



Pounding The Pink Velvet Sausage Wallet

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Audio by Daisy Shyllass

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This poem is only available on Lush Stories.If you are reading it elsewhere, it has been stolen. Her apple catchers hit the floor His whanger splitting seams A boff was on the cards tonight For this box of assorted creams Her kitten noses hard and erect Quickly with one pull Kojak's roll neck soon retracted On his hardened Kosher dill Fizzing at the bunghole Good god now she was smitten His hand slid over her beetle bonnet And spanked her wet fish mitten Her passion flaps they tingled Choking his blue veined custard chucker There was no denying now That he was gonna fuck her His beaver cleaver pulsing She felt it and she swooned She grabbed his arse and lost control He pummelled her axe wound Like an Apache riding bareback With no Casanova's sock On top she got like a sausage jockey Bouncing on that cock Fun bags flailing all in his face For him to suck and slurp Mounting air from his meat seeking pissile Forced one hell of a fanny burp With every stroke the population paste Rose further out of storage He chucked his muck, her gash left looking Like a bulldog eating porridge -This poem would not have been possible without 'Roger's Profanisaurus'. This poem is only available on Lush Stories.If you are reading it elsewhere, it has been stolen.