

Fantasy from Pain

Vehemence

Night breeze stiffens my muscles, trees bend in the street light
Leaves rustle by ominously, a chill quakes through my mind
Though tear drenched eye I witness, this innocents demise

The heavy hand of her father, her virginal flesh defiled My hand moves to my scrotum, not wanting to enjoy

But the pulsating heat of my passion, I can feel on my inner thigh

Peering through the bushes, to the dimly lit room inside

Desecration of a young girl, makes me wish she was my bride

Now I must venture further, into this shrine of pain

To satisfy my suffering, and end this creatures demise. Now its my turn, I make my way into
this foul environment

His dick slips out, in utter dismay

his gaze meets with mine

My actions swift, as I push him to the floor
this man will have to die

His daughter panting, crouched in terror

they both await my next move....Reflecting on my actions, I understand what must now happen

Concentrating my weight into my knee, I drop upon his face

My erection is persistent, so I turn and peer downwards

Laying in a pool of vaginal fluid, I approach my victim Regret! Sorrow!

Sadness! Aching for my death....The pulsing flesh under me, I can't fulfill my urges
Stepping out of myself and letting the hate control

Quivering in such ecstasy, my thoughts now wander Into a void, another plane, a heightened state of mind
Driven into this negativity and exploring Surprisingly she cannot feel my hands around her neck, or my death
sinking into her...Shaking....

Smiling....

Weeping....

Bleeding....Her Jesus embraces touching, her breast tenderly
with a light push he enters, her swollen lips But looming in the back of her mind
the knowledge that her Jesus is dead

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