



MOLLY

Pierluigi di Cosimo

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Free Edition

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WHO IS, WHAT IS MOLLY...

Molly is a short, very short story. It belongs to a series of short novels that I am still writing, which will be put into a collection. Some others will follow this one, for those of you that are brave enough to continue to read them.

If you want to know about the next stories, or about me and my novels already published, you can find more information here:

Website: pierluigidicosimo.com

FB: [Pierluigi - writer](#)

[GoodReads](#), [Twitter](#), Kobo, Amazon, etc...

Those who enjoy eating and cooking might like seeing my recipes on the blog at [Pix&Dix Kitchen](#).

I hope you will enjoy it and please feel free to share your opinions.

This is a work of fiction. Characters and places mentioned are inventions of the author and are intended to give authenticity to the narrative. Any analogy with the facts, places and people, living or extinct, is completely random.

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MOLLY

The cold body was stretched out on the wooden surface. Naked. The boring, but necessary, skinning activities had already been completed. The skin was smooth and clear.

The woman with long blond hair approached the body that lay in front of her on the table. It lay waist high on its back, there in front of her. She looked at the flesh. She examined the body up and down with her deep green eyes, before gathering her hair up into a charming high pony tail. The quick and mechanical movement revealed her prominent, firm breast.

This woman had an utter grace about her and a curvaceous, alluring figure. She put the apron on her smooth, slightly tanned skin. A simple gesture, but seductive in the eyes of anyone watching her. It was almost a mortal sin being alone with her in that room.

Few tools, all shining in their aseptic steel, were methodically arranged on the table beside the corpse.

With a slight movement of the body she shifted her weight on the right leg and with her perfect tapering fingers she nearly touched the controls for the stereo. LEDs came to life. She could not live without music, it helped her focus.

The first notes started to move the air, while the latex gloves wrapped those delicate hands. Then the rhythm of the brass of SAINT MOTEL's My Type wrapped everything. She loved that song, just over three minutes of enthralling rhythm. It was irresistible and her head began to swing on that harmony, while her body swayed accordingly. Only her hands were steady, resting on the cold and glabrous chest of the corpse.

Her hand slipped gently down the body and the skin had a slight wrinkle, before coming back to its place when the hand raised. It was still elastic and adherent to that firm and lean flesh.

The vibrations of the music were clinging to that goddess physique, like a fiery lover. And she kept her eyes closed as though she enjoyed that union. Her hand had now moved between the thighs of that dead body. The sheathed fingers explored that area expertly; they knew what to look for.

It took a few seconds and the hole gave way under the gentle pressure of the fingers. The music had a sudden rise in the exact moment when the whole hand slipped through that opening vehemently. Then, as it had raised, the music came back down slowly, while the hand was moving in the hollow belly skillfully searching offal to remove. No, it was done a great job, everything was clean and the hand came out delicately.

A quick turnaround on the last notes before regaining the control and staring at that lean physique, lying helpless in front of her. The music faded away only a few moments and the brass started again after a while, she had set the "repeat track". As charged by the music, with one hand she enlarged the legs and the orifice formerly explored, while with the other pushed a thick mixture, coming from bowl nearby, inside that deep cleft. She stopped only it was completely full.

One, two, three quick stitches, and then another turnaround and

seductive movements to the rhythm of those notes, as if the motionless body could still see and enjoy those last moments, before passing away.

The music ended and started again. The initial brass were the part she preferred. She took off her gloves shooting a basket in the trash and turned up the volume by touching the display.

She was trembling with excitement, struggled to hold her body that could only swing and take small steps. She took that being with both hands at the height of the armpits and laid it gently in the container with high sides prepared nearby. The oil came down delicately from the small cruet in a silent wire sparkling. It dripped slowly down the slopes of the small hill of flesh. Now every movement was in tune with the music. She put her hands on that cold skin and began to massage voluptuously, with slight and exciting circular movements, starting from the shoulders down to the groin. Her fingers expertly ran everywhere and the lean and firm flesh seemed almost back to life with those invigorating and, at the same time, lustful massages.

Once again, the sax and trumpet returned to arouse excitement and rhythm. Another turnaround, followed by the usual dance step, but now the harmony with the music was reaching the orgasmic phase, the volume was turned up a bit more and there was a hint whispered singing. Now everything happened quickly, the fingers dipped in a small jar and came up with a crumbled mixture that fell like rain coloring and perfuming the body. The erotic sways accompanied the small jug with the gifts of Bacchus that poured its pale yellow contents around the dear departed. The last ablution.

Twigs of herbs and pieces of fruit slipped softly in the same bath. They would have become part of the same tasty final dish.

The growl of the oven came on time as death, exactly at the moment when umpteenth repetition of the song lessened away.

Everything was ready, Molly's delicious stuffed turkey was ready. Another quick movement and the porcelain pan slipped on the grill of the oven. Now nothing would have kept the woman's naked body.

A rapid passing on the display and the volume jumped to the maximum. The sinuous hands gently grabbed the stem glass with the scarlet presents of Bacchus, then her legs and her body began to dance out of the kitchen and her bare feet started to skip cheerfully on the soft and warm carpet in the middle of the living room, while rays of sunshine seemed to cut the room in two parts.

The End