

She Walked Through The Door

By Juliette Beswick Pokletar

She walked through the door...
The allure of her scent drew him closer

He wanted to reveal the darkness under her masque
Her eyes captivated his soul

Her deepest desires intrigued his mind
His body knew how to satisfy her hunger...

Her body flirted dangerously close
He felt the rush

As she bent over for just one moment
Her breasts boldly exposed themselves to him
His eyes devoured their beauty

As she walked
Her curves seduced the dress that swept by him
Her buttons embraced the tight fit

His eye's fleeting glances ripped open the button's firm embrace

Her flowing hair danced as she moved
Tempting his hands to just reach out and grab her to him

Slowly she touched her finger to her moist lips

His mind then engulfs a momentary fantasy....
Of her lips embracing his manhood
And his sweetness filling her mouth

Her hand brushes against his arm as she moves by him
Visions of naked passion entice his arousal

Suddenly... his journey climaxed to an end

Their eyes finally meet...
She smiles and walks out the door...

© 2011 Juliette Beswick Pokletar