IF.

If I Was A Crafty Old Red Fox.

I Would Slip Slide Inside.

Your Velvet Eros Coop.

Grab A Nice Warm Piece.

Of Delicious Chicken Meat.

Out Of Your Hen Egg Laying Box.

Extra Special Tender

Prime And Sweet.

Get Me Some Real Hot Juicy Fruit.

If I Was An Old Hound Dog.

I Would Be Right On Your Trail.

Sniff Out Your Bushy Tail.

Stealthily Enter.

Your Musky Lusty Satin Room.

Dig A Den Amongst.

Your Love Buds Shrubs.

Dew Covered Petals. Succulent Blooms.

Honey Suckle Flowers.

Feast On Them For Hours.

Part Your Fine Luscious

Trim Precious

Slim Willowy Venus Logs.

Start Slow.

Pickup The Pace.

Bite Your Neck.

Lick Your Lips Tongue Face.

Take. Taste.

All Of You For Me.

Bark Right Up Your Tree.

We Will Lye.

Twine. Combine.

Meld Mingle Mix Fuse.

To A Rumba Beat.

Cause You Are A Right Fine Pussy Cat.

With Extra Double Special Fur.

Let Me Flick Pet Stroke Poke You.

Make You Sigh Cry.

Laugh Languish Moan

Shake Tremble Purr.

Let Me Feed You.

My Special Loving Firm Raki Goddess Treat.

No Other Fox. Hound Dog.

Nor Lover. Can Compete.

I Will Sweep You Off Your Feet.

Make Your Love Life.

Full. Wonderful. Complete. Share My Fervent Ardor.

Fervor. Passion Heat.

Give You All My True Amour.

You Will Meet. Greet.

Your True Love Fate.

Swing Wide Your Sensual Private Pleasure Gates.

Whisper. Qui. Si. Yes.

Throw Open.

Grant Me Full Access.

Through Your Silken Aphrodite Door.

You Will Keep Coming Back.

Asking. Por Favor.

S'il Vous Plait.

Please. Please.

Give Me Mas.

Give Me More.

Till You Climb. Sail. Soar.

Way. Far. Over The Top.

Apex. Climax. Peak.

Never Wane. Fade. Stop.

Again. Again. Again.

Multiple. Unceasing.  Repeat. Repeat. Repeat

*PHILLIP PAUL. 11/22/15.*

*Rabbit Creek At Dusk.*

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