want? Have you come to kill-.”

Much faster than anything of stone should every move, he straddled my waist. A chilly finger lined across my lips. “Sssh. It’s a full moon and time for the forbidden. You were eating pie. Pumpkin. It is on your palate still and I would have a taste.”

My eyes held his and until I blinked I knew nothing--- not how his clawed hands cupped my skull, and definitely not how near those pale pink lips were. So close.

Turning my head before he could find his mark, I almost pleaded. “...No.”

He frowned. “It is not as if I can’t smell your agreement.”

“I have forsaken whims of the flesh, Monster.”

Acting as if I had mortally wounded him, the gargoyle moved off of me to kneel by my side. “I am not asking for you to raise your robes and present your body to my need...” He scowled a gesture that seemed almost comical on his marble countenance. “Although the idea does have merit, I only want a kiss.”

Massive, he could have easily taken what he wanted, without the slightest notion of a cliché. I knew it.

Shaken, I couldn’t have been more horrified than if he told me he wanted to open my chest cavity and feast on my intestines.

His eyes widened like he could read my inner fears. “Why did you make pumpkin pie? Was it some pagan notion?”

“Certainly not, I-.”

Raising his palm to halt my quick lie, he said, “I have an extraordinary sense of smell. I can sense nostalgia, doubt, arousal...fear.”

“Yes. I like to have pumpkin pie on Halloween.”

“And so do I. Truth doesn’t have to be frightening.”

It couldn’t be that simple. Worried about more than the stone man before me, I was worried

about my own traitorous blood sparking true and hot through my limbs. What he wanted, I had forgotten how to give. On that night above all others, the cross hung heavier upon its chain around my neck. “How do I know you won’t tear my heart out, that you’re not trying my faith? That you aren’t the devil?”

The gargoyle closed his eyes for a period of time, long enough for me to notice the blue and pink veins that showed through his skin like fine marble. Before me was a greater temptation than my cousin’s skin magazines, even greater than mutual jacking during band practice so long ago? My faith had held me fast against every salty, sumptuous cock, against the burn and the enveloping fullness of being fucked. My faith was real and strong...and when gray eyes opened, I felt it fade.

“Father Christian,” he started slowly and thoughtfully. “Trick or Treat?”

He turned his body to lie sideways, showing me everything the fountain cherubs wished they had. Before me a vision of supernatural beauty, monstrous and terrifying was waiting for my answer. It couldn’t have been simpler than a pail of confections.

As I leaned over him, black cloth draping across stone-like flesh, I felt the fear of maturity fade to the unfettered, boldness of youth. “Treat,” I whispered.