

[Online library] Changed Flesh : Dark Erotic Tales of Bloodfetish Body Modification (English Edition)

Changed Flesh : Dark Erotic Tales of Bloodfetish Body Modification (English Edition)

Von Alex Severin

DOC | *audiobook | ebooks | Download PDF | ePub



[Download](#)

[Read Online](#)

Produktinformation Veröffentlicht am: 2011-04-08 Erscheinungsdatum: 2011-04-08 File Name: B004VXK6FG | File size: 68.Mb

Von Alex Severin : Changed Flesh : Dark Erotic Tales of Bloodfetish Body Modification (English Edition)

before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Changed Flesh : Dark Erotic Tales of Bloodfetish Body Modification (English Edition):

KundenrezensionenHilfreichste Kundenrezensionen0 von 0 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. Blut ist ein ganz besonderer Saft (frei nach Goethes Faust)Von mockingbirdEine Sammlung von Kurzgeschichten, die alle

entweder den Blutfetisch und oder Bodymodificationen zum Thema haben. Jeweils mit unterschiedlichen inneren Zielen der Protagonisten. Diese Ziele sind für die Betroffenen oft so dringend, dass sie alles dafür hinter sich lassen und nur noch dafür leben. Bei manchen scheint es wie das Bedürfnis nach Symbiose, bei anderen wie das Bedürfnis, die Erinnerung an den Partner auch am Körper präsent zu haben oder wie Katharsis. Und natürlich noch einiges andere. Die Autorin schildert diese inneren Vorgänge teils mit poetischen, die inneren Motive gut abbildenden Worten. Teils enden die Geschichten vorhersehbar, teils unerwartet, mit einem Ende, bei dem sich die Nackenhaare aufstellen. Dies sorgt dafür, dass die Geschichten teils unterhaltsam, teils spannend, in jedem Fall aber kunstfertig verfasst sind. An solche Leser, die keine, welche auch immer gearteten Probleme, mit sexueller Devianz haben, sehr weiter zu empfehlen.

