

Three Little Words

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Tie me down...

you say; three little words.
I lead you from the glowing day
to my altar of the night,
covered in silk
breathless as it waits for your anxious body to slip in.
The sheets part in waves that embraces you —
pulls you in and whispers in a voice of
satin and steel to

Spread your legs...

Gossamer serpents coil 'round your delicate ankles,
and wrists,
pulling them apart,
opening your sweet sex to me.
I strip and stand above you,
my cock rising for your pleasure
I genuflect between your legs,
bend down, my tongue barely brushing the fine
hairs of your sex.
The scent of your longing fills me
and you arch back, driving for more
wanting my tongue,
my fingers,
my cock
deep inside.

Fuck me hard...

you say, three little words —
but I make you wait.
My tongue circles your clit,
wet with spunk that glistens like lascivious stars
in the fluttering candlelight,
yet never touching it.
You arch higher yet
pushing your sex toward me, but are held fast
by a taut, silken web.
I draw back, then
steer my swollen cock in slowly winding circles
through the juices of your sex,
then parting your moist lips,
I plunge into your depths.

Make me cum...

you say, three little words —
I reach down under the curve of your back,
A wet finger penetrates your waiting ass
and moves in and out in rhythm
To the driving sex of our bodies
We speed up, racing to climax
my tongue finds yours and duels towards your climax
And as you cum,

and your screams fill my head
I pull out, then drink the sweet taste of your sex in,
rubbing it on my lips
and licking you to the edge once again...
and again...
and again...

Cum on me...

you demand, three little words —
Kneeling over your quivering body,
I take my cock in hand,
inches from your tongue that flicks out,
hoping to taste me.

I'm gonna cum...

I say, three little words —
It boils inside me,
a river of sex flowing only for you.

Do it now...

you scream, three little words —
that drive my hand to pump harder.
Your mouth opens in anticipation,
your tongue waiting, longing,
for my creamy sex that
Spurts in hot streams over your breasts,
your face,
your tongue,
down your chin.
You drink it in;
I cover your mouth with mine,
our cum, tongues, and saliva all dancing
in unconscious pleasure
that goes on— and on—

That was nice...

we say to each other, three little words
that say so much...