

Him

by Jennifer L. Lopez

He is poised
erect before me. I take
pleasure in soft skin that does not
betray the strength of his
cock, firm and yet vulnerable beneath my
fingertips. With my hands, I coax
him to his full length,
girth. Tonight I ignore the heat
of my Delta and bow my head in
worship of him, my phallic
idol. His contented sigh
deepens into a moan as my tongue snakes
down, around. Head,
corona,
shaft,
up again. Insistent
fingers tangled in my hair speak
of desire, of urgent
need.

My lips close around the tip
of him and suck
slowly, to the rhythm
of his breathing. He lifts
his hips, pressing deeper, seeking
more of my molten mouth and I open
to him, slide my lips ever downward, taking him
deep. My mouth constricts
around his cock, slides
up, slides
down, faster, harder. I am

consumed by the need to
consume him to the end. His lustful
groans are subdued, but the tension
in his hips - struggling against the urge to thrust
against me - tells of the frenzy
growing within. I am
relentless. He succumbs to my
mouth in a hot
flow. I lick
the salt from my
lips and savor the taste
of him.

