Up at the Crack of Dawn – A Dream

By Leon Bud

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Introduction to Intimacy

(from *intimus* ‘inmost’ + *ducere* ‘to guide into.’) Dawn, please guide me to your very core, wherein lies your strong heart and our matching muscles. Proffer me the finest counterpart a woman can become.

I, Leon, have sent hundreds of love letters to my decades-long friend, Dawn. She is an Indian-American woman who works so hard that I must volunteer beside her. My benefit is her presence, interspersed with lengthy hugs, and kisses about her face. Once I had a stunning epiphany in college that I thought was my sole opportunity for a lover. Since then, I have made real love to kind women. Dawn, being married, I must treat properly – thus no overt romance between our persons in reality. She is true to her spouse, and especially to God. She is unashamed to hold me close with my lips upon her cheek yet dedicates herself to some of the poorest people in the United States, those of Medicaid beds at Senior Retirement. This is where the need is greatest, so our reward is the most satisfying. Don’t forget, these stories grow from love. I have devoted over 20 years to expressing my tenderness toward her. I plant a whisper, from which my desires sprout a tree bearing the sweetest, juiciest fruit. My eyes scan the hidden flesh that only her beau is privy to pet. I ask her to join me in my dream. The stories herein are about 25% rapport, 40% personal affairs, and 35% libidinous fantasies – interspersed with twenty or so romantic poems. You will see why she is the peak of my week and the delight of my night. Without obscenities or hostility, “Up at the Crack of Dawn – A Dream” arouses sensual, erotic visions for men and women alike. These ideal stories span over myths of lust from Dawn and me: rapturous recreation, deep dedication, bodily bouncing, sharing showers, mutual mysteries to healthful happiness – always about our times combined. To me, Dawn is truly lovely, as are rare, select women around the world. I have learned that intimacy involves not just the physical body, but emotional passion, social duty, spiritual revelation, an honorable self, universal peace, and just plain fun. Share these tales with the one who cares, those who laugh, or just you partying. Their exact order is lost to the ages. Modern American Leon draws traditional Indian Dawn to dance her primal rhythm while he pens her opus. Today is the time to enjoy the healing touch of Dawn – factual or fantastic, but full of fascination. Their sex feels not only ordinary, nor just extraordinary, but most of all, heavenly!

Heavenly Haloes, Dawn!

You are honorable yet seductive as well, my Dawn. From my perspective, you remain within the bounds of marriage yet flirt with your dream for me. The seniors enliven us, so we anticipate an exciting elevator ride to the second floor. You shrewdly wait until we have the lift to ourselves to embrace tightly. Today my eyes sought, but my lips missed, a wet lip-lock with you. You did cling dearly to my body. After getting off, you got me a soda, and we returned to the elevator. It was then your hip grazed my hand. Our connection, the object of its possibilities, shook me. I could only wish it were a subtle signal that you are ovulating for our later sensation. I imagine our goodbye kiss starting lightly, and working into a very active meeting of mouths. Let us not forget God, your daughter S., your husband, and the residents. S.R. is faulty, but if you were to leave, the whole place would come crashing down. Admin acts as if not to care if you threatened to go, however ruing the day you did. God knows with all His goodness how dedicated you are to your old folks, your beloved biological family, and me. Yes, you will arrive in Heaven learning how needy your earthly “superiors” were for your grace. Maybe the roles would reverse there; the slackers, the abusive, and the greedy now rely on the residents they had ignored and disdained. I trust God to make the right decision. See your husband anticipating you like me waiting Thursday and Saturday afternoons (or calling otherwise). Someday we will realize how we complete ourselves while we remain on Earth. You are the best of three average staff in the Lookout room. M. strives heartily to keep up with you. You and my girl X. are admirable yeomen workers, supporting all tasks with the elderly outside of S.R. I love X., I am her best friend, and we mates are godly, devoted, physical, and supportive lovers. Even so, each time you and I join, we achieve a new high. Here at home, I count out the nights and wait for release with you, wanting you to visit me and find ourselves even closer. We gaze in concert, declaring unending passion. Soft but sure words urge our hands to discard the burden of any clothes. Our skins make a colorful contrast where we throw off all: from shoes to socks to shirts to pants to underwear. You stood while I beheld the firm yet feminine form we have uncovered. You watched my chinos lift out and up, as I noted your breasts primed to suckle and a labial prize busily squirming to allow me in. I closed in on your intimate zone – now mine too. We pressed gently; thus, our outstanding places grazed first. For now, our kissers churned instinctively as we reveled with their taste buds within. We contested there inside our exclusive buccal cavity, stirring up coupled slurps and utilizing especially the many functions of the tongue. I then fell to your tan pectorals, expressing each ambidextrously until I glimpsed your pert nipples coursing generous nourishment. I nursed on your right pap while your heart raced under the left. My chiseled appendage prodded your hirsute and adipose mons veneris, a jungled Mount Olympus to which we had just eloped. The autumn weather had you buffing my bone for vital heat. Both hopeful bodies shivered with desirous libido, their eroticism reverberating in a randy rhythm. We couple with words in agreement: “I love you because we are love.” We experiment, adjusting to new poses where our sliding shapes stretch skin seamlessly. My human response prepares your trickling yoni by favoring firstly fingers, then my life-affirming organ. We recognize great comfort in our act, an accomplishment assured abed. Our mission found us feeling all fields frontal, finally fulfilling your faithful, flawless, physical feature. The parts of us agreed with the evolution of our conjoined dance. Finding your wetness pulls me further into its viscera, glistening from your purity. You rolled me over with the absolute energy of our sexual potential. “Leon, further our fructification!” and “Dawn, boost our best!” we two delighted, united. Mutual musk washed every inch of our slowly strengthening shafts, whose partners provided pulsing pleasures. After your wedge had buried my craving, we both anticipated coming attractions in more than 500 pages of unique encores…

The feckless virgin, Dawn,

Our friendship started innocently. I can remember your silhouette seemingly showing your areolar domes (despite your bra). Then there was the time you simply lowered your wavy mane, acknowledged as sexy by all the residents in attendance. Later, you had a pain in your shoulder, which you bared for me to express your sore sinew. The saga of our experiences builds up until my fantasies take over. I want you at my home, at S.R., and in any number of fanciful situations. I try (and believe have succeeded) to communicate my overwhelming love for you, of which sex is a natural outgrowth. I try to be near you with gifts that would flatter you. We conversed for many minutes in the office, where I attempted to complement your body language and appealing approach. Your living, gynic curves surpass the stonework of Indian temples adorned with ancient lovers in erotic acts. Your lips speak truthfully of concern for both of us, beckoning to test our will – you undress so easily in my narrations! Do you ever dream of fitting the split when you lust for me? Your entirety shouts out for us to make love, from your footprints to your radiance. Woman, you must know you are superior, especially when you don your birthday suit! At 56, you are unsurpassed in your comforting flesh; when we hug enhanced, we might as well be undressed. I tell you, every part of your feminine frame corresponds to a masculine part of mine. I believe in you and want you to stay well and happy, as much as is humanly possible. You make this mortal as glad as he can be, standing before your suspense and bringing his font to gush like a fountain of youth. I await each week, every day building my tension and pooling my source in memory of you. However I achieve my climax, you are there: breathy vibrato, deflowering shower, an affair of the hard, glad-handing, baring stare, inclined to recline, and simulate to stimulate, ready to trade slippery gifts. You are lovely to me in part because you make me feel deserving. We support each other: working out our daily cares and tiredness, listening to the shower radio, cleansing our skin, rinsing, and toweling off – in concert, but each at their own home! Maybe someday I will see you in your entire raw splendor; then I can beg Rati for your buds and bits. First, though, you must devote yourself to the man you wed. We do not see the future but prepare your betrothal for a day, a month, or thirty years more. I admire him, yet feel alone that I may never get to be with you enough, explore more of your physique, or sink into your dark contentment. At least I can dream that we cleave as one, which I have practiced often in quavering closeness. Thanks to a compassionate woman, love took my virginity, but she can no longer endure coitus. I am denied at age 59 except for 15 years of my recent past. However, I acknowledge those who died before birth, as virgins (e.g., from disease or famine in childhood, childbirth, or on the battlefield), i.e. anyone who did not have the opportunity for a rewarding sexual life. I wish for us, Dawn, to resolve ourselves by finding a most intimate link: where your royal purple, twilight glow beckons my teaming, towering tail to embed our events within your ruddy red origin. Keep me in your mind and play with me as you will. Let me kiss your mouth completely, entertain your Tetons handily, and probe your vulva for our highest human encounter. When we connect below, you take me from mere wishes to interacting physiques to sharing one being. Words without words, images without images, and forms without forms, we will realize godly closeness. Every hour carries us from sleep, to work, to contact, to pleasing prayer – to deep, elating revelations!

Abed, Dawn,

May I, near-naked in my swivel chair, approach you? A love seat it is, as once our lips meet, I ride you onto the computer table. From there I can access every crease of your tightness and feel your warmth underneath. You surround my head with your flowing hair, a tent protecting my paricumbati all over your face. There presents a tongued smile attracting just for us; both our teeth and tongues (hard vs. soft) oppose so delicately that we compete there in risky moments. Your body distracts me from the monitor; when I lift your blouse, I sample the mammae your bra favors and I succor. Our variety is lovely – hot coffee sipped with sweet peach creamer. However, when I did remove your brassiere, my whole world quaked! I held but a glance, then intently drew on your nipples and, outside them, your heavenly haloes. Here I could mouth your perspiring flesh, as my saliva coolly evaporates from your wonderful chocolate discs. Your inner thighs unfurled, typing out a row of soft V’s. My desert island wish was about to come true with you. Dawn, my friend, have you ever thought of hiring a boudoir photographer? Your form has great physical magnetism; your breasts entrance me. The stretches of your belly beckon to be petted; you keep every fold muscled underneath. Dawn, do slide yourself from the table; and from you, your pants. Your lingerie includes a promise to display; you are no common woman demanding a booty call. You step over your fallen briefs. Disposing of the keyboard with a sweep of my hand, I lift you back onto the desk to taste your day of sweaty crotch. By this time the screen is steaming. After you asked me to undertake it first, my oration came out as a growl. I ply your extensive yonilinga with her skin-clad hood, tastefully expressed between two fingers. By softly rubbing your pudenda, yoni secretions polish that majestic, undeniable macroclitoris, poking out and eliciting surges and urges of pure delight. Your limbs and your spine stretched as with an arousing yawn, or like a cat in repose. There were many pulses to realize: those of your generous heart, the grip of your unpredictable yoni, your rhythmic pupils, your rocking bottom, and your swinging, fleshy fruit – really, your whole motion! My pride followed your beauty. I thrill by touching every hair on your body, offering you a sultry shudder tonight. I stood and stayed hard not only from seeing you bare but also from connecting your skin so lovingly with you. I motivated more lust for you with your handy sonic massager. The device resounds through hard tissue (the crura, or roots of the average clitoris, are about three inches deep!) approaching complete, vulvar arousal. Returned from paradise for the moment, you sought to skim your fingers slowly – then briskly – running them up and down my hardwood by the softness of hand play. Your mouth’s vacuum tinted my glans a shade of raspberry jam and soon swallowed my shaft to its bulb. When the first trace of semen sprayed from my urethra, you signaled me to lay supine on the rug – my hands on your flanks, and our legs rocking us. Utmost appreciation was the culmination – first binding our living knot tightly, eventually loosening every tangle while untying our Gordian. Its hot upsurge was altogether gratifying, reacting with continuing revival. Upon every bang forward, I would shoot fluid into what had been a wish; moving backward cocked my action. Such a vagina proved elegant; I could imagine all genus Homo males pleasuring their women first manually and orally – in time, genitally – their empathy nearing procreative perfection. Your vulva proved mouthwatering, pheromonal, muffled, comfy, curly, violet, grasping, pronounced, silky, and nutritive. (Much more of these in later letters.) I nursed from glans clitoridis perfection, lapped more of your tasty arousal dessert, and plunged penily your birth canal ever faster for a more vital and copious deluge of my seeded serum. I welcome you abed evermore, united with me, and all of our parts aligned for our greatest passion.

A book begins,

Wrapped in a condom of gold, my lingam shone like a lighthouse. Dawn wondered if we could get ourselves roused even further with some sexy tales about our endearing and enduring sexploits. Where to start, Leon? We could model them on our history of sexcapades, the peak events since we first fell for each other. Initially, her tanned skin bewitched me to contemplate all parts of her body; hereafter, my whitish plasma would burst into her ready, regal, beddable build. Your eyes, as I often said, are windows to my mind. Even in public, the right glance will increase cardiopulmonary blood flow, course through the brain, feed the pudendal arteries, and finally, rush through expanding genital capillaries, and throb bodily. The muscles of manhood and womanhood soak up the oxygen that hemoglobin sends them. In American culture, such familiarity may well lead to the bedroom, but all could tell that both of us were just virgins. However, we were still stunned; pupils dilated, breasts ambrosian, mouths gaping, breath hot and humid, and the tell-tale scent of fertility from our throats and sweat. We both froze, but not our autonomic reflexes. I entertained a lofty erection of potential. Her swelling labia caught the woman unawares, while vaginal transudate (arousal fluid) beaded bountifully in her reproductive tract. Without a word, we boldly held shoulder-to-shoulder and walked from our classroom into a dry, summer day. I told her that I would like to keep in touch with her, so we both exchanged phone numbers, our hearts still racing and anticipating each other. The moment I arrived at my dormitory, I noticed that Dawn had left a brief message on my answering machine, inviting commingling. She lived just across campus, and her roommate had already left until the next school year. She begged me to join her ASAP! She had told me that she had a box to open for me, her up-to-date boyfriend, Leon. Being in good shape back then, I ran the kilometer to find her and my soggy greeting at the front door. It seemed that her body – lubed and in full gear – needed a rubbing. She rushed me inside and up a flight of stairs, then fumbled for her keys, when finally, her door swung open, I chased in after her and quickly made out with her full, slick lips and our French-inspired linguae. Now the clothes came off, one article rapidly after another, in preparation for a novel bare hug. My phallus, hailing haunches to hump and launch, had been aching since our greeting and had not quit. Indeed, my packaged present contained a shaver; I made quick work of our undergrowth, leaving my rosy redwood to tower over your mountain of the goddess. I knew enough to pleasure my date and I thoroughly before catapulting my load, so I knelt – at just the right height – to offer her my mouth music. I was so into it that I must have enjoyed her frenzy three times in the space of a half-hour. Her face and bounding chest blushed, the latter augmenting obviously. Her plump nipples stood out for casual sucking, but shortly she demanded my papillae perform more rapid lapping both buried and hurried. Dawn’s purplish-pink plum radiated like a hazy, lazy first light, and with my manual encouragement, her fluted minora readied to take me in. I had enjoyed immensely her climaxes, which primed me to lay her out – on her Egyptian cotton sheets – and probe her rookie, nookie hymen gently. My naivete rushed my monolith headlong. I had awaited coitus in slow-motion, though. Her vagina was made for my penis; just one go, and I was convinced. After many more mellifluent moments, she tensed – then sighed – and I knew that we had lost our virtue. Crimson streak aside, from there I reciprocated, a learned man, but with concern for my wild child’s maximum thrill. All of her prayers rang like a vibrating gong. We soon found our mantra: Orgasmic Motivation. I tried my best to make our closeness last over the minutes, yet increasingly I was her, she was me, and we were a singular l-o-v-e. I had two choices: to hold on to the feeling as long as possible – for unbelievable minutes – or to ejaculate now what I believed would be the most voluminous and powerful seminal fluid I will ever release. Testes disgorged the juice for many million spermatozoa which instinctively tickled their way along her viscera. Milking my flesh thus endowed our two bodies to become reversible, complementary erogenous zones. Our thoughts compressed into a whiting out of godliness. We woke to find ourselves rolling with abandon; our secretions, like your God-given arousal fluid, tallied our bliss. The cock’s clock must have overseen ten minutes of unconscious delight. I could feel the sum of our fluids dripping inside your labyrinthine organ. We held on while we readied for another go, having found my stand of “morning wood.” Bigger by bigger, my stature regained itself. Dawn thanked me with her deep kisses and even deeper fellatio. I had a vision of her mysterious crotch which I held in my psyche for my gallery of women envisioned. She showed me her gratitude by spinning her kisses around my pole, her pudenda landing smack-dab on my face. What a clitoris, a feminine giant! I could appreciate her tumescence growing steadily between my soft thumb and index finger, while her frame stiffened and relaxed, stiffened and relaxed. I rooted for this newfound plaything, enough to lick it like a flickering flame, but with your whole anatomy at my mercy. The welcome of your plush moon afforded more shelter as I found it with my renewed party for parting your particular. I gripped your mammillae from below – then, plunging my perfect person, I shook to hook my frenulum upon your introitus of love reversed. Dreaming of our first time, I gave up still more plasma to your birth canal, both of us so long shivering with one last salvo of warm skin melting. After countless skimming contractions and your satisfied groan, your nest tripped like my brain. We surrendered the seas that night, for the whole bed was soaked with evidence of our semen, milk, mucus, saliva, urine, and blood. Sleep tight, Dawn!

A Loving Pair

Dawnlight might be mine tonight

So, wakened, I hold onto her

Our joyful minds take off in flight

Much finer than they ever were.

Why do you there so well appeal

Dear Dawnlight, heavenly endowed?

I see that you can be ideal

But it’s your love that makes me proud.

She has a brain to rival most

And translates my thoughts too,

Dawnlight has a right to boast

But keeps her gifts debuted.

Yet I see her welcome smile

For me she’s excitation

Driving wishes all the while

With my felicitation.

Dawnlight, mine, I love you now

And count your perfumed sighs

Having held your curves and wow!

Your luscious, secret prize.

I found you here amongst the throng

You stand out, lo, attracting!

You clutch me to you all night long –

Your beauty’s so distracting!

Admirable Dawn,

Do you have a secret admirer? My pride for you is no secret. It is soon Saturday night and I look forward to relaxing. If only I could meet a woman like you. As I told you before, a bank teller gave me her number this afternoon. A great reason why I want to see you, talk to you (and if I might, read your writing) is your youthful alternative. Perhaps I will lie back and think of my week. You are a very fulfilling part of my time. How you took me to your breasts today coursed throughout my mind! No doubt I will imagine you, maybe dream of you, or even lie with you so we might endure. Women, you know, when kindly treated, can last frenzied for well over a minute; some say, far beyond an hour. Men are more intense, often excited for minutes, then gushing for at most thirty heartbeats. Most couples are in it for fun; I want to play but also befriend you closely (X. and I go steady). Will we care for one another as we age? Dawn, you are an excellent friend, with outstanding home relationships. Have you ever daydreamed about me? Being sexually active, you might imagine the way I do. I kiss your lips goodnight. God be with those you adore. Think of your body during the day – walking, doing chores, shopping, driving, computing, laboring, nursing, cleaning, mothering, partnering, feeding – nonstop. Your bare lap secures yet flops upon my stretching plenitude. (Reverse the word “p-a-l” to give us a quick pillow to ride!) Before long, you feel my eager phallus knocking, lengthening inside you to mingle our duality with oneness. We then tried to stay as calm as possible, but even the slightest movement could trigger our reaction, securing our bond forever. Our breath and heartbeats synchronize our desires as I now ride you rearward. Your portal of paradise elicits the most fantastic music as I spank your bottom with my thighs, and my scrotal sack acts as a swinging G-string. Not only are you primed for action, but we polish my searching lingam upon your yoni, replaying our amour obsessively. As only an empathic enthusiast of women could, I see you now from both sides: your beauteous walnut skin stretching across your back and my reaching around to your breasts hanging plumped and palpable, yet perked. Sensations rose the further we drove one another. My organ had become a shade of Dawn’s dusk, here being violet; your labia smoother than the texture of my scrotum. Our spines – bent by bodily accord, your constant internal rippling, and my drive for penetration, kept on flexing. Your marvelous vulva revealed its beauteous bulging of lady parts while my testicles still swayed (and no doubt caromed dedicatedly from your perineum). Your skilled muscle tugged once again when I sheathed mine to your hilt. Tonight my loyal erection triples in volume while making love to you. More than anything else, our corporality accomplished a mutual, heavenly “Om!” (or was that a “big O!”)? My insemination alternated between spurts and an insistent, continuous flow (both agreeing with your shifting vagina). You later told me that my semen reached your entire reproductive system and took days to drip out. We must have set an endurance record, resounding to the tempo of our hearts! You gave me the orgasm of a lifetime – I can feel it pulse as if we still exert throughout the night and sleep until another go. When you close your eyes and think of me, can you see me yet in touch with you? Our loving, from petting hands to drooling mouths to delicate chests to secreting genitals, give us supreme contact. Dawn, when you shower, touch yourself as I would you, as you touch me. Consider that our souls’ intimacy is found in everything we have mutually touched. I love you!

All in, Dawn,

It has been hard thinking of what to say to you, so I will let passion play. I have missed you these past weeks. I appreciate your help to clear the cat fur out from under my bed and clean your best other areas lying dormant in my room. I have a map in my head of your route to my house, with accompanying times. You are working up a sweat, but do not worry – I have a brand-new air conditioner. This is a one-woman job (respecting the allergies of S. to the mousers!). I praised seeing you back into my driveway, armed with multiple scrubbing tools and solutions. You shouted “Hello!” as you laughed my way. I handled some of your gadgets and guided you into my house and its chilled environs. I could see you were already tired from working the day shift, so I gestured you to my aptly named loveseat. Having encouraged you to have a soda and sit next to me, your sweat cooled both of us. I placed my arm upon your shoulders, cuddling skin-to-skin in our light summer wear. You met my cheek with several licks of your lapper. What gives more than many mutual kisses to make the saliva flow? Your skimpy, braless top invited appeal – that is, a-peeling off! When our shirts flew away, we rubbed chests until our nipples stood high and their fatty delights transfixed my attention. Our cheeks give suction and our hands soothe perky ribs. We opted that the queen bed would better suit our lovemaking than a crowded chair. Amazed, I was first to our mattress, your gingerbread breasts springing all the way. I looked at your face, then sucked around your neck, down to your target areolae with their rooting patches. Forgive me for fast-forwarding, but I do thrill at your rocking hips, which can support both of us while squirming. Your breath had noticeably accelerated – and what a steamy surprise emerged when you opened your legs! Tears, sweat, mucus, saliva, milk, blood, and semen (even a slight taste of urine) seemed to anoint your vulva.

We are royalty. Our buoyant boat, made from papyrus reeds, is floating upon the Indus River at about 2000 BCE. This raft bears our bodies while you flash your flesh. You are succeeding in increasing my orgasmic potential by prancing naked with all your womanly charms. I explore and emphasize every twilight your thighs hide. Sanskrit says the yonilinga is a blood-red ruby, a reward for a couple's copulation. Her carnality polishes his corona near to bursting. He kneels as an equal; in turn, charms his lady by licking her flavor of tart fruit. Feel us as one, Dawn. Saying “I love you” means more than all of spoken history. Our lower mucosa combines ecstatic plasmas, providing the mix we spill with abandon. My lingam is as palpable, pulsing, and reddened as your heart, and your glossy yoni refuses to let go until taking it in again. If volume measures pleasure, I have a gratified gusher rushing past your squinting, blinking rouge. I enjoy glimpses, impressions, and even scenarios of you. Before you claim my flood, know I have abstained over the two weeks past, but none of my dreams compare to you being completely wrapped around me. I know, because I love you, that our linking will last many nights when reacting to these letters exposed, one at a time. Yes, honey; our skin rubs, slips, and feeds back, shuddering. So many pretty women, even identical twins, not one who nearly outdoes you. Our reverberating core guides our sight, hearing, smell, taste, and touch – but especially, the sexual crescendo that begets, enhances, (as well as dominates) from the sixth sense of womanly intuition.

All night long, Dawn,

We prepare to leave S.R. for the day. We try not to be obvious in how we kiss, gaze, whisper, and touch. I am sorry I was moody today, having had my worst nightmare in nearly 34 years. You, as ever, soothed me with your compassion. Your body is starting to imprint on mine with your womanly reassurance. We have gotten to relate to each other save cussing, wet kissing, and around bikini areas. After work, you greet your family, S. cooks dinner and your husband relaxes. (How indulged I am, to daydream about you!) Soon, stepping into and locking each of our respective home bathrooms, we disrobe joyfully, virtually conceiving of each other. You display your attractive teardrop breasts and furry furrow. Not to be outdone, I swing my dangling, wrinkly, and potent long-neck figs cuddling their butternut squash in our respective mirrors. You show character where your legs connect and demonstrate that you have kept your curves in fantastic form with exercise, diet, watering, healthful living, and physical checkups. I view your womanly image in the haze. Dawn is one of those rare gals who retain their sexy chest flesh and its perfect forms after age 56. I imagine their kissable coaxing to meet my engulfing, puckered lips. I please them while your thighs grind and lube up with assistance from your long finger. At this time, I am back in my bathroom, enduring the entertainment we have achieved. I stretch my cocky physique, showing you my reflection. We are mutually naked, you somehow watching me, while I enter your respective image. As we share nudity, you glide a handhold over my gourd, enlarging it ideally for concurrent companionship, while also jostling my rumpled, retracting scrotum. We could hear the other privately thinking, whispering, and cozily chatting. It is time we entered our showers, adjusting their water to warm and its stream to a calm yet narrow, “trigger point” massage. You apply your bath gel with a rousing motion; whenever you breathe its fragrance, I think of us inhaling unitedly. Our radios block out any curious listeners. My lengthened lingam, and your vivacious vulva, swell in the splashing downpour; their skin had become considerably tightened, a promise of impending orgasm. We lie back in our tubs, legs apart, fantasizing about us two realized there. Our pudenda – a conspicuous clitoris and pensive penis – respond in unison. No reflection can match our minds. Let my hands stimulate your busty glands from across the miles, my mouth suckling those caramel mammillae so fascinating. Directly, our foggy image reveals a prolonged, then captivated, entry from beneath you. Your sensitive introitus will act as a penile gasket, so eventually, our liaison holds the secretions which readily rushed like a gleeful garden hose. For now, your middle digit hooks your G-spot firmly – a welcoming hollow away from home for this voyeur – stretched upon and coasting with mild soap and water. Dawn, let’s rush freely in our stormy stream and find your upstanding, rooted yonilinga (with her glans, foreskin, shaft, crura, and multiplex of nerves!). Ruddy and poking out from underneath her hood, she revels in the rain. Dawn and Leon have their organs geared up again and rumbling for love. We inhaled the other’s moist mouth and tongue in turn. I could see your shower flower; our eight lips sported mucosal essence, your two pectoral glands aimed to work ribs decorated with rising nipples and areolae, and our warm-blooded laps flushed. We alternately advance and retreat, your friendly vagina juggling my erection and my fluent tongue sounding in cadence like clucking cheeks. We rolled back in our tubs, each with our pubes pointed toward a hand mirror, admiring the endless primal slime which begat all and drew together our great excitement in the bath. Dawn, when next we hug with our dual likenesses, I invite you to visualize us from whatever vantage you wish – right here and now!

Alluring Dawn,

A most amazing power has ruled for eons. She is the female majority. Unfortunately, most countries try to suppress her power by rape, maiming, marginalization, slavery, or even death. I celebrate and worship the allure of women, which so many men actively fear. Sexual politics arise because of false classes, not natural agreement. I remind you of a subject with which you are already too familiar but will make some observations on why I, as a male, idolize women and their attraction. While I have not yet seen most of your skin, Dawn, still I have fantasies driven by your present mind, voice, chats, phone calls, office work, home visits, expressions, clothes, breasts, clutching, tight pants, becoming tan, calm strut, amour, etc. Stunning almond skin is best, but I digress. There are many reasons why girls must mature faster than boys do. Nowadays, most girls start menstruation and grow breasts earlier than the sexual maturation of most boys. I now realize it must be irritating to have immature boys constantly harassing her sexually when she has the potential to carry a child. Most parents prefer a son (females might face infanticide). As I said, here I will celebrate women worldwide, and not make a list of all the horrors they face in many patriarchal societies.

Dawn, you would be a great candidate for world president! Men would bow down before you, and all types of art embody your form. You invited me to the White House, where we have an elaborate welcome, a gourmet meal, and some fine entertainment. You pardon yourself that you are getting tired. Did you just wink at me? A foot lightly taps mine under the table. The President garnered great respect from the world’s people, but her office stopped at the bedroom door. Unattended by security, she encouraged me to see how her chamber was decorated. No sooner had she let me in than she locked the door behind us. We became equals in an agrarian society, where the feminine was sacred and seeding/irrigation/growth/feast were symbolic of the procreative powers of sex. I sought Madam President Dawn to tease me with her bare body. She had projected a virgin queen’s innocence – but here, what skills! We must have sucked face (despite our murmuring) for nearly 20 minutes, next kissing bodily parts descending in order. Your flowerbed bloomed when I widened your tension to see a wonderful squint of multi-colored sunrise. Madam President, I look at our genitals and marvel at how they might mingle. I close my eyes and lick from your introitus to your clitoris as if I were brailling Mesopotamian cuneiform. You make me so proud when bringing you to orgasm! The more I grow, the farther Dawn wills to take my organ, disbursing a large measure of mucilaginous seed. Into the night I got hard, petted her passage until it bedewed, and honored my hot woman partner afresh. We were in love. Respecting her, most of all, I did my best to explore our secure, seamless portal. Once more, you encouraged my propulsive penis to dive wherein your lady parts both tighten and slide. Roll us over; tell me what you see in the ceiling mirror. We linked while your spacious sea anemone devoured my geoduck’s siphon. Your shining, reddened, and unfurled creature enhances a salty orifice set with hairlike tentacles; my king clam spills and breathes “pearl jam” through its conduit! Ride upon our pillowed palanquin, Dawn, in honor of your womanly powers and your sign of universal allure!

Always, Dawn,

I was writing to you last night when I felt the urge. Just one more story, I told myself. I wrote again about you, my wishes, your beauty, and this feeling of love inside me. That was it: I would visualize slowly disrobing you, and somehow – while standing – carry and press you onto my lap as you took in my trembling, tumescent tissue. (Actually, I was supposing myself to support you against the tile wall while, in reality, I held my battery vibrator.) It didn’t take long for me to envision you thus bared to make me shudder, and with eyes closed, to course a pool of semen onto my tub’s porcelain. It was over so fast – very fulfilling, yet fast. All our small moments led to expanding intimacy: you inviting me into seclusion, hissing into my ear, stroking my arm, or scratching my back. Along with that of X., yours is the body contact I look forward to most. As I say, I relish experienced exploration, like wanting to kiss all about your head, slip my mouth into yours, or have you take on my Longfellow. Whether these exploits are realized or dreamt, they are most often positive. Even our conversation touches on talk to tantalize our telling tongues. Your bonjour presents a fascinating tease, and your au revoir looks back on the times with you this day that follow me home. I can’t wait until Thursday when you clean! Know I love you for the small things in life (which enlarge greatly with our tumescence), for our memories, and for the human sensations we share. I respect you very much for your physical efforts, your tolerance, your smarts, and your care – yet mostly, I enjoy the times when we have learned from each other. Follow my eyes as we work; I do not deny the elders if I can help it, but I would rather watch you exclusively than any other. Not to flatter, but I need both of us to realize our best. When we are alone in the elevator I am tempted to press your button! Some of the best days on A. were with you in spring; of cozy sun and azure sky. Today is a day I want to be by your side. Sometimes S.R. is a bore, drudgery, or unkind, but still, you fulfill your job with aplomb. You make room for me within your positive mood; in large part, this is why I am dedicated to you. When I worked at MAIN, there were many young women – some seductive, most competent – but none a true friend like you. Understand that God made you an exceptionally valuable human as an example to all, particularly me. I ask Him where we will be in the future as I hold tight to you and your guidance. Last night I longed to express the words I had held back while waiting for you. If you need to expel your pent-up emotions, I would be happy to lend you my magic wand. It is robust things, like your yonilinga, that give us the most pleasure. If L. had allowed me a bit more time, I would no more be “Not bad,” but “Oh God!” When you climax, your cervix dips into my ejaculate; within its mildly tart mucus, all is surely alive. Do you see us linking with passion? How about sampling our orality mutually, tasting together into many moans? May my eyes see such vibrant beauty, flesh turning a whisper into a thrilling trill? Climb atop me so I can love you forever, so we might have unending peace, so you and I are blessed as one. If one day we lie together, let us find each other as steady, inseparable lovers.

Anticipating Dawn,

I just got off the phone with you. It’s funny how we talk over each other, like nervous dates. I guess it means we know ourselves. There was an old couple. One spouse raised their head as if to speak. The other just nodded knowingly. Since we have talked so much together, we often silently finish the other’s sentences. Let me try it on this email, Dawn. Do you know what I dream of doing but will save for you? I anticipate that our first time will be the best. You know, my mother highly approved of you. I had to wait until she was out of the house before I started dating, though.

It was then I invited L. to stay here. One day I was out in the living room when I heard her call from her bedroom: “Do you want to have sex?” I hesitated, but she said it again; I must have said yes because before I knew it, she had invited me to unbutton her shirt. I don’t remember if she had a bra on; anyway, her breasts were elegant, average-sized – but to me, fantastic, winsome, and inviting! We disrobed completely; I gave her body kisses all over, but she refused a kiss on the lips since I was her “companion” (and emotionally sensitive since a lip of hers was missing a bit of muscle tissue). I moved down to her shaven pudenda and followed my instinct for pleasuring a woman. She was 31 years old and sexually savvy but had never experienced climax. I was willing to keep at her if she desired, and she eventually deemed me “not bad.” (That was an “A” in L.’s class!) Back then, I had never shared an orgasm, but now her skilled fingers – even with my hesitation – led to a shower of semen splattering across her chest. She seemed much rewarded at this accomplishment – as if my ejaculate had baptized her! L. suggested we have a shower, my first with a naked “girlfriend.” She was a “bad” lady for a great first! A few years later, L. had rented out a loft on Capitol Hill for some kind of “legal” sex work. We sat down on her futon, and she asked me whether I would give her a foot massage. I placed her feet on my lap and started rubbing them with lotion. I felt slightly odd until I realized she was moving her feet gently yet rhythmically upon our miracle. My mind and core had attained Heaven! When we talked, I tried to reassure L. of her situation, that I now and always loved her deeply (and have since). Our serene, blood-rushing, supernatural epiphany may be only the second I have had to this day (the first was with C. at DCU while I gaped and gawked, entranced, but finally just shaking hands!). L. asked me to stay – I could have lost my virginity that night! Still, I did not trust her porn playroom (as X. does not trust L. and restricts me from seeing or talking to her). L. has “reformed” and inherited a relatively fancy house. She is a tough cookie with a rough history of nooky; “If only the walls could talk.”

