

Torn From The Womb

Infant Annihilator

Drag the nuns from their rooms. It's finally time to extract the bastards from their wombs. Their hands are bound and then they're gagged for surgery. Punctured with a rusted blade, then I force my fingers in the wound. I stretch it till the flesh has torn; with my filthy hands I rip it more. The mother's screams are muffled by the gag shoved down her throat. The tension builds as I unveil her uterus. Her anesthesia is my cock. Convulsions overwhelm my patience - if these persist I'll have no choice but to kill her before she gives birth. What a fucking shame. Death brings me joy, but I would rather see her suffer as I rip her bastard child from her womb. I Press the blade to her throat. Dull and with crooked teeth, I begin to saw through her neck until I reach her spine. Now that she is dead her body lays still. Now her unborn child is ready for extraction. I slice open the uterus and the placenta rushes out. Mixed with blood it pools in her gaping wound. This carcass cocktail of placenta and blood is shared among assistants helping me birth the child. Once it's gone the severed uterus is bare and then the birth begins. I grab the child by his leg and rip him from the womb. His mother's entrails pull out and spread upon the bed. I rape her body till she turns into a putrid heap, then I remove the umbilical cord. I cart the child down the hall to be classed and then sent to the nursery of rape.