

Poop

by Matthew Temple

I know how to swirl her. I know just where to poke her. I know how to slip her, to shift her, to cradle and bake her. To make her come on a clit finger. And I know how to make her feel dirty, which she is growing taste for, how to make her feel like she's doing things she's not supposed to do. I know how to combine all these elements to *cum! Brrring!* How to talk to her about herself so that she feels special (she is!), how to play with her her games. How to writhe her under the sheets, play with a dick puppet and *shirk!* the name right off. *Play-ing!* She came in my hand and there's a white wad of *poop* right there just like a dollop of shaving cream. That's what she left behind, and I put it in my mouth and swallowed. That was her *shave*, her left-behind. Then I dollop her ears and her eyes with that same shaving cream, and lick her out, so her eyes can see and her ears can hear, through little tunnels in the shaving cream I licked. The crevice of her eye, rounded with white. Now kiss my eye, and kiss my eye! Let me call you like a cat! Did you call her? Did she come? Yes. You called her. And she came. She came twice, once in the front and once in the back. And I patted her on the way home.