Feel our make-up sex whenever we need to forgive each other, Dawn. I love you so much! I must promise God I will keep sharing His kindness with those in need. We know the best times that we can undergo are secure in the here and now. You show me memories of caring experiences; you are so faithful, divine, and emotionally mature that you must have awareness of much rapture. Our love shows matching, intimate parts that can accelerate our body’s passion and give us one nature mated from two, a preview of Paradise, our blissful Eden.

Anytime, Dawn,

I experienced a fascinating dream last night. I stayed up for a half-hour after it ended, trying to piece it together. It gave me a soothing peace – even God was there! I wished some morning I would feel you climbing into my bed next to me, innately osculating, searching, and diving. Your chest is so beautiful with its cinnamon skin, its tender baits of nourishing, fatty flesh, and even “pacifiers” which I comfortably draw upon. I breathed in the inviting scent rising from your yoni, so much so that my lingam stood on its haunches. Thus distracted, I had omitted verbally greeting my friend Dawn, but she insisted instead on my making up to her by making out with her. Today your mouth exuded fruitful spirit and saliva. Did you know you might still be fertile – a thrill that engorges all things below – originally bland, beige, and shriveled, yet promptly smooth, tan, shadowed, purple, and hot pink? The bulges on your pleasant and succulent breasts are sweet and suited for rooting and routed to fruiting. I changed from nursing your shaded areolae to wrestling tongue vs. tongue (maybe of French origin – although kissing itself probably arose in your native land thousands of years before). The rising sun told me what I had already grasped: this bare-bottomed babe stood sans a single stitch. You suggested we lie back, take a breath, and perform some “mood music.” I was all into our oral-sexual plateau when under the sheets I felt my muscle moving to your rhythm; that tempo is my very heart in sync with Dawn’s pulses squeezing out her serenade! I had not forgotten her needs, though. My hands made easy access and success with her erogenous zones, whence she accomplished at least twice (as only a woman can know). From her mumbling, I could just grasp that our time for sacking the tower had arrived. Before we mated, I joked: what if the bed could talk? It already can – half Romance and half Anglo-Saxon! Our contact then had two dialects – intercourse with florid words like “lovely” and “beautiful,” versus grunting guttural gasps. I want to scan the view from high atop mons veneris and dive into your perfect pool. Our guts guided us, with just enough wiggle room to copulate fluidly and completely. Your empathy worked – sensed by my gonads from the base of my root, up the shaft; past the frenulum, the corona, and the glans; and eventually launching out of my urethral meatus! Dawn was so fulfilling that day – busily taking in what I had issued. We two complemented as one being: yin and yang. Her anatomy meant to extract the totality of my gift; our secretions would find us diving in its wake. Our genitals had accelerated from ten thrusts per minute to twenty. My inner eye could feel itself sliding past your fur-lined vulva and down your rabbit hole. Now we were sweating and panting, with hearts throbbing, driving home the woman’s fourth orgasm today, as moist as the morning mist. I withdrew my smoldering, wild-salmon-flavored favor, and with the slightest of hesitation submerged it again, hidden beneath your primal sea. Before, we had counted time by heartbeats, but the beat we obsessed over now was our incessant, mutual rebounding. Persistently wedging my penile bulb upon your hungry introitus, I managed an inch more headroom. The frenulum of my organ resonated like a double bass string. All the tension for releasing the store of this man’s stifled emissions was in place. I let go of a rare groan, to which you laughed while I doused sliminess about your gap like a human vibrator. We filled the next hour by reclaiming our strength and practicing a dozen more ways to heal each other.

Appealing Dawn (Kama),

I sit at my computer, in good spirits and body. The closest and soonest we might link is if we call each other today. Do some of our chats – like person-to-person, phone, or computer conversations – arouse you? Let’s talk further about any such contact. Maybe it’s because we are as nervous as teenagers, tending to interrupt one another on the phone. I think our workday is your only time unchaperoned with an “unfamiliar” man. Call me before 6:00 pm, if you like. I looked you up on the map; I believe you live near Lake Seneca. Your short commute to work and back is realistic; you could practically walk it. We lucked out. For one season, we had next to no snow. You were so fantastic at S.R. on Wednesday. I got body hugs, kisses, kindness, attention, friendship, privacy, work – and mostly, a call and response for love. I’ll take the elevator with you anytime. You have been awake since 6:00 am. You may have read my email yesterday. I have recently written more to you, perhaps of higher quality. I am sure my obsession is one of love, not of illness. I know you are true, truer than I am, for many reasons. Perhaps our biggest difference is responsibility. You are replete with it. For now, I can volunteer once or twice each week. If you feel down at S.R., remember the hundreds whom you have raised from hardship and now bless your spirit. After Saturday’s wake-up call, meet me at about 1:30 pm for Bingo. I would like to explore with you the corridors at S.R.; even the lift. We praise God through our meditations. I have never seen anybody more sincere yet mindful as you with prayer. I have called upon Him many times with success, and He calms me with supernatural guidance. I believe you are a kind teacher. Do teach me more of what you know, from the viewpoint of me being a man and you a woman. Why does sex so allure yet evade a person; enhance, but in the end, may seem so brief? Your love stays with me in the long run. When we go to Heaven, we will look divinely upon human orgasms as a great exercise in mortal, cordial pleasures. However, today I ask you to my room; I know we can learn about the times of our lives. We are virgins but for our current partners. Our first try may hesitate, but so might falling in love. Say yes to me if you wish to sleep with another celibate, once removed for both of us. We have already introduced ourselves to each other socially, amorously, physically, prayerfully, and humanly. If you unlocked your basement right now, we would disrobe, massage, kiss deeply, calmly cover with complete contact, softly lie down on your cushion, and seal sticky skins. The metaphor for mating has been many things, none more dazzling than the act itself. Your mouth rules me, your breasts pinion my chest and your yoni speaks as if we trod through a primitive marsh. You crouched over me teasingly, so much so that I avidly gushed and propagated my profuse ejaculate, taken into your captivating, quenching, and contenting cavern. I await your call, your visit, and your perfection. Here I sit in front of my computer keyboard, composing a message on my word processor, electronically sending a signal to fiber optics, then to an electronic network, next to a broadcast tower, and finally to your cell phone that decodes and projects my words on your screen or through your speaker. What will science think of next? It can’t beat your company! I love your smile and will all the while.

Artful Dawn,

It is a month into the New Year and Dawn is due to clean my house. I am seriously convinced that the pride she takes in her job is love. She does not seek praise (although she deserves it greatly); more money (although she is worthy); or even recognition (although we can be like family), but she deserves much respect Above and Beyond the Call of Duty. I hope she will remain my friend into old age. If she would then love me, I would be satisfied. She asked me, “Why do you have an easel and oils in the master bedroom, Leon?” “I have taken up painting,” I outlined. “What do you paint?” you inquired. “Nudes – I am just learning.” I saw not only the hue of blush on your face but also a hint of pride for me. “Dawn, you treat my house like a canvas upon which you paint pure colors. I am so grateful for your love of place, for you to adopt my home.” I could see in your face hundreds of generations of southern Asians and their duty of hard work. You looked so attractive when I questioned, “Would you like to be my model?” You were wearing a simple, flowered housedress to keep cool despite sweat and honest labor. “What would I do?” you asked. “You are under no obligations; the usual pay is $100 per hour. Let’s enter my studio.” Knowingly, you removed your bra from under your dress. “Would you please stand before the canvas?” I requested. The sun streamed upon you as if we were in a solarium. You bent forward to remove your shoes when the sunlight shone over your garment and down upon your mammae. “Dawn, would you gradually remove your dress?” You easily peeled it above your panties and over your head until your breasts glowed gold in all their glory. I was looking at hundreds of generations of seminude Indian women, passing down their artistic beauty to the modern age. I moved my brush with purposeful, broad strokes. The history of art stood out brilliantly as if all of its aesthetics beamed through your joyful smile. “Please lie down on the cushion, Dawn.” You are so real. I traced your oval face and its coloration, the curves of your soft nurturers, and your enduring stomach. You knew just when to slide off your panties. There beneath was a pile of cloth flowers – a still life – and you, whose slim legs led to a garden with a singular, red-budded, recessed bloom. The artists of old loved both their work and their models. No man could resist your feminine wiles, here emblazoned upon my brain. My lingam, an uncoiling snake, shifted restlessly. You caught me with your eyes and simply said “Now!” Not only my smock but also all my clothes became dappled with pigment in my rush to undress. I never knew we could be so close. We lovers sought bold initiation, curious yet deliberate in our tangled embrace. “Dawn, we have arrived at the closest of human encounters; let us expand our experience. You are so kind as to open your privacy to our intrigued anatomies enthralled by their sole heart.” Spurting glutinous matter, I sank straightaway into your oasis of knowledge; my date backed off and promptly returned. You curled upward, clinging like a woman with a mission: my hands playing upon your paps, my shaft sunk within your quickening stimulus, and both of us breathing deeply. You had me entrapped and surrounded by your lust; I entreated for more sustenance gleaned from your tunnel of love. Ours was fine work; the artist with a new medium: frothy, fertile, fervent foam. Next, pecs flexed, sex blush maxed, rushed, pushed, and gushed up a lush tush, then she shushed – ahhh, Dawn!

As one, Dawn,

You could be here looking over my shoulder and giving me a neck massage. Likewise, I could stretch my arms behind me to squeeze your toned bottom. Simple surprises get our blood flowing. A tongue bath from you is as welcome as the light bouquet sampled from your skin. We hug, and I hint I am up for you, which you again confirm by handily grazing my trousers. Your wide eyes are like never before – searching, serious, and loving. Here we are in my home, and we can do nothing to reign in our passion (not that we would want to!). We look side-by-side in the full-length mirror, revealing our garments shed gradually. My lingam no longer hides beneath my pants; it stands proudly before your forma bona (beautiful shape) and stiffens in your grip. Your hand jerked calmly to give assurance for the act to be. We both appreciate the lower zone that we longingly seek to inhabit. You exclaim that this time approached the best of your life – you had waited so long! I murmur sultrily in your ear, kiss you and lift you onto our bed. I could feel my heart pound in our genitals. My prostate shook involuntarily, ready for the next action. My two hands cupped one, then the other rare breast. Your areolae stared, directing me to suckle them. I enjoyed stimulating these marvelous, enticing colorations that signaled nectar and fluctuated at each heartbeat. Likewise, I accessed your pubes; a minute’s rub causes your labia to glide with musky, oily, and pungent flavors. I gladly breathe in your air and lick your light fermentation. Dawn, how enduringly beautiful you are, from hair to toenails! One glimpse captures the obvious features of your body. Next, you exclaim with a feral growl! You savor my bloodthirsty, yet soothing erection, so much fun you said that your yoni gulped – calling us to our next move. Honey, you know I adore seeing your unshaven, open thighs; your wholeness is ready, planted on the bed’s end, and projecting your quintessential, clitoral outgrowth. You asked to keep it simple: only organic orgasm! My mouth happily performed every mixture of “upstairs, downstairs” sensuality on you. The taste of your secretions kept up my interest and my manhood. Your expressive face glows like the Indian sun; your hot chocolate lips beckon me to sample them; your warbling voice demands “Enter!” Either the swell resounded in your lungs, or you were practicing for the opera! I had never before felt such vibrations from the vagina. By a clock on the wall, I reckoned our heart’s throbbing: about two heartbeats each second, up to 800. For a moment, we lost time – then you restored my concentration happily back to where I always wanted to be: in your depths. My phallus held on by riding tight within your foxy source, assuring us that we would bump over hundreds of cycles. What a game – two balls, a stick, and a sure goal! Our motion described ecstasy for the pair who shifted until dawn, yet realized the intense rapture whipping up our conjoined impulses of vital fluid. You lay ravished, inviting my quickening dance – then we both abruptly arched our spines, soon encouraging blasts of sperm past your vaginal sphincter by way of your perspiring, spontaneous, climactic nature. It was then I wanted to be with you always. “Unique” was our mantra. We practiced “OMG!” I felt my reflex nearing, heavily tickling. I bounded from you and, with the same alacrity, jumped back in. Our sweet spots reacted at this point of origin where her G-spot met my corona. Here, the implacable discharge of yours and mine saturated our genitals and slimed the sheets like Viagra Falls! Without a second thought, you assumed all-fours for me to be the “top dog,” where both of us, lustful and willing, bested many of our most celebrated exploits. Up again, I say, and having a cheery-O! Dawn, you are upon my mind when I am upon your mound. I wish to love you unconditionally. May God protect you and your loved ones as we bless our future together.

Attractive Dawn,

As you know, I look forward to writing you emails and having you read them. Mindful attraction is one quality that draws me to you; also, personal, social, spiritual, sexual, and physical virtues. When first I meet you, my eyes automatically scan yours, the color and shades of your shirt, and your snug khakis. Your oval face, wavy black hair, and comely tan skin confirm your northern Indian origin. Moving closer, I appreciate your features more: your welcoming smile, alert eyes, and beckoning mouth. Our hands reach out to hug; yours strong and weathered, and mine soft and unworn. Our accents reassure our hearts, recalling the decades we have known each other. This enfoldment, unique in the entire world, lingers upon you. You ask how I am doing, but you know well by my embrace. An elevator is a place of privacy – therein we ride together, wishing to be alone. Here, we have many things that we can do (as long as they take less than fifteen seconds). I am mostly a proper gentleman, one who wants and loves your presence. I hold the door for you. Stepping out, you greet a friend who knows your goodness; she speaks and smiles. When we enter the office, I wonder if you will close the door or leave it ajar. You have sex sense, e.g., gently adjusting my hand which slips too low from your waist to your hip. Your vim, allure, and presence have no doubt gotten you through hard times. Most folks in need give so much more than the rich do. You offer me a ginger ale and I, noticing your closeness to me, flush a bit but remain invigorated. I hesitate in my speech, a sure sign I am nervous. I want you to hold me close, kiss me, and relate your reassurance to me. My eyes cloud over – then your female intuition kicks in. You tell me our love letters flatter you; however, you are already devoted. You still love me like a kissing “twin” cousin and a best friend. Dawn, if you are my soulmate, how can I get next to your incarnation more often? You felt so wonderful, both soft and resilient once we hugged alone. Our attraction is all good things written herein and more. Your body tells me so much about you, like toughness, consideration, and spiritedness. I would like to know you better and learn more about your past. You offer much with your life’s story. Like Abraham Lincoln, you fought great adversity; he became our best President. Wherever you are, Dawn, I trust God is there. If you do not see God, know that She, the One, is looking upon and protecting you. We have endured times when we have sought Her and found that She was with us all along. Call me if you ever are feeling depressed, irritable, or anxious. Allow me to understand your situation, empathize with you, and give me so much of yourself. I feel you driving my heart. Dawn, support from loved ones, religious counsel, and close friendships are important for you to have when wanting. You are so self-sufficient and wary that you might refuse help at the time you need it. All of us sometimes require assistance from people who know helpful resources and ways to cope with problems in common. I learned about coping with personal tragedy, thanks to your concern. Breathe with me! Do you find us moving in unison toward celebrating our closest contact?

Awake, Dawn!

Last night I had a dream of an Indian goddess. I awoke to find you next to me. I struggled upon finding us inextricably knotted. Where you had an armpit, I had a hand. Your leg found its way to my crotch. My ready penis seemed stuck tight between your mammary glands. Both our pubic and head hair was entangled. Luckily, your lips met mine. Our intimacy was like a game of adult Twister – without clothes! Oddly enough, we had fallen asleep in each other’s arms… or were those toes… or maybe mouths…?

I saw myself at an Indian temple in the days of the gods. One goddess looked like Dawn, my bedmate. I guess deities back then needed no clothes. She was stunning in all of her naked splendor. Each pert breast of hers exceeded the size of my two cupped hands. Her nipples beckoned me to suck. I attempted to run my hands all over her natural skin. Before I went any further, though, I must make sure this wasn’t a dream. I impertinently approached her and reached up with my lips to hers. When wet met wet, she caused me to orgasm! Instead of sapping my energy, she gave me a preview of what her best was. I had never peaked from a kiss, so I couldn’t help but try it again. The goddess pressed against me, demanding another smooch. This time, her spell worked in reverse, sort of. As she held onto me, I could feel her silky crotch rock my phallus and lubricate us in tandem, peaking even more than before. With full passion and a great shout, she cried “Drava!” whence she had a virtual birth of her secretions. She sought more release, ordering we share climax yet again. I coasted on and into her easily, as her seduction overcame any reservation of mine. Being a goddess of the temple, whose frieze depicted all sorts of sexual encounters, she was able to challenge me with an assortment of positions and techniques. As mythology relates, she had a weakness: the continual tasting, licking, slurping, kissing, and sucking on her most roomy, rising, ready, roused, and russet root. I immersed myself until sunup, when the almost-satiated goddess revealed herself as Dawn, next to me in bed. She thanked me profusely for my performance. Were you the goddess, honey? I inquired. What is he talking about? she wondered. Dawn told me that we had made fantastic love just moments ago. She wanted to repay my favor. Yes, I had peaked in my sleep (and her deep?), but I sensed my libido was ready to go at it again. We gladly swallow each other’s saliva, among other vital liquids. What is your pleasure Dawn, my friend? We had made out when we first met, and never tired of it. I love you and admire your vulva so much that I feed it to overflowing. I braced over my mate and lovingly polished our sheaths. I pray for us to last: devotionally, personally, amorously, sexually, emotionally, physically, and socially – some of our closest bonds. We know good sex persists; for my durable self, hundreds of thrusts. What matters also are understanding, caring, friendship, happiness, love, kindness, and ideally, God, all promoting mutual comfort. We have human (as well as animal) desire and magnetism. The look in my eyes lifted your catenary curves completely, growing from the nipples of your very persuasive areolae. Our grand entrance saw my gonads recoil like low-hanging fruit and, during further sex, retract just enough to play like a loincloth flapping over your female frenulum. Spurted retas recurrently decorated our love nests. We rated our frenzy by passion, coupling, physicality, total coitus, endurance, repetitions, eternity, Venus and Eros, Kama, and Rati. Our exteriors expressed exquisite ease enduring entwined exertion edification. I concluded that I had met your beauty in other lives.

Be in touch, Dawn,

We were so busy today that we forgot the time, but not each other. You deserve more chances to go out. If you ever want to chat, give me a call. Remember, we two are competitive talkers; your cunning command of body language and its cues can dominate me. Why couldn’t S.R. test the AC months ago when the weather was just warm? I can imagine your cool sweat today after you had time to chill. (Did you know most women have twice the body fat as men? It can provide insulation, healthy babies, shock absorption, and sex appeal.) God knows us to be responsible friends. Does He keep us close? Does He cause us to dream about each other? I may have pondered all of this before. Beyond our senses are the metaphysical, the supernatural, and the mystical. There are countless worlds for each of countless worlds. I hope I will find you there. Dawn, if I have my way, we will tangle together in lasting bliss. After a hard day at work, you would reflect on our hugs but respect your conjugal family more than me. Next, seek out the shower radio to set your heart free. Will I know when you release yourself while considering me? You know, a favorite story of mine has to do with us bicycling up the C&O canal path, finding an old wall with a door we open, then coursing one-on-one in an orgiastic waterfall. Many stories here have us in our natural state and intimacy. Here I have written over 150,000 words – no kidding! Best of all would be us resting comfortably, talking in low, hushed tones. Your response, interspersed with Punjabi, completes my face with a familiar tongue. You deserve the best things blessed, worldly, and luxurious, worthy of all women. I pray we will remain united as friends and as much in touch as possible. You are very well entitled to be a parent and a spouse. I invite you to be my lifelong friend, a best friend. Is it true that you have few acquaintances? Does the relationship we now have include our best affair ever? The love we have is great, but you can teach me in oh-so-many ways. Do you read this email as you go to sleep? If you ever tire of your labors (like after an untold day of hard work) you would be welcome to rest here. God, tell me more about Dawn; why am I so attracted to her, and why is she by far a good woman? Dawn, if you ever need a duplicate of these “love letters,” I will give it to you. You may want to glance through them. You will need no photographic images, just imagination. I respect your private contribution; these missives are for us to agree on what to do with them. I listen for our key at the front door and greet you. Just call my name, and I will gladly appear. Let’s discuss how to neaten my home; it may take a while. First are the disposables; second, dusting; third, sweeping; fourth, vacuuming; next, arranging; and lastly, sponging the kitchen, bathrooms, tile, and Swiffering other floors. Make my space immaculate as you have in the past. I can trust you with my home; after all, you have been my intimate for 20 years! I am an experienced rookie, but surely you can teach me from what you have learned while I volunteer for you in return. Dawn, “I love you” means our devotion embodies the best returns, which many wish for but few achieve. God has truly entrusted you with great responsibilities. I visualize us as a unity – you being my fulfilling, confident, and boundless joy.

Beautiful Dawn

Dawnlight, you’re my favorite treat

Dark-on-white, commingling meat

Yours is where I’d like to eat

Laze on me to rest your seat.

Dawnlight, you whom I adore

I grow to surge a whole lot more

Do you know what I have in store?

Just wait until I free your door.

After all your work is done

We’ll stay in bed and have more fun

Your motions, looks, and senses stun

God gives us love to be as one.

Dawnlight, join me in my shower

Soap up for well past an hour

Do enjoy my orchid flower

And satisfy its gushing tower.

Let’s both trade a rousing hum

Fascinating floods flow from

Where I’d like to taste your plum

And play upon your string to strum.

My woman from the land of Dawn

Translucent tights, see-through chiffon

Divest them for our liaison

So we can cozily live on.

Dawnlight, there are very few

Women who can equal you

But of those that I say I knew

All in all, I count as true.

Behind Dawn,

What is behind my stories about us? Darwin might say we disperse our seed, the seed that beckons from my testicles, as your eggs call from your ovaries. More than a primal sexual urge, though, you are the epitome of a beautiful person. Through your Deity, your socialization, and your morals, you prove to be a good woman. Who better to protect and ensure our heirs than someone so strong and smart who works so hard, cares for, and loves others? Dawn, I am attracted to you as I am few besides; indeed, a woman who is underpaid, overworked, and seemingly unappreciated. You are married; however, I believe we both have fantasies for each other, like those drawn out in these romantic emails. They are reasonable, even conventional, for most lovers in a free society. We have not acted out our dreams, except to communicate our unfulfilled desires together. We enjoy snug hugs, gentle kisses, and titillating contact. My heart races whenever I see you. Kindness reveals through your autonomic responses, good deeds, modest face, ringing voice, acts of grace, and private moments. I write for your attraction, as a man who has greatly admired you over the decades – so much, I would make real love to you. Women throughout evolution have lived for the act and use brains to flirt with, excite, soothe, and release a man’s feelings; not just aiming toward, but also opening up for intercourse. I can picture our tongues talking responsibly and feel your hum when I kiss your neck. I prefer to be with you, but if I cannot, I think of you. In time, I will fulfill knowing you, as I hope you will know me. The best way we can achieve the summit apart (yet as one) is by the waves of a sonic vibrator, a first for ladies. Your thrumming, outstanding clitoris connects to your drumming heart; your inner labia become most moist, slippery, and prominent; then your entire body expands with cries of blissful joy. The tickling Wand in my bathroom fills my phallus with blood (more so with the help of Viagra). You must use that Hitachi dry; you know where I keep it. A real turn-on is the sight of you transfixing me, bearing down on my shaft, bouncing off my lap, pleasuring and crazing us overall, and letting my semen spout far into your quivering yoni. I have lately abstained from coitus, so I ask you, my good friend, to allow us a one-night stand. I seem selfish, but I know what is good for the goose is good for the gander (that is, our two sexes are mostly equal). The best lovemaking is mutual respect between us, an honor we witness. I must say that X. (or L., when she stimulated me for my first taken part) has given me my only mutual sex. L.’s open shirt enticed me to taste her rare, succulent breasts. I unzipped her pants, revealing her aesthetic, shaven pubes which I naturally tongue-kissed, hoping to drive her to orgasm. A sometime sex worker of age 31, she had eluded climax lifelong. The real miracle (taking two bouts) was her incessantly yanking my “works.” After that dedicated stretching and with my deep “Ahhh,” I spritzed a constellation of whitish extract upon her front, from her muff to her chin. She treated my virginal seminal fluid like holy water, and then led me to the shower with her birthday beauty, lovely to bathe! I “slept” with L. several times, propelling jets over my shoulder that glommed onto the wall, like a sash festooned for “best performance.” I love your heart and soul overall, Dawn!

Better than sleeping, Dawn,

If only you held on to me, you would whisper while trading our splendid surprises.  We blush together, from our faces to our chests to our thighs to our nether regions.  Thank you for planting kisses all around my mouth before I service your paps.  Each perky areola boasts a burgundy disk around a nip of flesh, a tactile temptation coordinating so well with its tenderized surroundings. I can feel your heartbeat thumping strongly under adipose glands (where we had the closest and dearest shared intimacy to date), and acknowledge your complexion flushing on and off to your trembling ticker.  I cheer "Handle here, honey," as you pass your palm under my belt, both of us sensing the ground shake. Your face signals your readiness for my next move, provocatively nursing under your shirt, having unhooked your black bra. My tremoring fullness, focusing on your now-obvious female phallus, soon follows.  With clothes off, I love the smell and taste of your musky vulva, pinned by my vibrating tongue as your breath becomes ever more urgent.  My attraction stirs your labia, at first mushy, then firmer as I become more insistent.  A drip of fluid shines down from my urethra, while your yoni becomes tighter, though juicier.  I notice our vital agreement moving further and faster as you gripped my pride.  Having found the target, I thrust your canal in time to our pulses of harmony and rhythm.  Your sunrise is now shining black, purple, rust, tan, and coral, colorful complements to my edifice.  This had been the fantasy of our first experience, the crescendo of sexual effervescence to play between us. Your whole being was a testament to the vitality of all mating ever and our continuous lusting right now.  I rewarded your desire for seminal fluid, quenching our thirst for more savor of your beautiful diversion.  Your eyes were hypnotic orbs, luring our entire anatomies to be together.  My woman, my best is to pleasure you as if we were conjoined.  Excitement was a green spring breeze covering you while the salty summer sun warmed us.  We fixed urgently on that place where we both held to the point of gushing.  What happened next was beyond words: our mutual adoration of motion and emotion.  We found ourselves the happiest we had ever been in life.  Your limbs wrapped around flesh as your will lifted me from the rug, my giving glans protruding into your sweet spot. There, both of us seized every nerve in concert, bringing us to Nirvana.  It was as if your arousal fluid coaxed out my ejaculations fervently, accepting our union to become our tenderness.  Seconds or minutes or hours later we awoke, blessing our love further with cunnilingus and fellatio – and ever-lasting spasms of secretions! Our doubly firm shafts here melded as one. I now envision and encourage our togetherness: a word, a glance, a caress, a hug, a hidden salute, all rare understandings, and a promise to meet in private well beyond the elevator, beyond the future, before I burst here again in your primitive den!

Best Dawn,

I need you. I am pained without you. When I am with you, I can feel your warmth, your strength, your humanity, and your sensuality. You choose me to escort you, to touch on private moments, even if in an elevator. You are brave to share your cuddling and your feelings before people we care about, i.e., the residents. I am your friend who trusts you, and who follows your lead. Over twenty years of intimacy seems like a marriage. Tell me, do you like the music on your radio? I can almost see your shape showering, rivulets running down your shiny back while playing soft music. Would you prefer another present before November? “The gift is in the giving.” I can think of something waterproof you might like: look up the “Lelo Sona.” Maybe you would like socks instead. Haha. God knows you deserve the best, as your heart impresses its rhythm everywhere you go. You are not afraid to oppose injustice – whether of politics, employment, gender, or race. When people get to know you, they really appreciate you – as the kinder nurses at S.R. do. I remember about twenty years ago, seeing just once on A. a ravishing but aloof nurse (though she was no match for your perseverance, kindness, or lasting beauty). Do you see any handsome men at S.R.? You are worth being jealous over. Just now, I pictured you walking down the hall to the elevator. You are not overly proud but manage a growing smile. You wear a curvaceous red shirt and khakis. Your pants sashay from the womanly hips underneath. I would be glad to buy you some clothes if you so desire. You have an athletic build that may be accentuated. Remember my ginger ale when I arrive on Wednesday, although my brother may appear then. (He just got remarried; I hope his visit will not interfere with us and Bingo.) I would meet your fabulous lips at my home right now. There, my hands reach under your elastic waistband to your wonderful seat: russet and smooth, comfy yet spanking trim. I am glad we have a room to ourselves after a busy day. I greet you with a friendly kiss; we brush our teeth and tongues, and then deeply make out. You tell me every item of your day, like chores we two will do and feelings we share. We find a private moment when you slip off your bra so I may caress, clasp, and inhale your pacifiers, jutting out and topped by my searching mouth. Your eyes close and your breathing deepens. You unzip my pants to give me the most memorable lingam licking. Every time you lapped it, my phallus stiffened and inched further as if we turned up its volume. Having encountered the summits of your mammary glands, I was dedicated to stirring our ideal urge. I get the notion that you would like me to reciprocate with our yoni massage. Not just a rubbing, though, but in the end, you and I generate heated jumps from my expansion fulfilling you. I had searched your skin many times before, but never had you come back so invitingly; your face had sought what your pudenda eventually found. You commanded: “Strip!” My penis – a happy yet compelling tail – wagged to and fro while watching you shed your pantsuit. I lifted you frontwards under your buttocks, and aimed my purplish person for your sunrise yoni: Apollo has landed! Moving inside you was like my entire circulation had entered your reproductive system. Our musculature reached total innervation. During my utmost time with Dawn, I learned how rewarding sex could be. Love starred in our mating; she took in reality and squeezed out fantasies! Dawn, since I saw your hollow, I have been forever ravished. Our taboo acts cause me to rediscover your sights – you taking me into completion, and thus enveloped, both of us much appreciating “a little death.”

Bless Dawn,

Praise all of your family. My room is breathable, thanks to you and S. It is a brand-new space. Dawn, you have a back so strong that I have never seen before. I look forward to when I can afford another workout of yours. S.’s tough mother brought her up very honorably. S. deserves a caring man. You both kept me motivated; now I have a clean bed and fresh air – beautiful, like you two. Dawn, I enjoy your sweet, ripe peach, much like your fuzzy cheeks. I await your tomato sandwiches, with skin taut, blushing red, and exuding slick, sweet juice with but a slight tartness. I wish you were my neighbor, with a sunlit garden. I love your sheer attire today. (You may have noticed me jockeying for position to sneak a peek down your cleavage.) You are my motivation, and I am your flirtation. I guess the social limit of our physical affection stops at our kisses and hugs, although they feel close and entire, even at this keyboard. I was so intent on joining up with you after Bingo that I totally forgot the cart! I remember last week very much when we had the opportunity to talk truly about whatever touched our hearts. Whenever we embrace, I feel as though we share memories, more than just skim skin. Is it possible for us to join every cell of our bodies in ecstasy? Wrap us in your diaphanous dress; one breast a love apple, and the other a succulent nectarine! Life with you is like a map of where we envelop: there my brain follows you and our trail of pleasure. A bona fide test of closeness is to wake up beside my friend Dawn and inhale her subtle perfume. Last week we spent the most time alone to date, where we conversed for an intimate half-hour. Earlier this week I envisaged you in action pleasuring your most private man cave. I trust you greatly with our seven V’s: Vibrator, Viagra, Virginity (44), Vestibule, Vulva, Vagina, and Venus. I would like to explore them all with you. Just think about you coming over for a conversation and a bite to eat. Your love could arouse me to agree with you on almost any topic. I have waited nearly ten days for you. Would prized upsurges result from shivers up our spines? Will we feel like we were young, with the potential to create new life? Would we relive every loving orgasm we had in our existence? Respect your family but value yourself in these 300 pages with my inner voice. I want us to perform to the hilt in every doable position. I know our patience will pay off just as you can sit here next to me. I realize you are a better person than I am, having accomplished more wisdom, admirable ethics, support for loved ones, and tough work. I accept you having relatives in India; cherish a child and a husband here; sport an attractive tummy from pregnancy (my belly is due to my psychiatric meds), and love God much as I do. So far, we have had fun with each other; why not take it all the way? X. is an exceptionally good person; you may be better still. Sometime next, let me play your wind ensemble, whose mucosa secretes into my active spit valve. When I look into your face, I see your prayer. Our hearts and lungs recover after much pounding and many gasps. I love your goodness, Dawn. Tell me if your dreams get even better over time. Our ambrosia cycles through concerted, contracting, relaxing muscles – then invited, driving reentry.

