

# 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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