

# Thoughts

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I'm sitting outside the wind is blowing cold. I tremble not because I'm cold I tremble with longing for the touch of a man one who can excite every part of me shake my body to the core. I long to be ravished, taken, adored... To taste the sweet mouth and hear the passion escape his lips. All the words that describes his lustful thoughts and fantasies about me, about us. I yearn to see him brought to a crazed state of ecstasy by the site of me and my touch. These are the thoughts that fill my head. These are the thoughts that arise from the ache within me for you.