Blue Sky, Dawn,

I think of you today because I want to be near you. The weather is clement, and soon we lie down on a patch of green grass. Away from the city, we can find such a cushy place to rest, circled thickly by trees, but with just enough sun to keep us toasty. How do you feel today, Dawn? Please say a prayer for X. Remember, her sister E. has early-onset Parkinson’s but is still attractive and flirtatious. X. feels her sister is interfering with our relationship. X. stands between caring for E. (who seems to meddle with her love life) and returning her to a potentially abusive husband. I pray that you and X., hard-working women, never suffer severe dementia yourselves. Life leads to love, and I welcome you, Dawn, here for our relationship so we might exhilarate this afternoon and evening. I think of your face and how soft, warm, and smooth it is. If only we were back on the fresh lawn in the forest, I would lay you down and stir our fresh, sensational centers. Your hygiene is excellent. My kissing and licking your ears elicit a thrill. You squirm a little, so I let you plant yourself on top of me. I immediately behold your cushiony breasts and their prodding nipples. Again, your kissers’ vacuum meets mine and we happily slurp for a half-hour. I must not forget the female fundament, so I slide off your belt – and hardened with anticipation – reach down to challenge my lady’s land. Your moaning indicated that I was on the right site. We stripped, eye to eye, and manually pleasured the other’s genitals. I admired the pigmented nibs of your mammae, accentuating your athletic hips which led upward like an hourglass. Upon reversing, we tasted the salt and zest below. One more semicircle rotated us into our personal missionary position. I covered your fleshy form, feeling our subcutaneous fat shift back and forth as we rocked. I tasted your teardrops tenderly. Just then, a continuous building of pleasurable twitches shook your fantasy upon my entire pudenda, hastening to embolden our enthusiastic action. Again, I plumb the depths of your love, the yoni that matched my lingam. There was a temporary shelter for my prominent part. But next, nature entered – namely, we both did. Our muscles had tensed and released many times when we gasped a spontaneous “I love you.” For a rapt moment, we relaxed our intensity, plunging together like two doves into Paradise. After your dedication restored my erection, I bumped again your mons pubis, soon planting closely with more rhythmic pulses to flood your chasm. Among our mucosa were the germs of our passion, our lasting love. I knew your heart, and you, mine. I love you evermore, Dawn; hold fast to me. Your earthen skin sought seeding. I, your gardener, sowed and soaked you from one cock’s crow to the next. Dare we expose our vulnerable anatomies to each other, mapping out a certain course? God introduced our appeal so we learn gradually of each other, augmenting our blush from countenance to pectorals to groins to the out of sight. Your padding rests above and below where romantic motion – inward bound – drives us at once. By the middle of our performance, we had joined skin, nervous systems, blood, brains, lungs, hearts, and faces. As if our contact was mildly electrified, our body fluids rushed inside you with a tingling static. The generous breasts of your birthday suit drove my rooting instinct to fixate on your groin below. Orgasm became the confluence for all of our seductions over time, trading primitive and very lively howling. Neither of us had experienced such joys in recent memory. Our bones held us securely, while our innards switched appreciably from our exclusive affirmations.

Blush, Dawn,

Conversing with you three ladies brought me back to the S.R. of 22 years ago, even though J. was barely out of the womb then. I adored being the center of attention, surrounded by beautiful women. I liked your casual, cool attire Dawn, and of course your shapely self. Tell me when we can go out. A man may make such a suggestion, but occasionally married women have taken me on informal dates.

When you and I arrived at my home, I turned the temperature down to 66 degrees. In a moment, your wonderful, firmed, and luscious treats projected underneath your scanty shirt. I suggested we get under a sheet, which after a tiresome day lulled us to sleep. What a fantasy! I felt like I was making love to you. I don’t know if your slippery kisses, skilled hands, supple breasts, or marvelous yoni had driven me to peak, but I suddenly awoke, my lingam still spurting a dream in your honor. This event was embarrassing yet freeing; I did not want it to stop. I am sure you recall life-changing events: winning at sports, immigrating, falling in love, marrying, and having a baby. For me, those might be academics, writing, inventing, falling in love, sharing bodies, and thinking of you. At first, I thought my ejaculation was spontaneous, yet your licking lips suggested a smile dripping with my male fruition. Returning from the bathroom with a warm, wet washcloth, you kindly daubed my secretions. We reveled in consummation (at least half of us did). We placed one hand on our love’s heart, the other one on their place of private passion. My palm reverberated your pudding like an aftershock – not so much startling you as inviting cordially your fermenting, rising, sweet sourdough. Within a half-hour, we had gone from friends to sex mates. I asked you, “Please?" You showed me your most beautiful passage to India. Excuse me, Dawn; may I pour more heavy cream for your coffee? How does a man like me attract a beauty like you? I sought to match your body parts with mine. What will happen when we collaborate to the point of ultimate, godly merging? We will explore loving beyond imagination. Feel me tonguing the pliant pinch below your vestibule. Entertaining arterial and venous vessels, I was first onto your breasts, allowing my lips to lock upon those sugar loaves. Flesh goes so far, but sex makes six senses, erupting most profusely. The three ladies I saw today have shown the greatest love; God had knit within them babies, ones who will carry on the wisdom of their folks. Meanwhile, I will admire such a woman like you, Dawn. We need each other; not just for each one, but for our oneness. There fits a key, opens a door, speaks a familiar voice, walks near, resounds a true heart, covers completely, talks telepathically, perspires warm skin, and makes swashing, liquid music where our sheaths plunge headlong. Dawn, I am content – no, dedicated – to mount you as a stallion does a mare. Our horses are ready for deep mating. As people, we ask for a blessing where we lie – slipping thereupon closely and compatibly, you and me, ever in guided touch. After we play, our bodies have transformed. Sweat, tears, saliva, urine, mucus, milk, blood, and semen: each biofluid interchanged with its signature properties. I cherish your presence today, Dawn, and our opportunity to commune. We awe at our person having eight limbs and eight lips jointly. Our laps waver in time upon me and beneath you: cushioned, polished, shaded, and springing netherhair. Slap montes, imbibe honey, guzzle yoni, and stream dreams in our reality!

Both, Dawn,

We two are akin, borne of one cosmos. Each views a symmetric image of the other. How does this account for lovely Dawn and fine Leon? Our present images may seem unequal; our universe first implied a sphere, even though later bodies had split like an ovum. In other words, Dawn, we have different, yet mostly similar origins. Such may be why, even if we lie next to each other, we closely share touch, longing, and humanity, but differ somewhat in position, gender, and movement. The mystery arises when we find a mate, someone who outwardly is not perfect for us, yet intuitively more than perfect. Does the word “exotic” describe many relationships, flawed yet tender – maybe ours? We might be kissing, “twin” cousins who shared a womb, although most likely not. The quantity of love has reached beyond a hundred billion relatives – namely, mankind. Sex, versus romance, might be the lesser cause of reproduction in humans. Passion in older adults (like us) allows survival through altruistic caring for youth. You and I, Dawn, when sleeping together, continue our species’ well-being. Our orgasms nourish our brains since such sensations reinforce pleasure. For every stressor, there is an equal and opposite release. First are “ordinary” feelings, relatively mild, that can compare in intensity. Examples include my tasking with Dawn or greeting “namaste” to her. The second is thrill or anger. A child may have a tantrum; a teenager may act out similarly – both are growing opportunities to learn responsibility. The third would include close touching or kissing of an erotic nature or irritability cured by a true “I love you.” Fourth might be life shared in matrimony, companionship over years building to revelation – even overcoming poverty, addiction, war, or serious criminality. I wish for us only the most positive of these. Our living as one mind would be best, Dawn. I know about the U.S., public and private. You could show me many gifts: spirituality, cooking, shopping, hard work, practical homemaking, and lovemaking; also, ethics, worldly wisdom, and meditation. We may have other interests in common – like nostalgia, walking in the park, volunteering, or sports (say Frisbee golf or you trouncing me in volleyball). I must admit, one of the games I happily look forward to is our ecstatic play. Sometimes you will have to try out my bed. I wait for the Dawn of joy. When we start sex by restless kissing, the rest unwinds. You can read from my lips how I cherish your body image, strut, thinking, aspect, innervation, beauty, nourishing, swaying hips, genitals, autoeroticism – your whole seductive self! Most are accessible to my tongue. Which feature may I first kiss: your cheek, your hair, your neck – or your mouth? Your yoni tastes lightly metallic, puckering me up for more penetrating, antibiotic flesh inward. Your most valuable, human part is your conjugal family. Your most valuable psychic part is your mind. Your most valuable part overall is your soul. May God let us experience Her on Earth as in Heaven. We are in all places that love is, forever young, ever well, and with the best human qualities. Let me prosper with Dawn in Paradise, so we both care for each other and keep youth, friendship, touch, feelings, gametes, and climax (the sixth, erotic sensation). What a life you give me! Beautiful Dawn, I can feel you right here as you study my cardiac stamina. See me while your fingertips touch me. Have us be well for all of our Holidays. Please, God, let me dance with Dawn in your kind time. Bless all of hers.

Brainteaser, Dawn,

The outlet store sent Dawn and me a box wrapped in brown paper. We guessed correctly that it was the brain stimulator, expedited. Like two kids unwrapping a Christmas present, she and Leon made quick work of the packaging, finding within it electronics with leads like those of an EEG. We looked whimsically at each other, then rush to set up gentle, mutual stimulation of our nervous system with its naked bodies. With the electrodes affixed to essential areas on our scalps, we were ready to experiment. Turning on the machine, we lay down on our bed. The only remaining preparations were a prayer to seek and a button to push. Quickly, our erectile muscles became blood-swollen, engorging our pubes, and inciting the hereto unexperienced tingling on our way to electro-orgasm. From the smallest sperm to a woman’s wide womb, sex requires the six senses (the sixth, orgasmic love), the action of various erogenous zones, autonomic reflexes, and the mind’s dreams, fantasies, and imagination. We are dedicated to each other, as here we share sexual psyches and our whole bodies’ physical, mental, social, spiritual, and emotional health toward our climaxes. It is hard to tell where Dawn's self stops and Leon’s begins. Our consciousness appeared to float above us, where mutual e-teasing kept it suspended. All my emotions mix with all my sensations, much like an augmented rapture of desire. Dawn is sharing these passions, holding hands with me. Through telepathy I see her on the day she almost lost her virginity to me; I imagine her pliable hymen still guards her virtual virginity. Eight labia (our four facial and your four genital) vibrate, moistening our exploit and touching our hearts in common. The latter muscles kept pumping up our other shared organs of sexuality. This was not a mystery, for both of us worshiped the revelation of knowledge with joy. Strangely, though, my lingam had grown three-fold both lengthwise and in circumference, only to anchor in Dawn’s fulfilling yoni. Our brains anticipated what would happen beyond our inmost peak. I looked below me (or was that above me?) to spy this twerking twenty-something, a Madonna mistress exuding want. It was then that we, with wires attached, used our mechanical skills to unite our psychic selves. This was no ordinary intercourse, though, as we were still stuck to the sex box. Without much effort – but with full physicality – we slipped along as all creatures do at this finest realization of their lives. The electronics were going haywire although our nervous system brimmed comfortably with cerebral-spinal fluid and coital neurotransmitters. If we expand our pudenda any further, they might set multiple world records for the human sexual response! Finally, we united to the hilt, our lustful secretions (which had built up for the past month) ready to combine. Her arousal fluid had been so kind to me, even though we both went at each other with full intent. Our buffering montes pubis caromed their underlying bones like butting rams. I counted the seconds, awaiting the pulses which would incite our forbidden deed. We could hear our commerce squeaking with liquid onomatopoeia. Our frequency, driven not by the device but by our nature, approached 50 bounces per minute. How Leon lasted the next seven minutes, I will never know. Dawn’s reproductive system was dilated to the point of taking on all comers. I arched my spine, said a quick blessing, and with this final benediction, we followed Heaven’s lights. Dawn clenched while I drenched. Both biological and digital had their particular benefits, I thought, as I regained my breath and heartbeat. We sweated cooly as we made out, sticking to the other while the machine rested. I went down on her as a superhuman, pleasurable current oscillating from my tongue to her yonilinga. I welcomed that macroclitoris which now exceeded the size of her little toe. I knew what was next: more of her mucosal flow to douse my heated member. I could not decide whether to stopper the dam or widen it further. My brain said to keep on stimulating muscle, with the most marvelous outcome – like I would risk having a baby for it. I figure that the male reproductive system saves some sperm for supplemental sessions, thus my bristled manhood was pressed to yield its store. I looked down at Dawn’s pursed labia minora, ever kissing my shaft with her carnal flower petals. This insight caused me to wring out more elation and juice. Our brain stimulation had kept Dawn and me both satisfied and swelled. We were aware that too much repetition might chafe our genitalia, but Dawn’s ongoing lubrication had sustained frictionless fun as well as a viscous seal. We thought together that our brains needed not the bits and parts of sex anymore, just the waves that lift us to Shangri-la. Gray matter sponged electricity in our dreams that night. Our mutual mentality distributed sensual fluids, besting the longest lingam and deepest yoni, the most sensitive yonilinga, and the most responsive male frenulum. I don’t know if we will ever disconnect the contraption. If it worked so well on the brain, what about directly on the genitals? I took the main feed wires and delicately stuck them to Dawn’s and Leon’s perinea. I quickly clambered atop my mate, where I spent ecstatic hours incessantly taking our potential plunge, then backing out just as persistently. With concurrent current, our bodies’ orgasms replenished biofluids together. Our neuromuscular system turned on as every nerve activated, and all brawn throbbed. We were so thankful for this phenomenon that we disconnected the electronics and bowed as we lay down, both mouths taking in their mate’s sex organs. Dawn’s cheeks soothed my manhood as I fervently licked her violet introitus and its coordinating conduit. From then on, we saved the device for special times. Now, look at us, honey – when I am alone and counting the days for you, all I need do is virtually strip you while holding me tight so we can overachieve to our heart’s content. Can you see the frictionless semen gathered on your stomach where I released it by reversed EEG? With the memory of you – even without electronics – this spill would comprise so many ejaculations projecting into the dark recesses of your private passage, all thanks to our energized brains and charged coitus!

Bursting, Dawn,

I loved your presence today, Dawn. I could have spent hours with you on an elevator, kissing and hugging and talking romance. We should put a sign at its entrance, “Out of Order,” while we get tight. I guess you know more about mutual sex than I do, so I will leave the prelims to you. We drift with each other, dreaming of yoni reacting to the lingam, and conversely. Like a novice, I place my hand over your shirt, and then under it – you’re wanting a bra! (Know always that if I don’t get your flirting right away, I yelp “Eureka!” when I do.) My sensitive fingertips tweak your manipulable domes. I further your instincts all the while by clutching your wonderful orbs, responding with drops from those protein-producing sweat glands. Your expression was one of adoration and tenderness for me. We decided not to fool around at S.R., where you work and my mother died, though some residents may have found pleasure there. Sexuality does not stop at its doors. I offered you a ride home, nearer to S.R. than I thought. You asked me to wait but quickly reappeared. My mind raced in suspense. I wanted to explore not only your nourishing paps but also your dilating vagina. All parts intimate would generously insist their way onto our bed. I had found new energy while driving you home; my love muscle pushed out my pants as if I were a teenager. (Women at times glance down at my hard-on; are they just “checking me out”?) I kept my eyes on the road but also imagined your intimate bits under your clothes. How many accidents have occurred by “fondling while driving”? Before reaching my front door, we included in our foreplay recounting some of the 160-odd confessions I had written for you. I had wanted to read to you their primal acts while visiting at S.R., but even better, mentally performing them while anticipating us in my home. Dawn, remember stories of Heaven, blue sky, blue and pink pills, a train, the beach, a park, a trampoline, a goddess, Madam President, coeds, my shower, a lawn, dreaming, our plateau, dates, artwork, honor, a wedding, virginity, athletics, hugs, Kama Sutra, Diwali, Dawn, S.R., my girlfriend X., the big O., the V!, our heart, Ms. India, and many hundreds more scenes. Therein I have told you much about yourself, Dawn, but some things stay most prominent (e.g., playing “poke-her”). I look back, noting a line of clothes trailing us – shoes, socks, shirts, a belt, pants, a bra, briefs, and panties (which I demonstrated as a refreshing facemask). Dawn stands ahead, purring with unclothed excitement of body resonating like a human tremblor! The evening sun flashes over our features. Your multicolored flower is too recessed to get a tan, but it is both dark and royal. You were inspiring, my impassioned friend when you allowed me to view, feel, and taste your shadows; explore their blood-imbrued, pursed lips; and seek deep purple. Massaging there is my first reward to you for the feedback from my wild lingua. Most importantly, let us recall our courting through copulation. Sildenafil lets us reenact our completion. Humping each other finds our well-oiled parts slipping deeper into those unseen. Ahhh! Your genital tract swallows me whole. Now my manhood squirms with our every move until impatience prematurely triggers my entire ejaculatory system to throb and splash throughout your inviting vitals. My penis first filled your vagina, soon to focus on a growing spot of semen seen between your widened legs as they peed from your inner beauty. You kindly laugh at my extravagant male response. My busy seminal glands might require several essential days to build extra releases, but seeing my goddess Dawn as I worship her again produces the most promising pudding and puddling. When we find we are fond, we arouse to arise, and we lust to last.

Casual Dawn,

You have an eerie ability to call when you’re at your best. X. and I discussed her sister, had a snack, and watched television. On Monday, she helped me with my chubby cat, who seems to have a permanent upper respiratory infection. Thank you for calling me tonight (Wednesday). Of course, I was disappointed to have missed you this afternoon and wish I could have spent more time with you on the phone and at S.R. Thank you for your patience on our call; I just wished you had rung a couple of minutes later. God understands when our voices so smoothly and softly forget our cares, like nourishment between our lips. Of my 220 letters to you, do you have any favorites? Mine are fantastic ones (like of Heaven), most of which you may have read. Dance with me in our reality, where clothes see-through in the warm rain, and budding bodies secure skin one to another. I ask God for me to know you; would you ask Him for you to know me? I pray to Him to bless us both in a peak moment. When we divest our sheets there can be no doubt, that we move as God’s happiest creature. We keep each other perked while our juices of arousal gush from our drava. It is rewarding that women also have a pronounced yet hidden plaything, like your grand yonilinga, which is reputed to hold the entire amour of the cosmos. Share for us your beautiful tan face and breasts, and treat my tongue to your wetted lips. Never tire of our activities: making love and sleeping together; making love and sleeping together. My fingers build up your labial excitement, as your milking palm does my strange appendage. You know what having a penis is like since you virtually give birth to mine every time we mate! Although I am a vegetarian, I offer you my rare meat: snug, toasty, and bursting with savory flavor. You appreciate it standing on end – a venous, stuffed bratwurst. The first thrill into you is my urethra, an outlet ensuring maximum depth for our success; the crimson glans, hydrodynamic as it glides and burrows softly through your birth canal; the corona, a sensitive ring at the edge of the glans, which distributes our wonderful plasma; the tickly frenulum, what I call the “male clitoris,” to be plucked, skimmed and tugged on a perky erection; the shaft (which gets a lot of jokes about its size) – as with a sausage skin, it can stretch until it is semitransparent; and the bulb, widening your opening and tightening the penile skin like a masculine wedge. I believe what tells us most is the pleasure of Dawn, a woman whose details of femininity I often focus upon. Intercourse can be verbal, learned, social, visual, tactile, sensual, imagined, guttural, or reciprocally sexual – best of all, what we call love. Please invite your floating mammaries to join me in our hot tub. I long to relax with you and recall our day. You and I fantasize about the naked other when we climax alone, generating more squeezes to paint your face with my crème de la crème. Our retrospect arrives after the weekend. I search for our past hugs and wonder about encircling your waist or holding even a little below there. The small of your back was meant for my hand (until its hold strays readily downward as its grip slips and pulls your pelvis towards me). Being face-to-face, quick tugs to our rumps reveal to us expressions realized, and pubes fitted like a glove. You understand what lies under my jeans is made for you to uncover at your will. At home, in a moment and place of privacy, we relieve daily burdens accompanied by our recent experiences of jiggling, buxom tissue. Allow us to match mouths to your explicit, lascivious, and gleaming pearl of climax ride!

Cave, Dawn,

Dawn and I walked around my property and found a cave embedded at the base of an oak tree. Its opening was just big enough for us to fit in. I went to get a couple of flashlights. Exploring this tunnel was what being reborn must be like. Theseus had tied a skein of string to find his way back through the Labyrinth. Likewise, we followed a root from the surface and slid down the muddy walls. Soon enough we entered a large chamber decorated with stalactites and stalagmites. Dawn took fleeting evidence: a selfie with our discovery. Here was a profusion of erotic art, like that of historic India. The timeline of figures appeared to stop at the imposition of colonial rule and Christianity. We decided to reestablish the olden days and their sexualized gods adorning the temple. I shone my light on you and your oval Punjabi face, itself radiant. The shadows played with our skin; it was difficult to tell clothes apart from flesh. You commented that the bioluminescence there was just enough to highlight the statues. I looked up at the first goddess, a true likeness of you. She appeared to be making love to a Vedic male whose lingam would make a horse envious. There was magic in the air. We felt not just the potential of our cooperation, but our growing pride. Looking at you, now bare in the lantern light, I saw drool drip from your mouth and mucus glint from your shining conduit. Beneath your black pubic curls, I found a wild vulva and a ready vagina. We were mythological creatures, lusting to have out-of-this-world sex. Your willing womanhood (including a sizable clitoris) took thrice the time to lick – yet, you recounted, with three times the pleasure. Our meat was quite human, despite the swell. Now I was slobbering. I kissed your sly smile with the love you brought for us. My shaft first sought lingual fruition; your jaws were so agape, just managing to accept my growth and its semeniferous stream. Soon, my body jerked while your yoni groped me until we caved in – to total coitus. Dawn, we have gods, carnality, orality, yonilinga, yoni, lingam, pelaka, heart, brains, and Nirvana. You were a perfect yin to my yang. Well pleased, your aroused introitus had gasped wide open, tightened, and opened again, as my engaging muscle moved daringly throughout. The Indian gods had blessed us with licentious lust. With a consistently accomplishing sweet spot, your sensations and arousal fluid were now concentrated from those of all goddesses. My lingam kept rubbing your ruby until the sparkling effervescence of all the gods pulsed forth like a geyser. You continued to take me in as I mounted you time after lasting time. I kept playing my corona on your yoni ridges. Your womb inhaled me and spat out over a pint of my plasma, much pouring down the fathomless cavern to gods-know-where. Dazed and amazed, I kept overflowing ejaculate from your sizeable canal with maximal pleasure. It was then I noticed that our journey with mystical private parts was returning to normalcy, even as we became enchanted all the more. We started anew. Eager as ever, Dawn rolled me over, my penis burgeoning upward, only to douse her heated reproductive tract once more. With a great groan and spirited spine, I jettisoned like a jackhammer my warmblooded essence deep into you, Dawn, my love. It is bliss to tongue you from mons to the clitoris to the perineum and back, wherefrom your yoni eternally captivates my lingam – reaching fantastic, truly gratifying, and splashing pudendal spasms.

Celebrate Dawn,

A friend of mine asked a lovely lady to spend their lives together. We arrived to see her make an honest man of him. An Indian wedding would include garlands, gold, and saffron; a gift registry in the States would give a laundry list of appliances. Today’s ceremony was presided over by a Unitarian minister – anything was possible. As usual, the wedding was full of tears, vows, and comments on the bride’s beauty. The husband now took off his wife’s garter with his teeth, throwing it into the midst of the bachelors. The wife likewise tossed her bouquet over her shoulder to squeals of excitement and a female scrum. We had beaten everybody to the reception, selecting soft drinks and canapes. The maids of honor (neither maids nor honorable) were already scoping out single dudes, with interested responses. Attendees seemed to be mostly family and former lovers. The band started to play. I asked you to wait for a slow number after the bride and groom had their first dance. Following the initial round, we braved skin, cheek-to-cheek. I was surprised that I didn’t step on your feet. You took me away in your dreamy, soft, and tranquil clutch; your dress showed more cleavage than even that of the most eligible women there. I am proud when I see folks admiring you, my exotic partner. We danced the latest, and we danced it joyfully. (Dancing suggests for some to be simulated coitus.) I soon introduced you, my best friend Dawn, to the bride and groom, who were very gracious and welcoming. You calm me when it comes to formal introductions – as if you had already known my acquaintances! You whispered, asking when we could take off. Certainly, you could “take off” when we got back to our room. The hotel is nearby, but we decided to take a taxi to avoid the weather. (Rain is supposed to be good luck for a wedding.) Finally, we ran to our room where we could neck – and nuzzle body parts below there. We were unabashed in our misbehavior. Dawn, we could have kept it up all night, but by then I had truly risen. You removed your party dress, your lace bra, and panties. I followed bit by bit, removing my clothes with alacrity. One of my pleasure spots is my upper chest; you rubbed it as its blood flowed from your stimulating workout. In return, I osculated your perfect, teardrop breasts. All those debutantes had me hard. Understanding, you lay back on our bed, legs apart, and offered a safe harbor for my lighthouse. Think back on all types of marriages: love, sex, money, status, arranged, leisure, shotgun, religious, whim, or just folly – they were to validate sexual intimacy as “legal.” We would make love until the rising sun warmed our skin as well. We were so impassioned that we could not tell one of us from the other. We express our mutual attraction in many ways, like our worldly kindness and longtime relationship. I consider you first a married woman, and then like particular others, a subtly welcoming lady. If only all would judge you on the content of your character. I ask God to remove our stressors. He understands people with whom you share love, and such closeness leads you to real caring. You are superior in your regard for others, and to you, He bestows esteemed favor. Look at yourself the way I see you: spiritual, mysterious, desirable, dutiful, smart, tender, trustworthy, radiant, close, strong, and deserving.

Cell, Dawn,

You decided to play a practical joke on me, using a cell phone to tell what block of the city I was in. You were familiar with Victoria’s Secret in Bethesda. What I did not know was that you monitored me there when I told you that I was at the neighborhood Cheesecake Factory. When I came home, I saw an unaccustomed scowl on your face. Where and with whom had I been? Dawn, how do you turn a frown upside-down? From a shopping bag, I bestowed upon you three négligées, each more revealing and tempting than the former. You apologized for your suspicion, and to please me, you chose the third. When you came back into the room, my vision greatly improved. Your selection was almost transparent, what little fabric there was. The bustier not only pushed up your fruitful breasts but also accentuated your pronounced areolar hillocks. Look further, I insisted. These crotchless panties would give better access to your bountiful button: manually, aqueously, orally, vibrantly, or genitally. With your tasteful café au lait skin, I prefer the teeny yellow bikini. You walk around the house proudly, showing off your hard body. Guess what? I brought a bulging, blue bikini bottom – à la Speedo – for me to wear and for both to bare! These are called “intimates” because we share pillow talk and bonding (and rousing sex!) when shedding them. To further pursue culmination, we might recall some of our love letters. We have enough for a 300-page book, but why read so much about sex from our perspective? For us, and anybody with moderate sexual tastes, it stimulates fond memories, creativity, gleeful gifts, and fantasies of each other. We hump fabrics, lingam-on-yoni. The aqua of my Lycra now protrudes in the sunlight, and more so, your shining silk brief sandwiches promisingly below. Dawn of the first light, we close our eyes as we remove our skimpy costumes, ever so slowly. You graze by me with a skim of your hand, a master touch. Your skin emulates sandalwood; your cuneiform hints of pouting puce; your palms and soles (and the far reaches of our genitals) remain pink. I lick them all, even your heels. Let me knead and tongue your feet. I will tease your arches – sensitive to my kissing and handling. Both your yoni and “popsicle toes,” clean from our bath this morning, taste slightly of vinegar. You must promise that you will not let me stop. Please shuffle on my spine with your expert walk. On your back, hold your ankles, stretching them past your head with your knees unbent. I run a fingernail from the bottom of your feet to your groin; you almost howl and pant like you were my pet. Your whole body shook with passion when I parted your part. You shuddered so rapidly that my impending lingam spritzed continuous, thick extract atop your virtual linea alba, breaching your suntan. I hosed your birth canal incessantly with that viscous, whitish sugar water from my genital tract within. (We prepared for Kama Sutra’s “Congress of a Crow” position.) I love us, Dawn! These memories of you never cease to thrill me. Your future climax seeks me to plant my face on your anticipating, tremulous, and enclasping vulva, noting its smokiness, oil, parts, scent, tang, texture, exposure, suggestion, movement, and individuality. By this time, your brain and mine join natures in a very primitive, generative, sealed but dear place. We associate “to the limit,” covering each other with warm saliva while special muscles engorge with vital fluid, tender-to-turgid. Hydrodynamic forces waver through my gonads to your matching bits and back – rapt, and shuddering thoroughly. We thank God for the extended pleasures She gives us while we interrelate and elate.

Come hence, Dawn,

Today you worship. I wonder how you do so. There are many ways to God, and I suppose, many ways to Hindu practice. It is afternoon, and I am lonely. I understand you are out there and might be able to visit me. X. stayed the night with me. Know that I have spent the week thinking about you. We can celebrate your beauty with a thousand different faces. I need to view your expression – closely and personally. I need to embrace your body, before and after. Most of all, I need your consent to join us in many ways of play. I am bashful; it is your decision I await. I anticipate your kiss at my lintel, one so special it draws me to you. We have practiced many hugs over the years. We have found a knowing companionship together. I have witnessed your outstanding work ethic. What I need is a “tabula rasa” (clean slate) and a slow process to get the job done. We must find an appropriate time and place to complete our task. I was in the laundry room just now and thought of the billions of women who have comprised great works, from Asia to Europe to America. You are made not of rock, nor pigment on canvas, metal, clay, software, paper, plastic, or others. God, beyond any other artist, made you perfect. When we wrap as one, our skin clings with willingness. We animate as if we float in the air. Our eyes soon transfix, whose answer is inevitable: lovemaking. My heart seeks to be with you as your touch speeds its pace. One solution for us is a gentleness to your flower and its petals – those I stroke delicately while you gasp with dedicated breathing and a high-pitched “whee,” enjoying our climb in multifold ways. If only you let me, dear Dawn – we would succeed! We will want to repeat our actions. I would indeed be grateful for you to find your satisfaction on my bed. (My queen bed does not squeak like my twin.) What attributes are you most proud of? I would guess your family, brilliance, spirit, morals, caring, self, diligence (and me?). I am most proud of knowing you. Can one describe your physical form more easily than your marvelous mind? I understand that your physique is equal to your intellect. If I lick your introitus urgently, it will likely react with peaking pleasure and a taste of silver. Really! Your brain and nerves give complexity, like creating a masterpiece. Orgasm is simple yet profound: a reflex connected directly to the spinal cord, sensory and motor nerves, and brain. Sexual feeling evolved with God, being, humanity, and soul; it involves all sentient life on Earth. Dawn, you are my friend first. You are welcome at my house. Friends have worked for me in the past – nothing new. Most of all, I love you. You are in my personal, best class. Please say you will perform passion for me – prone, supine, kneeling, standing, or other various Kama Sutra calisthenic poses. If you were here, I would like to hold you barely. Dawn, when you finish your duties, please consider me. Your face is so close to mine I can sense its every intention. Thus, I know the full extent of you, a champion. I can also feel the glow of your body emanating onto me when we gird each other first clothed, then rumbling skintight. Our lips, having learned to suck from both necessity and joy, now instinctively enjoin us in nurturing bliss. I have saved the cleaning of my room for you, but in the meantime, I will see you on Wednesdays and Saturdays to volunteer at S.R. Let’s find exciting and unexplored times in our lives. The worldly result is ours – our interactive bond. I want to get lost in your undulating, mucosal kelp forest and expand my giant mollusk’s siphon for you.

Concerned Dawn,

We had a nervous phone call, but I know you care. If we ever lived together, you would still be a woman most kind and friendly. Please understand that when I first fell in love, I was madly passionate about C. I love X., but not so much in a manic way. L. and I had a sexual relationship; she knew all too well how to please me without going for a “home run.” God knows she got me batting them to deep right field (well over my shoulder, for instance). Later, there was the 25-year-old maiden, G., now 40. She appeared innocent until she fell in love with this virgin. Even jealous X. said I could have easily deflowered her. Yet, as much as I drew to G., she has a very serious mental illness and her Catholicism required her to wait until marriage. All this time you were in the background, hiding a blue diamond in the rough. Believe me, the first seven years you knew me (until age 44) I was celibate. My shower had known my climaxes since I was ten. I don’t know which is more surprising: a girl’s menarche, or a boy’s first ejaculation. I had often wondered what semen was really like. Do the math: ~ 365 days per year x 50 years x 10 milliliters per ejaculation = about 180 liters; a bathtub full! That’s a man for you. For relief, I would recall an attractive woman I had seen during the day. I really think the heart is a sex organ, and even more so, the brain. Have you ever had your body erotically fixated by your heart? You have a strong one; I hope you allow it wild romance. If not for society, we would have been mixing fluids the moment we saw each other. I appreciate civilization – it has protected you from assault and prevented me from making unwell babies. We are both strange to each other, yet in a wondrous way. This brings us back to the start – I know I love you, but I am afraid of interfering with your marriage and my girlfriend X., afraid of insulting you three, and afraid of my performance. In my mind are wonderful scenarios of us making love, my tongue giving your clitoris covering cunnilingus, you drawing my mucilaginous manhood into your soon-brimming nest, and us alternating seriously with bonded, recurring life force. You have awesome anatomy. After a loving and flowing exchange, we can sleep fast, and then take a walk in the gardens and forests on this warm, sunny day. We can drive to the mountains and look down on God’s valleys. Otherwise, we can bicycle near the dunes of the Atlantic Ocean. If you like museums, there are plenty of free ones at the National Mall. We share a deep breath, a lasting embrace, and a prayer that we will always appreciate each other. If we argue, make-up sex is the best, as X. says. I will gladly manipulate your skin to crawl (that of your inviting, staring haloes, bumping mons, and insisting inner thighs!). You bask in your happiness because such work is a pleasurable duty. You deserve to have folks attend to you, a self-made woman, especially by those who genuinely love you. Let our longing last. I do my best for you with an occasional gift (your birthday is coming up) – but not necessarily material. I am glad to find what I believe you wish, what you like, and what turns you on. Try out the Lelo Sona, which the scientist in me determines the best companion for a woman “alone.” Peace to Dawn!

