

By The By

m volcofsky

After she got off, squatting on him, she'd strip him down, then tie the boy's feet together and his hands behind his back, lie him on the floor by the body. His mouth will have long gone quiet - his crystal blue eyes seem sewn open - and his smooth pink penis have remained hard throughout it all. His lips will show teeth as she lies him back down in the pooling blood. But no sound at all. She'll take his feet and drag him around so his hips are even with the body's head. This will make a dramatic, circling, expressionist blood-stroke on the floor. The body, eyes open, makeup intact, green eyes speckled brown, the vaguely disappointed expression of the dead. Breasts, the freckles between them, always an envy, deflated. The slot the blood came from, above the left hip, dribbling, she will push his face into it. She'll already have untied the body's hands and made enough of a mess that the rope-marks will make sense - as his will - later. The boy, little animal he is, will sense the final event arrived. His lips will still show all his teeth, which chatter, no sound. The blood still warm and she'll coat her hands with it. Without hands she - on his other side, the side not next to the body - will kneel and take his penis in her mouth. He'll flinch and kick and slide his hips away, blocked by the corpse. Fine. She'll find his cock again and suck. He'll become docile. His whole life then looking, trapped in his eyeballs. She sucks well, and, animal he is, she'll feel his orgasm forming. She'll switch to using her bloody hands, and standing, leaning over, with one foot lift his right buttock off the floor and tip his hips towards the corpse's face, jerking him off. The sound he fought to never make will begin to singe his tongue. She keeps at it, sliding a bloodwet finger to its last knuckle into his hole. His eyes will then fill with a hatred he'd not ever looked at her with - which will feel like something of a triumph, being his mother. He'll keep his eyes - blue as the glacier ice he loves online - riveted on her as he'll ejaculate, his hairless scrotum in-

After she gets off, squatting on him, she strips him down, then ties the boy's feet together and his hands behind his back, lies him on the floor by the body. His mouth has long gone quiet - his crystal blue eyes seem sewn open - and his smooth pink penis has remained hard throughout it all. His lips show teeth as she lies him back down in the pooling blood. But no sound at all. She takes his feet and drags him around so his hips are even with the body's head. This makes a dramatic, circling, expressionist blood-stroke on the floor. The body, eyes open, makeup intact, green eyes speckled brown, the vaguely disappointed expression of the dead. Breasts, the freckles between them, always an envy, deflated. The slot the blood came from, above the left hip, dribbles, she pushes his face into it. She'd already untied the body's hands and made enough of a mess that the rope-marks would make sense - as his will - later. The boy, little animal he is, senses the final event arrived. His lips still show all his teeth, which chatter, no sound. The blood still warm she coats her hands with it. Without hands she - on his other side, the side not next to the body - kneels and takes his penis in her mouth. He flinches and kicks and slides his hips away, blocked by the corpse. Fine. She finds his cock again and sucks. He becomes docile. His whole life now looking, trapped in his eyeballs. She sucks well, and, animal he is, she feels his orgasm forming. She switches to using her bloody hands, and standing, leaning over, with one foot lifts his right buttock off the floor and tips his hips towards the corpse's face, jerking him off. The sound he fought to never make begins to singe his tongue. She keeps at it, slides a bloodwet finger to its last knuckle into his hole. His eyes then fill with a hatred he'd not ever looked at her with - which feels like something of a triumph, being his mother. He keeps his eyes - blue as the glacier ice he loves online - riveted on her as he ejaculates, his hairless scrotum in-sucking - she inserts his glans into the

sucking - she'll insert his glans into the corpse's mouth and force his prostate's outpouring, then make him come on the face, around the mouth. She'll remove her finger and let him go. Then she'll punch him so hard she'll see the imprint of her fist in his left temple. He'll be gone. She'll leave the bodies something like that - his cock by the mouth, his face by the cut in the belly. She'll untie his hands, make a mess with them, walk backwards in his shoes to the edge of the room, take them off throw them in, close the door.

corpse's mouth and fingers his prostate's outpouring, then makes him come on the face, around the mouth. She removes her finger and lets him go. Then she punches him so hard she sees the imprint of her fist in his left temple. He's gone. She leaves the bodies something like that - his cock by the mouth, his face by the cut in the belly. She unties his hands, makes a mess with them, walks backwards in his shoes to the edge of the room, takes them off throws them in, closes the door.

