

ON THE TRANSFORMATION OF A MASSEUSE INTO A GREAT BOWL OF SPAGHETTI GATE

sweat Skinie Tuber, thin as a chow fun, eater of nothing fun that moves of its own volition, the eighty-five pound female Ghandi, the tension attacker, the greatest female slacker of blubber plopped on her massage table the Steelcrack Fortreich the Bulwer Lytton of body armor's smile was silent as the smile on corpses four hours old. Yes, the Tennyson of high level neo-medieval non-orgasmic tension who needed a fix for his body sick more "I cannot make my orgasmic box no how, Skin, she screams when I enter her, she hisses, come here, I'll show you how, her throaty brass cat scratches my copper ball, my steel joints clang my ergonomic mall, I scream as I ride the undischarged morrow, some think the world is made for sorrow and so do I." Just now Skinny Tuber rides on his spine like open wounds get iodine. He screams Barrett-Browning incapacitate tears in blubbers as his muscles crank grunt of, "Our Euripides, the human, with his droppings of warm tears inspires the gods with their droppings of pure sheet." Skinie Tuber muses, "Like he will never be meatball mean, vile, fat paste encased; he's grease chaste. This guy is my greatest case. Like his muscle is tin, neck is steel, spine is bronze, his hips lead gongs. His lips are dead tongs. Like he is very bright. OK. His brain is milk fed veal but he still deserves my greatest feel. My most special kneads, I shall reveal. Like he shall become germinal to my seed." She climbed his moody body to melody of sex friction monody. She slipped his hips like tongue wet tulips as she lowed his spine in an electric smothering porcine. She body oil lathered on his neck like La Rose's window jeté in Le Spectre de la Rose as adapted by Ben Hecht. She wrung his elbows like numb Parisian Pierrot's, bank accounts zeros, Seine dunked after a whip night's pernod drunk. She pillowed his tum like a baby Mussolini's bum, she flayed his tense knees to triumph globs of warming marmalade 'papa's' and parpalade 'mama's.' Her chest suddened to ceramic as her digits oozed titanic cilantroic tantrics. Her arms became pink rubber the shade of bright marinara with a little butter and a basil olive oil with a slighted viscosity of egg yellow and a touch of Transylvanian garlic longer and thinner and oozed his Anaconda mine to Rhur rheum coal tar slime as great gobs of meatball arose on his throbbing thighs, her sweat translucent onion eyes became Titian Elysian lesion elision eleision, her hair grew longer, blander, thick as tawny worm meander. So as she condensed, she intertwined by mystic spoon and fork to scream, "O! Ceres god of trail mix, porridge, hominy, oatmeal, cornmeal, mush, grits, all whole grain cereal! You are for real! Like I am the heady oil and hot cheese in sleddy sopa broda! I am the steady seedy succulent turgid nitty gritty wheat germ medly. I am ready! O ejaculate! Male head bread. Like in credo in unum Deo! Like in love twists turgid lead. Like give it to me! All! Like I must be done! I'm stuck to the wall! Like pollinate on my polenta wholesome pearl textured placenta! Like the food of the gods move over already! Like I am become this great generous god like bowl of warm body Spaghetti!"

Stars shine bright on shatter light.

Through in the day through out the night fat love must not die on astringent diet. Thee.The.The.That's slide flesh slide, folks.