Covered, Dawn,

Whenever we see each other, we are clothed. (I consider our publicly shown bodies here.) At first glance, we do not see each other nude, except perhaps in our dreams. Thus, what we do show upon meeting attracts each other more subtly than if we were nude. Your face, Dawn, is quite lovely, representative of your region in India. Its expressions are lively, and as I have mentioned before, honest and attractive. When you have a doubt, it is well considered. You deal ably with stress: with your job, you must. You love your family, helping them survive through your unselfish deeds. You also mind many elders, some from families who avoid their responsibilities. You reach out as a person who invigorates the old folks. With your hair down, you could catch any good man on our planet. You have practical, moral, and intellectual knowledge – including caregiving (far beyond the experience of most Americans). You soothe the infirm, who adore your voice; it has reassured many. Your skin beckons me to contact you entirely. (You must be an excellent kisser in private!) In many ways, you are perfect. I will show my gratitude to you by stroking your hair, blowing your nose, kissing your eyelids, licking your ears, massaging your skull, pressing your temples, or tasting your tongue until your thirst for more. When our lips slip, we slide too – squeeze me more juice, Dawn! “The eyes are the windows to the soul” (and are viewers into our internal, interacting, imaging brains, the optimal sex organs!). Your neck becomes sensual, a swivel connecting the mental to the physical. I steal a smooch from your collar. For now, I’d be satisfied with a prolonged Indian kiss. Your face blushes and your eyes gleam when I talk passionately to you. Society takes for granted women acknowledging, yet covering their breasts. Men find the bounce of well-endowed women quite alluring, as they do the promise of nipples when she suggests them from under a skimpy top. Your womanly, shapely bottom, rocking in tight pants, is spellbinding to this man. A tiny bikini is acceptable while at the beach, pool, or while washing one’s car. (Have you ever worn a bikini in public?) Sometimes such a bathing suit has the benefit to the curious of showing off a wedge of labia. When we first met, we shook hands, letting our guard down. The fingertips are among the most sensitive body parts, both in giving and receiving sensation. Touching is largely personal; it can dissolve barriers to privacy once two people get to know one another. If I were to cuddle a woman like you, I must know her well. Was it you who wore sandals to work, your feet professionally pedicured and so receptive to petting? You and S. showed your skills and strength when cleaning and rearranging my room. I feel very comfortable in there now, as if you redesigned it. Have you studied “Feng Shui”? It is the Chinese art of harmonizing one’s environment. You must try out how pleasing my mattress is. I truly loved your being here; you have very positive energy. Please care for your back – it is essential for all your families and a deserving fixation for my massaging hands. Your work (which you seem unable to stop) is quality altogether. Mostly, I love you. This email was written “while clothed,” to reassure you that cloth is just artificial skin. When you go to India, you come back with a darker shade of sweet brown sugar. The phone, snail mail, email, text, Skype, Zoom, and more (which S. knows of) are potentially very amicable ways for us to communicate. Keep closely in touch, Dawn.

Cozy Dawn,

God smiles upon our friendship. At S.R. today I was glad to help with and talk to many of the residents, as well as to play Bingo. Did the folks all survive their colds? Teresa is getting more like a gnarled tree of life. When we pass out treats for Bingo, we need to take diabetes more into account. Thank you for my cocoa snack. If your contrasting targets and their projectiles were made of chocolate, I would salivate, melting them with every slurp. I am happy that you got my bill and the Fandango card. (I wish I could take you home and let you do all you want with me.) Our sheets are clean and waiting for us. Your easy frame gives purpose and reward to my grasp. The best part of our embrace is your fabulous flesh, which I foresee cozy for many years. I would be glad (if you became single someday) to impel you until our muscles completed their party of one-on-one burrowing. You are tempting and youthful. Try wearing nude cosmetics, or only your beautiful curves! I looked at your face today; it was so pretty that I trembled but wanted greatly to converse with you. You mentioned that you would call me soon. Your voice is so dignified, yet lighthearted. I would be proud to go out with you. You are not obliged; merely let me take you to a place to talk and eat well. My fantasies of you flourish at home. Of course, you are welcome there. What do you think of our connection, Dawn? I don’t know how long I will need to wait. Of course, I can take care of the libido myself, yet I do much prefer your relief. When you read this (if you read this) arrive in your car, race through my front door, call out to me, take off your clothes while running, jump onto our mattress, then tastefully spread eagle at the bed’s edge. Finally, we could enliven ourselves by trading physical and emotional relations in our seclusion. Our parts stir in harmony; we will explore their untold transformations. I am stirred to catch eyes with you unashamedly, talk together by ourselves for hours, and “think away” any apparel separating us. These are the moments when we both feel peace, if only we could maintain our hold throughout the nights! At my place we – two together – virtually strip, each lip responding to another, your developed nipples prompting my pectorals, and your kind hand guiding to provoke my manhood into your sensual womanhood. Your tan body is perfect for me. I ask God to mate us, curious about our every exterior feature, so I scan and skim over your chesty eyespots of melanin. Your paired succulence moves with tongues searching – first drawn in by mouths spilling spit down your cleavage, only to be lapped up by me in dedicated debauchery. I am amazed at how your feminine garments show just enough to tempt a wandering eye. You had already found me exploring down your neck, whose flesh presages your mammillary glands. Your wine-dark minora shine, one more scintillation of your entire striptease. You decide to suction briskly my flush organ, inflating its tissue further onward and upward. I combine your lead with a manic 69 – as if we were snakes devouring each other’s tails. You demonstrate sex patiently, with sensitive hands, accompanying your suggestive seduction and practiced techniques. Right away, I touched a sweet spot, making you snort – surprising, but timed to our performance. I managed to pacify you by opening over-the-top, voluminous, and soothing ejaculations. I looked at the center where I had burrowed myself, now trailing a bridge of semen and arousal fluid between us. Whether or not you had yet jumped into Nirvana, I would make sure of your deliverance. (The appearance of the vulva must have been a provocative archetype throughout human evolution.) Even with my eyes closed and your steady groan, I quickly brought your pudenda to a heightened state, which my spilling phallus acknowledged soon after. Your “kitty” effused a scent that I would call a human pheromone, perhaps familiar from the womb. I slurped your introitus again, at first tense but in a short time letting out a long, satisfied breath and a series of rapid pants. Handily, you caught my finger to develop and envelop hunger for my muscle. After whispering whether I might insert myself once more, both of us found tender agreement. I mapped out your vagina as my penis probed its rugae, its walls and folds, its sphincter, and the titillating “portio vaginalis” (where the vagina’s terminus meets the cervix). I felt your yoni surrounding my massive bloodworm as if they had molded each other. This included the desire to continue with many endearing positions, which took hold of our bodies from footprints to parted hair. You clung to me while my hips shoved relentlessly; where reflexing bodies affirmed together; then retracted on and on with a sloppy vacuum. God knows how long we lasted before we almost fainted from conjoined consummation. We kissed until drifting into sleep, spending the rest of the night as pillows for each other.

Crush, Dawn,

I see you on a Saturday in my playroom. You solicit my romance, bend my ribs, and vow your devotion. I have waited so long for you, a woman who could squirt the syrupy sap from my shagbark. You had set on my desk a sweet spot that I do sugar my drink with, honey for which this man would certainly race around that table. Relating to our date, your loose khakis come off so freely behind the bathroom door. You can tell by my swell that I will be faithful to you throughout the night. When you reappear, you wear a lovely purple sari, which I hold closely but delicately in my embrace. Your drape is a colorful prelude to our evening. Tell me more about the temple you visited in Charlottesville. No doubt, your visit beautified the city, a recent victim of viciousness. I pray its appeal continues to serve the Hindu community. You are an example of the best whom India has sent us – a flow of womanhood blessed to men. Tonight, Dawn, you and I will occupy the Washington Nationals suite behind home plate at the last regular-season game. We behave respectfully, not drinking alcohol but before long reveling in our score. Let us just say that Washington held on handily, as did our grasp that nightfall. Dawn was worth every Benjamin Franklin it cost. We were very eager to make it back to my house, and once we arrived, we had a spotless room to greet us. I calmly removed Dawn’s sari and placed it with care in the clothes closet. It glided like silk, as my underlying boxers did. I inhaled deeply upon seeing Dawn adorned in a satin, revealing bikini, and dreamed of her skin’s exposé. Off went my pants, whose bold captive had organized the escape. You teased briefly your best, playing with your bra and panties until they practically sprang with the intensity of your delicacies. I am overly happy to see a real Indian woman au naturel. Her classical, golden breasts jutted forwardly. A tangle of frizzy black pubic hair showed atop a picturesque mound, where her violet triangle showed off its nature. My petting and pleasuring your paps (of raw, yet wild honey pigmentation) oiled your female reproductive tract. Please forgive me, Dawn; I would be so enraptured to taste your promising pudenda. I parted your labia with my tongue, revealing rhubarb redness and flavor. You raised open your legs, revealing completely the environs of the clitoris, the seat of a woman’s passion. I went wild over this “pinky” yonilinga – your compact yet generous member sans urethra and seminal ejaculation. I nipped its foreskin and nursed its unusually obvious glans and shaft. After climbing atop you, my heart gave thanks for your vagina’s reception. My penis reached an inmost cervical kiss, never to lose your outstanding attraction. Despite your yoni showing luscious lubrication, it lurched upon my lingam, urging my whole body forward while releasing a stifled shout in anticipation. My organ throbbed yet, expressed by able vessels and repetitive banging at its bulb (just above my scrotum). All this time, you enhanced your comeliness and my properly proud penis, sweating like a true athlete. What your face can tell, and your body as well! Every sensory network played off another. Hearing, sight, smell, touch, taste – and all perceptions from inside to out – lengthened our climax to leap with feral contractions. Your yoni, face, and legs hold onto me “Indian style,” as I clasp onto you with my arms, hands, and weight. Matching mouths suctioned, drawing each other further with every greater inhalation. Dawn, I cannot let go of you – no matter our fever, despite your possession, considering your wetness, how late it gets, the dreams we conceive, what the new day brings, or our efflux of love. May your body lotion, bath bombs, water heater, handheld showerhead, waterproof female kissing vibrator, and washcloths last smoothly and comfortably.

Cure Dawn,

After my psychotic break in the Ivy League, I was ordered to the George Washington University Hospital, where I had been born. The psych unit was inviting, with mostly young people and kind staff. One of the assistants was named Dawn, to whom I soon warmed up. She showed great concern for me, and we spent many hours talking; not just about me, but also about her life in India. She had become a U.S. citizen, then joined the Navy in part because of the educational benefits, here taking a semester at GWU. I loved the way she looked and spoke – including a melliferous accent, like none other in my life. We had group therapy with two seductive 15-year-olds, of whom I fantasized yet physically kept my distance. There were personable, but typically aloof psychiatrists. An orderly molested one of the girls on the elevator. She had a history of incest and was vulnerable. (Years later she would feature in my best wet dream of all!) We got off-unit privileges by exercising responsibility. A woman my age was pregnant; like the staff, she wanted me to be more forward with my issues. (She divulged that her father had raped her many years before, telling her it must feel “good.”) After she had the baby, she developed postpartum psychosis. All she wanted was a Coca-Cola, which I got for her, disobeying an order that she must not have privileges until she participated in the community. I lost my privileges in turn for two weeks. Later, one evening when I had not seen Dawn around, I decided to wash up. I approached the bathroom door, knocked, and announced myself. Getting no answer, I opened the door, and there faced my good friend Dawn, completely naked! In less than a second, her arms covered her carnal areas, but my eyes had already scanned her. I quickly shut the door, my brain (and lingam) lusting at what I had seen – the first, friendly, naked female of my age. Soon Dawn, now clothed and with toweled hair, apologized. My manners were lacking; it was the boy who had interrupted the woman. After the incident, conversations between Dawn and me became more personal: about the body, emotions (to which I had not been accustomed), and occasional touches. At the time, I occupied a room by myself. She and I sat on the bed that night when she hugged me and gave me delicious, juicy kisses. We tested our mouths – every crevice and fleshy membrane. My mind linked to the rest of her body, and despite my medication, I achieved a full, firm erection. You whispered that I was hard – obviously, since now your hand was under my pajamas! The lights were off on the ward; you had asked (unbeknownst to me) the rest of the staff to allow you to be my sexual surrogate. One of my issues was my virginity; I felt that approaching sex was shameful. You asked me if I would like to grope your vagina. I found myself with one hand on your pubes, the other on a breast, and my mouth inhaling your neck. I must have done something right since you led both of us – now without a stitch – into my private bathroom. You took my once-shy organ and sucked out a slipstream. My muscle refused to droop, so I strived, swimming in your comfort. Being back on the bed, this locksmith stole your chastity and plundered your deep treasure. Once I got the knack of it, we undulated like ocean waves. I held you, my dream, as heartbeats turned into an all-nighter, and our devoted, secret releases secured us ever together.

Cycling in time, Dawn,

All the nubile women in my office seemed to have their periods synchronized. Even those whom I had dated before turned me down today. I will remember to take my Viagra not before but after a positive response this next week. I went out to my car thinking that I would have to masturbate for relief when I got home. Self-satisfaction with a vibrator can either fail, relax, or spurt stored serum (like blood from a severed artery) for many moans. I need a girlfriend who will let me in for a mutual thrill lasting multifold minutes, culminating with her instinctive squeezes to impel our protoplasm. After driving a few blocks while neglecting my growing penis, I noticed a pedaler in the bicycle lane. She appeared well-built, with one feature especially attractive: her adipose bottom was making love to her bike seat. I had never seen such flexible, though athletic buttocks in my life, although one look at her face exposed a virginal, albeit adult countenance. I also noticed her bike tire was losing air; so, rolling down the window, the gentleman in me asked her if I could help her in any way. She took a long look, and sizing me up asked whether I could take her and her mountain bike to her house. I lifted her cycle into the back while offering the passenger seat to her. She was set for the summer weather: short jeans, and a tee shirt exuding a sweaty perfume (busty but no bra in sight). Her aphrodisiacal scent and sights stretched my jockeys in anticipation. I had forgotten that I had taken the blue pill, now driving our conversation as if we were longtime familiars. She suggested we go to the nearby park to “take a walk.” Before I knew it, we had decelerated into a parking space, racing with our “sparking pace.” We locked her bicycle inside my sedan and took off down the trail to a most private spot. There was a sea of saplings all about three feet high. She led me down their hill, encouraging me to sit. It was then I noticed that the plant leaves made a ceiling that no one could see through. She mentioned that I should know her name, Dawn, and I responded in turn that I was Leon. Introductions aside, she lay me down on the soft ground, planting me under her. I was so enamored with our smacking, I lost track of time. We topped off each other’s mouths, first with searching lips, then with irresistible taste buds, and last with all other tender and suctioning oral mucosa. My hands fell to her breasts, raised her top, and palpably gripped her great areolar circles, colored and sized like the most attractive tuppence. I repeated my tactics as she guided my fingers to agree with hers. The more I fondled their melanin, the bigger and more succulent they became. We made a pact to strip off our pants in tandem. By then we shone from face to thighs, ready to take on and in each other. But wait! What of our third party, Mr. P.? He had been standing, waiting patiently for the past hour; now his mate’s delicate grip gladly coasted over him from her throne on his crown. His character glowed like the setting sun, awaiting Dawn’s sociable shade. Leon osculated her entire skin – down her neck to her pacifiers to her mons veneris to her mysterious thighs. Next, he arrived at her now-legendary clitoris, sampling on his way her arousal fluid which condensed so copiously. He had found himself enjoying her warmth completely, sans clothes, so he decided to convince his companion further by his lingua franca whirling her vulva. The effects of this move were making both partners not only more impassioned but also changing genitals from violet-gray to sanguine. My mission was to bring Dawn to unexplored heights, which we appreciated while her legs obliged to wrap around my head. I was concerned that a hiker might hear you moaning, but what they probably heard was an amorous animal’s mating call. Dawn’s diaphragm heaved up and down as her heart pumped hemoglobin past her lungs, in turn supplying oxygen-rich blood to her erogenous zones. Dawn looked at Leon as they again harmonized eye to eye. She tenderly cupped his testicles, then tugged his tailbone to her, urging his streamlined phallus, once impatient to rush his ejaculate into her yoni. Instantly, it was my time to feel the God-given desire of lust. In and out, some say, but for us, a life-affirming event. The risk of making a baby made the act even more exciting. Reading my concern, she whispered that she was on the Pill. There I wanted my vital fluid – bubbling as if carbonated – to seethe beyond her vagina, thicken in her uterus, and wash throughout her Fallopian tubes. Although her hollow had swelled greatly during our coupling, my column filled that tunnel, then swiftly backed out like a pump primed, only to meet her out-of-sight softness once more. Eventually, we both braced for the coming disgorgement. I was one with her when we had passed the point of no return. It was as if her pudenda had swallowed mine – fate making my jets complete, spilling innumerable quantities of DNA, captivating as only our summer romance would know. Dawn accepted these undulations of pyar shooting throughout her like silvery spirits of life. She continued by pleasuring her womanly self among the growing flora, blessing both our biological imperative and awaiting the next peak of our relationship.

Dance, Dawn?

I have been hypomanic for the last few months, but after taking my medicine, I am more in love with you than ever. Don’t let the job wear you down; you deserve to be proud, as I prize you. I wonder whether I will ever make love to you on this Earth. There are many tempting women, but you vie for number one.

We go to a party only to find the usual stoners, rednecks, jocks, and preppies. You glance at me, with body signaling as if to say, “Let’s escape.” We give our cursory goodbyes and I lead you out by the waist. The Moon is full, a “Supermoon.” I can see your dazzling grin; I ask, “What?’ and you say, “Just wait.” We walk down the street shaded by trees. When you pulled off your sweater, I spoke “Are you hot?” You replied, “You might say so.” Being a feckless virgin, I was guessing anything but the obvious. We moved into a densely wooded area. Before I turned around, you had removed your shirt and were working on your bra. Now the moonlight projected upon your promising mouthfuls of nipples and widened bull’s eyes as you lowered your jeans. With this bodily consent, I followed your lead, discarding my pants in front of you. “Allow me to nurse your bronze breasts, so I might pleasure us,” I mumbled. Now it was my turn to uncover the bulge. Who would blink first – who would not? I bent down in supplication to your fond-thing-found-under-string-thong. I could not help but keep licking; your wonderful taste invited me. I called out “Dawn!” and pointed to a neighbor’s trampoline. We gathered our clothes into a common pile, and I gave you a leg up (with an adoring spank). You lay in the middle of our action, softly springing, inviting me. I looked at you; so natural, on your back with your thighs folded aside your ribs, and your enticing groove glinting. I covered you, skin-to-skin, and as we drew together asked, “Do you love me, Dawn?” “Oooh yes!” was your fevered reply. Puffing profusely, you implored “Do me!” having deferred your own needs. I never knew I could grow so big, and your labia so tight. Every time I backed up, my corona skimmed your rugae with a steady plunge to follow. I wanted; yea, I needed to give you my virtue, bumping your bottom incessantly. I knelt with my hands atop your pectorals, pursuing my ejaculations far into your vagina. You asked me to blend osculation and cunnilingus again. “Can you find my clitoris?” you smiled. “Say ‘ahhh’ when I’ve got it right” I played. I had been a virgin exploring the sexual focus of so many peoples, religions, cultures, and erotica throughout history. I welcome your spirit, self, and flesh. We will meet here again for more love, joy, peace, happiness, and light. I feel my whole nervous system connected to your endless sensory network, perceptions and motivations, hearts’ compassion, and gonads’ eroticism. Thus I had extensively sensed stimuli that foreshadowed many experiences about our acts to be. Dawn, by fusing our flesh, we became one entity having a singular atman. We have the same godliness, passions, caring, desires, reflexes, thoughts, thirsts, wants, needs, worship, friendship – and unlimited imagination.

Daring Dawn,

I am sorry we did not get to talk for long yesterday. At least we did decide to meet at S.R. tomorrow. I am so very thankful (even between my confusion about your tasks and setting up Bingo) that you still have the calm to allow huggable touches upon your frontal, most comforting cushions. You wear your confident smile proudly because you are a veteran, an expert, and because people’s lives depend on you. If you are drowsing when you read this, let me say that your bedfellow is most pleased, and he is the most privileged man on this planet. I envision you and me resting together someday, happy and snug. What God has in store, we do not know, but He knows the desire of my reaching for you and you back. I consider your shaven shag, for whose thrill I have the strength to lift you until my knees shake. This vision nears reality when I regard us reveling nakedly in such a vital way. I wish to kiss you from your scalp to your arches and in between – wherever you want. X. says that her gynecologist advises against women taking tub baths, yet I would much like to view you there in your entire splendor. L. told me that making love in the tub is awkward. There, our one pair of legs might slip in the shower. To picture us “oozing life” builds up to a pleasurable climax, though. Whether I excitedly shower, slip the grip, or vibrate dryly, you are the peak of my week. Study those fated to seduction: the mythological Sisyphus, Tantalus, and Midas. Who wouldn’t want lasting sex? You may have had poison ivy, which, the more it itched for relief, the worse you tore your skin. (Amphetamines can cause a similar, sexual obsession.) Repair yourself with a soothing rub and apply your fill of my rash cream. Our phalli both burgeon before we burst. My mere suggestion of an hours-long lickety-split (“tongue in groove”) will become reality if you join me in my bed. I wait so eagerly to fit my lips to your gap, to handle your pelvic floor muscles, to engage my lingua with your conspicuous yonilinga, to share oral mucosae with engulfing flesh, to muffle my mouth’s shout upon your swelling vulva, and to experience your entirety trembling from your lady bits inward – for the entire afternoon! My hands feel your glands swelling – so supple yet shivering – with fresh, firm, eminent, tactile buds. Your lungs have been chugging like a steam train since we began, and your pudendal arteries thump with your heart. I catch your oral aroma of sex, smelling much the same as the mucus I savor from your vagina. Down here, I talk to you through telepathic empathy and cardiopulmonary signals. I am your willing mate, and your climaxes are my duty. Your humanity thrills me as if you were an angel (which you are). Your pristine example is such that I will keep grinding out your lustful needs. I dig for your upstanding sprout, where my taster roots out her reveled, ruffled hood and undeniable head. Woman of the world, unite with me. Please sit, lotus position, on my thighs while I wonder at your supreme gifts from God. The blue pill prompts me to slither down your cave, climb back up, and spelunk inside again. You seize my heart, enthralling through it our unified joy. Your glutes lead your labial muscles when projecting backward from under your spine. Ready for each stroke of my lingam, it foretells fantastic fornication through that elastic, ecstatic opening. Your face beams as you wring every last sizable, seminal squirt out of me – you rocked me until I petered out! I give you a surprise box holding a sonic vibrator – an engorgement gift!

Dawn Darling

Dawnlight, do you stay up late?

You work around the clock

We should set our summer date

So we can share sweet talk.

I think about your slender pose

How we would fit united

Underneath those proper clothes

Bares a lady I invited.

Dawnlight, would you share my pad

Where few have lounged before?

We’ll find the thrills we never had

And dance around the floor.

Every crevasse tells a tale

You’re so smooth and lithe

Show me how to please this male

For you to make me blithe.

Mouth-to-mouth, we animate,

Give me a healthy fever

May we match to intimate

Your muscle for my cleaver?

Give your best, the sweet bell rung

Hear my appealing woo

Two unique in love well-sprung

Enjoying pet taboo.

Plush Dawn – after Diwali, a Blessed Thanksgiving!

Your call quickens comely kiss

That keeps me close to crazy

Our lavish lickings never miss

And leave us lovers lazy.

Dawn Angel

As you amble toward me

I enjoy your moves –

A singular devotee

Whose prophecy improves.

To back you up so full

I’d surely kiss your lips

Your finest-handled wool

Exposed in private scripts.

I adore your body

Your hand atop my skin

Please rest upon my gaddi

While Kitty calms within.

Keep me, native beauty

Observe our loving bed

You call for manly booty

And I, your maidenhead.

God doth love you for yourself

Our Heaven’s bliss, you know

Dawnlight charms, and keeps herself

An angel all aglow.

Dawn, when we are intermixed

We save our closest dance

Eyes uniting two transfixed

Shown in a mindful trance.

Dawn is Love

Dawn tells in her native tongue

She loves me overall

At fifty-five, she still looks young

And aces volleyball.

Girls looking beautiful

Likely lose to her

Dawn, my daily dutiful

Nighttime connoisseur.

Dawn herself doth mean respect

Serving honored dishes

She herself is quite select

When whipping up my wishes.

My eyes investigate her skin

With nervous, growing parts

Sweaty bits without, within

Like lifted, nibbled hearts.

Dawnlight always airs admired

Her spirit, perfect pure

Together partnership required

She be my healing cure.

If there ever was a lady,

To match Dawn’s dazed desires

We would rest in gardens shady

And share what love aspires.

Dawning Dawn,

With the time we spend essentially connecting, what could we do with an actual home visit? How do you feel about our touch? You make me younger, waiting all week to see you as I build up my male potency. You sense us spring whereupon we touch each other. You are married, but I am intensely attracted to you. When we meet, I love talking to you but may interfere with your work. I carry God in my heart; you are there too. Consider several years of an affair, our bodies yoked together, as we gave ourselves the most special attention. Know your husband loves you beyond my ken. I see your vows of sickness and health marrying you to his needs. You were good to him when he was a cardiac patient, with a broken leg, when he sliced his fingers, hurt his spine, and experienced dementia. You are his wife and mender. If you become an administrator at S.R., you would get less work done for him and the residents you love. Call nursing homes around the area to find out how much they pay their veteran recreation workers. You are entitled to be angry about where Human Resources fails. As I say, explore your rights and S.R.’s expectations. The sooner you actualize your true value, the better chance you have for a raise. (“Bless those who curse you” – Jesus.) Despite its financial situation, your family has Dawn, and additionally, S. I ask my heart: why did I find her so late? I speak from within: God loves us and allows us to share each other’s embrace, virtual or real. Do you, when showering, have fingers cleaving God’s untamed gift, approaching your womanly, steamy transcendence? Have you ever comforted yourself, having a hand moving busily upon your pressure point, finally shuddering upon accomplishing us, with my lofty likeness soothing you right here and now? Have you serenaded me with climactic cries while you were alone with our memory? I dream that when you read this, your lap tingles with blood. I look at your face, Dawn, and I see a sweetheart wholly fulfilled from our meeting. If I were ever to live with you, I pray that I would respect your affections and that our union enjoys the greatest pleasures of our lives. I want us to mate and thank God for many blissful culminations of our passion. Lie flat on your back, or lay your cowgirl saddle down on my bronco. We watch the gradual coalescing of my daring with your guidance. The act brands itself upon our sensual memories. What better way to work out our daily tension than both to stretch and ease? A chance first gaze at our private zones will relive and incorporate past erotic experiences. Clear our calendar, Dawn; let’s find ourselves every day and night. We are so impulsive that we copulate to the point of our brains “gonging” and “whiting out” – a true ring and clean slate for our recycling love. You wonder what we would do when not fooling around. You and I could tour the mountains, to the ocean and back. We would keep our jobs but with a more relaxed schedule. We will maintain our homes and cars. Introduce me to your meditations, and I will acquaint you with my philosophy. We could entertain ourselves with music and sex, art and academics, psyche, and physics – but as a good parent, you would love S. the most.

Dear rising Dawn,

I shared a cozy hug with you today; are there more where that came from?  I hadn't shaved for days but Bingo brought me, hibernating, back from inactivity.  As usual, you were beautiful, but missing some sleep.  I kept on trying to get a view of you.  You are a very admirable woman to me.  Here I use my vision to construct a picture of you.  Hence, I will see you around the clock.  That reminds me of an old rock-n-roll song.  (“Rocking” in modern movement arises before or during intimacy.) I first got into dancing with L., and then X.  Even so, dancing is a rare event for me.  You dance subtly when you walk.  I keep admiring your strength, a cross between physical endurance and emotional tolerance.  Today, I felt drained and realized I could not keep up with you.  Godspeed to you.  I hope it will not snow this weekend, but if it does, please send a heartfelt, brief email to me.  Write about anything you might like; I will appreciate your story.  Make it about us outside of S.R.  Your current job fits you like a hand in a glove.  (If only you were provided with well-deserved fancy, silk gloves!)  When you cry I will kiss your tears. Think of the days of summer sweat.  I hope to perspire along with you.  What non-alcoholic, decaffeinated beverages do you like? Tea? We can share some.  Do you remember my writing "You are love"?  I should say, "We are love."  Most people pass each other on the street, but we found one another in a common community over many years of our kindnesses and attraction to the deprived and each other.  Look in the mirror and see me next to you.  You’re not feeling an earthquake, but my tremors for you!  You may be too modest to show your midriff, but your upper cleft is both wholesome and awesome. I have learned to respect that which you decide to show, yet where my hand slips one day. Exercise our freedom as much and closely as possible. Here a snowy boy and a sunny woman can commingle. Do you remember the last time you overflowed with pleasure? May you and your spouse revisit the miracle of past love! I pray for you to receive the rewards your family has earned over these decades. You three deserve many wonderful returns. Let's support each other despite the sorry State of the Union. One thing I hope we would not have to bear for another day is the undeserving Mr. Rump, king of the mole rats.  Our founding fathers could hardly have predicted but would have immediately impeached him.  I’ve loved you through all our times together. I honor your presence, here and now. I want you to know that you are worthy of all the positive feedback you have earned and will enjoy. See our nature inside you as I do. There are almost as many situations of everyday pleasure that we can explore as there are fantastically romantic ones. Love, Leon

Dear Dawn, 12-27-16, Miracle Worker,

Nobody has ever told me how they felt about me as you did tonight. You do love me, even with my delusions! I have resolved to respect you highly, in public and private. It amazes me what a good person you are to me, despite my obsessiveness. I do not exaggerate when I say you are my friend in God. I must tell you again what a miracle you are, whom you represent, and how you embody His Spirit. At times I sexualize our relationship, yet you are brave and righteous enough to speak out and correct me when needed. You have increased my regard for you as you understand my needs and set boundaries for my behavior. Again, as a human you excel, going far to protect me. If I am ashamed, you may have saved me from worse. When I fell in love at DCU, I soon ogled others, laughed hysterically, and touched a woman on the thigh. As I sat in my dormitory, manic with my eyes shut, a very big basketball player struck me square in the nose. While my blood flowed, he said “Do you understand?” a question whose answer has evaded me since. Capable doctors realized I must be taken to St. Elizabeth’s Hospital, where they treated me well. I have been shy around women since then. Thank God for kind people like you, who know and live the meaning of dignity. Although I had been a victim of sexual abuse, I have never molested or raped anyone. I listened to those who have had such experiences; for instance, the elderly in need of resolving their childhood issues over such mistreatment. I find you fascinating for our affinity with desire, your guidance of desperate ones, your fresh affection, your truly sincere friendship, your leadership in society, and your warm, tough support. I will relate to you my experience of God’s love and ask His grace for both of us (with me requiring much forgiveness). With warmth, Leon.

Dear Dawn, 12-31-16, of Love,

I enjoyed the residents this afternoon; learning their names, their abilities, their likes, and their stories. Some things remain the same after 21 years. You were so kind to me, and seeing K. was great. It seems that everything (me too) we see there has been touched and cared for by you. You are a real dream, and I am sure the elders appreciate you every day. You and K. make me relax in our home away from home. The seniors love you, which I certainly understand. Your hugs flow into my heart and make me happy that I might see you next Wednesday. You must have a beneficial influence on the folks, considering their calm demeanor in such an environment. In the time you spend there, how many other staff do you see working hard? We visitors, volunteers, and residents thank you for the Holiday party; you were very giving, enough to last well into the New Year. I enjoyed working next to you. Maybe someday we will invent a better environment for our elders. As it is, you are holding the world upon your shoulders. Our hug was as if we merged into one another, joining as the only person on Earth. I hope you experience reward when the day is over – when you begin devoting yourself to your conjugal family. Remember us today, and pray we see each other for many Holidays to come. I will imagine you when we are just one fantasy away from the other. I welcome your having a need I can help meet or giving me a generous embrace. Dawn; teach me how best to serve you. You have given me a true celebration of yourself! Leon

Dear Dawn, 1-1-17, best gifts,

I anticipate a very good New Year for you and your family. I hope it is a secure one. I just finished hanging up your beautiful shirts. They remind me of you – soft, close, and warm. You know about so many things even I do not. I learn from you, a great teacher. The cats usually sleep on my bed, but not at laundry time. For most of the week, they rest on my electric blanket, which is cozy even to sit on. How is this day for you? Did you treat yourself and S. to a restaurant? Are you working overtime? Wherever you are, I hope you make productive plans (exercise for me) for the year ahead. Then, while you smile, your entire body beams at me. I smile back in part because I enjoyed being with you on New Year’s Eve. X. and I spent midnight with her sister who – after eight months – may be getting back together with her husband. She is a desperate woman, with no decent place to stay or care for her no-fault dementia, but aware enough that she does not have many alternatives. E. is an attractive, entertaining, dependent but flirtatious woman, thus her jealous husband and sister. E. is fun to supervise; I will happily remember our dates at McDonald’s. X. will be relieved, maybe sad like me, when her sister moves back to North Carolina. X. will be able to sleep in her very bedroom, instead of on the couch. We will have great relief for intimacy. E.’s dog will leave, too; sad because he is so good. Dogs may be the best burglar alarms and companions; however, X.’s poodle cost thousands of dollars every year on her modest salary. You are resilient, Dawn; again, I love our hugs between hearts, and your summer sheen all year. May your genuine cordiality be returned in kind. Leon

Dear Dawn, 1-2-17, a fair deal,

You know, you are a problem solver. Salaries are not great, but better in the health field and perhaps (despite Mr. Rump) just OK in the Washington area.

