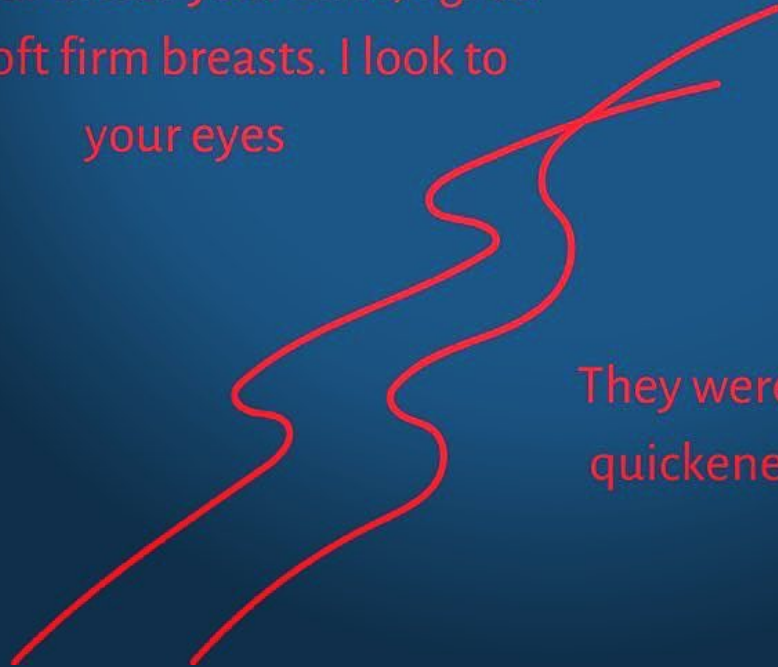


I bite your pink, soft, wet lips.
As I hold you, this soft, dark hair flows
like silk on my hands



Your warm, restless breath in my
mouth. The fire of your passion, a
deflagration on my senses

My hands under your shirt, I grab
your soft firm breasts. I look to
your eyes



They were closed but your breath
quickenened. Would it go faster???

My fingers on a landscape, my
index sway on your hard, brown
nipples

I told you I liked your breath.
You gave a short sweet giggle

I move my lips from yours. Your
shirt is pulled

You have beautiful breasts

I look to your eyes

I feed you those carnal and
primal whispers



I move from your ear to your
neck. The bone of my cheek
meet your soft ones

Your hair flowed freely on my
face this time. I remember I
had just clean shaved

I look at you again

Sweetness and innocence
with your mouth a quarter
open. I could see your teeth



