

From a Window

K – 8/16/1996 – revised 1/5/2003

From behind my window

I pause and watch --

as your muscles strain - hard and bronze -
and your hands plunge into the moist earth.

Closing my eyes for a moment, I imagine your hands plunging into my moist center.

I continue to watch as sweat begins to trickle down your bare chest.

You pause --

wiping salty moisture from your brow,
leaving a faint brown trail.

My food forgotten, I slowly begin to undress - nipples hardening in anticipation.

You glance up into my framed cage and even though our eyes don't meet

I can feel your hot stare on my cool body,
a shiver of need and longing caressing my flesh.

Unbuttoning my shirt, I linger slightly - muscles taunt -

then release my softly bouncing breasts,
as my gossamer shirt floats quietly to the floor.

My hands begin to leisurely explore my quivering body

stopping briefly on the band of my shorts.

Carefully, lovingly, I slide the shorts down my muscular legs as your breath
starts to come

faster

and

faster -

your eyes glued to my private show.

Now, standing naked before you, my eyes closed, my hands

wandering freely

caressing each soft, creamy curve,
I begin to sway slowly to an inner rhythm.

Your hands involuntarily go to your cock --

now straining hard against your sweating thigh;

all other thoughts forgotten

you begin rubbing gently in time with my rhythm.

My hand reaches out and finds a forgotten strawberry.

As one hand lazily strokes my tingling skin,

the other, lazily runs the fruit's red tip through a bowl of
hot
melted
chocolate.

My tongue comes out to capture the prize – the sweet
burst
of flavor causes my back to arch as juice
trickles
down my chin and chest to kiss my straining nipple.

Slowly, I lift the bowl of hot, melted chocolate and
pour it – slowly, lovingly -
all over my quivering breasts.

Steam rises from my body - slightly fogging the window -
you strain to watch,
aching,
mesmerized by the scene.

With all the hot liquid poured, I drop the bowl and reach for my breasts.
Bringing my face down, I begin licking off the chocolate,
my wet tongue
caressing -
lingering at every stroke.

I begin fondling my sticky breasts
smearing the chocolate and saliva,
as my hands begin to move
lower,
leaving a warm, moist brown trail down my pale skin.

Panting, I lower to my knees, spreading my legs
as I spread the chocolate,
slowly rubbing the mixture
in and out,
moaning and still feasting on my dripping breasts.

As I come with a loud scream of pleasure -- you come --
sweat now streaming down your back and
stinging
your eyes that can't seem to
tear away from this private, intimate exhibition.

We both finish – fulfilled and exhausted.

I slowly rise, walk forward, and gently close the blinds of my window.