Find job titles correlating to an assistant with 20+ years of experience, like in senior centers and adult daycare. Consider sitting for single adults in the well-off neighborhoods and suburbs of Washington, D.C. You might earn double by sharing directly your resume than being hired through a service. Insure yourself for the job. If people knew you as I do, you would have numerous job offers. Call me when you need to talk, say tomorrow; I will also call when proper. During prayer, we are not alone in loving each other. God knows those who follow His gifts: spirits, hearts, miracles, faith, healing, humanity, rapture, love, and wisdom. Thank you for wishing me our New Year today, together. As usual, you thrill!

An update: I have thought of selling our love letters as an e-book or to a publisher of romances. Yours are half the profits. These stories are gentle, decent, anonymous, mature, titillating – as well as egalitarian. I vary these pages from erotic to enlightened. Maybe they will not publish in our lifetime. I believe that their thrill would find appeal globally. “Up at the Crack of Dawn – A Dream” relieves folks through fantasy, avoiding the trap of promiscuity. Its civil words are much more free-spirited than pornography, more easily appreciated, less vulgar, and more adaptable to a good life.

Dear Dawn, 1-2-17 (2), that’s a present wrap,

What weather will this winter bring? The light is increasing, and kids are looking for snow. Maybe future youth here will not know what frozen days feel like. (When was the first time you touched snow? Near the Himalayas?) I am not a skier, but I loved to sled. Even around D.C., there are some good sledding hills. During Clinton’s first inauguration week, we had temperatures almost below zero Fahrenheit at night, with winds gusting over 40 mph. I got used to the foul weather – the homeless did not, though. My birthday is in February (wishes will do). I remember damp, drizzly, and chilly days for most of them. X. tells me that the first meteorological day of spring is March 1; so technically, we have less than two months until the end of winter. Meanwhile, I keep the house at 66 degrees Fahrenheit, snuggle under the electric blanket with one cat curled on top and one beneath, and look forward to meeting you at S.R. as often as possible. Do you like hot chocolate? I am ordering the best mix ever – Swiss Miss Dark Chocolate Sensation. Tell me if you would like a few boxes. The best cure for winter’s woes is talking to you personally and trading the gifts of extended hugs. While washing away the day’s cares, think of us and our special spots sprouting. When last we met, my heart told yours that I love you. Within three weeks, X. will send off her sister, a good person, but more than X. (even as a nurse) could handle. This might happen to any of us. You have responsibilities, but you also have me to call on.

Your voice assures, your touch heals, your kiss cures, and your smile appeals – Leon

Dear Dawn, 1-7-17

I want to tell you I love you, yet you speak so eloquently that you say it for both of us. You say it truly and with a peaceful heart. I can imagine you here looking over my shoulder with your usual chuckle and calm commentary. You care for me as my confidant. I appreciate your kneading my neck. Let us first go brush our teeth and tongues until they tingle. We do not need to have sex, just you and I kissing lips and linguae. My hugging you builds up the tension of hours close together serving others. Afterward, we sequester each other in the office, elevator, or empty hallway. Upon squeezing, we cannot tell where we begin and where we continue. It is certainly hard to stop, but I respect you enough to know when to let go. God willing, there will be other times.

Imagine us freshening a kiss here in my computer room. Hugging is our link back to so many more, each better than the last. We had agreed to kiss lightly, sharing just a dewdrop of moisture. Initially, we looked openly at each other, closed our eyes then pursed our lips – and liberated our first, pink smooch! Not only did we share an embrace and mushy lips, but also generated smooth wetness from somewhere within. We osculated repeatedly as our tongues delighted each other in accord. They were both flexible and expressive, rough and smooth, practical and exquisite, yin and yang, speaking since the dawn of intimacy. I backed up and kissed your face and neck like first lust. I peeked and saw what I thought I heard: my virginal (once removed) partner sighing with relief. My oxygenated blood rushed suddenly to my pelvis. Before, when we had pressed together, I felt your marvelously soft yet practical breasts, whose circles pressed to my chest. You felt safe with me; we were long-time friends; we communicated love toward each other; we were practically going steady! I realize that a woman’s mammillae deserve respect. They are a universal work of God’s design, a sign of modesty revealed to a man while sharing intimacy, or glands for nourishing the very young. Still nursing your neck, I reached up your shirt slowly to find our first feel – over your bra. Generously, you unstrapped it so I could explore your palpable paps. We were both eager but aware of our innocence. In the American baseball metaphor for sex, we had reached “second base.” (What would that be in cricket?) One last request from me: before I went off to college – might I see what I had touched? You unveiled your stunning spectacles for me. There was no doubt that these lovely breasts came from Heaven. I wanted to caress more, nurse them, and “go up to bat,” but for now, I must be content with my mind’s eye, your pettable perks, and our future frenzies.

Dear Dawn, 1-18-17

I am sorry we will not meet this Saturday.  I enjoy very much assisting you and the residents with spirited Bingo games.  I feel super when greeting you with our mutual hug, a tie that improves and lifts our spirits.  Let us sip; imagine our lips kissing wetness. You have at least two families to care for, one with dozens of “grandparents.”  (Today Ann was promoting conservative issues – OK unless one is obsessed with them.) I anticipate your visit and your great skills in dusting, cleaning, washing, scrubbing, polishing, arranging, sweeping, and vacuuming.  Please allow me time to accumulate enough reserves to see you for a thorough job in mid-February.  You were so modest and dutiful wiping up the Lookout floor.  If only the Ombudsmen saw the puddles!  My arthritis may be worsening. I can understand how it can be disabling. Can we find the cure to this condition; maybe your hot, blue-green gel? Thank God that you, Dawn, seem – and are – well physically and mentally.  Your family is neurologically healthy compared to X.'s, those of my friends L. and T., and mine.  These last four have had many members suffer since you and I have known each other. I pray for you to continue cheerfully in your body and mind.  Last night I wished us a day of spray to shower your flower and bloom my tumescent tower. Oh, Dawn!  Must I wait another week for our wrap?  Let us return to a time when we were young.  I figure we have about 30 years left for me and 40 years for you.  Grasp onto me; do not let go.  I will delve into where I have dreamt.  Did you notice I had shaved?  You are smoother than I am overall – maybe down under too? You certainly know I have a crush on you. Your husband, a blessed man, deserves you. He knows when you are tired, yet still willing to share the marital bed. Look back to the days when you were fertile, and making a baby – a pleasure I will never know, but for which you both are very worthy. I love you and would love to see you soon, Leon of Dawn.

Dear Dawn, 1-26-17

I will bring you $10 in quarters this Saturday.   At times, your face and its outlook appeared especially beautiful.  God made your nature truly attractive. She is so pleased with you. I am sorry we had little time to chat.  I just wanted to hug you. Recall that you and X. are the toughest-toiling people I know.  When I am with you, I work exceptionally hard.  I can see why your wise and favored husband chose you, for many reasons.  I detest how S.R. does not pay you a pension, whereas a job in India would. Ripping off residents, families, workers, and Medicaid is their dirty secret.  You, Ms. H., Mary S., and basically, the rest of our Bingo team impress me.  One would think there could be a drive to recruit more volunteers.  Please name the folks I knew who passed on during my leave about two years ago.  Dawn, dear, forever remember that you speak more languages, and have more education (plus more common sense) than many in “skilled” positions.  They know less about worldwide experiences, hardship, selflessness, or practicality.  S.R. needs to change the policy that gives only Cost of Living Adjustments as raises to an acclaimed, valuable, and very reliable 20+ year veteran worker.  It is not fair and is bad business practice. Maybe The Washington Post would like to investigate this.  (I have received my first monthly check for $630 from SSA but still await my past benefits.)  You always seem eager to work. When in February are you and S. available for six hours to help me?  I hope that keeps you afloat.  You are in my Will for a fair amount, and I hope you put it to good use.  My arthritis gets worse by the month; I am convinced it can cripple a person. Our sharing of sexual comfort and active happiness drives my wishes. Dreaming of you allows me some relief.  I praise you, a great and honorable woman. Fortunately, there is a blue pill for size, hardness, sensitivity, fluid volume, endurance, confidence, and repetitions. Guide me to where your salty coffee blends with my citric vanilla yogurt. May God bless us. I love and respect you, on Earth and above. Join me in my shower tonight and we will turn on our warmth until we are amorous, hot, and spanking new. Your face – reverent, stimulating, whistful, sympathetic, dedicated, thankful, and natural – shows a perfect turn-on to our stunning sex.

Dear Dawn, 2-17-17 [?]

You worked very hard today. I guess you had some stressful events you had to confront, as well as some snow. Allow me to assure you that you secure great love for your beautiful self through:

1. God
2. S. and your husband
3. Me, Leon
4. Residents and coworkers in caring
5. Other relatives
6. Fellow worshippers

Ask your husband for a shoulder massage. I too would do much to relieve your worries. If you want to tell me more about your times, I will cherish a call from you (if I do not call you first). Lie back with your neck kneader and relax. I wish we had more opportunities to intimate. You looked most nourishing and lovely; very soon, I must see you again. Still, I got the impression that something is bothering you. I hope your cares are temporary. Remember that March is less than two weeks away, and days are getting longer and warmer. Already green shoots are poking up and the trees are budding – then animals and blooms come out. This is one of my favorite events, the anticipation of outdoor living. We are creatures ready to celebrate spring break. Your family of three might plan on a day trip when the weather suits you. Keep life in your heart, as you have done truly for so many years. I cannot help being attracted to you, but I respect you still. God makes people like you leaders of their world community to save many others, like me. As you are reading your smartphone, recall that we join with contented suction sounds. The moments to hold you last more than just this day. In these pages, know how devoted I am to you. Enjoy your dinner, appreciate our conversation, focus on familiarity, and attend to the afterlife. After all, we are Love! Smiles and smooches, Leon {^,^}

Dear Dawn, 2-17-18 [?]

I admire you for being a great homemaker and likewise, a knowing friend. Work seems to come to you by custom. Are you giving your house a spring cleaning? You look so good because of your deeds and by far, your faith. Do you follow one God or various gods? Your temple must be a place favored for you to worship. Look forward to Sunday, and please say a prayer for me, as I ask God to consider you and your family You are miraculous in many ways, with a spirit that seeks mine. Think back to when I met you for the first time. Of course, I never could have guessed that we would work together 22 years later. What do you believe we saw in each other then? No doubt, you were very kind to me, knowing the trials I underwent. You have a right to be proud because you do a great job and pride keeps you steadily motivated. Back then, you did not have the experience you do now, but you were no doubt mature for your position and had the heart to help both my Mom and me. When she glowed, it was often toward your kindness. Do you remember anything she said? It was sad how she deteriorated from being a brilliant, self-assured woman, but I still felt her spirit. Who thought brain diseases would become so important? The people who find a cure for dementia will be billionaires many times over. Meanwhile, you are devoting your best to all the residents, from the very accomplished to the lifelong disabled. I guess you spend almost as much time at S.R. as at home. Maybe you are cozying up to your smartphone right now. How different my 300 letters to you would be if instead, you had written them to me! I try to make the characters respectful, equal, and engaging in fanciful situations. My love for you is the main theme of my dream. The stories herein are about 25% rapport, 40% personal affairs, and 35% libidinous fantasies. Read also my paean of poems! You, as a woman, are more subtle than I am as a man, so your mind observes male intentions. I invite you to sigh and rest with the wonderful visions of our day. I feel your concern and want us to coexist peacefully in our devoted, wholehearted company.

Dear Dawn, don’t forget,   
  
You are dedicated to your marriage. Your husband loves you and treats you well, richer or poorer, in good or bad health. I must honor your conjugal family. I realize that you are not available as more than a good friend, but this is best for us presently. I must appreciate other women out there, women as lovely as you but who are unmarried. You deserve the joy you show to many, Superwoman! (Other than X., my seductive “companion,” L., who lived with me was a temptress around 30 years old – but manic, promiscuous, and anorgasmic – though ours was, at worst, a bearable experience.) X., in the end, is excellent. The chance of my having a “normal” child is prohibitive, a great consideration against marriage. God made women and men equal, and there are a few feminine equals out there. Please pray for me. Kindly, mentor me in my volunteering at S.R., and clean my house soon. I hope we can continue to work side-by-side. I trust your decision. You are a worldwide, wonderful woman. Let’s take a vacation nearby. Dawn, would you like us to bed all day and night until the sun streams in, waking us to many more moments of sex? We can anoint each other in our copious secretions. I will always love you and relive our times together. Today I waited to be alone with you on the elevator. We had the most fantastic hug, as if our clothes were virtual skin. Within those garments were two merging humans, clinging to each other tightly, and desiring their entire flesh, neurons, muscle, and bones to meet, inseparable. I can hardly wait to complete us – if only we had the opportunity! When I held you with insight, I felt perfect and achieved, like the best autoerotism or the practice of steady, miscible, coitus. You were so true, your variations warming up both our bodies and our impatient foreplay. In such a simulation, I clasp your glutes, while you ride me frontally; the fullness of my dissemination goads our stranger regions. We hang on; our urgent forms are the only reality at that moment. I guess the circulation in your groin was rushing like mine, to the point of oxygen saturation. I picture your vagina turning a shade of dark velvet rose, your labia majora and lap dilating to an attractive violet, and your minora exuding drops of dermal DNA. I will wait until later to appreciate more your fiery eyes (are they blue, brown, or in-between?), sweet breathing, enticing voice, expressed sighs, clasping arms, and – ever so subtly – mons massaging my maleness. Each week I hope to turn you on, by calling you “X” in error, listening for you at the door, sharing the joy of spontaneous talk, and prompting the fevered seconds for us to heed. Call for me to read your name on my phone, then lead me to enlightenment. Someday we might explore unitedly, fervently, socially, prayerfully, and sexually: cleaving now and forever. Place your husband first, though – he who needs your love and care until the conclusion of your vows.

Dearest Dawn (1),

I know your week is productive and will end with an eventful Saturday.  Your family, coworkers, and friends are all aware that you are an exceptional person.  I anticipate hearing about how your meeting turned out a couple of weeks ago.  Just compare your twenty years of hard work in the U.S. to the efforts of your “superiors."  Not only is your labor essential, but your attitude is stellar.  What is the average length of service at S.R. – three years?  Working long term, you have learned a loton the job: many skills, great reliability, important personal relationships, professionalism, and saving lives. You accomplish all this while raising your daughter, supporting your husband, and maintaining your household.  I appreciate very much your beautifying my home – also boosting my friendship with the S.R. residents! Do you miss sports, college, and India?  Beginning at age 25, I straightened out and volunteered/worked for a nature center and a mental health concern – as well as S.R. – for 16-22 years each, 3-24 hours per week.  However, you worked some weeks for more than six days and some days for over 16 hours, whereas I worked only three days per week part-time, on average.  Volunteer work is appreciated, whereas paid work is expected. Although I have been mostly a volunteer, I have received awards (you were there for at least one), as well as distinguished recognition from area parks.  I have published entries around ten times in what may have been the most popular periodical in the United States, as well as several poems appearing in a college magazine.  If you wish to see my webpage – very strange to laypeople – read my “Paradigm.”  At least, scroll down to the sayings in red; there are about seven of them.  All of this was done after my stay in the Ivy League, i.e., since the onset of my mental illness. Do you envy M.? She is a great coworker. She appeared youthful at the Christmas function today. We might flirt, but she cannot compete with your wisdom, closeness, camaraderie, and private moments. Do you think she is a virgin at nearly 40 years old? I still surpass her record. She could provide me with a great recess on my weekend. M. is loving, inspired, admirable, and excitable, yet still tough. She has thrived despite her difficulty with speaking English. Why do I find you so attractive?  A poet had penned, "How do I love thee? Let me count the ways."  I would say, "Writing to thee is like expressing my tongue throughout your part."  I am hoping that you find your legacy in history, maybe through these writings.  I can feel your warmth from over the miles while your grip takes me. I enjoy clasping your sweater, shirt, hair, shoulders, cheeks, jaw, jowls, ribs, lungs, and butt in private.  Your touch has a lasting impression.  Your words calmly release me.  Your face reassures me.  Your fairness amazes me.  I will always be within you. What is love?  Love is you; love is I; love is we.  I love you very much, Dawn. Link up with Leon!

Dearest Dawn (2),

We met at the door and gave each other a little peck. I am so lucky that you puckered up further, soon supping thirstily inside my moist cheeks. I recall how good your tongue tastes, and how you could suck mine into your mouth. I felt you embrace me, your nibbles were nearly as tumescent as my manhood had become. Female intuition caused you to reach for my bonus. In turn, I slipped a lasting hand under your waistband, through your lofty nest, and onto your viscous vestibule. From beneath its stretch pants, your mons gently ground my lingam, finding frothy whitewater. This was a day after I dreamt about us; hence you caught me in a most excited state. Our eyes met as if to say “Let’s jump!” Instead of running, we held hips, guiding one another toward the bed. You disrobed as a loving, bloodlust rose with petals falling; I, as an upward limb of a sugar maple oozing sunny autumn sap. You felt my part reaching, shifting its skin with yours as I agreed happily. Oh, God! My heart almost burst upon seeing your full mammillae and their bull’s eyes. I adore your muscular thighs, guarding your vagina’s trusty entrance, yet allowing us the opportunity to frolic. I placed my trembling hand on a ready breast; surely, your female rosiness soon graces us. Ours was like a race that neither truly wanted to finish. I gradually bore down atop you, a mortal deity. Besides your smile, the only voice present was our panting, exuberant assent, as well as those sounds which gurgle from our sexual union – an ancient, back-and-forth suction. We pressed muscle to muscle, then surged and tugged with the motion of the ocean cresting. We two perspired sweet sweat. Our bodies were of one skin, stretching and tight. “Do me, Dawn!” I cried aloud, as I inseminated super-sized spurts overflowing her orifice. In but a moment, our busy mouths exchanged thrills at both ends. We glided overall, only to challenge your quite obvious yet finely innervated (and of texture like soft cartilage) and saturated vestibule to meet my face. Our bodies were one giant heart, coursing not blood, but the restless fluids that interchange between our genitals. I counted your contractions from your yoni which caught fast my probing index finger. With this sign of climax and our colossus clitoris readied again, you gladly guided her along with your purple tongue’s mastery. I love you so much, Dawn (she who urged out still more of my flavorful fluid). Yes, I milked my appendage to feed you spits more. I groomed you from your cowlick to your hooves. Being multi-orgasmic, you guided me downward and asked insistently “Please?” Dawn, I will kiss your cuneiform as often as you want. Your pubic smile spoke sweet, bilabial liquefaction (from so much tasty sipping) with its gasping and grasping musculature, by a true player. We not only portion together mind-flesh but also God’s peace, love, joy, happiness, and forgiveness. In my sleep, I dream about a harem of one, once 56 years, now 18.

Determined Dawn,

You are stronger than I am. Please forgive me for bothering you when you are busy (which is most of the time). I can see you running errands, enduring abuse at work, and caring for your loved ones at home, all done with a kind exterior and a tough interior. The best thing I can ask is that you give God a loving prayer for yours and mine. He looks down upon us and laughs kindly, knowing I am a fool for you. I want to be with you to work out all our needs in private. I have time for pillow talk to learn about your wonderful history, to hear you speak your native language, and to admire recent stories of yours. You will honor me upon reaching you here next Friday, or whenever we meet. I hope to share your tasks, and at the end of the day, hear you speak to our Creator as one of His most worthy servants. You know I think of you dearly. Were you not married, I would so much like to tangle with you. At least I can imagine you in your entire splendor, wearing a beautiful sunlit bronze complexion, a sheer saffron robe, ruby-red garlands, and gold, gold, gold. Dawn, I have noticed that most Indian men jealously guard their wives – rightly so – but Indian women seem to emote, intimate, and touch me like I were a relation. They uncover a man’s pride, and most of them are good and kind people. S. learned this, thanks to her Mommy, and will have you to protect her in many ventures in life (best of all, falling in love). Dawn, you are so fortunate to have a considerate husband, one for whom you care dearly, and a daughter of whom any good parent would be proud. Think of yourself first, to better care for the ones you cherish. Picture me when you have some quiet time, a moment of self-indulgence when I dream of you too. This world is curious, and you are intriguing. How long will we stay in touch, how many times will we attract, touch, breathe, pulse, think, sense, feel, ascend, and move together? Look all around you: what people are as true as you are, as respectable as you are, as godly as you are, as modest as you are, and as beautiful as the Sun peeking through the clouds? I do not know what the future holds, but I would like to hold you close throughout the years. Your sweat may be the sweetest extract God ever made. I want us to undress together, make love steadily, and appreciate our closest mix inside and out. Leon needs to share your skin.

Doctalk, Dawn,

Dawn, MD, enters the First Light Clinic at one of the nation’s foremost universities. Here she observes the human sexual response. Her colleague is Dr. Leon. The first couple (#1 and #2) seen entering the observation room looks a lot like Dawn and Leon. As they discard their medical smocks, any resemblance became purely fantastic. She has a body that would flatter a young stripteaser, and he has an ample (although at first flaccid) penis at least 20 cm in length (we had noted their measurements at medical intake). The man, #2, behaved very cordially, proffering the bed to her. Without delay she, #1, (chosen for her ample organ as well) accepted. They tried out various prelims. By this time, #2 had grown hard and 10 cm more. However, #1 must be deep, ready to take his member wholly with her stretchable birth canal. (Though most women’s vaginas start at 6-8 cm, with patience they can expand to well over three times this depth in sex.) Her fingers slid over his erection, resembling a champion, crimson cucumber. His testicles had retracted, allowing for rougher play, yet she remained calm, whirling his glans with her tongue and taking him by mouth as best she could. As a vulva can be lovely, hers attracted his orality. Now he perked her up with every trick of lip service; he was fixated on driving her to climax. He would rather use his tongue on her clitoris than submit his penis vaginally, though. He was a martyr, suppressing her attempts to make him orgasm within. We found that he tried to avoid hurting women with his oversized phallus, rather than penetrating them with it. However, there was hot beauty in the back with her vagina’s doggy style, and here his manhood promptly runneth over #1 from his available seminal pool. She let him out after teasingly gripping his flesh, sucked off all his thick essence, and spat it down his throat with a deep kiss. She engaged in varied positions, like her on top, where this woman had more control over her intake. #1 invited #2 beneath for a ride. They kidded each other; that #2 had proved a blueblood, and #1 a good egg. We had no more patients that day, so the couple lay back to talk. Minutes later, we caught them having sex without observation! He had a considerable reservoir of fluid left; this time she looked snug with his penis shuttling in missionary sex – not only was she cozy, but he spilled gametes from her vagina like a babbling brook! Usually, Dawn and I take a medical attitude to the clinic, even toward each other. Our job is to study adults in sex while we take notes, snack, socialize, observe, comment, empathize, speculate, and think. It is not “holes and poles” – that is, just another porn flick. As Masters and Johnson were original, we will influence the attitudes people have about sex throughout this century. The cleaning crew has just left. Dawn and I call it a night when I offer to take off her lab coat. By chance, my bulge brushes your buttocks and protrudes obviously. You stammer; however, there is no answer except for ultimate intimacy. I rush into the observation room, speedily disrobing, but you strip quicker. We tried to recall all the studies, techniques, emotions, arousal, positions, advice, concerns, and patients – thousands of them, unique but with a common want for encouraging amorous eroticism. Dawn and Leon fell deeply in love, of which gonads were a sensual, sensational outgrowth and ingrowth. We both gained satisfaction over the years by following the other’s memorable, tactile, sweaty, meaty, nervous, innate, dual, and personal leads. Our needs include God, romance, passion, mutuality, wellness, joy, oneness, rapture, happiness, peace – and human sexual response!

Doctor Dawn, Ph.D.,

Renowned psychologist Dr. Dawn has a new TV show. Viewers respect her empathy, care, and success. Today she will be talking about mental illness. Her guest, whom we will call “Lenny,” has been diagnosed with a psychotic disorder. He has been ill for over 39 years and lives by himself. Dr. D.: Lenny, you had an anxious childhood and even worse, were sexually abused. This led to teenage drug abuse. Were you ill yet? Lenny: Yes, by nature and nurture. Dr. D.: What upset you most before adulthood? Lenny: My experiences included an adult’s overt exposure and sadism by a minor. Dr. D.: Doctors treated you with medications for psychoses and depressive disorders. What else helped you in facing these illnesses? Lenny: Quitting pot – which had led to my using LSD – saved my life at last. God and making clean acquaintances were essential. I closely supported my parents when they required nursing homes. Their staff asked me to volunteer. Now I work closely with one woman there. We have known each other for over 22 years. Dr. D: She sounds very positive. Do you have any girlfriends now? Lenny: I found two girlfriends at support groups, the second to whom I lost my virginity of 44 years. We have dated for 15 years, but I am also enamored with the staff member, about whom I write and fantasize. We have a healthy relationship otherwise, considering she is married. Dr. D.: Please describe your friendship. Lenny: Our closeness is respectful. We hug, peck and chat, we work together, we support one another, and she helps me with my housekeeping. Most of all, she is one of the most admirable and decent people I have ever met. Dr. D.: Audience, please recognize Lenny for his candor!

“Leon, please follow me to my dressing room,” you offered, showing me your sofa. “Were you comfortable out there?” “My heart was throbbing for both of us; I’m beaten,” I said. “Do you mind if we cozy on the psych couch, Leon?” As I sat, you placed your restless (and now shoeless) heels on my lap – subtly surprising me by steadily shifting your feet, a recognition which soon jolted me skyward! I unzipped, pulling down my pants to reveal an upright, taut rocket. Your miniskirt showed no panties, just sexy stockings up to your pubic zone. “May I invite your wetness?” I panted. “As long as I may promote your prominence,” you chortled, with a series of tender tugs. I situated myself to love you, “lickety-split.” I soon saw your gaping groin as you lay on the sofa and I planted my face into that creviced crotch. Your sculpted, colossal clitoris, although unable to urinate or inseminate, could complement a porn priestess; now enlarged with want, it rolls around my tongue. My penis tightens, growing in emulation of your female phallus while adoring your roomy vitals. When my warm jets jump inside you, they coat your mysterious conduit, a pristine yet carnal tunnel. Your entire frame seizes me with a great groan, readily enlivens my spurts, and flexes both sexes in return. Up before our blood-red dawn, I thank you for allowing me to join us in fantasy while we bathe in our secretions.

Down, Dawn,

The AC drives us under the comforter on my bed. We already looked like a giant – a Procrustean pleasure with your pretty face popping out on the pillow and my legs and feet poking out below. This hermaphrodite lets out her mighty groan and curls his toes. You trilled, and the covers rose. I had surprised no one except Dawn. I will lap her sweet inner thighs for mo’ lasses. She could hardly swallow that she had a half-dozen womanly orgasms this morning! Parting the sheets revealed one of a few stand-ins: her perky clitoris. Action- reaction, I thought. A cat’s tongue can feed, groom, communicate, clean, thirst, drink, lust, cry, or care – there must be some logic in that. Ours is a private party; the celebration’s inside the kitty door, where I avidly knock. When I first met Dawn, she had recently finished her monthly flow, but I didn’t mind the taste of steak. We had a feedback system: she bowed my part while I plucked her counterpart.

Today we were to have one more spell of spring-like weather. We hiked to a Potomac palisade and laid down a blanket. Lying together, we two took sips from our water bottle. I kissed your eyelids and every other detail on your face. Your breath led me to make out with your soft features. My arm reached around you, landing on a fatty gland. Not to be outdone, you unbuckled my belt, unsnapped my denim, unzipped my fly, and yanked my jeans skyward, uprooting me. In the waning moonlight, I could see my lingam shinier each time you went down on it. Here you de-panted yourself for me. Your furry treasure trail led to the yoni, essential for what comes next – the “reverse cowgirl” (back in the saddle, yee-haw!). I love your face, but there is another function here. (What did God have in mind when he placed the most wondrous vulva near the cesspool of the anus?) When I look at your thundering bottom bouncing, your hourglass shape dazes me: wide hips, athletic waist, broad shoulders, strong legs and arms, and shining, waist-long, ebony hair. I barely accessed your graceful breasts and your feminine pubes from behind, posing appropriately. We work your way into a slithery lather while I appease your mammillae. I glut your gash with my wash and push. We call our next act brailing, as the Moon has gone down and with it, “conventional” sex. The city light loomed enough to see the outlines of our bodies. As we protect ourselves from the night, I groped my way back to your yoni depths. We started by teasing; that evoked squeezing, which we soon found appeasing, then vastly pleasing. The Potomac River, just below us, has been the target of a cleanup campaign for some 40 years. Keep your shoes on, and your other attire off. Do not drink any of the water! A large, flat rock lies ahead; perhaps Native Americans mated upon it many moons ago. Dawn, do spread our blanket there. Realize I love you, Dawn. I lifted your litheness straight up to face me. (My erection is much more flexible and gratifying than pottery phalli that the Native Americans used in fertility rites centuries ago). The more I held you up, the more I shook, and the more your anatomy coaxed out my seed like the stream spouting from the rocks above. We repeated this act often until dawn rose. Prone on the rock, we could sense the heat of the previous day and our one body. Our lovemaking seemed without limit. As every wild creature is watching and listening to us, they would pass down in their history the two naked humans – but with the stamina of deer, the love of wolves, the gonads of horses, and the faith of gods. I ask Dawn to take me in ever more willingly – beyond the morning, and toward our fulfilling future.

Ecstatic Dawn,

You looked fantastic in your threadbare, red-hot blouse today. It was enough to get this old man humming – but a taste is never enough! Did you let your perfumed hair down for me? I was in a trance with your eyes all the time you were there. Thus, although ready to connect, I neglected to appreciate your curvaceous self, right in front of me. My heart beats ever faster just thinking of your private nature. I would never take advantage of you; I will just learn to admire you. You are the perfect woman, like the goddesses of old. Had you deleted those first four emails I wrote for you, with tales of a trampoline; the primal sea; you, an Indian athlete; and us boating on the Indus River? They remind me of how you motivate me to perform: writing, revising, empathizing, rising, and arousing. I saw you over two hours ago, and not only can I picture you, but also feel our snug hug coupling! You are a leading woman, one who represents the best in the world. I wish I were braver; if only you would introduce me again to every contour you have offered to tantalize me with. We have come to an understanding: no touching the bikini zones, no kissing on the mouth, and no dirty words. However, seeing your beauty alone is enough to delight my brain. A few observations about you Dawn: you are secure, tolerant, smart, pretty, coquettish, friendly, affectionate, timeless, and appealing. I wish we could date and seamlessly mate to completion after we got home. This week dragged on until we approached our manual, oral, vibrant, aqueous, and biological lovemaking. I hope your life is full of pleasurable moans, which I would like to translate for you as a “slip of the tongue.” Dawn, did you learn English early in India? How old is one there when she becomes an adult? A major quality you had during this life is maturity, much more than that of the average American (like me). I hesitate to tell a married woman what I would like to do with her tonight. Hesitate, because the date may never happen – but if it did, I would rush to go out with you. The female form is tempting; yours is paradisical. Let’s surge with the absolute sensation racing throughout our bodies. From the initial exchange of our hands for greeting, to their touch for our everlasting contentment, we balance first times with forever. Sleeping with you would be the greatest encounter of my intimacies. In the middle of the night, we would stretch with each other and more rapidly glide as one. You are so inviting – your teasing, your pause, your persuasion, your welcoming lips, your wonderful fragrance, your mouth teasing, your shaggy surprise beneath your PJs, and the savor of your erogenous zones when liberated! Dawn, why must we wait for our fulfillment? Will we mate until our outflow escapes our tensed anatomies, spilling as we ride each other with breathless – yet panting and passionate – ménage à deux? I open an entryway revealing a divinely bare-skinned woman: you!

Elder Dawn,

There may come a day when we have few others for company, when our health may not be as sure as it is today. We are now young compared to our partners, but we may never have each other intimately. Allow me to invite you over for a social call and perhaps some lively human contact. This is the house you once cleaned and has remained neat from your occasional arranging and keen eye. You will be here soon. I look around our space for dirty dishes and dust, my compulsions since you tidied up last. Here is a second home for you, with access to the kitchen (provided you share your cooking!). Ours is a spacious bed and bath. Did I hear a knock? I run out to find you opening the storm door. At once I French deeply inside your cheeks and crack your back. You now look as good as on the day I met you; it was forty-two years ago, eh? A lot of “water has gone under the bridge” in the years since we first had relations. I always associate your beaming, greeting face with sleek confidence and your natural physique. The last time you were here, we looked out at the flowering azaleas, listened to the songbirds, and watched airy clouds roll by from our window. We sat on the bed and made out until dark – an exceptionally good time! Did you want to show me something? You led me to the bathroom, shedding your entire attire, starting with shoes and finishing with only a wavy, dark as-night, raven coiffure. Boing! In return, I set the world record for disrobing, like a matador with lowered cape guiding our horniness. What is this – you shaved for the occasion, sans bikini? You exhibit why our skin is altogether one-on-one. Your magenta majora offset an Indian empress’s royal pubes, trimmed triangle, and ripples of your soon-maroon minora. We, restless, lie on the bathroom rug, which became our magic carpet. I followed my long finger against your introitus, having strapped my battery oscillator upon that hand. Suddenly, you shrieked in an outburst: “More clitoris!” My middle finger condensed dew throughout your venereal viscera while directing your sinewy sweet spot ever close to our ambition. You guided my arousal to travel among your outlying female folds, adamantly frisking me. Getting off from your lead, I shuttled my timely, tingling lingam to and from your tunnel of love, which seriously elicited skimming peak sensations. I applied the instrument upon your nipples (gladly glutted atop like merry dairy cherries) while my python slithered slyly around your lower tropics. You have kept up your hormones and procreative environment very well for a 75-year-old woman. I have drawn for us a bubble bath in the Jacuzzi. Together we float, Dawn. Will love continue our outcome? Intercourse is a contact sport for us; even at the age of 78, I plunge repeatedly until we two interchange liquid miracles once more. Dawn, I want to please us as elders. I love you, whether that involves my solo fantasies, multiple, continuous, or youthful orgasms, hard bodies, osculatory cunnilingus, and fellatio, sex lasting for hours, well-endowed organs, sloppy gushes, or just my covering your lovely, tan body in a naked, ideal Kama Sutra embrace. Most of all, I want you as a friend, to assure me (despite our accents) when it is convenient for you to be in touch, e.g., to retire with you at my abode. See, I am ready when you are. I am as bendy as a butterfly and bold as a bronco. You attract me in all my awe. I want to dream next to you tonight, to find the Aphrodite in you. We may be the most satisfied, ethical, loving, healthy, active, learned, sharing, and spiritual couple. God bless you and yours!