Kurzbeschreibung Dark erotica diva, Alex Severin, brings you 8 short stories and vignettes on Bloodfetish and Body Modification. From the near religious ecstasy of self mutilation to redemption via modification of the flesh to a obsession with merging into one body with a lover, Severin delivers dark delights that are a must for all enthusiasts in the Body Mod / Bloodfetish subcultures. A mixture of online old favorites, little seen micro press-published stories you won't have read, and never before seen material. Approximately 11,500 words. From 'The Modification of a Stupid Cunt' ...I stroke my last scar and think of him. I remember what his own ruined flesh felt like on mine, the texture of his imperfections rubbing against my body, the taste of him. I remember the sensitivity of new scar tissue, like a fresh branding burning hot pain as new, tight skin stretched almost to breaking point. I remember the musk that rose from his skin and inflamed me. And the smell of his hair like cars and apples and the permanent line of black motor oil under his fingernails. I close my eyes and I think of those dirty hands as they pawed me, scratched my delicate skin. I can still feel each cut and nick and callus that graced his brutal hands, hands so dirty they made my skin smell like an engine. But I cannot stay away and each time he sees me he wants more. The deeper I cut, the more plentiful my scars, the greater his desire for me. Each time we meet I am new for him, further reconstructed, my modification advancing to a new level. Ongoing transformation of a woman. From 'Changed Flesh : Violetta the Magdalens' ...She waited for him, dressed in shadows and blending in with the city night; only the alabaster glow of her skin in the darkness gave her away. Each moment that passed felt like an eternity. Patience is a virtue. She waited. Anticipatory adrenalin rushed through her; her entire body quivered and her breath quickened in her throat, came out in short bursts like fuck-gasps, visible in the freezing air. Then she saw him, strutting past the open window, naked and proud. Even from this distance she could see his cock standing to attention. Her heart lurched in her chest and her gut flipped over twice. She almost whimpered but dug her long black nails into the soft flesh of her palms diverting her concentration from her nervousness and excitement. She'd been waiting here for hours and her feet and legs were numb, felt almost rooted to the dirty street beneath them. It felt like she had been waiting there forever. And she would have waited that long for him. She would have waited for an eternity. She would have waited until the end of time. She listened to the sounds of sex that filtered down from the bedroom window, one floor up, across the narrow street. She listened to the words that spilled from his passion-filled mouth and out into the night. She listened to all the noises of pleasure and pain and the cries of that which lay somewhere between the two. She watched violent silhouettes battle each other, throw themselves against the pallid walls in the candlelight. From 'Surgical Messiah' She sits alone bathed in the soft glow of candle light, the scent of exotic incense filling her room. Decadent trails of aromatic smoke, curl into the air around her. She closes her eyes, inhales the Eastern-scented air, feeling the excitement, the anticipation building inside her. She stares at her own flawed perfection and smiles, like a mother's smile at her new born, a labor of love smile, a smile born of pain and suffering and endurance. Her scars are beautiful, each as unique as a snowflake and just as pure. The raised patterns are often-traveled paths back to the memories which created them. Their texture beneath her fingers makes her forget for a while why they came to be here, all over her, spanning most of the surface of her skin... Kurzbeschreibung Dark erotica diva, Alex Severin, brings you 8 short stories and vignettes on Bloodfetish and Body Modification. From the near religious ecstasy of self mutilation to redemption via modification of the flesh to a obsession with merging into one body with a lover, Severin delivers dark delights that are a must for all enthusiasts in the Body Mod / Bloodfetish subcultures. A mixture of online old favorites, little seen micro press-published stories you won't have read, and never before seen material. Approximately 11,500 words. From 'The Modification of a Stupid Cunt' ...I stroke my last scar and think of him. I remember what his own ruined flesh felt like on mine, the texture of his imperfections rubbing against my body, the taste of him. I remember the sensitivity of new scar tissue, like a fresh branding burning hot pain as new, tight skin stretched almost to breaking point. I remember the musk that rose from his skin and inflamed me. And the smell of his hair like cars and apples and the permanent line of black motor oil under his fingernails. I close my eyes and I think of those dirty hands as they pawed me, scratched my delicate skin. I can still feel each cut and nick and callus that graced his brutal hands, hands so dirty they made my skin smell like an engine. But I cannot stay away and each time he sees me he wants more. The deeper I cut, the more plentiful my scars, the greater his desire for me. Each time we meet I am new for him, further reconstructed, my modification advancing to a new level. Ongoing transformation of a woman. From 'Changed Flesh : Violetta the Magdalens' ...She waited for

him, dressed in shadows and blending in with the city night; only the alabaster glow of her skin in the darkness gave her away. Each moment that passed felt like an eternity. Patience is a virtue. She waited. Anticipatory adrenalin rushed through her; her entire body quivered and her breath quickened in her throat, came out in short bursts like fuck-gasps, visible in the freezing air. Then she saw him, strutting past the open window, naked and proud. Even from this distance she could see his cock standing to attention. Her heart lurched in her chest and her gut flipped over twice. She almost whimpered but dug her long black nails into the soft flesh of her palms diverting her concentration from her nervousness and excitement. She'd been waiting here for hours and her feet and legs were numb, felt almost rooted to the dirty street beneath them. It felt like she had been waiting there forever. And she would have waited that long for him. She would have waited for an eternity. She would have waited until the end of time. She listened to the sounds of sex that filtered down from the bedroom window, one floor up, across the narrow street. She listened to the words that spilled from his passion-filled mouth and out into the night. She listened to all the noises of pleasure and pain and the cries of that which lay somewhere between the two. She watched violent silhouettes battle each other, throw themselves against the pallid walls in the candlelight. From 'Surgical Messiah' She sits alone bathed in the soft glow of candle light, the scent of exotic incense filling her room. Decadent trails of aromatic smoke, curl into the air around her. She closes her eyes, inhales the Eastern-scented air, feeling the excitement, the anticipation building inside her. She stares at her own flawed perfection and smiles, like a mother's smile at her new born, a labor of love smile, a smile born of pain and suffering and endurance. Her scars are beautiful, each as unique as a snowflake and just as pure. The raised patterns are often-traveled paths back to the memories which created them. Their texture beneath her fingers makes her forget for a while why they came to be here, all over her, spanning most of the surface of her skin...