After she got off, squatting on him, she stripped him down, then tied the boy's feet together and his hands behind his back, laid him on the floor by the body. His mouth had long gone quiet - his crystal blue eyes seemed sewn open - and his smooth pink penis had remained hard throughout it all. His lips showed teeth as she laid him back down in the pooling blood. But no sound at all. She took his feet and dragged him around so his hips were even with the body's head. This made a dramatic, circling, expressionist blood-stroke on the floor. The body, eyes open, makeup intact, green eyes speckled brown, the vaguely disappointed expression of the dead. Breasts, the freckles between them, always an envy, deflated. The slot the blood came from, above the left hip, dribbled, she pushed his face into it. She'd already untied the body's hands and made enough of a mess that the rope-marks would make sense - as his would - later. The boy, little animal he was, sensed the final event arrived. His lips still showing all his teeth, which chattered, no sound. The blood still warm she coated her hands with it. Without hands she - on his other side, the side not next to the body - knelt and took his penis in her mouth. He flinched and kicked and slid his hips away, blocked by the corpse. Fine. She found his cock again and sucked. He became docile. His whole life now looked, trapped in his eyeballs. She sucked well, and, animal he was, she felt his orgasm forming. She switched to using her bloody hands, and standing, leaning over, with one foot lifted his right buttock off the floor and tipped his hips to the corpse's face, jerking him off. The sound he fought to never make began to singe his tongue. She kept at it, slid a bloodwet finger to its last knuckle into his hole. His eyes then filled with a hatred he'd not ever looked at her with - which felt like something of a triumph, being his mother. He kept his eyes - blue as the glacier ice he loved online - riveted on her as he ejaculated, his hairless scrotum in-sucking - she inserted his glans into the corpse's mouth and forced his prostate's outpouring, then made him come on the face, around the mouth. She removed her finger and let him go. Then she punched him

After she gets off, squatting on him, she strips him down, then ties the boy's feet together and his hands behind his back, lies him on the floor by the body. His mouth has long gone quiet - his crystal blue eyes seem sewn open - and his smooth pink penis has remained hard throughout it all. His lips show teeth as she lies him back down in the pooling blood. But no sound at all. She takes his feet and drags him around so his hips are even with the body's head. This makes a dramatic, circling, expressionist blood-stroke on the floor. The body, eyes open, makeup intact, green eyes speckled brown, the vaguely disappointed expression of the dead. Breasts, the freckles between them, always an envy, deflated. The slot the blood came from, above the left hip, dribbles, she pushes his face into it. She'd already untied the body's hands and made enough of a mess that the rope-marks would make sense - as his will - later. The boy, little animal he is, senses the final event arrived. His lips still show all his teeth, which chatter, no sound. The blood still warm she coats her hands with it. Without hands she - on his other side, the side not next to the body - kneels and takes his penis in her mouth. He flinches and kicks and slides his hips away, blocked by the corpse. Fine. She finds his cock again and sucks. He becomes docile. His whole life now looking, trapped in his eyeballs. She sucks well, and, animal he is, she feels his orgasm forming. She switches to using her bloody hands, and standing, leaning over, with one foot lifts his right buttock off the floor and tips his hips to the corpse's face, jerking him off. The sound he fought to never make begins to singe his tongue. She keeps at it, slides a bloodwet finger to its last knuckle into his hole. His eyes then fill with a hatred he'd not ever looked at her with - which feels like something of a triumph, being his mother. He keeps his eyes - blue as the glacier ice he loves online - riveted on her as he ejaculates, his hairless scrotum in-sucking - she inserts his glans into the corpse's mouth and fingers his prostate's outpouring, then makes him come on the face, around the mouth. She

so hard she saw the imprint of her fist in his left temple. He was gone. She left the bodies something like that - his cock by the mouth, his face by the cut in the belly. She untied his hands, made a mess with them, walked backwards in his shoes to the edge of the room, took them off threw them in, closed the door.

removes her finger and lets him go. Then she punches him so hard she sees the imprint of her fist in his left temple. He's gone. She leaves the bodies something like that - his cock by the mouth, his face by the cut in the belly. She unties his hands, makes a mess with them, walks backwards in his shoes to the edge of the room, takes them off throws them in, closes the door.