His Ass Is Calling

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A little true jocularity of a poem for a laugh!

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/love-poems/his-ass-is-calling.aspx

I hear footsteps but no one is saying hello to me;
Then I listen very carefully and what could it be?

The sound of his ass cheeks rubbing up against his pants;
Holy crap it’s turning me on, putting me into a trace!

He’s done it once before and I can hear he’s not alone;
His horny ass is thinking of me and has called me on his phone.

I must be on his speed dial maybe even number one;
His butt has a mind of its own and is calling me for fun.

In his back pocket pressing up against those globes;
What it really wants only me and heaven knows.

When he bends over those sweet melons must hit the button;
Then they are calling me to give up all my special loving.

A lady cock is what they seek and they just love mine;
Listening to him walk along, oh my his ass is so fine!

Maybe he should get on cam just so I can see;
That his derriere is still perfect and as pretty as can be.

It tickles me to no end that his bottom knows what is best;
When it wants to be done right it knows I’m better than the rest.

I listen a little longer as I wildly giggle to myself;
He’s probably at work stocking up those empty shelves.

Sexy stud muffin I love how your ass always wants me;
What will happen in the future we'll just have to wait and see?

In the meantime lock down your keyboard or your ass is going to call;
That beefy, muscular, posterior of yours knows I love it the best of all!