Eloquent Dawn,

I loved talking to you this evening. You must have caught your Indian dates with your voice. We are both excellent tongue-wrestlers. You imparted beautiful words by email last night – the most ever! As I was reading, I felt thrilled to the core. At other times you calmed my heart. Why don’t we celebrate every week? My friend, Dawn; I surely will jump at your poems and your prose, that’s why I need you to try to compose. You are a woman who can care for herself with the help of a special few. I am thankful that you care for me. As we talked closely tonight, I felt more and more familiar with you. I delight in our tickling each other with heated debate. Your face appears before me; I wonder for your deep kisses. I know that our conversation would be a lot more rewarding if we had time to talk privately. I picture you now using your phone in the sun. I would so enjoy your cleaning my room – just say when. My heart pumps blood through your vessels as yours does mine. See my pupils pulsing together with yours. God gives us a sense of oneness, so we might communicate our dance as personally as possible. I admire you and want to be with you. Most people I know think X. and I are great items. What would an affair with you be like? You have known me longer than I have L. or X. I have respected all of you in my love but performed sex only with the latter two. Would being more physical satisfy some of our spiritual needs? God blesses you with joy and choice. I am your polished mirror. You call me and say that our hugs this day had pumped vitality into your privates, and you wanted their heat to warm our entire junction. Am I game? You were only eight miles away, feeling the wild call of fertility; I could almost hear your juices happily sloshing in anticipation! Our delay gave me time to appreciate my muscle standing tall in agreement. As your car pulled into my lot, I saw your face, prettier than ever and drawing me to you. You started throwing off clothes before my screen door, stopping only to French-kiss, as if our faces were attempting to orgasm! We two rush in through the door, and into a state of nudity. We must have covered all kisses European by the time I had you on my comfortable couch: spread eagle, pores sweltering, and inflamed thighs glowing in the dark. It was there that you greeted yourself fully – one hand petting your lady’s lush labia along my ever-expanding lingam. Quickly you spun about as I faced the gape which made a certain invitation to your dark furrows. I had been a novice regarding rear entry, but you readily assuaged any hesitation of mine by asserting guidance for our eager link. Meeting in sync, we connected, abutting vital viscera. I became you, your passage taking me to a place I could see in my mind’s eye: a hybrid of our two organs shuttling inner and outer skin, pleasured nerves, sources of anointed synergy, and promises of Paradise. I must continue feeding your interstices, pushing my semen further into your adjoining, luscious yoni. Our knot shifted, tied, and untied beyond any describable entanglement. All at once, you cried out when my copious ejaculate tickled your cervix, agreeing largely with our nature. I willfully massaged your handy, undulating breasts, both of us unconcerned about our lively lust leaking along the leather lounge. Your scent was so pure when I next witnessed your body language. I lapped from our shared sex spot to your hairless pubic mound, and right back home. Thank you, Dawn, for your tasty nexus of our activity – may I pleasure you with rapid reiterations? My motivation was the sight of your pudenda and the muscle memories they brought. Rarely had we felt a mutual climax for over a minute. Flexible from the first, I conformed to your symbolic yonic cleft with my archetype of phallic desire. (Our previous secretions certainly assisted.) We lay back on the rawhide, sliding like animals. In the end, you and I achieved concurrent ejaculations with risqué repeats; she still desired the sire, and the sire his siren.

Envelop Dawn,

Send me an email that tells me how you feel when you dance in private. You have the talent to communicate with me on my skin. Realize how you seem to me through my letters. Do they inspiringly raise your hair or send shudders up your back? Last Saturday I was so flattered to be in a ring of friends, amazed because I was amidst three beautiful, South Asian women vying for my attention. Dawn, it was a gift to find you with K. and J. in the office! It reminded me of playing “Spin the Bottle,” where a teen (chosen randomly by a bottle rotated in the middle of a circle) would kiss the opposite sex that the container pointed at. I once played it with four girls and another boy. I won four times in a row, kissing all the girls and almost starting over with them before I was “retired.” I still recall the first kiss of all. Today, being in the middle of you exotic women talking to me was like not knowing who was going to kiss me next. Amazingly, you are all married with kids and live as great Americans. Dawn, you manage to perform any job, supervise me, work physically yet smartly, and communicate kindly to all. The recreational assistants are responsible folks – you especially, Dawn, a leader. I thank God that I could be with all of you then. It is truly a good feeling to be with kind (and sexy) comrades. You show that experience and cordiality have many happy returns. I wish to be a little closer to you because you and I have more history together. You have allowed me to imagine all sorts of dreams, in different places, and with my great friend, Dawn. My favorite theme is us in nature, or even the supernatural (in Heaven). Just think that we have met there. You lift me as I could only hope on this Earth. I must credit again your God-given abilities, both earthly and prayerful. I adore the cleaning you do for me; your presence gives me squeaky neatness. Allow me to take you out to lunch. You might want to try my car’s cool climate. I hope I will have some time alone with you tomorrow at S.R. I just pictured your face, and felt my hands sinking faithfully and gleefully into your flesh. I know when I am closest to you; then your heart is as soft as your breasts, or mons, or my glans. We can hug forever, in time so countless it is beyond time but not beyond our love. You make me as happy as you are because I believe happiness, when true, continues to everyone we touch emotionally. I try to describe that I want the best for you, including our acts on Earth. We pursue each other, the way we were intended to. Our talk is a lively link: we osculate and slowly complete each other; discover our shared singularity; discharge and interchange breathlessly; and so enjoy romancing with you, Dawn. I see our impending orgasms affecting every cell of our entire beings. I am convinced as I flutter my tongue around your God-given vital vestibule – bait to introduce my lofty lingam and its boosted blasts set for the hollow I shift within.

Dawn and I differ, but just in our shade; Our God is the same, to whom we have prayed;

We eat of His feast, which He has outlaid; He makes the hot nights, in which we have played.

Ethical Dawn,

I love you more than almost any other person. I must honor you in consideration of your family, our friendship, and your work. Although I am in love with you, I must be a best friend of yours and give you high regard for working in my home, and for befriending my mother in long-term care. You know I trust you. If we made love, what would happen afterward? Would you lose dignity in my eyes and those of your husband? Would X. likely find out about the act? Would we consider our love as a financial transaction? Dawn, I guess it could be the most thrilling moment of our lives, but would we feel depressed later? Why must something so essential, so beautiful, and so climatic be so evasive? Your mind and body grace my opus, this nearly 75-page fantasy I have written about us (without obscenities!). I pray your life has found love to last throughout your years. Honestly, the best dualistic sex I have had was intercourse with X., L. manually and footly pleasuring me (and me gratifying either of them orally), or C. virtually saving me. The gentlest touch I have ever felt was you once placing my hand between our chests. I do not intend to be invasive, but your sex has been most responsible in your wedlock. The feeling I call “heavenly” is found in the elusive chance of us performing.

Please park on the street or in the driveway. You have a key to the door; come on in. I will probably hear you and try to greet you. If you require anything – food, drink, help, work, or other needs – please ask. I think you are great because you are a godly, strong, caring, honorable, diligent, and “kissing cousin” twin. When I see you tomorrow, give me a bear hug and a honey kiss. I hope you got the shower radio I sent you. I have determined that a vibrator, like the Magic Wand (not for the shower!), is the standard to relieve our stiff muscles. I used to be a daily user, but have graduated to mostly once per week. My showerhead can function from tickling (like when I had a rare, recent, peak, heated experience with your memory), to direct stream (I just now envisioned you bathing with me. Wow!). I start by picturing your face, the truer as I know you better. We glorify your beautiful body while I lift you to set your caramel-color chassis atop my purplish pink. If only we could truly match thus, you and I might appreciate the best company of our lives, all starting from my holding you up in the spray. I anticipate us getting closer and closer to frenzy. The water is kind, before long driving each of us lovingly into the other.

Respecting your worthy husband and daughter, I speculate what marrying you would be like. For the past 25 years, we might have been in raw love. I would kiss you deeply whenever possible, lose myself in you who thrills my blood, and live a sexually rewarding life together. Most of all, I want your overall situation to improve and we stay literally in touch. I will never get over my daydreams about you, but maybe we could contact each other until we erupt with euphoria. You are sexy to me because you are a best friend and you do great when you are happy – and if you are not happy, God and those who matter still love you. You deserve the best of all lifetimes. Remarkably, you don’t have suitors pursuing you constantly. Someday, we may fall for each other. However, it is your husband whose bosom knows you in a close heartbeat.

Excellent Lady

You are the one who rules all she can see,

And lucky together, you’re looking at me;

Your speech is exotic with language divine

And the hugs that we share make me feel sunshine:

My friend’s so attractive and honest all day,

My very hard worker (and God knows, you pray),

My model wife, and a kind-hearted mother,

My ethical woman – dare I dream of no other?

I want you to know, of the Earth’s seven billion,

You lead us as an outstanding civilian.

I seek to be close to your milk chocolate skin

(For, after all, love is never a sin),

But you’re smart and you surely deserve sinless wages

Just watch as you – Dawn – earn Prophet of Ages.

Despite all of these words, Dawn, I love you more than I can say ~ Leon

Experience Dawn,

I called you up the other night. I was disappointed at having to curtail our talk together. If you were here with me, I would like to tell you about our friendship. We know each other from two situations: my home, and S.R. You are a woman who leads by example. You have a good nature, and likewise, you are cheerful. Nine out of ten people at your job would be overstressed. I ask God to give you a solution for a better salary and shorter hours. Nevertheless, God blessed me with you, always glad to see me. You know I love your hugs! You are so able at setting up the Lookout room while respecting the residents. I wish them all freedom and peace. Many whom you’ve touched just adore you. Dawn, I want you to have a life as positive as you have made for others. I believe I helped you with Holiday decorations on one of the first times we worked together. More recently, we have been “umpires” in various games. Both you and I have seen elders come and go. We have shared much care ever since my Mom lived there. You have made me feel confident and needed – not to mention, intimate. You have probably taken on most chores at S.R. I worry that your workplace would fail without you. A nursing home must have a full staff, not one person doing her one job and part of everyone else’s. What do the ombudsmen think of this? Yet, I am writing to compliment, not complain. Where there is a position with passion, there is love. If you lived with me, my life would feel oh! so blessed. Having you in my home is such a privilege, as I esteem your work ethic and care. You are like having a steady girlfriend to date. How well do you think we would do as a couple? I am a little youthful and anxious, but dear to my friends (like you). You are a trusted worker for your household, seniors, and me. Your presence and personality enlighten my house. Such touch excites me the most about you, Dawn; being near you is heartfelt. My condition of mania can make me feel like I am falling in love! I know we are not perfect, but to me our mutual experiences are superabundant. I enjoy watching, talking to, interacting with, and holding you close. I would like to kiss you on the lips and go further, but I’ll leave that for the future. I first want you to feel happy in the world, then for me to make you even happier both spiritually and healthfully. I will be enamored to see you at my door and invite you into my place again. Look at, listen to, touch – even scent and savor – your very self, Dawn. Thus, I sense you with thrills and chills of goosebumps while we share intuition between two physical bodies – then breathe, bleed, sweat, seal, heal, exist, discern, and dissolve as one, day in and day out.

Face-to-face, Dawn,

I can see your lips in the dark, inhale your humid breath, and wait for your true taste. What mystery is a hug? What meaning has “clothes” when we embrace? In Paradise, we are innocent, with no need for apparel. There is one Heaven for us both. You work so hard on Earth, a duty that you proudly accept. You are far more valuable than one who puts in a shoddy effort. Allow me to say: to work, to have value, is much better than not working at all. When God looks upon you, He sees you as much more worthy than most mortals. Those who seek a companion for their elders may not pay fairly. However, many need a competent, seasoned, and honorable person (who speaks English ably) for a fair price. You fit this. First, post a flyer in a library or senior center or an ad in a local paper. I know that with references (mine included) and your modest bearing, you would certainly find a position. You would market yourself as a mature assistant and light housekeeper. Insure yourself. I promote you with considerable respect. You have brought me to godliness often. What a timeless production you are! I kiss tears of joy upon you. I wish to learn more about you (whatever you would like to tell me).

Imagine I hired you as my sexual surrogate. We would meet at a hotel, confiding much as if we were old friends (which we are!). I hesitate at first, but you take my coat with a gentle lift. I start disrobing you, stunning both of us with a rare passion. From here, you are not just my surrogate, but also my lover, and then my lady-in-waiting. We face, gradually receiving each other. Our hearts rush blood to our brains, lungs, faces, chests, cores, guts, fat, muscles, thighs, and gonads. We fix upon our partner’s eyes, then find skin against skin of flushed sex organs, there swelled to unite. We interacted within and without, primitively and expertly, familiarly and strangely. We cared to share the maximum bonding. I could smell your lowest glands as we rubbed to kindle our fire. I always wanted to be with you. We know each other in private but also meet throughout the universe. We are a single creature! I had anticipated you, yet never could have guessed this trip beyond Earth, to Love, to Heaven! I suppose both of us had a taste of the afterlife that night. The dimmed lights shone enough that we could see our comfy couch, our consenting expressions, and the dusky regions leading to our depths. These last I impulsively alternated by dovetailing, momentarily receding, then engaging again – like a steam engine sighing, chugging. We did indeed hear our secretions mixing, having saved them up for a most special person. She would have known me for decades, taking our act from a handshake to French kisses to life abed. Oddly, I could perceive your deepest, most slippery salmon-hued and scented viscera with my tactile probing. It was your expertise that led you to play your rugae on my corona as I pushed and pulled, hovering somewhere above you. You yowled (did I just titillate a sexual surrogate?). Your entire being shuttered and sputtered while we ejaculated, holding me fast with your focused eyes, luscious lips, touseled hair, knitted hands, embracing arms, ticklish feet, wrapped legs, cushy breasts, and, of course, attracting genitals. When both of us caught our breath, then shouted as we became the other, we projected the best zest of our liquid life force. Our enduring thirsts actively guzzled wherever we found tasty emanations, gathering precious fluids in preparation for more celebration. The air was full of thrilling and trimming. Rapt, we lay on the floor, making love heartily in all ways until the sky’s full blush. Dawn, God loves you – Leon too – body and soul, as long as I can.

Fair play, Dawn,

The country club was there for me to link with you, not to play golf. Someone had left open a gate in the fence this night. To amble around the perimeter of the entire course could take nearly an hour. I suggested that we hike it in our bare feet. We start where one tees off – i.e., drives (hits with a “club”) a small ball down the fairway (the long lawn) to the putting green. There a pole sticks out of the target, a hole. You and I can feel the tickle of grass on our feet as the last players of the day are leaving the clubhouse for home. We keep the fence to our right, so we would eventually complete a circuit. Like a golf ball, we must avoid hazards, including trees, water, high grass (the “rough”), and even rocks and sand. We walk from the nearby teeing ground, down a long fairway – over 400 yards. A small creek running through the course requires crossing. We sit on its bank with our feet in the water, making out and getting to second base (on a golf course!). You told me of the court games you had played, including a volleyball “kill” winning a regional championship. You still have a great figure after decades. We walked toward the hole, on the way playing shoeless in a sand trap. My hand, now down your pants, gave your behind a squeeze, to which you winked. The grass on the green felt sublime. Watching the fence to our right, we made our way to the next hole, whose approach had a bend, or “dog leg.” Walking from our tee, we noted at the leg an old tree, which one must consider a hazard. We strolled as in the path of a curving drive. You found numerous lost balls on the forest floor. Ahead was a pond before the green. No doubt, golfers had incurred untold penalties there. We circumvented the pond to find a place for more intimate putting. A warm breeze arose, with barely a hint of rustle in the leaves. Dawn pulled off her shirt to expose breasts that could trap a Tiger. To be fair, I bared everything but my enlivened jockey shorts. OK, Dawn, on the count of three, let’s bare our underwear. Three! Whereas your curvaceous derriere did offset your frontal pudenda, I hailed both in my stark nakedness. We both appreciated this pleasure ground, with its cuticle-scissor cut. I murmured into Dawn’s ear that I loved her very much and hugged us, adhering skin to skin, while she handled my shifting shaft. Then she, whispering slyly to me, caught me between her legs. You had a spot so soft my glans melted into it; we two were celebrating God and His certain eminence when moving in unison. Dawn secured my member within her mucosal walls. Certainly, hers was the best game I’d ever played. She won – the last to finish – but we two tied unitedly, spiritually, physically, dearly, knowingly, viscerally, wholly, and ultimately. Again, we found my pole markedly upright and our playful link rolling out more of tonight’s exploits. Dawn entreated more thrills for us, her hands ensuring that I still stood for our tender twosome. Here I applaud her game where patience, practice, play, performance, putting, and party expand in the evening ether. Endure for me, Dawn; my pillar still spills. Take time tonight to score again with our mixed pair.

Fantasia

Fan to Asia, best returns

Cuddle on my lap

Your U.S. boyfriend wildly yearns

To share each other’s sap.

Washington is where I’ve dwelled

For many lives, it seems

I guarantee we’ll see you swelled

In honey-dripping dreams.

You sing, my dear, a lovely hum

As you apply your spell

I get the urge, and further, some

Sweet shouts that burst out well.

Your dreams are of Surrealists

Your recesses, O’Keefe

I paint as an idealist

When watching you debrief.

Dawn, my heart throbs, pushing blood

Inside-out my vessel

While your body grows its bud

And flesh-to-flesh we wrestle.

We lay abed in full repose

You’ve taken in my seed

In the corner lie our clothes

Trappings we don’t need.

Asia’s salty sweat’s so cool

For making love so hot

Let’s skinny-dip in nature’s pool

To sow your sweetened spot.

Favor, Dawn,

It is 2022 and Dawn helps me around the house. I teach to keep us in the money. Both of us were lonely; now waking up to her is a miracle. We have gotten used to each other; after all, she had cleaned my house thoroughly countless times in the past, and as a part-time volunteer, I joined her at S.R. for 25 years until she retired. Dawn is an early riser, so I look forward to her cooking breakfast. We both remain in our robes. Dawn is very talkative this morning. The paper says Trump will perform court-ordered community service. Climate change is reversing. Social Security and Medicare are solvent. Thanks go to President Biden! This news was so good that we danced around the kitchen. We gave each other a big hug and you quickly lost your robe. Already my lingam poked out from an open fly. The Indians did well when they invented pajamas, you teased. Let’s brush our teeth and tongues, then hop into the shower, I offered. You must understand that Dawn still looks thirty-something, and feels like it too. Once in the mild shower, we shared warmth. Dawn then lay back on our tub mat with the restless drizzle to be directed at her crown jewel. She lifted her buttocks to meet the flow initially with her swarthy Gordian knot. I drank from her delicious vulva, a technique improvised over many years. When I handily massaged her yoni, I also succeeded with good taste, honoring every pubic part (especially her magnificent clitoris!). My baring exposition sent this super-sprout changing from powder gray to dark- blood red. As if I were thirsting, I performed lickety-split until her big bit became a pounding heart, while her body kinesics kept time. She stared distantly as if she had seen God, She who had created Dawn’s womanhood. We apportioned my towel, each drying off the other’s genitals. If Dawn were not so modest, she would be the centerfold of every tasteful men’s magazine from here to India. The taut tint of rubicund spread from her yonilinga up to her breasts’ bobbing bulls’ eyes. Our mouths were both soft and succulent; our cheeks had acquired skills to soothe by drawing on body parts, while our teeth had nibbled nipples and hot naughty spots. Our resolve makes a celebration. Lay on our bed, Dawn, and my orality will accommodate your gift of colostrum. Your areolae and vulva – I can’t get them out of my mind, so my lingua compulsively slurps them, in erotic prose! When you look in the mirror, Dawn, do you ever touch her as I would touch you? Has such beauty changed the course of human history? Let me talk to your proud, turned-on toggle – your lady phallus, Dawn. Every event we have abed has differed, even in its familiarity. From your reactions, they must be thrilling. Your eyes rolled up, and your toasty thighs settled aside your sides, much adipose, like your breasts. Your welcoming vagina readied itself to meet, then take in, my entire reel ratcheting your rugae. I know you are sensitive overall, yet ready for the gift of my corona, a piston part to our privates. When our genitals later saw the light of day, mine glowed like a Cupid’s curious cucumber – but mine was fleshy and flushed, passionate and pleased, fit and fulfilled (with cream sauce). By bating my breath, I exhibited an erogenous endurance entry. Laughing, you sent vibrations through our proud pudenda, extracting more of the wash I had caringly kept for our encounter. We rush again – exciting, engaging, enveloping, expecting, expelling, easing, etc. Our neural networks fused, extending our record of simultaneous orgasms to three times in one session!

Feeling alright, Dawn,

I look into your eyes to know how it feels to access your heart. Our petting covers both of us, happy and joyous. My hands alleviate your daily cares and press comfort into your accepting lady phallus. My lingua delights your 10,000 clitoral nerves and scans for more around your vestibule. My extension follows with my push toward your core – then, amid slippery wetness, plunges even further into that royal realm. This bare and caring experience is one for which so many strive. I can hear your juices as you milk me inside you, sounding our innate love call. You make me want to play with you for the entire night. I will handle your details, completing our complexity. Let me perform an oral massage, Dawn: sit above my face and skim your cuneiform upon my mucosal mouthful. While I suck my cheeks upon your yoni temptation, you exclaim that I am sending signals up your spine. Prolonging your potential and desire, you then did a 180, your welcome presence going wild over my lingam. Keep bouncing, Dawn, my sport. She was training me – at least, growing my muscle. This time the woman was in charge. She maintains her libido to relax, receive, react, and replay. I toy tactile tan skin, jostle salty, rounded (yet porous) bronzed nipples, and rebound from your cushy, curly, bumping headland. Dawn, I love you so much! Is ours a world where we can have sex like gods? You rock your thighs over my rising member and formerly pendulous pudenda. We feel the blood pressure increasing up through our genitals as our breath constantly resuscitates us. Your three female, sexual orifices – mouth, urethra, and introitus – beamed readily. Soon I can only shout “Dawn!” as you greedily grip the favor which blasts love into your limits. After a prolonged exhilaration, we feel safe, resting peacefully. Still enamored, I leaped up like a lion, licking your lady bits, allowing my tongue itself to act with skilled animalism. Your target areolae enlivened noticeably after my insistently sucking them. My mission is their utmost dilation. The more I inhale, the more they expand, the antithesis of a balloon. Greater than just a feeling, I moved with your instinct – how your body had trained me. We follow the other’s secretions, exploring orgasms uncounted. Stepping into the shower, we caringly reach around, each spooning the other in turn. Dawn, we win the event; our figures completely uphold our excited voluptuous flesh. I adjust the hand-held spray, alerting you that this may be a little tickly. In the past, the appliance had driven me to rewarding, heated paroxysms while dreaming of you there. Now your fire feeds its very appetite, following my hungering reflex. Lying on a thick towel, you allowed your bulging goodies to take on the stream. I unhooked the gadget and adjusted it to your liking, then suggested you flutter your fingers in its wake. At first, your eyes closed – then promptly your pinkish purple labia turned plum; in turn, that violet vagina spouted water on and off, cheerfully climaxing. Did your muscle just squint at me? You, as lovely and invigorated as ever, hugged me kindly and soon had us dry and back on our bed. Your attention made our organs vie in a sword fight between his unsheathed cutlass and her snickersnee. This room saw my first shared orgasm. Like then, I found a fount of future savory sauce spotted and scattered about the heart.

Flood of Love,

Everyone seeks to be single sometimes. I do some of my best loving during the shower. I recall today the bank teller who gave me her number; the pretty woman with an accent at the grocery checkout, and most of all, your true voice on the phone. Believe me, I love you very much; I just wish to hear you shout when we are apart and whisper when we are near. What would you taste like when mixing kisses? You may be right that we will never have a real romance, but every week or so I build up my dreams of you to shivers and spouts, clinging as the last time we met. You look very foxy in sunny weather – the more mocha the better! A sudsy hand slips down your valley, your brain jumps, and your eyes flutter – the athlete in you outstrips any restraint. When you find yourself soaping up, think of me nearby, and I am there. I want you to have pleasure, even if only from fantasizing about me. Did you know you are most beautiful due to our solid friendship, strong hearts, and mutual kindness? Dawn, you have always been straight with me. I must realize you are married until death or divorce. If your husband (63 years old?) is unable to work because of disabilities like dementia, heart disease, and leg, spine, and hand injuries, make sure that his conditions are well documented. I think what got SSDI for me was Allsup services, 38+ years of serious mental illness and doctors’ care, a Social Security physical exam, along with my medical history. It seems to be a real possibility that our boss lady could sue S.R. for her fall, in part because she is the caregiver of her disabled husband. Some of his nightmares may be as bad as my worst. Post-Traumatic Stress, even without bodily injury, can be extremely disabling, even suicidal. I hope she just got bruised; it is better to work than to receive disability. You are great to cover for her, but who spells for you? (I do, a little.) I am glad to keep you secure. When can you help me clean? Please indulge me, but accentuate your angelic soul. Do you ever perceive us as being very close, but not quite touching? How about on a sunny day, when I spy you wearing a T-shirt and jeans, noticing all of the reasons why your breasts leap, nipples stand happy, areolae stare, and your butt sways and captivates? I look up to catch you gawking at the present in my pants and signing a telltale lick of your lips. Rushing indoors, we held our waists conjointly, soon sampling sweat for savor, and sticking sexy skins. You alerted me to close my eyes while you wriggled out of your top and dropped our shorts. The next thing I saw was a most comely nymph – exposed! Your breath played my flesh kazoo as we drooled together, humming like a human tickler. I felt my masculine muscle shift further, from your tongue to your upper cleavage to your lower, each a looser location for my stiff stature, enough to last. My pill, two hours into our act, gave me unusual stamina, accompanied by in- and out-of-body experiences at our gonads’ junction. My sack held tight as your gap stretched in time to the steady beat of my bulbous penile bedrock. Even though we had not yet peaked, coats of human lube spilled down your perineum and my scrotum. This magic, trickling liquid thrilled both lovers and therefrom seized their minds, launching a great measure of my seminal fluid, building a sticky bridge between each other’s pubes. The secretions must have prompted your vagina to feedback. Twitching and switching, our wetted confluence caused us to recoil avidly (thanks also to an additional pinch of cornstarch). Our lesson was that of a single identity: inner eyes focused on the place of greatest coupling. You recalled a sexy swing of nakedness: feet in the air, head in the clouds, brain soaring, sling showing everything, and our amorous seats swaying as one – up, down, up, down. We rested in cocoons composed of contentment. Love to give, Leon

Flower, Dawn,

Our togetherness is ever-growing, even in the recesses of the west elevator. I exist as part of you, and you of me. You show me that my persona needs the woman Dawn as I look ahead to my next meeting with her. You create fun, exercise compassion, and kindle the residents’ interest. I love you and know you deserve more in return. Those benefiting from the S.R. pay scale must have designed it. “The inmates are running the insane asylum.” I say you are voluptuous, even if the elder’s comment, “sexy,” sounded inappropriate. At least my desire agreed with your looks. It was as if you had showered only for me today. I had mentioned L. rinsing off my ejaculation from her belly after my first mutual event. Anyway, she had been the loveliest peer (with a fine pair) whom I had ever known. I know that occasionally your vulva wants caressing enough so I may help to release you. I want to remember all of what transpired between us today (much of it from God): your attractive face; your charming breasts; your strong physique; your responsible and experienced caring; our mutual understanding; our continuous temptation; my trembling passion; my fondness for your natural self; our connection between bodies, my eagerness toward your heart and you, my forever woman. You know that I like thinking of you exploring our freedom in fantastic, strange, and surreal places. I hope you share some of these images of blessedness. If we daydreamed with the same (or even conflicting) feelings, in similar environments and of like physical titillation, I see our carnality closely culminating. If you visited my berth this afternoon, we could exercise our harmony and find out how much our love agrees. You seduce me in no better way than to surround me; surrendering your suckling vacuum’s vitality to my plunging, pulsing, nascent nature. When we hold each other so close, we are certain to reach together as far inside as possible – not just physically – but also of our joyful, orgiastic soul mate source. If your yoni is as I have so many times written to you, I will find a Paradise where I appear always beside your bared, beloved body of bliss taking in all of me. Meanwhile, please allow me to tug gently on your curly, black topiary while I access your prodigious yonilinga. As you feel yourself peaking, I will continue your rush by lapping sweat and arousal fluid from your living scabbard. You stimulate your smoky-blue lap gap with its ravishing prepuce – kept on the verge of surrender by its sight of my full bloodroot banging away on your vigorous, ruffled minora. Our experience here is so much shared – we meet in the middle, caught anew as long as we are willing to chase our hearts. Just look in our mirror to find the truth of good sex exhibited, organs amplified, confluent paths, and ascent in a vertical, skin-clad pivot to idolize our statuesque yoni. Surprise us both with a dual oral quickie, wide open to fit our swells, you consuming as much of my plasma (and me of your gal’s grease) as delights us. We are odd, being of similar opposites. We want to please each other and find a variety to last until we pass out. See yourself today, Dawn. Who is the most attractive and tempting of the Hindu goddesses? To me, she is you. You are the lady who turns heads whenever she walks into a room. All women there are envious. Every man there sees a unique appeal: your character, your civility, your class, your clothes, your hair, your skin, your glow, your shape, your smile, your kindness, your walk, your mind, your sensuality, or your spirit. Am I the man who came with and will leave with you? I entertain your womanliness, florid yet mute but for moaning. Your tight introitus introduces my taut, penile frenulum to yours, adjacent and vulvar – but only after our shared papillae tongue those sweet spots into ambrosia’s angelic euphoria.

Flying, Dawn,

Come ride upon my flying mattress, Dawn. Anything is possible in our infinite universe! With you in your negligée, I imagine all the places we could visit, all the wonders we might see. If the cosmos is without bound, our experiences may be in all dimensions. At least we will travel together always. The lasting hugs you gave me on Earth impressed my mind as well. Not only can we explore our solar system, but our galaxy, our known cosmos, and all space beyond. There are many civilizations here in creation; there are also all the lives that had reincarnated in our original world, lives but with one atom’s difference, lives but where we were giants, stars or trees, etc. As we fly through the vacuum in our half-dream, I know one thing is real: my desire to plant my root within you. God Herself gives a marvelous crescendo – physical and metaphysical; sexual and romantic; even anointing to Her highest heights. You look up to me like a goddess in her longing to procreate. Your eyes show my arousal reflected and our hearts pulsed together. Our mouths salivate with eager lips and our entwined tongues lead to personal culmination. Although in a vacuum, we could hear the slightest whisper of the other, smell their scent, and sense the spice of their heated blood. As we kiss time after time, drops of our spittle fly into the ether. While you lay back on our bed, I saw your smile saying how much you wished to make heavenly love. Under your pajama top were your two erotic and exotic breasts, so tasteful (and tasty) with your lingerie. Milk from the goddess Hera, scattered when suckled by Hercules, is told to have formed our Milky Way. Here we are making a contemporary, personal galaxy. I always marvel at your areolae, our widening targets. God blesses women to nurse, as I am blessed to draw on your nipples. Your PJs now floated away; your intimates stayed. Though we were mostly immune to the void, still your flesh protruded from your bra with open areolae and crotchless bikini. Oh, Dawn! How I worship your texture, its sensitivity, and its complexion (multicolored folds of warm tissue gathered where I pleasure your gaping lair). I also recall other responses: your vow of love, your panting, your racing circulation, your erect pacifiers, your reddening chest, and the slippery show between your thighs. If only we might ride together, forever in love! Just yesterday (whatever that means in spacetime), I awoke to admire you gratifying yourself under a blanket of stars. Indeed, your apparel (or lack of it) allowed me access to all parts tender. We said a prayer for my lover Dawn, me, and all creation. Your body shook as I hummed upon your vulva like a harmonica; therefrom I lapped up the pure, tangy mucus from your yoni. Our cosmic bed was like your form, supple and lively. Your coated, smiling labia eagerly introduced my lingam. Whether for a minute or a year, my hips kept driving our exploit: prepare for a big bang! Dawn strives in the beyond for me. Our cores inspire our lives – we will mingle always. Imagine inside your reproductive tract where we mix. Then think of my parts, which produce, liquefy, impel, vivify, and launch my seminal fluid, guided by you beyond your cervix, past your uterus, then inside your Fallopian tubes to seek ovulation. After we unite, our semen boosts like hydraulic fluid (but much more comfortably and organically!). Our skins shift with their full-body connection. Eventually, your pudendal plum pulls me in with our total surrender. Not just sex, but our strong enthusiasm conspires to act despite contraception with the Pill – a popular choice for a woman. Here and now pleasure is beyond words – our bodies embrace each other in God. I want Dawn, on and on, in quintessence, and round her yawn!

