

Of Octopus And Sodomizing Virgin

Black Countess

Concrete grey walls
Emptiness and lonely candlelight
That is the room of your secret passion
Behind the door of intimate illusions

You are virgin and you still value it
But the desire gives you no rest
And so you come to this room every night
Every spare minute&

You are blindfold
Not to see the ONE who gives you these minutes:
Octopus-like creature
In the far corner of the room imbued with female discharge

You kneel down sucking HIS tentacle
While the creature squeezes your nude trembling flesh
And then you throw off carelessly your panties wet from lust
Directing the slippery tentacle to you butthole
Giving yourself over to unearthly bliss
Moving in an unrestrained obscene dance

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