

"The body." Giovanni said, pressing stale bread to the tongue of the vulnerable man in front of him. A bird to him to offer to the Lord. His words sank into him like a cat's fangs and cemented the fate of all the rest who dared fall weak to him.

"Amen." he murmured, eyes stuck on the priest - never moving and far too hypnotized.

"The blood of Christ." A malevolent joy rising inside of him.

All of the other priests dipped the bread in the wine. Some offered small sips from a cup or a goblet or something else. But Giovanni was not like the others; he did not follow conventions. And he did not fear the sacrilege that he performed.

It was practically a game to him and he was oh-so-entertained by it. He could make everyone bend to his will and any deep, moving, carnal desire of his would forever be holy. After all, he was a man of God, a servant of Lord. His every word and breath reflected the Heavens and thus there was not a thing that he could do that could possibly poison the flesh.

He gently pressed a thumb to the other man's lips, dragging his bottom lip down slowly to open his mouth and then he tilted the man's head back. Displaying his prize before himself like the purest lamb.

The cup in which the wine was held waterfallled for just a second into the mouth of his prey. And like it was nothing, he took his index finger and pressed their mouth closed after they swallowed. He could feel the warmth - unspoken yearning and deep need that he would not satiate until he decided it was time.

Such a display would be mocked or insulted for how it ridiculed the church elsewhere but Giovanni knew that none carried a heart so bold to question him. His power was divine as the word of God here. Everyone but clay he could mold.

"Amen" spoke the man in front of him again. Something lingered in his eyes - a doe like expression. The face of a man who caught a glimpse at Heaven. A soft tongue poked out to run over his lips and Father Giovanni might have taken a bite of the animal before him had he not other people to weaken.

"Amen." he murmured with a grin, tapping his prey's chin and turning his attention to the next person awaiting the Eucharist.

His soul was a vile black ooze and it stained the skin of everyone around him. They never saw it, but it was written on them like the Mark of the Beast. He knew it was there and gladly pressed this curse onto those that came to him like it was Ash Wednesday. He thrived on the vulnerable minds of the people around him.

"A wonderful show." spoke a voice behind him after all had left.

Giovanni rolled his eyes as he turned to find the one prize he was sure was actually his own predator. Long, bronzed limbs hanging over the altar and such a thing piece of what could hardly be called clothing slipping off of his thighs.

A long tongue rolled out to lick the goblet that once carried the blood of Christ. Fiery, bright, unnatural pink hair flowing down and glittering beautifully where the sun poured in through stained glass. Every inch of him displayed like the finest meal that Giovanni would never taste.

A blotched meat - unacceptable to any God. But he craved it like a wild beast - unsatisfied with everything inside of him for it.

"But perhaps it's my turn." Jericho continued and he rolled over, taking a piece of that stale bread, and he pulled down on Giovanni's lip.

He'd never tasted anything more wonderful.