Forbidden, Dawn,

Just as the Judeo-Christian God forbade the tree of knowledge, you as a married woman are taboo from having sex with me. Most women are kind. Some sell their bodies or images; others stay chaste for life. (I believe many older Catholic women remain virgins.) You, Dawn, are highly respectable. I try to imagine what you look like naked, though. I contemplate your attractive, teardrop breasts. Your skin is the very gold that mortals revere. Your visage is the ideal sight for close to a billion men (Westerners included). Few women of our age are so athletic. My heart races to see what your black pubic hair accents – lighter majora? Perhaps your greatest assets are your faith, strength, behavior, intelligence, ethics, and maturity, which help support your family through both easy and tough times. Remember that you are most honorable. You know I will not take advantage of you; I respect your marriage too much, made sacred with your spirit. Sometimes I feel chosen, a person who bears great love (like mine for you or X.), but for whom most women (like C. or L.), slip out of hand. I had mused that a doctor of mine might be god and that I could not prove I was not Jesus Christ. I am so happy to hug you truly and dearly, kiss your cheek, and canoodle your neck. If you ever feel as if you sin, remember that most people are unaware when they lapse so. You may well be a leader of your Temple in God’s eyes. Some believe our dreams foretell the future; since I stopped smoking marijuana 33 years ago, I have had very few horrific nightmares. The dreams I have of you are daydreams, though I would welcome you at night. Our relationship is not a weakness; there would be a lot more love in the world if everyone cared for each other as we do. Let us take the time to share your Punjabi. Since I have taken an interest in you, I have developed an appreciation for India. Do you believe that Ancient and Classical Indians were much less prohibitive of sexual practices than those today? One of the greatest wrongs on Earth is the mistreatment of women. In almost every country there are egregious crimes perpetrated against them. These are our girlfriends, fiancées, daughters, sisters, mothers, grandmothers, granddaughters, cousins, aunts, nieces, wives, etc. As a majority group, they cause far less crime and violence than the minority, men. They are pleasant to keep company with, even without fornication. You are such a pleasure. You are not so much forbidden as inviting! If you were available, I would be the first to visit you. We can enjoy all the situations that might allow us. If you ever want to look at me, Dawn, I welcome every glance. If you ever need to hug me, we will sink fleshly, united. You may kiss me all over. We forbid some things, but not thoughts, feelings, dreams, glimpses, friendly touches, reading this, introspective sex, and respectful love. Do you remember your first kiss? If it were with me, I would kindly request one from you, gently touch your lips with mine, close my eyes, draw your mouth to mine, and smoothly interchange wetness, knowing you feel all inside much as I do. I would ask next if you wanted to “trade tongues,” and soon our buccal anatomies correlate. With practice, we become experts! I hope to see you at S.R. tomorrow and in my visions.

Free Dawn,

I want to love the free you – a woman who pursues her wants and needs, and attains the best of them. A great benefit in the U.S. is the popular democracy we hold dear. Some abuse their freedom, wasting or ignoring the rights for which so many have died. However, by way of freedom, your family has earnestly improved the situation of themselves, other Americans, and people in general. You have freed me by allowing me to send you letters from the heart. (You are free to choose whether to read them or not.) A simple rule is that we do not interfere with the rights of others. You and your husband have chosen one of the dearest privileges: to bring up your daughter in a free society. Today she has a multitude of rights, including with whom she associates, her choice of religion, for whom to vote, etc. The Internet brings more challenges and applications for our rights. Presidential impeachment has its own rules, outlined in the U.S. Constitution. Dawn, you are most beautiful and happy when you are free. I can trust you to make the best use of your precious liberty. When you feel a peak moment in the day, notice you might do something you decided – or nothing at all – but you would most likely benefit. Americans who respect you surround you, giving protection from oppression, both foreign and domestic. I apologize if I have ever trampled upon your basic human rights or your Constitutional ones. If I were to choose true citizens of the U.S., ones who respect and protect freedom, I would certainly include your conjugal family. Dawn, by trusting personal liberties, we share more trust among our neighbors. I believe that through the love of God, hard work, study, and honor, you were more than prepared for your citizenship. (Maybe we both can exercise our freedoms and meet for lunch to eat and talk?) Dawn, I know only a fragment of your life, but I am very happy yours intersected with mine. It is rare when people violate our legal protections, but we can rely on our democracy. There are good professionals, even lawyers, who have aided my family in times of need. There are also a few “bad apples” in the all too human legal system, as you no doubt have learned. If you ever need a lead, you know I will objectively seek for you competent professionals – one benefit of a free society. However, the best service I get in my home is the magic cleaning by Dawn. I am glad to compensate her for it. Not only is she diligent, but she is wise, valued, trustworthy, pleasant, reliable, experienced, competent, and informed. Do your job at will, Dawn. You have the right to a safe work environment. You have a right to a fair reward. You have the right to work unfettered. Mostly, your rights are mine and mine are yours. As fellow citizens of the United States, we have an innate sense of fairness to explore our common interests.

Friendly Dawn,

You are indeed my friend, one of my finest. You and S. cleaned exceptionally well last week. I am content with your service and happy to reciprocate. I appreciate your work greatly. Most of the residents are capable enough that serving them is a joy and an honor. My cold lasted ten days, although it had been rather mild. I anticipate us connecting by next Saturday’s Bingo. Watch the ice! I trust your family has been well; soon it will be spring. You remind me of warm weather and April flirtation. You embody the best of romantic love. Respectfully, you must have invented passion. You are very kind to take me onto your plush wings, to express great emotion, and to stay near me about concerns meaning so much to you. Will we soon enjoy the temperate outdoors with the residents? You are welcome any time in need to call me at home. (I still don’t know whether you drive or not.) I enjoyed meeting your husband, though he remains anonymous. Keep caring for each other. My relationships tend to last long; otherwise, such romantic feelings diminish. C. had rejected me (rightfully so), yet we met (then spoke) recently online; that makes 36 years. I fell in love with her on a day in early spring, sunny with flowers and voices. Few have experienced passing right from delusional psychoses to florid mania, acting out, having their nose broken, feeling suicidal, going to a mental hospital, and losing a beautiful relationship, all in one month. I don’t get why she hitchhikes and still smokes pot, but she remains an independent and respectable woman. If you ever wish to learn more about my heart on the day when I met C., just ask. She cared about me once and still does, but may also feel that I had betrayed her. L., whom I met around 14 years later, was my first physical lover. I adored her, and like C., she was atheistic – except easy to bed (when she chose). I flew to Florida with her (no sex there). You may have met her at S.R. when she was Mom’s companion. Sadly, she later had a serious psychotic break. I told you I was 44 when I lost my virginity to X. She will be 66 this month, but I usually prefer younger women. Some think I should marry her; others urge a nubile wife. (I fancy finding her when she divorced at the age of 33.) For now, I wait. I will not have children due to an aged partner, emotional stress, poor genes, a cruel world, the divorce rate, pedophiles, and raising teenagers. Dawn; know that I love you, I trust you, I welcome you, I dream of you and I have found intimacy with you. I am right here with you. Tell me if I am ever improper. You are God’s kiss and bliss, my second skin, my universal teacher, my promising daybreak, my key link, and my continuing dream.

Fulfilled, Namaste, Dawn,

Your picture and pointers on the Internet show wisdom and worth. Tell me how to find a woman like you. I am middle-aged, smart, and personable, was able in my youth, but today live with mental illnesses.

Many thanks, Leon

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Dear Leon,

I enjoyed the picture of you that you sent me. I am replying privately because I have a proposition for you. I am going to be near Washington soon if you would like to meet me. I have your address and phone number, if I may be so forward. Therein is the advice you seek.

Namaste, Dawn

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Brrring, brrring. “Hello?” “Oh, you must be Dawn.” (I had imagined her sultry voice.) “Feel free to come on over to my house…you say you have brought some pastimes with you?” If Dawn is half as attractive as her picture shows…pastimes? I would love her guidance.

Dawn knocked confidently. “Hi!” said this caramel-skinned beauty planting her sweet lips on mine. She carried a small suitcase, which she handed to me. “Go ahead, open it; it’s for both of us.” Upon unfastening the case I saw bath bombs, a battery-operated machine, and condoms. She peeled off an already gossamer dress. “Check out my lingerie, Leon: a push-up bra and G-string. Have you ever heard of Ben-Wa balls? If you feel more comfortable with a rubber, be my guest,” she recited. Stunned, we watched each other disrobe; her day-glow brassiere and thong had barely covered her privates. Dawn knelt, plied her mouth onto my “bull” lingam, and tugged easily on my low-hanging testes. Wow, it’s a threesome for one! With her push, two silver spheres (no doubt Ben’s) appeared from down below. I led her right to the hot tub, poured in all the soap, and jumped in. I sank into the bath and you, teasing, promised to affix your select yoni onto my spear of Mars. “Ooooh…Ahhh!” I assented. With your love, I knew we had a great future. You bent over while I applied the sonic puffer, riding atop your extensive yonilinga. Your bubbly, bulging breasts pointed out with great delight. Dawn, aim the Jacuzzi jets at your pliable portal, having grown in all the buzz. A slather of natural lubrication helped shuttle your vagina like a wheel without a squeak; your nervous approach widened with every salvo. I felt my penis pushing upward easily, backing out with mindfulness, then refreshing once more – reminiscent of a rapidly reciprocating pump. Just as expansive were your vaginal rugae, like a womanly washboard teasing my king corona, all interrelating by way of our continuing lust. Time and again you invited me to plumb your plump plum. I had managed another two inches thanks to the Viagra (having seven benefits for us) and the insistent wedging from my bulbous base. This only served to stretch my skin from there to my glans and engage its sensitivity. Meanwhile, your vagina worked on my entire length like a human hoover. Immediately our genitals and hearts connected as if all my source and my very self were drawn into you. I practically passed out once my vertebrae arched reflexively for maximum ingress of protoplasmic iterations. Upon rousing, I saw our liquid love, shining upon our blushing pudenda, with the glaze of male and female ooze dripping from both. We held onto each other so securely that I was tempted, no, determined to restart our process. Already your hand petted, and tongue hurried, my frenulum, which I call the “male clitoris.” Of impulses, this next stretched from my perineum to my urethral meatus, all working in concert. My circumcised prepuce yet melts onto your inner sheath. Thus, our sex organs offered us superlative euphoria. We willed my plasma into your adipose comfort chamber. Dawn, if you are the last living person I ever see, my life will have been worth it. God certainly blesses us; how else could we explore such rapture? Others may see deeds more easily than character and honor. We judge true beauty by personal nature, not contests. Love may come suddenly and seldom but is long-lasting under God. When I visualize your face, I can hear your voice, feel your snug hug, and share your prayer. We have been waiting for our mating before our dating. You said that you later knew we were to meet when you had offered advice. I present my unique, gushing column, to you. Dawn, let us always be of one identity.

Fun, Dawn,

A little fun never hurt anyone! Dawn and I decided to see what our university library, the largest in the world, had in store. I flirt with some female librarians – though prim and proper, one can pick them up with their hair down. They are subtly alluring and know a lot about mostly everything. September involves Banned Books Week, decrying libraries that refuse to carry certain books or to allow certain websites, for reasons like sexual or political content. Few of our love letters might make it past such a censor. Some students mill around, looking for a partner, to the dismay of the studious “grinds.” (Actually, some patrons do a lot of “grinding” in the stacks!) First, see the battle over the public Internet. Maybe one in twenty Internet users (mostly men) can be found here viewing pornography in the open. Yet consider those studying sexuality, reading great classics (Joyce’s “Ulysses” comes to mind), or perusing any controversial subject, being banned from informational archives. (China and Russia have no true freedom of speech and almost no civilian rights or individualism at all.) Justice Stewart once wrote in his short concurrence that "hard-core pornography" was difficult to define, but that "[I know it when I see it](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/I_know_it_when_I_see_it).” My tip is for viewers to exercise sex in private, preferably with someone they can love. Having gotten an introduction to the media center, we wondered whether any research at all goes on here. As we made our way higher and higher, the books got dustier, and more so, I tired. You seemed to enjoy the climb, your glossy stockings shining in the dim light. Dawn, when will we stop? You stepped off the staircase and down a long corridor. One last turn and there they were: a small stained-glass window radiating an array of sunlight, two chairs, and a desk. You gave me, still out of breath, the “kiss of life,” which served to inspire me more. I had brought a water bottle preparatory to your delicacy. “Now for fun,” you kidded. I had fantasized about you weekends before but deferred my absolute fulfillment until in your presence. You unzipped my jeans like a pro; I proffered my extremity (think of a horse’s, yet slightly less substantial). The spectrum of light showed you braless, which, to my wonderment, revealed wild eye spots known to few. Oh God, how your pendulous breasts joggle like waves unquenchable! They tasted sweaty and sported impeccable goosebumps. The sight of you deliberately dropping your skirt and hosiery boosted my appendage even further. Dawn, glide your spanned thumb and forefinger up and down my lingam, skillfully sparking its frenulum. We contested every which way until I erupted ten days of timeless devotion, bathing your visage in a lustrous facial. I found your fiery muff just before parting your ball-me labia. Presto, your once-hooded clitoris stood out like a bountiful, bursting bonbon. Yours seems akin to an imperforate, nonejaculatory penis – but this hefty she-phallus gave full feedback tensing your musculature when I applied my ululating tongue to it. Treated fairly, she hails more nervous joy than penises do! The ghee of one tasty finger probed rouge so lovely, as my palm pressed your big bit. It was your turn to writhe, finally shouting out “Erotica!” “Shh! Quiet!” I heard someone saying. Dawn, you are the most gorgeous woman whom I have ever encountered, stacked or not. You gave a daring, but private, oral (and generative) exam, no less than making love in this worldly Utopia. Your feminine aspect gave me the best of lessons. I gratify you, and tangible fantasy is my reward. God has made you infinitely adorable and pleasurable, a human witness right here and now, stirring the breath and blood in me, he who readily became your understudy.

Gads, Dawn,

We have existed for thousands, millions, even billions of years. The sun is so hot in India that it gave you a deep tan while burning me, leaving a layer of pale ash on my skin. The universe exploded as we gave birth to each other, where I was my lingam and you were your yoni. While our complementary gametes fused, we held onto this cosmological orgasm, which only made the outburst so much greater. I followed Dawn throughout the countless lives which we later began. The theme of love is everywhere because we make love together wherever and whenever we go. I see worlds in Dawn’s eyes, while she breathes the remnants from the first fire, that of our fusion. When a lover sees the face of the other, they are seeing Dawn and me through their own lens. Being born into Creation is simply us living. We met again on planet Earth of the star Sol in the year they call 1995. At first, we did not recognize our divinity, but with greater sexual attraction, we realized ours was no ordinary passion. Leon prays to God for Dawn’s well-being, like Dawn for Leon’s, while their innocence is only beginning to comprehend their own holiness. Both learned they could meet through others of their many selves. Leon and Dawn would tell each other about dreams that had become real. Leon imagined Dawn in a downpour listening to the peaceful music of coitus that he had provided, while Dawn visualized Leon in rainfall that she had willed for fantasies about her dripping, slipping vital fluids. The walls dispersed, and they found themselves together, floating endlessly, as naked as in the first moment of reality. Leon had saved up his nectar and Dawn her ambrosia from their past autoerotism. They danced in space. Leon’s panspermia scattered like atoms among the stars and Dawn’s ionic menses glowed scarlet across the galaxies. Now is the time to assert their duality becoming unity. Pulled by the vacuum, the blood of want had tattooed onto their integument. Their lips and tongues were plump, so kissing was not only more tactile but also more provocative (as were fellatio and cunnilingus). Our goal is not to create another universe – it was already boundless – but to disseminate love, starting with our own. Allow me to massage you, Dawn. I tugged at your melliferous vulva while it caught my wistful, wishful outgrowth, both ejecting more and more entities into the void! We produced millions of stars with each discharge. Dawn, you are as beautiful as on our first day. We are bodies for now; let us celebrate with their utmost act. Your yoni gripped my lingam splendidly upon my entering. We couple, but soon such distinction fades. Consciousness and touch link, both being of life. In turn, two of our greatest sex organs – brains and skin – are now melded into the most extensive sensual system, our neural net. Our minds throb on and off as if they had a heart of their own. Take ease; after all, we are only 14 billion years old! It is either night or day out here, both are fine times to have sex. I enjoy you outside, inside, and around the surrounding cosmos that we occupy, all we incite and outlast. Our cosmology ensures that our love will always exist – giving when and where we will and remaining close enough to maintain our intimacy. We never tire of our identities uniting for interactive likes and life, in linked liaison. I am always up to go down, dear Dawn.

Gentlewoman Dawn,

I see you outside the Lookout room as you say “Leon, my good friend!” Your words have me smiling inside when I blurt out “My dear Dawn!” I position myself for an embrace, then receive my joyful counterpart. “I have been thinking of you since Saturday, or is that Sunday”? I love working for you as you love working for me. If you will, please clean the three bedrooms on my side of the house. I would be glad to be your Bingo volunteer for many months. While we attempt to extricate ourselves, you offer me your arm and a smile (and a breast as soft as a dove’s). Your stand-ins, K. and J., are wonderfully attentive and attractive, but no one can replace the experiences you and I have had together. K. is considerate, familiar, kind, and foxy, while J. is warm, caring, and invigorating. You, however, are often our essential boss: knowing the staff, the department, the residents, the routines, and many projects of your own. Yet you take responsibility not only for physical and social duties, but also for 22 years of reliability, honor, and conscience. I am glad to work with you and the old folks. If I become a little bit irritable, the folks cheer me up much like I try to settle arguments among them. Nevertheless, Bingo has been 98% joy. I see your seasonal Holiday decorations, the wall calendar, and the supplies for pastimes and reading. These are just a few of the present physical impressions. When my Mom was alive, we played games like bowling or beanbag tic-tac-toe. Early on, I sang Holiday, folk, and Americana songs for the captive yet appreciative audience. Your job in one word: caregiving. Your life: family. Your greatest love: God. I cherish your friendship and I wish you could visit me more often. You understand that I do and will respect you. It is truly a rare person who can speak her thoughts as kindly, effectively, and honestly, as you do. Our enfoldment frees us from the harsh world. I would kiss you there if I might. Your spirit is holy; your loved ones are favored. Please ask God whether we will ever match in His rapture. I feel that many women have longed for me as I have longed for many women – reciprocal cases of unrequited love. It must be better to have a few solid girlfriends than many impersonal one-night stands. Dawn, have you been on a mate date in a while? We could make a picnic, stocking up on Indian foods (vegetarian for me). You know, Rock Creek Park is near S.R. The creek brings back Mom and me on one of her last strolls – we just made it back to the facility. We can dress casually (which reminds me of the black bra you wore last fall!). Are you skilled with a soccer ball or Frisbee? Might we lie down on our blanket, talking to, gazing at, and holding each other tenderly? The park, along with good food and comely company, leads to Eden. We can take a walk down to the green space. Do 30 minutes of elation intrigue you? A long kiss would be a lot less obvious there; the nearby woods are secluded. The most romantic place nearby is the gazebo, off in the forest. It hides us there, with a sheltered bench and native vegetation. After hours, we will go after each other for hours! Allow me to kiss and fondle your heart. May we capture rapture?

Girlfriends, Dawn,

Dawn set me up with three of her friends: golden, unmarried, thin, and pretty. The first one was surely a virgin, an Asian islander. I didn’t want to deplume her, although she was ready to be plucked. I told her I was not interested in marrying. It took her three dates to be comfortable undressing with me. She had never seen an erect adult penis before. The longing was there; she stroked my sensitive flesh, harder and harder to her touch. Becoming more and more expert, she went wild. Her grip slid hurriedly over my muscle – there was no turning back. She was startled when my happening jumped forth but laughed upon tasting it. Could this make her pregnant? I told her no, but if I ever needed to bone up on her native tongue, I would gladly impart it to her. Would she like to try to “ejaculate” my source once again? Might she also enjoy drinking my “semen” this time, like swallowing coconut cream? Using her tongue and lips persistently and ably, she succeeded – gargling, then slathering the outpour of juice completely over my organ, sealing her nodding affirmation. She gave me a big kiss on the mouth and more licks on my lingam. I gave my best oration as well, accentuating the entirety of her promising, black-as-night netherhair, and widening her crevice of pleasure. She cried out when her beauty below shuddered in response to my lustful lingua. She told me that this orgasm surprised her – maybe her first with another person (or maybe at all?). Relating her experience to me, she panted that her heart felt like it filled her womb, while her bareness involved all of her obvious, womanly features. I insisted on hours of flavorful oral sex, her succulence achieving continued peaks, and her maroon privates fluctuating in between. In the early morning, I realized my innermost love for her by complementing our counterparts. The efficient mammary glands of her native diet hungered, yet their parts grew threefold, and her core pounded – all timed to our romantic rhythm. One last foray emptied me, nevertheless fulfilled to have coalesced with her humanity that night. I told her to love only men who share her love.

My second date, a week later, was older, and expertly skilled. She was an R.N., which gave us an extra layer of experience. Her breasts, like those of a Southeast Asian woman, were petite, which I honored by sucking them thoroughly until they swelled as if she were nursing. This woman was very easy with fellatio (enough to bring up gobs of plenitude with her mouth gaping like a hungry fish) while I was pleased to perform cunnilingus on her, smelling of honeysuckle perfume. We had agreed upon entering her condo to try a 69, yet I desired her best, full-fledged intercourse. She loved me, practically jumping on me, ready to use her bodily lubrication. Her vulva attracted me as I boldly welcomed her torrid introduction on top. No one could fake this, I thought, as she talked in tongues to every burst of bliss. Her introitus felt moist and snug, with welcoming, rubicund petals of minor lips. Most heartily enthusiastic was my lingam, pumping like a wellspring. We rocked all night with emissions fruitful, readily encouraging our airtight draw. She was due for her shift by 7 a.m. but still had the manual stamina to tug my member into a rapt agreement. She spent the next twenty minutes perking it up and found another 5 cc’s worth to cascade over her hand. I thanked her for a truly good time.

My third date, that next weekend, may have been married once. She had alluring curves, and is Latina, I believe. She asked whether I was Catholic. I said no, I am Unitarian; I believe in all good religions and one God. She seemed lonely. I told her I do not drink wine, but I would drink from her mouth. Her focus, saliva, breath, breasts, mucus, and response showed that she was fertile and that we needed to use contraception. After she exposed her royal birth canal, I ran my tongue all over her vulvar vestibule. When she saw my manhood, she flattered me as “oversized.” Haha. I would not hurt her, I assured. We orgasmed intermittently, she springing from above faster than any of the other lovers. So smitten by our liaison, we withdrew only to reinsert – until she insisted I slop her femininity down under. With me beneath, her groin shuddered shortly as if my tongue had prodded her inner animal. No wonder; her unyielding yonilinga reached out for more action from under its foreskin – all good for another timeless ride! Having given this playmate lip service, I ground my frenulum busily upon her shrouded midi-root and soon speckled her from muff to chin. Our pubes were such a sight: lustrous red, scintillating with semen and slime, twitching to the touch, crying clear tears of joy, mushy for the moment but requesting to be retaken, as if they had an intention all their own.

These three women gave me as much bang as I gave to them. They could offer joy to any man of quality. Some men will love a [naïve](https://www.powerthesaurus.org/na%c3%afve/synonyms) virgin, some will love a wise, middle-aged woman, and some will love a loyal beauty. Dawn, you are whom God chose to lay and stay with me: a slow ride gurgling, sloshing, and drawing me in like the finest quicksand.

Gliding Dawn,

Did you know the most slippery natural substance on Earth is wet ice on wet ice? A great uncle of mine was killed, and coincidently, an aunt was severely injured by slipping on ice. Keep this in mind when braving freezing rain. However, most sliding is fun. We cook on non-stick Teflon, although ceramic cookware is safer. Do you remember when you waded in a creek and stepped on some algae? Yech! Most sea creatures are protected by this thick secretion. One mouth can enjoy another by such mucosa on their lips, cheeks, and tongue. A woman might test the right time of the month for fertilization by the consistency of her cervical mucus. Sperm swim effectively through semen and along the mucosa of the female tract. A man’s penis is most effective when it slides intensely and rewardingly in a woman’s vagina with its natural lubrication, aided by its innately polished smoothness. She too gets a slimy sensation that may thrill her to orgasm. We know slime (mucus) is present throughout the body’s mucosa (mucous membranes) for essential sexual function. This secretion protects our tissues and keeps us hydrated. Even the clitoris has mucous membranes. We lubricate the sexual friction between our erotic organs with some help from our mouths. Those stimulating each other have this oral assistance for otherwise dry hands. (Surely, there are natural lubricants – like aloe vera – which can prove helpful for comfortable copulation.) So much of sex relies on the ever-present “lube.” Even pubic hair plays a part in reducing friction. I find it amazing that stimulation by a woman or her partner gets her “wet” – not so much hydrated as bedewed with “arousal fluid” (vaginal transudate). Her mucosal welcome encourages male seminal ejaculation, reinforcing sensation with watertight and “well-oiled” orgasmic pleasure. Even the phenomenon of sneezing by histamines has been compared to sexual discharge. Can you picture all the different places on your body where you have derived delight in part to mucosa? First, we kiss on the lips. Next, our tongues French, simulating coitus with our date’s mouth. Licking encourages lactation and also grooms areas of our extensive skin. Later, we pleasure each other’s genitals orally, relying on moist membranes. Peaking with God’s gifts to both, an expansive penis glides within an able vagina, issuing more ooze until the orgasmic reflex erupts, spouting semen through his slick urethra and up her secreting birth canal. As kids, we thought of mucus as “icky,” but a fetus survives thanks to the cervical mucus plug. As adults, once we share it with an intimate, it is not so repulsive as curious – even fascinating. Dawn, you give me so much release when I imagine you in my bed. How lovely the touch of your vulva must be! Look at her in the mirror. She is the most strange, miraculous, vital, inviting part of humanity. I love all of you, Dawn, the peculiar parts too. Our love lasts, often by interchanging our instinctive reflexes. You stir my evening shower; here we agree to dance cautiously, skin now covered from a slip of hydrophilic (water-loving) soap, ready and bathed by your spring rain!

Goddess Dawn,

Dawn appeared out of the ocean – her beautiful, enticing parts initially covered by the foam of waves. My gaze first fixed upon her darkened areolae – then her wetted wedge reflected sunlight like a beacon – offsetting a hirsute mons. Gradually she floated over the sand, beckoning with her fantastic breasts. She was Dawn, the goddess of love, and I cannot deny her. Nor could I hide my attraction, for my swimsuit revealed a bulge fit for this queen of naiads, having grown greater than at any time in my romantic history. She neared, almost touching me as I reached out to her. Awaiting her permission, I noticed that her froth had dissipated, leaving her skin everywhere shining with inviting arousal fluid. My eyes enlarged, my ears rang, my nostrils widened, and my tongue practically tasted her, enjoying the salt of her seas. She bent over to strip off my Speedos, which had held my muscle fit to burst. Blushing before her femininity, I honored the temptation she brought me. Her hair draped over my pubes, on and on, drawing me closer to her chasm. Dawn’s lips sucked with mine, tasting like the delicacies of the ocean. I simply had to hold her mammaries, just then producing and exuding nourishment. Although I must have been no more than a heartbeat apart from her, my erection, now buoyant and widened, slipped under her multicolored tan. Thus was the irony of my muscle, to last as long as possible, yet release constantly into her pristine yoni (of shades and smoothness like a conch). Before entering past her innervated introitus, I kissed her parts altogether until she pressed my mouth to her mystical, puckering vagina, whose heavenly silken pillows were now willing to tug and slip in this dream. Our bodies showed shifting layers of skin. She had given me the gift to hold my breath while diving in her waters. Flaired wine-dark labia were a sure sign that her person was ever ready for intercourse. First, though, she teased my phallus, pumping it with the grasp that held all love since the Dawn of time. Her magic had caused me, a mere mortal, to hold back my pent-up swells. However, my delighted cojones finally burst, erupting vital fluid as I rode her for dear life. It was more than the sensation of bodily orgasms for both of us – brains, nerves, hearts, lungs, senses, skin, and genitalia complete – but waiting for a hundred breaths toward the perfect oneness with which we would finally finish the other. Dawn’s womb shook until the fateful moment. She and her psyche enabled her entirety to give me the climax of all lives, simultaneously drawing in my full store of milt while I, passionate and uncontrolled, trembled in her presence. She coincidently mounted me (though with countless pulsations of her viscera while guiding us past the beach and beyond all land). While we dove, I was her demigod partner, observing the form of this ideal superwoman. We caught our breath as I gasped, intensifying my lust for her. Now Dawn’s gaping genitals shone like all of the spectrum refracted by her spray. Her macroclitoris, hiding most of five inches of muscular tissue within, stood eagerly for my lingua to accommodate. Our circulation still rushing, we bent into a 69, while she recovered my tumescence. I yet held the pleasure of our previous act as I worked on her yonilinga as if I was greedily nursing an elephantine nipple. Dawn could seem all too human in her vulnerability, but blessed me many times over, sucking and tonguing hard my stiffness along the length of my urethra. When she accomplished my organ upon her soft palate (having eons of experience and many miracles) she converted pints of the deep into surges of our seeded ejaculate! As she wished to show me her cresting female orgasm, her birth canal splashed clam jam over my face while I reveled in it. Its taste was glorious; she also complimented my penile plasma’s savor. Our cunnilingus and fellatio tightened us like a knot at her entrance and around my penile bulb. All my blood vessels sought those of her vagina, once again pumping up my spongy tissue while I shuddered. She and I tensed throughout, anticipating the most wonderful fount gushing up her passage to her godly reproductive glands. Having experienced such deeds throughout history, she shouted for more, then quickly reciprocated my shaft in her plum tunnel, so soft as to let my wet wakening coat her interstices overall. Timed by the Sun, an hour had passed when I woke to find our pubes still joined and bedewed. Quickly and caringly, I introduced to her the remainder of my hard-earned easement, with great jollity for both her and me. She spread sensuous caviar over her complete exterior, scintillating today like she did when first climbing out of the ocean. Dawn, I respect your matrimony, but please know me when you splash sensually in the shower. You are the Aphrodite who holds the shaking, hidden shaft known to herself surely. Your sexual miracle is celebrated by all the gods as we enter rejuvenating sleep.

God favors Dawn,

My dear, during these last several months I have done little except think of you. I hardly eat (although we might nibble each other). I need not mention all of your virtues unless you want me to. Hugging you rises to our great heart-to-heart. Seeing your figure makes me tremble with anticipation. Your rousing voice brings back all of our experiences in concert. When the workday is over, you change into a tigress and a cool housedress too. I like the idea that you are free to move around as you decide. If you were with me, I would welcome you, cowgirl, to be in control, to mount me, and bounce away to your blood’s heat. I could barely prevent fainting, yet you know my wants and how to extend them – not only mine but your secret sensations too. Being on top, you can build up to a prolonged female orgasm – then allow me to liberate my sperm wildly into your elaborate meander. Dawn, as I relate these things, my genitals swell with suspense; how long can I hold out again? If only you were here, I imagine us entangling in oral sex jointly (which translates to “69” in Indian numerals!). To start, we are limp – however, we quickly regain our blood-tinged erections and their youthful, heightened abundance. Such a strange position, yet it does enable us to reach our engorged state. Although we utter with grunts, we speak through licking, kissing, tasting, sucking, washing, humming, sighing, and swallowing (not to forget Brailling!). Honey, I live for our entranced eyes, our sultry mouths, our keen ears, our eager bodies, and your yoni’s savor. I have never felt so primed. I am about to expel a mouthful of semen down your throat; sensing this, you spin around and devour my muscle carefully. Your labia are as lush as I could wish – if only I might quell a single, capacious male orgasm to achieve for you copious, incessant, womanly ones! More and more I propel my fluid, becoming our fluid, my heart becoming yours, and our anatomy pounding in every vessel. I will keep you delighted. I gird my arms around your legs, salivating as I muffle my mouth once again onto your impudent pudenda. My finger soon detects the overt grasping of your frenzied vaginal contractions. As I say, I get hard just knowing you have achieved. I love you, Dawn! We entertain each other again, but idly fall asleep, holding tight. Upon waking, we talk about the fantastic time we had “sleeping” together; once more, my sweet? Oh, yes! My monolith reaches past your smacking stretch of skin that eagerly lures, primes, and catches a tempted extended phallus. Hormones turn one hundred “push-ups” into two hundred, perhaps three hundred – and then, driven by our exercise, I send you the voluminous outpour I had stored to date. You took in this last surge to accommodate it for safekeeping. Dawn, you and I share these stories and their thrills to be. Our viscera match; secreting, sleeking, shifting, sliding, and sounding in the most willing and wondrous ways.

Goddess of the Dawn

I heard a song so sad tonight

Recalling heartfelt sorrow;

In dreams, I wish you feel alright

And wake anew tomorrow.

Dawn, you’ve earned the best of love,

The poor have cause to live;

I trust that godly care above

Rains tears so we forgive.

Think back upon our better breaks

Us clasping fond together

You have what our passion takes

To last this stormy weather.

Hear the dirge of fleeting gloom

Now harmonized by song of hope

God loves Dawnlight, Eden’s bloom

May we, engaged with bliss, elope.

If you ever find the need to cry

Sit snug right next to me

We’ll take wing, to Heaven fly

And find felicity.

