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 defiledMy 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 victimRegret! 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 wanderInto a void, another plane, a heightened state of mind
Driven into this negativity and exploringSurprisingly 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 lipsBut looming in the back of her mind
the knowledge that her Jesus is dead

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