

*He said that I was beautiful.  
I said that I was a disaster.  
I blushed, when he responded with.  
“One I hope to master.”*



*She couldn't see, but he could.*

As my tears weep.  
My heart becomes fragile.  
One touch could  
leave it to crack.  
Trying to hold back  
as this tide of emotions  
comes creeping in.  
I wasn't ready to feel.  
I've been numb for  
so very long.  
I've been so strong for  
so long I have forgotten  
what ones touch could do  
to my body.  
These tingles  
are leaving me  
to linger.  
Making me thirsty  
for another moment  
just to hold onto.  
It's just been so long  
since I felt beautiful.  
His words alone  
have me such a mess.  
My face can't help,  
but be a river to flood.

My body trembles with every touch that you do.  
I was just a girl not ready to be loved.  
Sweetness laid in those fingers of yours.  
Soft kisses, and a look to make me ever so weak.  
Unsure on what to do.  
My heart began to pound.  
You took my breath away.  
Right down to my neck as your lips perfectly touch.  
Afraid to look.  
I could feel you.  
Your kiss lit a fire.  
Making me yearn for more.  
But I couldn't speak.  
I was tongue tied from a feeling I had yet to know.  
Just a girl wishing you had never stopped.  
You were too good for your own good.  
But my eyes said it all as I stared.  
Saying...  
Grab me and never let me go.  
Make me yours.  
But you were too sweet to know.  
How badly I wanted you to be bad.

Sinful it is as the tears drop from your face.  
Holding you tightly as my body begins to take over.  
Sinful thoughts I think of as I console you.  
Is it sinful to think protecting you turns me on?  
Empowered I am to protect such a beauty who is hurting.  
Comfort you I will in any way it may take.  
A kiss to your cheek that slips slowly onto those ruby red lips.  
Our bodies are craving as I am your protector, and you are the damsel in need.  
Your pretty eyes begging for my touch.  
Your hips grind as you try to get comfortable.  
So sinful to have you sit on my lap, with those legs to wrap around.  
Sinful, but instinctive it is to want to feel you.  
Heat rising as our bodies continue to touch.  
But those beautiful hips are begging me to take charge.  
Kissing you my princess as you hide behind that hair.  
It is not sinful to want a pretty little thing who is begging for more is it?  
A tight squeeze as our hands begin to slip into the sinful thoughts.  
The sin that began in the moment of a gorgeous princess needing a man to protect her.  
Protect you I will, kissing you on that head as I begin to adore you.

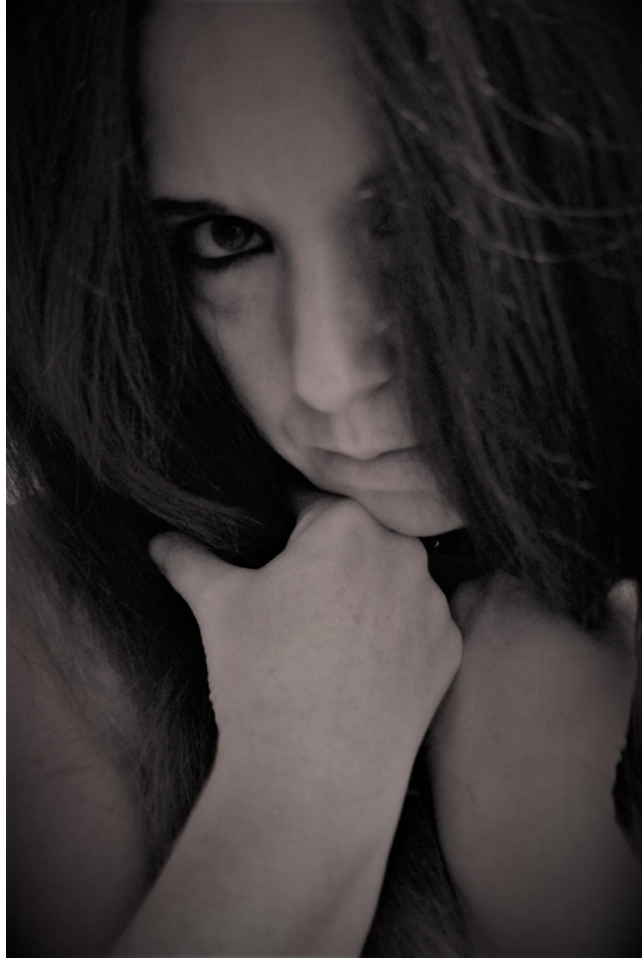
I told him I was a mess.  
He said I was a mosaic.  
That beauty was never meant to be perfect.

My wick has been burning for so long.  
A breeze came and laid me to rest.  
Only a fire could light my fuse again.  
Where I could burn and feel alive.  
I was a walking ghost nobody ever saw.  
My passion had died.  
Till you drew me in.  
Taking a hold of a girl.  
That had forgotten her beauty.  
Your kiss brought me to life.  
You were the candle that I needed.

