

Suffocation, Marital Decimation

I sit as tomorrow I die and today I will unburden my soul. These events have tortured me, and destroyed me. I can still hear her faint screams engulfed in the atmosphere around me. The stench of ammonia still encircles the room where her disemboweled corpse lies. One night returning home, much intoxicated, I fancied my wife to avoid me.

I seized her with the fury of a demon instantaneously possessed. I knew myself no longer. My original soul, at once to leave my body and a more fiendish malevolence, gin - nurtured, thrilled every fibre of my frame.

At an instant, I grabbed the knife from the kitchen and left an incision from ear to ear. In turn, her limp weak corpse fell instantaneously. I, in return having received much pleasure from the initial blow, had begun to cut into her abdomen. Once inside, I began exploring the regions of her innards. The warm blood still running, the warm blood still running down my hands is cold and damp.

I began to remove her intestines, stopping to take a little nibble or tow. Her uterus seems to mesmerize me as I bury my head into it and lose myself into a world of the subconscious. For now I know the many pleasures of my wife, and I will soon be joining her