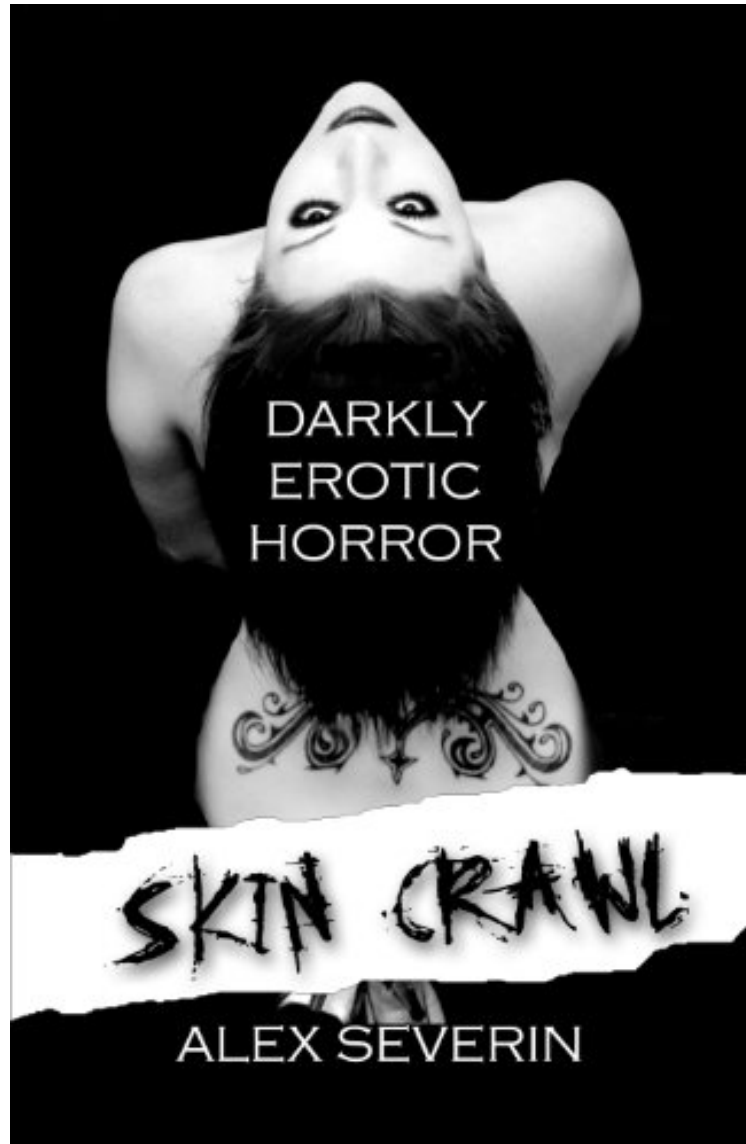


[PDF] SKIN CRAWL : Darkly Erotic Horror Stories (English Edition)

SKIN CRAWL : Darkly Erotic Horror Stories (English Edition)

Von Alex Severin

*audiobook / *ebooks / Download PDF / ePub / DOC*



[Download](#)

[Read Online](#)

Produktinformation Veröffentlicht am: 2011-04-17 Erscheinungsdatum: 2011-04-17 File Name: B004X2HMDO | File size: 76.Mb

Von Alex Severin : SKIN CRAWL : Darkly Erotic Horror Stories (English Edition) before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised SKIN CRAWL : Darkly Erotic Horror Stories (English Edition):

KundenrezensionenHilfreichste Kundenrezensionen0 von 0 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. Von einem der auszog, dS Frchten zu Lernen...Von mockingbirdEs handelt sich bei dem Buch um zehn uerst gruselige Kurzgeschichten bei denen es einem eiskalt dem Rcken runterluft. Sehr grob beschreibend steht dabei immer der Tod

oder alle möglichen devianten Arten mit dem Tod umzugehen im Mittelpunkt der Geschichte. Obwohl man gute Nerven braucht, habe ich mich beim Lesen sehr gut unterhalten. Der Schreibstil war flüssig, bildhaft und abwechslungsreich, gelegentlich etwas deftig. Insgesamt perfekte Horrорunterhaltung! 0 von 0 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. It's just disgusting. Von Iris Dieses Buch ist überhaupt nicht erotisch, sondern lediglich eine Ansammlung von Widerwärtigkeiten. This book is not erotic, it's just disgusting, nothing else.