A distant memory.  
Choked from fear.  
Smearred into a lust of lies.  
My heart throbbed for thee.  
A moment is all that we had.  
Restraints of time.  
Came and ripped us apart.  
A kiss that never came to be.  
Touch is all that we had.  
How your eyes stared into my soul.  
If only seen in that moment.  
I'll always remember the man of my desires.  
Playing like a record in my heart.  
The universe said not yet.  
Our souls still thumped into the night.  
Alone we shall remain.



I told him I was fragile.  
Not ready to be opened yet.  
He whispered to me softly.  
“No pretty bird should ever be caged.”  
I couldn't help but sink.  
He took my hand with a desire to fly.  
Feeding me reasons to soar.  
Spreading my wings wide open.  
I was learning to fly again.  
As he kissed me softly.  
Till my heart became open again.



It was in her eyes, a desire to fly.

My tears have fallen.  
You have shook my soul so deep.  
My walls are falling.  
Leaving me to feel weak.  
In my ankles.  
My knees.  
Feeling parts I have forgotten.  
Speaking of such sweetness I can't help but melt.  
You are simply rewriting my heart.  
Bringing my passion alive.

I lay awake at night.  
If only to dream.  
Of the one.  
The only one that has eyes for me.  
Where my soul could be seen.  
Where he knew me better than I knew myself.  
A lover to fit like a glove.  
Left to finish my sentences.  
All as we laughed under the stars.  
Till our lips began to press.  
So hard that I feel weak.  
Where only my heart could speak.

A sinful desire is what she seeks.  
A place of contentment where hands never stop to explore.  
Every inch of her being to be gently kissed by his lips that hold the sin.  
Where her lips begin to perk.  
Her legs are like a vine to wrap in pleasures.  
Shivering with sensations from his touch.  
So divine as she begins to water like a spout.  
Craving to be desired.  
Like she is the only woman he can see.  
Unveiling her inner beauty for only him to know.  
So pretty and pink.  
Awaiting his taste.  
She loves when he is thirsty for her beauty.  
Thriving off his touch with every finger tip to touch her body.  
Every lick, every part to only make her shine a little brighter.  
Like a light of heaven for one to see her beauty.  
The parts are so very sacred.  
Where she feels like a goddess if only in a moment.  
Where she lets go of the rest of the world.  
Just so she can be a woman again.  
Where a man takes a hold of every curve.  
Every bit that makes her shine and feel so very sexy.

He said that I was art.  
With every line of my body.  
All as he traced my very being.  
Feeling every story my body has ever painted.  
My scars he loved.  
Silly I thought.  
Kissing each one.  
His lips would press.  
Taking a tour.  
Looking to discover.  
Each tale my body has to unfold.

It was in her eyes.  
Where her soul would really speak.  
The glistening glow to yearn for more.  
In her eyes pleading to be loved if only for a moment.  
Where her lips would pucker.  
Her thighs to clench just to hold on.  
Where her sweat would drip for just a taste.  
So she could lick her lips.  
That hunger of desire.  
Where a fire could burn just to breathe.  
The life back into her.  
Tingling to her spine as she tries to remember.  
That touch she misses.  
Where a man takes a hold and she can lose all control.  
That moment that makes her feel alive.  
That is what she craves.

He was finding my weak spots.  
So afraid to ever speak he knew.  
The embraces as he felt my heart pounding.  
Sweaty palms I tried to hide.  
The way his fingers would gently touch my neck I couldn't help but quiver.  
He thought it was endearing.  
Chasing me was like an adventure.  
The girl with hidden inhibitions.  
Where a smile would make me blush.  
I couldn't even kiss those lips.  
But every time they spoke I couldn't help but wonder what they could do.  
I just waited.  
Patiently.  
Hoping he would see.  
I had no control with him.  
He didn't have to try.  
I was already his.  
Just too afraid to admit it.  
His words were like porn to me.  
His attitude was inspiring.  
He always knew what I needed.  
He knew I was putty in his hands when he decided to take me.  
Leaving nothing untouched.  
Not even a little.  
Tasting my body like a road map.  
As his hands gripped my hips.  
Swaying them side to side.  
We took an adventure into the night.  
Where our bodies were the guides not our words.



It was a dark night,  
the darkest I had ever seen.  
A change was to come.  
What I had thought  
I had wanted was  
gone in a blink.  
Where I thought  
I had a plan till he  
walked in.  
Grabbing my hand  
with such ease.  
Making me tremble  
with the words that  
he spoke.  
Could this be a ploy?  
Where I am the  
pond in another game?  
Trying to use me maybe.  
But he seems so kind.  
Like a fantasy it seemed,  
seducing me with the right words.  
Fluently turning me on  
without even trying.  
Not even a kiss.  
Just kind gestures.  
I was in disbelief I was  
thinking this was a dream.  
I waited for the punch,  
you know those lines  
they all love so much.  
Instead he never asked  
a thing.  
I couldn't help  
but struggle as my  
body chose to react.  
As I am attracted to his  
demeanor.  
Nothing but a breeze to hit.  
As my nipples make  
it is all too obvious.  
My body to make the

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