



The Peach

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The temptation of perfect innocence.

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/love-poems/the-peach.aspx>

I hold a peach within my hand; Light furred skin tickling at my palm. A vision of pure innocence;
Unplucked fruit to protect from harm. To run my fingers 'cross its form And feel its heat caressing

mine Dare I bruise such maidenly flesh? Defile that perfect orb divine? Drag cuticles to split that skin,
Reveal its plump inviting core, Tease about that glorious wound, Ears deaf to your needful implore.
Juice coated fingers glistening, Stickiness thick about my lips, Mouth feasting on this chaste delight,
Skin marked as flashing teeth do nip. I will devour you little peach; Consume your ever throbbing all.
Ravage sundered, enticing you; Clasp you tenderly in my thrall. I hold a peach within my hand;
Possess and own it completely. Such trembling, tempting innocence; Corrupted with mischievous
glee.