



Part *The Art of* *Sexual positions*

Art by Samarel • Poetry by Deni



Flow of Need

*Ooooooh the need
that rises within,
His lingual caress begins*

*At my core as I suckle
His sweet crème
rewarding my kiss
Drop by drop,
Dewlapped desire
Eager to please.*

*His coming explosion,
His grunt of desire
As I hear myself*

*Cooing, cooing
As my mouth devours
His flow of need.*

*He bucks into my mouth,
So full of promise.
Yes! I find myself close,
In soaring flight.
His head penetrates.*

*His tongue so deep,
A lapping sweep.
His nose so delicate
Will I weep?*

*I am so close,
So full of need
I feel her swell.
He grunts again
And begins to buck*

*Oh my GOD!
What a fuuuuuck!*

Flow of Need



*I think it's the pleasure I see
When he's staring at me
That makes me like this act*

***He looks so intense
As I suckle his glans
As I fondle his cute little sack***

*He gets all a'boil
I feel him coil
To strike at my very depths*

***I treasure his need
How he shares his seed
How he explodes his deed***

*How He loves that act
My Love and Acceptance
Now a fact*



After our shower

*His hands flirt as he bathes me
I caress and tease as I cleanse his skin
Our urgent kisses hold promises
As the water heats our needs*

*Giggling, we quickly dry
Then run to bed
Diving headlong into form
He turns me to his fantasy*

***He opens me
So he can see
So he can be
So he can suckle me***

*His mouth envelops she
Thumbs spread her need
Such soft lingual suckling
His nose probes her pristine lead*

***Tongue's invasion
Then suckling more
As his nose fuckles core
I soar and soar and soar***

***I shudder deep
I shudder long
I hear only sensual song
I scream for prong***

*But he teases me yet some more
I gasp for air
His submissive whore
As his tongue does bore*

***OH GOD! Can I live?
Can I stand yet more?
I spiral up and up
And again I soar***

*He's proud of what he did
For blowing off my lid
For making me his eager slut
Not even using chocolate!*



Some...

*I could tell . . .
You know how it is . . .
He wanted 'Some'
But I stayed mum*

*As the evening wore on
It became clear
He is such a dear
But he really NEEDED 'Some'*

*Mother's advice . . .
For a good marriage . . .
Is "Never say no"
So I decided to give it a go*

***I didn't stop his hands
Or his kisses
His fondles
Or his missives***

*How we ended up in this position
I will never really know
But all of a sudden
My lust began to show*

*Maybe it was that special spot
But I got real hot
I wanted it a lot
I was like a robot*

***I started cumming
I started humming
I forgot I wasn't in the mood
I was suddenly hot for my dude***

*He lasted till I had three
Each one better than before
Each one lighting up my score
Each one made me soar*

*When he finally expired
I was again no longer wired
And we both were tired
And a baby he had sired!*

***I shudder deep
I shudder long
I hear only sensual song
I scream for prong***

*But he teases me yet some more
I gasp for air
His submissive whore
As his tongue does bore*

*OH GOD! Can I live?
Can I stand yet more?
**I spiral up and up
And again I soar***

*He's proud of what he did
For blowing off my lid
For making me his eager slut
Not even using chocolate!*

Blue Spread



Unexpected Passions

*Four years since my divorce
Four years since my Ex
Four Years without sex
My Ex was sooooo course . . .*

*But I got bored
So . . . a bar I explored
I even danced a bit
But I DIDN'T get lit*

*He kept me on the floor
Dancing more and more
Having actual fun galore
I felt my spirits soar*

*We ended up in bed
And what I thought was dead
Came to life, enough said
(Sometimes I even led)*

*He was quite inventive
Which gave me incentive
To ride him hard, very hard
The light fantastic . . . unmarred*

*The positions we tried!
He took me for a ride
Ending in long glide
My hips astride*

*I stayed all night
To his delight
I am not contrite
Next day in daylight*

Up Legs | Variant 1



So Deep

*His smile trembles
As he looks at me
It's our night
Together to be*

*Why am I so shy
With him tonight?
We both want this
This night of delight*

*I step to him
My face upturned
He looks down at me
His cheeks are burned*

*I close my eyes
His lips touch mine
I press to him
He tastes like wine*

*His tongue caresses mine
His lips so soft and fine
I kiss him as I dine
On his sweet gentle love*

*Our passion grows
No need to hold
Back my deep need
For his soft touch*

*Our cloths melt away
In the heat of our need
I can't believe
We're doing the deed*

*His hands on my body
So tentative at first
Gain boldness
As our lust does burst
His touch down there
Makes excitement flare*



Deep Need

*I beckon to my love
With one finger crooked
A trembling smile upon my face
Kiss his lips, heart fluttering like a dove*

***He smiles at me so fine
His eyes knowing what I want
His hand upon my back
His hips thrust tight to mine***

***I yield to his knowing touch
I delight at his ready clutch
He raises my legs on our bed
His steely member to embed***

***He slams deep
Just like I want
He grunts as he feels me flinch
I moan as I accept his mensch***

***He pounds me hard
He grunts while deep
I feel his eager member seep
As I explode without a peep***



Seduction

*We were at the restaurant
When I brazenly showed my want
I put my hand on him
As I nibbled my croissant*

*We hurried to complete
What our plates held to eat
We rushed into the bedroom
His rigid need did loom*

*I urged him to mount me
And he did so he could see
My lust, my need of him
As he pounded my needy bee*

*I screamed as he joined my rush
I felt him trying to crush
His healthy length into my bush
As I moan . . . then a goosh*



Delicious Swirls

*My darling, my husband
As his eyes feed upon my charms
Upon my sex, my breasts
His member rising in desire*

*I smile my joyful invitation
My need of his stirrings
My own eyes stare lustily
As he spears my carnal ring*

***Deeply he spears me
Grunting his delight
His eyelids flutter
Making me stutter***

*Y-Y-Yessssssssss
Y-Y-Yes baby, YESSSSS!
His hips circle
His member stirring
It touches me everywhere
It touches me deep
Moistening my sheathe*

*Fulfilling my every dare
His face shows the strain
Of trying to maintain the refrain
Of stirring my need
Of preparing to feed*

***His body bucks
His member plucks
At my deep and needy
Sucking sheathe***

*His liquid heat fills my sheathe
His eyes clench tight
As I bite His shoulder.
My fingers
Clenching, clutching,
squeezing*

I squeal my delight

