Dinner

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http://www.lushstories.com/stories/love-poems/dinner.aspx

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Clear the table,
And get you ready,
I'm spreading a feast for your eyes!
I'm naked and lusting
To feel you inside me,
Don't you see 'twixt my two open thighs?

I lay on the table,
A meal fit for you,
Like a roasted and succulent meat.
But just one small taste
Of my juicy wet lips,
And you'll find I'm incredibly sweet.

Flavours are mixing,
Both salty and sugared,
Delights are so fruitful abounding.
No cutlery needed
To butter this muffin,
Just lick me with slurps so resounding.

You can stuff me so deeply
As I'm lying here,
On the table where we eat our dinner;
You can push in your fingers

And squeeze out my juice,
You're my dining room hot filthy sinner.

There's no washing up
'Til we've sated ourselves,
And I'm groaning with pleasured delights.
There's no need for a napkin
To wipe off your mouth,
Push your face in this bounteous sight.

I'll flip myself over
To give you your pudding
When my fruitbowl is full of your cream,
And I'll clean up your implement
With mouth and tongue,
So this mealtime's a fucking hot dream!

NOM!

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