

# Versus Verses 2 - Tea Bagging and Other Poems

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The following poems were all written for, and published in, the Versus Verses thread on the Poets Corner of the forums. They are hopefully light and mildly humorous affairs. I hope you enjoy. Cum Girl xxx Tea Bagging "Dunkin Donuts" I do declare "You want to put your scrotum there?" "Oh please, dear dinkums, my sweetpea If you would only suckle me; Just as I enjoyed in far off days When the Harrow ruggar team would haze Smithers-Jones and Tom Eustace Lowering ourselves atop a face Enrapt to feel those swollen lips Sobbing, cleansing my love pips As I stroked my thick love shaft And wondered whether; this might sound daft; Such delicious delights made me gay ... But that's a topic for another day ... So please and please, I'm begging thee Do this one sweet thing for me." I stop him there, I've heard enough And in a voice steel hard, not rough, I explain quite carefully That his balls unto a tree Them I will be forced to tie Most definitely a branch on high, Leaving him to dangle there A warning to those that dare Suggest to me such degradation By those who should really know their station. Ear Sucking Oh I have journeyed around the globe In search of such a succulent lobe An ear perfect for my tongue to probe Flawless flesh to lash and strobe. I really can't believe my luck To stumble on a handsome buck Whose fleshy node I yearn to suck Whose slender cock I deign to fuck. Cock doth plunder; pussy ripple Suckling lips about my nipple Masticating mouth does drool and dribble His blood filled lobe I roughly nibble. Pretty petal lips glisten with dew As his uninspiring cock I screw Caring not for his thick male goo Enraptured by the hot flesh I chew. I pulse, absorbed by my own sweet kink (Perhaps I ought consult a shrink) Pussy and lips quivering in utter sync As his mouth loved lobe turns awfully pink. Gripping his cock with muscles tight My pleasure spirals to a new height Head exploding; brilliant white light That abused flesh, sharp teeth did bite. Poor boy! It was a pitiful scream I'm sure it wasn't like this in his dream I coated his groin with my pussy cream As his agonised ear my tongue did ream. I cared not for his pathetic bleats Trapped as he was beneath my sheets The Lord provides such bountiful feasts And my teeth can bare resist such treats. So if you possess a pretty ear Pray, don't be scared; come snuggle here There truly is naught for you to fear I really am an absolute dear. Wolfish Grin "Yummy! Quite, quite, yummy!" Licks Lips Water Sex Two droplets on a window pane Casting glances at the other Admiring each curvaceous form Seeking a

water lover. A male and female we do have Ask me not, how I know. And as I sat engrossed, enrapt  
They put on quite a show. The first; the girl; did make a move Came drifting down to him Her  
pearlescent form rubbing against His palpitating rim. And reaching forth, her tender lips Placed kisses  
on his skin Pressing into his globular form They lost themselves to sin. Drenched and dripping was  
she now Soaked; sodden with desire Her transparent epidermis Alive, aflame, afire He entered her,  
and I did watch The curious voyeur As he did fuck her vehemently Demonstrating grandeur In every  
thrust of his dear self Into her liquid flesh Their Rubenesque forms Proclaiming pleasure fresh. And  
as they neared their climaxes, I was quite overcome By their rampant exhibition; To lust I did  
succumb. So rain did splatter on the glass Droplets fucking everywhere Whilst splayed, displayed and  
finger-full I came without a care. Deception Come look into my glinting eyes They promise you the  
truth. Disregard that utter nonsense Provided by yon sleuth. Those accusations don't believe Don't  
think those things of me. My adoration still rings true Please harken to my plea. Those photographs;  
that sluttish whore, To me are quite unknown. It is not my pale quaking thighs Straddling that stiff  
bone. Cross my fingers and hope to die Those moaning lips aren't mine, That gobbling mouth, those  
thrusting hips, The arching of her spine. The thrusting buttocks slapping down Body consumed by  
bliss; The mewling, groaning, so flushed face Embracing that abyss. Her soaking hair stuck to her  
skin, Endlessly bouncing breasts; Do you really, really believe I'd fuck one of our guests? That I would  
sneak from your warm grasp Another cock to find? That I would mount him in his sleep His thick shaft  
to grind? That sodden, pulsing, needy me Would soak him with my lips, Muscles spastic about his  
length As into me he slips? That I would milk that gorgeous dick Desperate for his cum, And scream  
in shameless ecstasy 'Til body, mind are numb? So look upon this innocent, Believe in me I beg. And  
please, oh please, oh please ignore What's seeping down my leg. Smiles chastely Wiggles about  
soaking thighs