Kurzbeschreibung SKIN CRAWL is a short story collection of deviant, dark, erotic horror by Alex Severin. Let that be a warning! This is NOT a romance book or straight-up erotica. This is erotica for the demented. Please download a sample and try before you buy to see if it's your cup of tea. Featuring online favorites that launched Severin into the horror underground a decade ago, little seen micro-press anthology orphans, and an exclusive, never before published short story. SKIN CRAWL runs the gamut from a priest with an unholy obsession with his Virgin Mary statue, a romantic pair of necrophiliacs, a beastly old magician with very strange eyes, to a proud, but unusual surrogate mother, this is raw, uncompromising erotic horror at its darkest. **TABLE OF CONTENTS** - (Descriptions in parentheses to address inaccurate story descriptions in a customer review.) Blessed is the Fruit of Thy Womb (Virgin Mary Obsession) In the Flesh (Necrophilia) Premature (Serial Killer) Romancing the Dead (Necrophilia) The Blair (Spooky Old House) Fuckhead (Car Wreck) The Surrogate (Graveyard Sex) The Man with the Absinthe Eyes (Surreal Horror) Coyote Bang (Coyote Skull Fetish) Ripened Fruit (Erotic Horror with Grigori Rasputin) Excerpts from SKIN CRAWL -From RIPENED FRUIT... His coarse fingers probed the wet silk of her cunt; her face contorted with equal amounts of disgust and pleasure. The matted beard of her lover scraped against the peach of her cheek as she forced down her rising gorge, her nostrils under assault from the stench of the rancid morsels of days-old food that nested there. A wave of nausea washed over her but the fluttering of her eyelids and the gasp in her throat could not deny the skill of his hand. She pulled him close to her and felt his hot sermon in her ear, his divine wisdom seeping into her, feeding her, soothing her like a warm injection. From THE BLAIR... He crept away from the quiet cottage, parents gently snoring in their bedroom, then belted down the road at full speed; his pulse throbbed in his ears with excitement. He reached the house in a few minutes and stood at the bottom of the drive, staring at the darkened windows. There were shapes moving in those windows, whispers penetrating the night air and filtering over to him as he stood there. He couldn't decipher what they were saying but he didn't like it. The whispers made the hairs on the back of his neck stand on end. The whispers were about grown up things, things he didn't know about, but knew enough that he shouldn't be listening to them. He wanted to leave but he couldn't move, couldn't prise himself from the spot, couldn't even scream when he realized there was a man standing in the shadows under a tree, just a few feet away from him. He'd been there the whole time, watching him while he watched the shadows in the window and listened to the whispers in the dark. The man lunged forward and grabbed him by the arm, forced a palm over his mouth. You shouldn't be here, boy. This is no place for you. This is a bad place, a bad place for everybody. From THE MAN WITH THE ABSINTHE EYES... Be still. You are not yet ready to move. You must allow yourself become familiar with your new condition. He looked at the man, eyes squinting My new condition? he croaked, his throat dry, vocal cords violin-tight and coated with panic. The man was vaguely familiar; he had seen that hideous, yet compelling face before, and that insane gaze. Black and white photographs with sinister captions came to mind. He had visions of devout worshipers at his feet and Latin phrases echoing off stone walls in the torch-lit gloom of a castle. The name escaped him, but he knew he had seen him before. Sleep, the man said to him, Rest. Soon you will begin your new life as The Font. **Kurzbeschreibung** SKIN CRAWL is a short story collection of deviant, dark, erotic horror by Alex Severin. Let that be a warning! This is NOT a romance book or straight-up erotica. This is erotica for the demented. Please download a sample and try before you buy to see if it's your cup of tea. Featuring online favorites that launched Severin into the horror underground a decade ago, little seen micro-press anthology orphans, and an exclusive, never before published short story. SKIN CRAWL runs the gamut from a priest with an unholy obsession with his Virgin Mary statue, a romantic pair of necrophiliacs, a beastly old magician with very strange eyes, to a proud, but unusual surrogate mother, this is raw, uncompromising erotic horror at its darkest. **TABLE OF CONTENTS** - (Descriptions in parentheses to address inaccurate story descriptions in a customer review.) Blessed is the Fruit of Thy Womb (Virgin Mary Obsession) In the Flesh (Necrophilia) Premature (Serial Killer) Romancing the Dead (Necrophilia) The Blair (Spooky Old House) Fuckhead (Car Wreck) The Surrogate (Graveyard Sex) The Man with the Absinthe Eyes (Surreal Horror) Coyote Bang (Coyote Skull Fetish) Ripened Fruit (Erotic Horror with Grigori Rasputin) Excerpts from SKIN CRAWL -From RIPENED FRUIT... His coarse fingers probed the wet silk of her cunt; her face contorted with equal amounts of disgust and pleasure. The matted beard of her lover scraped against the peach of her cheek as she forced down her rising gorge, her nostrils under assault from the stench of the rancid morsels of days-old food that nested there. A wave of nausea washed over her but the fluttering of her eyelids and the gasp in her throat could not deny the skill of his hand. She pulled him close to her and felt his hot sermon in her ear, his divine wisdom seeping into her, feeding her, soothing her like a warm injection. From THE BLAIR... He crept away from the quiet cottage, parents

gently snoring in their bedroom, then belted down the road at full speed; his pulse throbbed in his ears with excitement. He reached the house in a few minutes and stood at the bottom of the drive, staring at the darkened windows. There were shapes moving in those windows, whispers penetrating the night air and filtering over to him as he stood there. He couldn't decipher what they were saying but he didn't like it. The whispers made the hairs on the back of his neck stand on end. The whispers were about grown up things, things he didn't know about, but knew enough that he shouldn't be listening to them. He wanted to leave but he couldn't move, couldn't prise himself from the spot, couldn't even scream when he realized there was a man standing in the shadows under a tree, just a few feet away from him. He'd been there the whole time, watching him while he watched the shadows in the window and listened to the whispers in the dark. The man lunged forward and grabbed him by the arm, forced a palm over his mouth. You shouldn't be here, boy. This is no place for you. This is a bad place, a bad place for everybody. From THE MAN WITH THE ABSINTHE EYES...Be still. You are not yet ready to move. You must allow yourself become familiar with your new condition.He looked at the man, eyes squintingMy new condition? he croaked, his throat dry, vocal cords violin-tight and coated with panic. The man was vaguely familiar; he had seen that hideous, yet compelling face before, and that insane gaze. Black and white photographs with sinister captions came to mind. He had visions of devout worshipers at his feet and Latin phrases echoing off stone walls in the torch-lit gloom of a castle. The name escaped him, but he knew he had seen him before.Sleep, the man said to him, Rest. Soon you will begin your new life as The Font.