

Gisele's Shame

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Each step she took clicked harshly on the marble floor of the cathedral. Tiring of the repetitive sound, Gisele slipped off her heels and placed them at the base of the statue. She looked up at its dark granite features and admired the curves of the chiseled stone. The visage of the Demon completely dominated the alcove. It was huge, standing a good foot above her and it was clothed in little more than a loincloth. The statue was once part of a pair and the archangel Michael once looked down accusatory upon the Demon. Vandals had toppled Michael long ago, shattering his marble form beyond repair. Now only the Demon remained and it had been moved to a darkened and forgotten part of the cathedral.

Gisele touched the leg of the Demon, the rock cold and impassive. The beautiful bull horned head of the Demon was raised to the heavens in defiance. She turned away from it and continued on with her now silent walk. She came to the church not because she was religious, but because when the pressures of life became too heavy, she knew she could always find peace and solace here. She ached inside with loss. Another man had come and gone, leaving her heartbroken. He, like the others that came before him, had wanted something she swore never to give away easily. Her virginity.

His passion had been great towards her and he had loved her. No matter how much he loved her though, she did not give into her own passion and left him wanting. So now her own desires were also unfulfilled and she sought out the comfort of the church. Her mother and grandmother had attended this particular cathedral for decades.

Gisele continued her walk for several minutes, proceeding on into the auditorium and through the heavy mahogany doors that segregated it from the rest of the church. Two priests that were dressed in the robes of Mass, walked towards her. Both were deep in conversation. They paid her no mind, walking past her and forcing her to step out of their way.

'How rude,' she thought. "Excuse me, Father, I..." she began, but the priests did not acknowledge her presence. Baffled at the actions of the priests, she watched as they disappeared out through the open doors. The perplexed feeling quickly left her as a sense of gaiety rose in her. As many times before in her thirty years, this place, the enormity and holiness of the Sanctuary, had calmed her and laid her sexual energy to rest.

Yes. Peace was here. It was hers once again.

Moments later, she slowly padded back to the darkened and forgotten alcove where her shoes awaited her.

As she slid across the cool floor, she heard a faint moaning sound. She stopped suddenly, her ears perking. The noise came again and she discovered that the gentle clamoring was coming from up ahead. The moan became louder and more frequent. She picked up on the resonance of flesh slapping against flesh. The sounds of the yet unseen but coupling bodies were wet and sloppy.

Curious, Gisele immediately thought that she had discovered supposedly chaste priests masturbating or a couple of kinky parishioners wanting some illicit sex. She had heard the stories about the priestly abuses. She crept forwards and readied herself to catch the unsuspecting pair. Her pace slowed as she approached the alcove. Her shoes rested where she had left them. To her surprise she found the Demon's pedestal empty.

The Demon, once carved of black granite, was now flesh and rippling with muscle and sinew. He forced himself into a woman who was pressed against the wall. The woman's face was turned away from Gisele, preventing identification. Gisele's attention was drawn downward as she watched as the Demon's distended and immense cock slid in and out of the woman. The sharpened nails of its hands clutched roughly onto the woman's back and buttocks. Red welts were visible where those same claws scratched the silky skin. A sweated sheen, which was the evidence of their exertions, showed on both their naked forms.

Gisele was so confused and shocked that she had stopped completely and could not move. It was as if her feet had taken root into the marble floor. She knew that what she was witnessing had to be unreal. If it wasn't, then she should be screaming in horror and fear. But the sight of the woman being taken, being pleased by such a powerful being was arousing her immensely.

Gisele had never seen the act of sex before this moment.

A detail of the scene nagged at her. A pale white chemise lay on tumbled on the edge of the Demon's pedestal. It looked familiar and suddenly Gisele knew who the woman was. The woman's voice moaned again and the familiar voice demanding more and more of the Demon's cock echoed in her ears.

She couldn't believe what she was hearing. She knew this woman.

The voice was hers.

Gisele's own face looked back at her from where she admitted the Demon's cock into her sopping wet pussy. It slid in again, and a wave of pleasure crept into Gisele's consciousness. A sense of fullness penetrated upwards between her legs

“No,” Gisele whispered from where she stood at the Demon’s pedestal.

“Yes!” the woman who was Gisele cried out. Gisele, even though she believed had never had the pleasure of a man’s cock inside her, knew instinctively that the orgasm was upon her. Suddenly, the woman arched her back and loudly cried out. Gisele also felt the full power of that exploding pinnacle of ecstasy roll through her at the same time. She cried out and at once felt the massive cock within her. Gisele felt the coolness of the concrete wall that she was pressed against. She rebelled backwards against the cock, allowing the second orgasm to wash fully and completely over her. It was then that Gisele was brought her fully back to herself.

Her wandering spirit was now one with her body. She felt the Demon’s hot breath on her neck. “This is what you seek when you come here. You hide your mind in shame each time. Today you see yourself as you truly are. Your shame is your personal demon. When you leave this place, your shame will not allow you to remember this encounter. Your shame will continue to hide me from you. It will hide your pleasure until it cannot be denied any longer. Then you will return to me again. But until that time when you forget...” His cock began to thrust again. “...You will be my plaything.” She felt his juices slide down her leg and she felt the lust renewed. The pleasures he brought to her rose higher and higher. Gisele closed her eyes and enjoyed all that the Demon had to offer.

As the sun sat on the horizon many hours later, Gisele walked gingerly down the steps that led down to the parking lot where her car awaited. She didn’t look back, but satisfaction and a sense of peace filled her. As always, the cathedral had healed her, and made her feel whole again. She straightened her skirt, unsure of how it got so wrinkled. She did not acknowledge the wetness she felt between her legs.

To her, it did not exist.

Gisele smiled at the falling sun and looked forward to tomorrow. She had been renewed.