

Kiss Me There.

Kiss me there.

Just there. Let your lips trace over that soft flesh, so tantalisingly close. Let me feel the warmth of your breath gently caress me as you sigh with anticipated pleasure.

Kiss me there.

Let me feel the first touch of your tongue wet those waiting petals. Let me absorb that tingle of delight and the tightening of muscle deep within me.

Kiss me there.

Oh yes, just there. As the softness gives way letting you in to that deep waiting heat, full of hot scent and thick texture.

Kiss me there.

Hmmm, right there. Where the hard little gist of my womanhood peaks to your ministrations and the soft flutter of butterflies gives way to the pounding of eagles wings.

Oh Lord, kiss me there.

Let me feel the warm river of my essence turn to a boiling torrent, tormented into writhing passion by your perpetual stoking.

Kiss...me...there.

Ooohhh, god yes, just there. Let the waves of uncontrolled ecstasy pour through me launching my being beyond the physical.

Yes...Yes, KISS ME THERE.

Don't ever stop. Let me fight against the overwhelming power of that carnal rage, its lascivious desire devouring me as I wantonly give in to it; pulsing against your final assault.

O..O...there.

Spent. Shuddering. Let your lips trace over that soft flesh. Hhmm, if you kiss me there again darling, I'm yours.