


Chapter Three



Price of Indiscretion, The



Bettina awoke, the sun glistening and glowing off of her glossy naked limber body. Opening her soulful aquamarine eyes she found that her stallion of cunnilingus Running Tab was nowhere to be seen. As she rubbed her beautiful bulbous cashew colored eyes for a better glance at the dog shaped lump at the end of the bed, on the the off chance that he might still... no that was just Popples the dog.


Bettina wondered why Popples was not out playing with the naked underage children, he did so love licking them as they danced and played hopscotch, nakedly.

“Kill the dog kill the dog.” The voice in her head said.

"But why? Why should I kill a defenseless dog?" Bettina pondered out loud as she softly stroked her nipple.

“It is your destiny.” said the voice.

Bettina reached over next to the bed and picked up a very sharp, very large, very rusty knife.




Gouging in and out, in and out, pulling out the hard object wet from wetness and plunging it back into the ever widening hole. Bettina held the dog's head between her sweaty thighs and with one smooth cut chopped the beast's head off.

Blood gushed forward as she plunged the blade deep into the mongrel's stomach. She dug her hands inside of the wound and tore intestines out from the dog, rubbing them over her hard nipples and around her neck like a shawl.

Bettina felt like a dominating, latex wearing mistress of death. In a fit of fury, she took the handle of the blood covered knife and inserted it deep into her womanhood. "Okay", she thought. Then in a rage that the gods could not even foresee, the deeply aroused warrior inserted her knife fuck deep within the dead dog's willing asshole in a surrender that would have made even the gayest, methed up homo boy cringe and whisper "oh, honey."

"Now eat the flesh."



"But I'm not hungry"

Bettina's protests did not last long as soon she was shoveling dog meat into her mouth with both hands. Blood sensually and seductively dribbled from her open engorged mouth.


Wham!

Bettina's teepee door swung open breaking off the hinge and a bright golden holy light forced Bettina to close her pretty emerald-green eyes. She felt a sensual fuck hungry hand touch her shoulder and she slightly opened her eyes, just enough to see it was the pope.

"I'm the pope!" said the pope.

"Yes I know." said Bettina choking down a lump of unchewed dog testicle.

"I'm the pope!" said the pope.



“Kill him too.”

She began to grab the knife out of her well moistened, lubricated, getting loser by the day, kitten package.


"NO NO!" Cried Bettina with tears that seductively oozed from the corners of her pink swollen eyes. "I CANT KILL THE POPE!"

Bettina, in a moment of sexy weakness, threw her head down, swinging her long, hard, berry colored hair by the Pope's ever hardening crotch package.

Girthy. She thought.

"I am the pope." Thought the pope, opening his robe and exposing his massive glowing throbbing member. This was no Cardinal, she thought.

The teepee reverberated with a light so pure and so white that it was




blinding as Bettina slowly took the pope's massive wrinkled spotted blessing into her mouth. She felt the warmth of God on every tender bud of her throbbing, wagging tongue. This was no Bishop, she thought.

"I am the pope" said the pope as he grabbed Bettina's red frayed hair tightly between his fingers, and pulling her head closer with clenched fists, lowered, ever so slowly, a candle onto Bettina's delicate head, lighting her hair on fire.

"The Pope is into some really kinky sexual stuff", thought the Indian Warrior as she continued sucking the pope off like his throbbing withered 80 year old cock was scuba equipment.

Within seconds, Bettina's hair was a raging burning bush of brown locks and a little too much aquaberry Indian hair product. The bluish flames towered over her head, lighting the pope's ceremonial robes on fire.

Soon the sweaty pope was engulfed in flames, laughing, laughing, lit up like some sort of satanic demon as Bettina tenderly licked his dangling ancient testicles. Even cowgirls get the blues.




Seven minutes, twenty three seconds later, Bettina was bent over the bed, taking the pope deep inside her ass. "But that Pope, he was up to no good," said the talking snow man in the corner of the teepee. As his stick arm removed his wicker pipe from his slightly salivating (melting) mouth, a single tear fell from his charcoal eye. You see, that snow man had known love only once before.

Several years ago, when the earth was covered with snow, the snowman had met the princess of ice. The princess of ice had granted him endless happiness provided he served her every whim. And for awhile, the snowman was happy. "Why is there a snow man in my teepee?(1)"

Bettina chortled as she spit out the Pope's holy seamen unto a roll of wheat bread that she would later share with the tribe's naked, dancing children. "I am the Pope," chortled the Pope as he began sucking himself off. You see, the Pope was sacrilegiously flexible.

Bettina, unaroused by the pope's self fellatio, picked up a knife from the side of the table and stabbed the pope deep in the thigh. "That'll work" thought Bettina.



As blood spurt out sensually, Bettina lowered her hand to her engorged shaw papoose and began to beat out a rhythm to the heavens. Then Santa came in to the teepee and tenderly butt fucked the quickly deflating Pope till his eye balls popped out of his papal head.

Bettina more turned on than ever rubbed her clit so hard that it bled the dance of a hundred dying jewish popes. The snowman cometh all over the floor and then they ate the dog. Santa and Bettina that is, the pope is dead. End of chapter fucking three.

(1)Snowman?

Kind of felt the claymation christmas special thing, I just went with it.

It worked.santa fucking the pope is some hot shit.

AS HE DEFLATES. I think it is a kind of metaphor for consumerism during the holiday season. Oh boy shit time!

I'm going to add that as an authors note

GET THE WHOLE THING, FROM SNOWMAN ON....

I put it right here "Why is there a snow man in my teepee,(1)"

NO THE WHOLE CONVO WE HAD WHEN YOU SAID SNOWMAN?

Oh!!!!!!!!!!!!ha!!!!

