

True Love in Death
A Wolfish Appetite

Your cute little turd is an adorable slate blue that leans towards olive green, passing through purplish brown.

What is that ugly scar, Huh! What is that? That is a hugly one but I'll lick it. Cause from the bottom you seam—and scream as a little one—like a little Frankenstein. *A little Frankenstein.*

You are as adorable as a lamb— a lamb that resembles a stylized lamb, a Saint-Exupéry lamb—, with a cruralgia. That's a fact. I'm going to break your shelled butt. And doing so I will kiss your ombre mascara.

I am the predator, and you are my victim. *By casualty in a box.* My ass is a vending machine.

A wolf with a fox. *My prey.* And a lamb, that is you.

From below, you look like a little Frankenstein. A fox with a wolf: a cock-addicted lamb!

“So. Yes, so. Well. Burn the stick off my butt!”

My Atlantic wolffish. Twice I kiss it; your renal hollows eyeshadow mascara. *You live here*, near my pillow. *So stay here*, and don't move. I kiss your ombré mascara. My fish, my love, and so I say. Twice, I kiss it; your eyeshadow mascara in the hollows of your kidneys.

“Gaah! Geez, what the hell? Are you crazy: don't pet my little jiggly thing like that.

— Oh, sorry, I was daydreaming of ewe milking!

— You want me to take it off?

— Nah, nah, but just let us have a tongue-a-tongue without getting heated. Cause, I can't take it anymore!

— OK then for the one-on-one talk!

— Straight for it?

Straight for it! But gently, please. And don't be so famished whit it.”

I'm laying out the facts.

Twice, I kissed it; your eyeshadow mascara in the hollows of your kidneys. (You Kid.) Your kid. (Your kidneys.) Yours...

“Ahem, there, isn't your smoky poop?

— Oh no! You got eyes. You already caught me last time we made love! Is my achy-breaky heart still smell as ew as a leftover?

Don't worry about that, Darling, I can't help but have a wolfish appetite for this lovely lamb pie.”

You are the one and the only page of my heart, and I'm laying out the butts. Yes, oh yes... Hoo-Ha! (Ooh!!) Ouch! But stay in it: I am arranging the feces for you.

“You all right?

– Uh-huh. Don't stop laying them on the sheet. I'll soon proceed with an enema. And don't worry about the bed pad. You see, or you don't: to keep the bedding clean, I asked the hotel reception to provide a piqué and a drawsheet.

– Wow, how much do I owe you for the extra charges?

– Shush, shush...

– Let me handle these few hours of passionate intimacy without thinking about it.”

Uhhuh. Uhhuh. (Ow!)

Oh!-oh!-oh!-oh!-oh! Oh! Throbbing sea swell. You live here, near my pillow. So stay here, and remain still. (Still.) Still!

Oh!-oh!-oh!-oh!-oh! Oh! Oh!-oh!

Oh! my darling, lift your back and don't move. (This is the adorable and perilous part!) The blue part of your hollow kidneys so that I can closely examine their shadowy mascara. (Our body part.) Our sweet, sweet, a persistent swell in the foliage of moderation.

Your cute little turd is an adorable slate blue that leans towards olive green, passing through purplish brown.

“So again, twice,” I kiss it; your eyeshadow mascara in the hollows of your kidneys. (I kiss your ombré mascara.)

Mascara. I. (I.) I. (I!) I... I. (I.) I. (I!) I...

Ooh!! Ooh!! Balaclava. Ooh!! Ooh!!

Ooh!! Ooh!! Ooh!! Ooh!! Balaclava. Ooh!! Can thoroughly examine, and “Squeezes it; squeezes it. Squeezes it. Squeezes it.” (“Squeezes it!”) “Squeezes it!”

“Now you lick it!”

You like mine. My kidneys. (My butt.) My kidneys. (Your butt.) My, your. Balaclava. Kidneys. (Butt.) Ooh!! Ooh!! Ooh!! Ooh!! Ooh!!

Ooh!! Ooh!! Ooh!! Ooh!! But. Yes! All of it. My butt, yours, their.

And again, twice, I kiss it; your eyeshadow mascara. The blue renal hollows so that I. (I.) I. (I!) I... I. (I.) I. (I!) I...I. (I.) I. (I!) I... And you. (And you.) End us. Us! Hand, end. You, Me. Lick it or not.

“Ahem, there, isn't your smoky poop?

Ooh!! Ooh!! Oh no...

— Oh no! You got eyes. My daring darling. You have got them. Us. Yours, mine. Theirs. The loving part of our body.

Ooh!! Ooh!! Ooh!! Ooh!! Ooh!! Ooh!! Ooh!! Ooh!!

Our sweet, sweet, a persistent swell in the foliage of moderation. Your cute little turd is an adorable slate blue that leans towards olive green, passing through purplish brown.

Balaclava.

I'm flipping through dictionary pages about your ass. You are a young schoolboy, a student. And I am the predator, the teacher and you are my victim. (A pupil.) *My chrysalis.*

My chrysalis. Ooh!! Ooh!! Ooh!! Ooh!! Ooh!! Balaclava. Ooh!! Ooh!! Ooh!!

Ooh!! Ooh!! Balaclava.

Ooh!! Can thoroughly examine, and “Squeezes it; squeezes it. Squeezes it. Squeezes it.” (“Squeezes it!”)

“Now you lick it!”

It's a role-playing game. And you've tacitly accepted it through your dumbness. (And don't gesticulate; your ball-gag prevents you from protesting.)

From protesting. Not still having that lottery. (That lottery.) Balaclava, Ball Gag, Leather Harness with Headband.

Yeah! Oh. Oh. Whoa.

And so on.

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Yeah! Oh. Oh. Whoa. Move over your butt. (Your butt.) Move it. (Move it.) Move... Your underwolf butt.