God’s gift, Dawn,

I sometimes wonder who prays for me – that I should pray more for others. I feel excited that you would love me enough to reach out to God. You know the pure of heart find Him, and some angels care for lovely people like you. “Mi casa es su casa” (My house is your house) is a phrase from me to you in Spanish. I never had a friend like you to love. God has placed rare miracles with you, and I thank him for our bond. If you ever feel oppressed, remember you exist as the best of humans the Lord made, know what true respect is – and if you have earthly needs – seek and ask for love from my mortality. In my eyes, you are nearly perfect. God gives us attraction toward each other, a reward we might redeem in rapture someday. I anticipate your presence in my home, in whatever way I can serve you. On the phone, we contest in words, but all I need do is listen to your truth. No one on Earth has everything, but you have those things that will take you to Heaven. As a couple (like two old folks), we gently read each other’s minds. Likewise, we join each other ecstatically for every waking wink. There are one billion nubile women worldwide – but one, unique you whom I hope to recognize in delight. Just think you and I are one in over three billion couples. I am glad we can share each other, even tongue-kissing inside our soft cheeks or tasting saliva secreted from our sublingual glands. I await your next call; you will strengthen my heart. Never let me be angry with you. If I seem to be, calm me with your touch and true words. I have witnessed your righteous love. In our climax, I know you and I will see Heaven in the other – indeed we can! My super-friend, Dawn, I do not know how many people live thus. There have been one hundred billion human births on this planet, yet few lovers like us. We could have met in a former life, on another planet, or we are in Paradise, just now recognizing each other. Men and women may share the immense pleasure of mating. All bear the responsibility of kindness and safety to children throughout their lives. Dawn, there is a saying that at first, a child is a gleam in their parents’ eyes. I believe we can delve into our brains, intents, and even souls sometimes. Often, together or alone, we leap with joy, knowing our tender cores. As you speak honorably, guilelessly, and reliably, I follow your lips in return. I wish to immerse first my lingua and then my lingam within your passion fruit rapture. When I go to bathe, I often contemplate and realize our naked love. Although mostly modest and reserved, we desire each other’s pounding hearts and gratification to free ourselves. Is such a reality only in my mind? I wait for you until our flaccid flesh first fulfills firmly, as we frequently find. Look at my potential, ready for you; then speak, touch, listen, and exalt openly! Leon loves Dawn.

Going Up, Leon and Dawn,

Dawn and I climbed into the S.R. elevator, and that is the last we could recognize of Earth. I always wondered when the lift was going to crash, but what a lift we got! Into the sky and beyond eternity we rode. I now praise the garden of Paradise where we will live forever. I suddenly noticed you, my companion, instead of wearing a button-up shirt and jeans, were quite naked. You are so beautiful – even the angels blush at you! We tried to talk but communicated with our minds instead. Thoughts that before had seemed private we now shared freely with each other. I looked at you; neither of us was afraid. True love is unashamed; knowledge of our natural state is supremely enjoyable. I saw your perfect body and realized God had meant me to be yours. Around then I noticed my hardness growing considerably, from base to crown. You giggled and said it was supernatural – your pubes had enlarged too. We had never before engaged jointly in sexual relations – is this what they practice here in Heaven? We sensed the perfected, procreative attraction which earthbound hearts feel, which we now understood to be our legacy in the afterlife. I reached out to you, and instantly you relaxed. You were as I had remembered you in the District: simply flawless, with all of your consummate feminine features. Knowing that we would link together as long as we desired, I gently stroked your cheek. We took our arms and wrapped them warmly around our perfect, skin-adorned bodies. Impulsively, our mouths met and we tasted delicious libation. Time is endless in the Garden, as were our kisses. I must have covered your whole body with them, endlessly. My hands had softened, petting your now pert nipples to reach the summit of your Tetons! Your milk tasted as rich as the most delectable, fresh, heavy cream. As loving bodies, we lay on clouds innumerable in an amorous and primitive ballet. Our touch was ecstatic, of one flesh. My hand rode up and down your back and gripped your derriere, tantalizing erogenous zones we never imagined on Earth. I looked into your expectant, widening eyes, and you craved “YES!” Only a miracle can explain the next events. First, our spiritual virginity had been restored. You guided me slowly – easing past your flexible hymen, then welcoming the vulva’s introitus, and at last into your sleek vagina. As I entered, you let out a continuous, warm “Om!” of pleasure. You were no mortal woman. Every time I fondled your clitoris, you outcried another orgasm; your labia throbbed like supernatural aortas. As your mucosa slid lovingly over my erection, my recurring semen coursed forth, overlaying your entire genitalia and fertilizing the ground beneath. Secretions frothed, tickling us as a sensual fountain; afterward, we rested for our cuddling. Our vitality had one purpose: euphoria blessed by God! Dawn, of an elevator we achieved immortal intimacy. For whatever worldly gratification we might sense, the Creator has infinite loving inspirations for us. We were each other’s divine experience. Since we had souls more than bodies, we exalted correspondent, united passion and gratitude for God. We came to appreciate replaying the best of our sexual history and future, whose love – now realized – we had known for all time.

Good Taste, Dawn,

It is four days and counting. Something tells me that I have to let go, that I need you here. If you could just take a day off from work, you might work on me. I do not wish to sound selfish, but I would so enjoy your massage. I can pick you up at S.R. for an afternoon date. We drive to my house without incident, just with a lively discussion. Both of us thrived to rub your sweet spot to completion. “I love the way you tease me, Leon!” you say. Spring is at its most florid. We pass dozens of species of flowers on the way to my house, while you kiss my cheek and lick the edge of my lips. Oddly, female (worker) bees fly in and out of flowers, depositing male gametes, since men strive to do much the same. As we passed cars and other houses, we wondered how many were host to sex acts the night before. Everything is sex, Freud entertained; little living variety would exist without it. A friend of mine had reviled, “Can you imagine our parents doing it?” Talk about a major turn-off. I steered our topic to the perineum, where many women have had episiotomies. Yeowch, I thought, as you telegraphed a twinge of pain. Such little effort men put into making babies. Considering a woman’s pain and risk, and a man’s usual attitude, her experience is that of a second-class citizen. You are more like a goddess, bringing life into the world. I hope that I treat you with respect, Dawn, despite my great tales of us making love. I quickly pulled into my driveway. The air is full of scents, sights, and sounds of beautiful biota like you. You behave most politely, although up close your every motion made my genitals swing in time, heft their load, and yearn to sow your groove. We tarried while walking to see what blooms were flourishing. You, bending over to sniff, tempted me to admire your unfurling blossom. My hand, seduced by spring, carefully reached the small of your back and your seductive spine. Aroused, you asked me what we could do to add variety, to spice up our amour. Did you recognize our homologous (similar) sex organs? Consider these: penis/clitoris; penile skin/labia minora; penile foreskin/clitoral hood; penile glans/clitoral glans; penile shaft/clitoral shaft; scrotum/labia majora; testes/ovaries. There are several more homologs. I read that men even have a vestigial vagina and hymen inside! Did you know nerves from the brain are visible through the eyes? When your lover’s eyes narrow or widen do you tense or relax? When he whispers to you, do you focus closely on his sound? When you smell or taste his aroma do you catch your breath pleasantly? Does your lover raise goosebumps and hair when his skin grazes yours? In touch, we hear the pounding of each other’s hearts. Upon nibbling your neck, I feel your carotid artery throbbing. You propose moving downward. A woman’s aroused breasts, areolae, and nipples suggest wonderful three-way play. My salivary glands thirst for more of your mouth and mammillae – or best yet, your piquant yoni. Logically, we return to the environment and its secretions akin to our birth. A healthy, ovulating woman exudes the aroma of her mucus not only in her vagina but also in her milk, breath, and sweat. You have a trace of all, and our naturism moves us one gape closer. Your whole body is a sex attractant. What a wild place you have; I could get lost in it. Ask me tonight to explore your grasping, rhythmic, all-embracing, sticky yet mutually streamlined vulva!

Good to see you, Dawn!

As usual, you were working a million miles per hour today. Did the elders even get to eat lunch on time? I missed you, but then realized you were helping the less functional folks. I hope the memorial had been interesting, and a break for you. Was it good to be back in a taxi? I remember in New York City cramming at least six passengers into a Checker cab! I wish you had been there. Your Polo shirt is so cozy I could ride all day in it, and into our night. Fate has brought us tantalizingly close to each other, yet you will surpass me in endurance still. I can guess how you must feel by the way you move. If only I could join you. You make me stand in preparation, just imagining how trim you are inside. I wish for yours what I wish for mine: shared best of health and peace on Earth as in Heaven. I promise not to be too explicit, but when we touch in intimacy, your skin would control my polished, overall sensitive joystick. Likewise, I would happily kiss you all over. When you retire from laboring, allow me to lap up your lather. Your back is so supple, it is no wonder you can exert its sturdy support so well at work. It would be my honor to knead every pain out of your body. I invite you to do the same for me. I can see you proudly toweled as I sink my hands into you. Ten, twenty, thirty minutes…an hour goes by. You fall asleep as I cuddle up to you, spooning. When we woke up, I felt oddly tired, rather drained. You observed that I must be a sleepwalker. I then understood why I was still tired, yet relieved. I had dreamt of you flopping upon my upright all night. Your yoni had gulped my lingam while I snoozed, backing up around my organ with your bottom urgently reciprocating, shaking, supporting, and twerking. Somehow, we had the collective memory of random, guided touch: kissing, tasting, stroking, squeezing, and plunging led to tumescence, vitalizing, probing, acting, bliss, potency, and at long last, emergence. Skin, saliva, fat, brawn, hair, and mucus shared textures that cumulatively led to supreme sexual gratification. While some sex is either unresponsive (limp), or premature (wham-bam-thank-you-ma’am), there is a happy, honeymoon medium – prolonged erotic empathy, knowledge of God’s universal, flirting, friendly, patient, libidinous, spirited, wondrous, and climactic love. When one has slept with a partner for years, familiarity may spring eternal, with loving promises. Dawn, let me dream with you in our REM (rapid eye movement) phase of sleep. You are in my visions on a beautiful spring day, relating our prizes of outward and inward skin. The sap of one stirs the other to soothe and soften – then invigorate, harden, and smooth over what were our pudendal wrinkles. We released our passions, as we were meant to – by mixing formulas primeval to our utmost urges from the origin of mating. Dawn, I love you like a teen’s dream, a coed’s spread, and a newlywed’s bed.

Great Dawn,

You make me feel so good. Thank God you are there. I understand your busy schedule (it is past midnight presently). What you do is very important in my concern. You are always with me. When I think about love, I think about you. You know I rejoice, in large part to have you as a friend. My heart leaped when I saw your name on the caller ID.  It’s so true! Write to me when it is convenient for you. If you wish, just email your name; that will reassure me.  Take your time and stay relaxed. Tell me when I might call.

Your husband is a great man and deserves the complete consideration of his family, especially you. I think I experienced the same reality as you do nowadays when my parents were becoming my dependents. S. does her best, on the edge of young adulthood. She needs someone outside to share respect, conversation, and lightheartedness in life. Most students at her age are either partying or discovering life’s hard but genuine rewards. I wish her the latter, my having failed with the former. Dawn, I enjoy your attention very much. You are so beautiful, XOXOXO,

Your helper, Leon

P.S. I told you today you are a singular genius, with your ability to concentrate, write, perform duties, arrange, clean, compute, converse with, take charge of, and care for many – practically all at once – while stressed (but not stressed out!), as well as demonstrating, doing, thinking, sharing, and exemplifying your best.

P.P.S. Some of your problems are due to inter-office politics. It seems to me there are three classes of workers at S.R.: the “professionals” (those managers who actually maintain the quality of residents’ lives), the “disinterested” (those selfish who push paper, lounge about, or even abuse the elders), and the “COLA” (cost of living allowance) workers, those chronically low-paid, whose extra efforts truly make residents’ lives worth living). The main problem I see here may be a state-level law that restricts raises for lower-level health workers to COLA. You might wish to look into your local union.

I kissed your ear today, adding to the sensory organs of yours that I have touched. Would I be so brave to join you in the elevator and partake of your mouth completely? Is my home a place where we could truly be alone, gliding and riding exclusively, laps bumping and jumping, skin-to-grin? When could you enhance my counterpart so I might sink wet and wild within your wonderous womb, our expressions exalting excited, exquisite exhilaration? When will we find the perfect storm, an orgasmic wave, where we divine depths like streamlined porpoises in the ocean’s motion, welled with our world, truly turbulent and tempestuous?

Happy to see you, Dawn,

I am glad that the residents have the power to make choices in their lives. Thank you for bringing Sarah, Rhonda, and Ronnie to Bingo. Since the first time we meet someone is rather formal, we all were very cordial with each other. I appreciate you being quite busy, but still giving me loving regard. Sometimes our looks, hugs, and conversations work out just right. I want both of us to have dignity in our later years. S. would be there for you; I would still love to hold onto the relationship between X and me. God knows you have done and cared so much for those in need, that you deserve recompense, respect, and reasonable respite. Can you imagine doing as well as the youthful Ms. H. at her age? If only people with dementia (like that of X.’s sister), diabetes, and stroke could benefit from cures, S.R. would be out of business. What would I seem like without mental illness? Maybe I would be a snob or a pot smoker. I much rather prefer the way life is, with our history, feelings, and attraction together. I am thrilled to take an extra look at you today just to remember your beauty and our companionship. Your skin overall is like your face, neck, and bosom: wild honey. What will happen to us in the future, Dawn? I hope we will be in touch and still be compatible. Your love is priceless and your future life is eternal. May I touch your heart? While my hand rested between us, you pinned it against your chest – even my knuckles could admire the virginal feel of your breasts! I appreciate so much your move, cherished by me and likely willful by you. At least I touched your surreal softness. Why can’t I have more openings and opportunities like this? I am on your team, Dawn, along with your pair of cheerleaders. Look at yourself as I see you.

We attract each other like magnets: an invisible force draws us together and levitates our hearts. I see you across the dance hall; we join over the buzz of other conversations and unseen stares. You motion to me from your entire soul to my entire soul. Suddenly we can appreciate how our erogenous zones would conform as one in coitus. Here I will know your mouth on mine, my hand to your mammae, and my lingam churning your yoni. We realize how the other’s sensation befits our own. Creatures of first light, we both find refuge in dark gardens to hide our swollen parts; however, this place only serves us to delve deeper. We had lost our clothes but found a bench to pose on. Kissing closely, we groped all over and humped recesses as we met, tasting, shaking, and gurgling like preserves, pudding, and jelly. We two were tongues competing with throaty oralities – as if chugging water noisily in the desert. Also enhanced were your paps; my fingers played around your nipples, so perceptive as to map your areolae early into our morning. Before your grasp had a chance to find its way down my belly hair, my gorging organ got up your gorge. Here every touch of yours made my appendage tingle, flex, perk, date, mate, await, and sate. How many humans are thus blessed? I found your open passage, where my pushy projectile would instigate the intake of one very excited introitus. Ours was an approaching contest where both of us clutched faster and faster. Your face squinted joyfully and every limb seized us tighter, then most heartily, until all our sexual humor rushed forth, spilling yet spanning like an aqueduct of consummating another act of lifelong play. Waves of pleasure still shocked our conjoined bodies, boosting silent cries and overwhelming moans to spurt and mix with the delight of your lively, inhabited yet private nest. Leon

Harmony, Dawn,

Call me a groupie of the great performer, Indian Dawn. Like much rap, rock, disco, and film music nowadays, her beat, rhyme, melody, lyrics, and exotica have propelled Dawn to the top of the charts. Her dress is minimal, just veiling enough to be acceptable to Indian youth. While she chants and undulates, a crowd of 10,000 follows. A modern rhythm shakes her fans, dreamily wondering where she learned her moves and what exercise she must perform to keep them going. Dawn breaks into a rapid belly dance as she practically shouts her finale. Somehow, she has synced the lights to follow her gyrations; they reflect off of her, glistening with sweat. I am in the midst of the first row; she tosses a bouquet (a “fig leaf” which had hung from her waist), reaching her hand out to me alone, very ready to rush the stage and vault her way. After your many encores, and covered with flower petals, we disappear backstage into your dressing room. Your wall displays various Grammys and several Indian trophies with which I am unfamiliar. I tell you of your genius, and then hug your luscious perspiration, soaking me in salt water. You give your manager an order for privacy until who-knows-when. You inhale and we join there. Beneath your golden clothes was skin contrasting them so well. Even though you had barely caught your breath from your Bollywood trance performance, you still had wind enough to fill my lungs with your eager puffing. Lips wetted lips; saliva mingled with saliva, mucosa slipped along mucosa. Your turning the lock on the door made me think of what your tight entrance must be like. You and I felt the reverberating, subsonic sounds of recorded favorites while the masses left. As you shed your jewelry, my lust (now glutted with blood) admired you undoing your bikini. I too was untied to be fit. God is the First Action; while I wowed, I saw the nude female body and I reacted – swiftly tossing aside all my garb! For a moment ours was a staring contest; you gazed at my pendulous trio, I at your dreamy, rare pecs, hard abs, and shapely delta. We readily rocked and rolled, a foray forming and firming. As we fell together, I was greatly tempted to take you. For the moment we settled with our linguae, dancing and trilling where our faces met. When so close up, it is difficult to see the other’s expression, but your zeal continued to radiate. Shut your eyes, Leon, I thought. We aimed for the same goal, soon to feast upon your bedspread. You were Dawn the Beautiful, the Famous, the Star, the One – and I could not hold back! You intently handled my lingam, easily harmonizing with your yoni. Dawn, guess where you can spy all the parts I love? Look above and see your nature reflected from the ceiling. We rolled around so we both could get perspectives of our nude production. My mouth sought that I might suck and lick and kiss and slather and taste your ginormous yonilinga. After I went down on you, your blood tingled, flowed, and thumped. Your substantial nipples, broadened areolae, as well as flashing, fleshing, and flushing labia must have tripled their size. Now my arms, just long enough to reach your breasts while I performed orally below,wrapped snugly around your thighs with tongue kisses horizontal, vertical, and encircling. I polished your rubicund royale reproductive response until the arena itself quaked. Next, your lovely keystone rocked atop me, when over the space of many minutes, it inhaled all the emissions your gut could devour and even more outcomes. When we awakened, the night still cloaked the day, yet bared our muffled duet. Best of health, L.B.

Heart and Soul, Dawn,

A new soft spot, just below your injured shoulder, is wonderfully olive – offset by your black bra. I would have liked to give you a massage, but S. or your husband would impart rubdowns that are more appropriate. You are kind to keep me in your intimacy. Remember us in the future; can you imagine us going on a serious date? My friend of 30 years visited yesterday. Even though she is X.’s age, she also is sexy (and divorced twice). We had a great talk together for two hours, but I missed the opportunity to kiss her on the lips. This brings me back to your cinnamon chest, which no doubt leads to your pure, ambrosial breasts. Let me firmly squeeze your strained muscles, with pain released erotically. You deserve loving attention for doing your best job. Again, you went Above and Beyond the Call of Duty. You are supremely beautiful, and an honor to your family. The word “lovely” describes you well; you are affectionate, attractive, and romantic. Having café au lait skin, rest assured you are hot and perky. Your appearance is something that has stayed with me throughout the years. Your caste-free exterior must be a surprise to those who see you in a bathing suit or rinsing off at the gym. I have mentioned that women have twice the body fat as men, the excess mostly in private places. Here I make the first move to preserve your dignity. Let me ask you for permission to explore your secrets. You show a blush quite pronounced – from your one heart and two lungs that reach out to God and share with me. I wish I might always knead your shoulder – more opportunities to make you groan and more vital feelings between us. I have the desire to kiss and savor your bosom, feeling that you deserve to relax.

Today, I will have waited a fortnight. Can you see us at my front door, where I welcome your approach? We delay until we both become restless – searching outside, then under each other’s pajamas. The time passes like so many images leading up to our tryst. You start to howl quietly with feral tones. We could be alpha wolves, mated for life. The Indian silk rug supports the two of us mixing touch with muscle memory. Your perfumed pheromones rise to my nose, binding the two of us in immortal lust. We cannot tell your arousal fluid from my pre-ejaculate. You called from the depths of your vagina, God’s gift to both of us. He gives us precious time to admire the other’s explicit features. Your restless, wild woman breasts project your vaulted areolae: “Google-eyed.” Those resilient glands will provide further pastime. We were bears licking with honeyed tongues. Our linguae whirling, we rocked together with my enhanced phallus skinny-dipping in your lush oasis. I bent back to admire your yoni swallowing my lingam. With sighs before secretions, we held on for dear life, inhaling and exhaling as one spirit. Dawn, can you feel me pulsing within you, where your passage of comfort clenches me relentlessly? We later agreed: I had spilled for well over thirty seconds while we resolved, relaxing in your everyplace embrace until extending entire exultant erections! It was then that our shifting innerved your lady cave to seep surplus lubrication. My mouth reached out to lick your pearl setting, lapping love from the orifices of your three-ring circus – maxima, minima, and introitus. Just the sight of your primal birth canal readied me and my growth spurt. We offered each other the dedication of our life function; to lose – then find – one in the other. Our nature, hearts, brains, truths, spirits, and cores reached out, all expressing a torrent of man-woman protoplasm. Dawn, we are back in the office, where you have dreamt of your angelic self. Know that you and X. are the most worthy people to me, and beloved by God.

Heartened Dawn

Many books throughout history

Hold love’s impassioned cry

While others work at sophistry

Their art need not apply.

Human organs run the same

Live rivulets of blood

Yet our passions never tame

The soul’s emotive flood.

Dawnlight, this romantic line

Riseth from our hearts

Spirited as God’s great shrine

With mortal, heated parts.

I love you, Dawn, my matching date

I seek to touch your breast

Arise in bed, my charming mate

Our couplet feels best.

Lie by me, my fairest dame

Whispers fuel our lust

Take an hour, play the game

And come first if you must.

Dawn, you’re mine, for our best time

Fun promises the bed

Together gliding in our prime

Since under you I’m led.

Seeing me, from want she begs

To probe her tightened lips

That is, those between her legs

Which give climactic trips.

I see that you’ve made up your mind  
That wedlock lasts until death  
You’re the finest of all womankind  
With whom I share lasting breath.

Heavenly Dawn,

I want to tell you why you are eligible above most others, especially for your innocent yet bold quality. Men often scan women by sizing up their bodies. You, however, have my respect far beyond that; the gorgeous, soft girlfriend who embodies a real fighter and thinker. You will win in the end, and I hope we join by then. Your authentic expression is one of many; I strive to keep your outlook optimistic. For instance, I wish to share the task of washing my car, which is much too dirty. We get buckets of suds and rags to scrub off the dirt. After we finish, you rush back inside, as you are soaked to the skin. Hard work makes you attractive, my Dawn. I follow you out to the master bathroom – then you turn around. Every chesty female feature under your wet summer T-shirt revealed itself! You asked me to close my eyes and open them a minute later. What do you call a bikini of foam? They haven’t invented an outfit yet which can hide your graceful figure, Dawn. I neared and proceeded to blow off the froth – maybe a little too close. Getting us lickety-split clean took a bared bath and my licking the split. You know I love showers – particularly those with you. In unison, we felt every fine hair of skin tickling, traded handfuls of pubes, and roused bounding breasts (dancing like those of a buoyant college coed). We chose to make out, which suggested tongues in cheeks. I proclaimed, “I love you, Dawn!” Blood in my vessels had erected mine many times before. I told you how I had achieved over 10,000 autoerotic orgasms in my bathtub over the decades. You chose the Jacuzzi option (swirling water in a sensual bath). The rivulets of pressure started to work their action. Your pudenda fluttered without shame in the permeating stream; your grand clitoris led the event. Every part of you was swimming like minks in a pool. I wonder at women whose hued haloes and pudenda swell upon nearing climax. Dawn, did you know that you are spiritually, physically, socially, sexually, intellectually, and emotionally ideal? You and I preferred the intrigue of coitus, so we two raced off to dry and then to bed. In awe of your energy, I had thought of being with you – all day. To bask in the sunlight, we left the blinds open. Again, my edifice was rising aglow; its cyclopean view at your vulva showed its hydrodynamic, chiseled contours. To appreciate your figure, I asked that you strut across the room, then embrace me with your assurance. Suddenly you jumped up, clinging to my ribs with spunk enough for one-on-one. Both of us stood in the luminous rays beaming from behind the clouds. Your yoni treated this masseur to the reassuring yet pent-up, comely and kissable, smooth but sweetly tart. Making love thus entailed our curious parts, inescapable dance, and paradisiacal devotion. We mated freely and inseparably – like over 100 billion before us – nevertheless in utmost, loving trust. Both you and I have had only one intimate before; we are virtual virgins. All of our lust since we were conceived met in a completely new world: one bizarre, strange, and a bit kinky it seemed. I entertain your vaginal sphincter with my corona, which directed my urethra ahead and stretched out my shaft’s taut, shiny, pellucid skin. Lying united and hopeful, we have just tasted our true feelings. I hear your mind tempting me further into your ripe vitals, your dozen ways of sitting pretty atop me. We could visualize our juices rushing like the motion of an ancient ocean feeding a primeval waterspout. You cleanse me in these lasting seas, in loving appreciation of the eternal you. Dawn, you have shown us the best of both worlds, inside you and out of me.

Hello Dawn

You welcome modesty

Topped by just success

Your strongest drink is tea

And your sari, summer dress.

When I see you smiling

I quickly bow my head

You’re not so much beguiling

But friendly here instead.

I see your kind goodwill

Grow to a giant mountain

To God a prized foothill

Our seas, His flowing fountain.

A stylus guides my graphic heart,

Dawn, now I’ll shout again

Let life for you be classic art

Whose works burst from my pen.

Let us consider saying:

Don’t forget the other,

My glorious Indian praying

With her blessed Yankee brother.

Here & Now, Dawn,

Your ribs pressed up against me, reassuring me so kindly. You really could seduce me if you tried, with your teenage heat and pouty lips. Ours is a great adventure to the west elevator; you have me supposing how far I could get. Did you glance at my pants before our romance? Most of the time, I need a boost up, but not for our private lust tonight. When attached, we prove more than healthy in that area. You know my likes, and I love you. Strangely enough, we can publicly hug tight by etiquette, sniff natural scents, and taste skin with potent kisses. When we are alone, I will smooch you wherever you like. I wonder if I (fantastic, emotional, and provocative) approach sex like you do (dedicated, demure, and supportive). I savor your flavor – soothing saline, mildly musky, and lightly spicy. We both must wait, though; you are married to a man who truly cares, and I love my girlfriend, yet have not been sexually active for years. One question I have asked before is, do we dream of each other? At S.R., I am content to wrap quietly around you. Your hair today was mostly raven black; thank you for those fiery accents! Your person was so youthful and proud compared to most other staff. Teens, however, often don’t have the generous, provocative, and perfect breasts you do. Transfixed, I watch your rump. Dawn, I ask God to keep you in the immaculate health I saw today – not only for me but also for the others She protects so responsibly. I want Dawn to enjoy herself, to find us commuting in bed. I hope our relationship lasts and lasts – at least I have her to play upon my brain. We have many experiences to relive together. I can see beads of water trickling down your skin like light-brown autumn leaves reveling in the rain. When you step out of our shower and dry your curvy body, you fulfill all the parts you need to. My hands gliding over your adipose tissues presage our voluptuous indulgence. The shower had converted you from pristine to romantic to aphrodisiac. Relating my gratitude, I needed no pill while I shuttled your lap for lapping. You found me thrilled by all your dilated erogenic areas. My reward is to appreciate my lover’s orgasm(s) before mine. Thus, we two first focus on my lingua and your yonilinga. Your labia change from a modest tan to a pinkish-purple surprise. I will roll you compactly abed, so the crooks of my elbows fix those of your knees in our steadily anointing sexual revival, which I describe here in more than 200 torrid love letters. Explore, my dear Dawn. Find privacy as we write and act out our fantasies. I inhale your lungs’ humid air. Does your empathy reveal me as you reveal yourself in my tub? You pinch one nipple and the other hand reaches into the suds; your fingers are focusing on fulfilling fun. Here is the place whereupon we two sorely tempt one another and God grants women being within being. Yours is a living testament to the shelter where all seek to return. Gripping, slipping, shiny, and sleek netherhair of yours may also act as a lubricant. Deep inside your birth canal, as under the dermis of the penis, colors tend to be pinkish, meeting your mucosa and multiplying my flux. Men need only a glimpse of that land to last with their partner. Show me your Saturday best, Dawn! From loving Leon.

Heroine Dawn,

You have family members who love you every day and care whether you are well. You sleep with one, and with him gave birth to the other. God favors you for your hard work and honor. When you awaken, you fulfill each other, along with a refreshing breakfast. When you leave in the morning, your daughter and husband both say goodbye to you and you to them. You brace yourself for S.R. and the job you have performed dutifully for 22 years. The first action you do at work is to greet your friends, coworkers, and residents. You assist the elderly, feed them, and lead some with exercises. You move tables and clear the floor. You are ready for the events of the day, including Bingo. Once I see you in the afternoon, my heart palpitates. Greeting someone you love is like seeing them over the many years you have felt their presence. A great word to describe you is “graceful.” You are liked by most of the people in these letters – different people, all wanting to be close to you. K. substituted well for you today. I rest and think back to when my mother was alive. You and K. connect me to those days; two beautiful women who helped me through my tough times and who keep me motivated for the future. It is no wonder that your husbands revere you each as God blesses your families. Before you married, you were as true as now, your eyes thrashing any man who dared to stare or speak inappropriately at you.

I found you, Dawn, as you did me, in the university dining hall during the first week of classes. Noticing you eye the empty seat next to me, I offered it and smiled. We both seemed hungry, finding out later we had skipped breakfast for class. Between gulps of vegetarian food, we learned that we had the same major, mathematics. Our chat could not keep us from wriggling in our seats. She, speaking English, would sometimes misuse the emphasis on a word, what the French would call a “double entendre” (i.e., “two meanings”). What she said to me I would sometimes interpret sexually (a symptom of my mental illness), but regret. I would blush and stammer at her pretty face, from which I imagined kissing her coursing carotid. She asked me if I enjoyed the food, but the only thing I could think of tasting were her sizable samples. She was very tolerant of my behavior, waiting for me to finish, then asking me to walk her back to her dorm room. We strolled, regaling the math of Ramanujan and Nash. The sun was high but not oppressive, and the wind mild. We found ourselves entering your modern apartment. By the time we “made it inside,” she was testing the passion in my pants. Her lips barely touched mine when I inhaled with a risqué slurp. She licked our lips as her lingua came on in. Two minds were of a single thought; our equation was 1+1=1. Her room soon breathed from the pheromone perfume of sex. Her moves showed experience; her attractive curves almost caused me to release early before taking me inside her exquisite vagina. At first, I squirmed like a sizzling veggie bratwurst brazed to be bolted, responding to the fine fun as we feasted. Our bodies reveled, while once and again mine extended ever more with her vulva banging against my sturdy bulb and swinging kiwis. We mused as we frolicked – was this relationship platonic friendship, a great date, going steady, just another lay, or a lifetime of love? All these thoughts precipitated as her yonic sphincter gave me encouraging tugs; while my wood went at her like a “pud-whacker.” We found ourselves transported along with the other’s genitals, yours slipping wholesomely upon your subtle arousal fluid; mine riding inward along with my gushing rush of semen, The realization of our approaching orgasm had shown that the multi-hued lining of your canal had turned a blend of red and “blue” blood, and the ruddy skin of this partner showed a profound love blush. For the moment, we freshmen lay back like porn stars, loosed in our dual nature. We were tame compared to much erotica, but I could just imagine our link: my wide ride spreading her introitus and further expanding fully her dark, Punjabi pigmentations underneath. I just had to savor her hot flesh again to expose, express, and explore our excess in a new awareness of elating, lusting, lasting, and recurrent launching. It was then our sixth sense spoke with warm, conjoined anatomies, and cheers!

Hold, Dawn!

Open the door; Dawn has arrived! I had been waiting at the window since she called, and here she is pulling up to my curb. She flashes her eternal smile as she gracefully walks over the new spring grass. I can’t wait to invite her; she waves back at me as we share hellos. You are my welcome friend, Dawn. We love bear hugs. They are like an MRI scan; our magnetism senses hidden flesh, muscles, and other tissues. Dawn, let me show you something. Stepping out to the back patio, we bathed in sunlight, blue sky, and the beauty of blooming azaleas. The far back has stood alone for years. While we trade kisses, you tell me we’re bathed in balmy botany. Standing in the unspoiled forest, raindrops flow mouth-to-mouth as if your lips became mine – we guzzled, we slipped, we drank, we frolicked together. I wished this would never end. You intuited, “Why does it have to?” upon gliding a fingernail up my sensational fly. Dawn, I like your guts, soon to meet my brawn’s spawn! In return, I unzipped and lowered your chinos, stroking gently where I ventured your yonilinga was; there you panted freshly. Desiring privacy, we held hands as we walked back into our home. In the full bathroom, you drew a tepid shower. “Tease me!” you ordered. It took just a jiffy for both of us to comply. The more I admired your naked attributes, the more I saw of us both. In the shower, you soaped me up, your hand curled around a now-stiff staff. Your jerking lifted my heart even more than it did my penis. Keep on, Dawn! Coincidently massaging your yoni, I probed for your G-spot, when your inner vigor gripped my finger so tightly that I marveled. “It’s just my Kegels, Leon,” you giggled. I jumped out of the shower, with you and two towels trailing. We dried off each other, our eager genitals reddish-purple to apprehend. You offered me your pudenda, serving 69 creamy flavors atop the bed where I fed my lingam into your hungering belly. How could you take in my fullness after you enhanced it so? Near the top of your vestibule, my tongue stirred your great bell when prompting your prepuce. As we were mute, moans of pleasure spoke for us. I could almost see Ms. Yoni clinching. Your juices tasted of fruitful fertility. We sensed our groins shuddering and switching. Your wild honey skin, without doubt, blushed and glowed overall before glutting blood and loosening a series of our ejaculatory contractions, witnesses to your Tantric training. Such is the temperament of sex. I explore your lush jungle of aloe and corn starch, where we drink from benign vines and clear pools, eat harmless berries, and suck sap. All at once, life erupts with jolts of lightning and thunder and a heavy downpour! We thank God’s nature.

Honey Dawn,

I wait here for our meeting on Saturday. Meanwhile, I will be thinking of your looks, thinking of loving you. You will have a few busy days until then, filled with family and functions. I will be trying to confront my depression. You make me happy, even for the short time we spend with each other during the week. You are certainly worthy of your relatives, so I connect with you only when appropriate. What feature of yours have I never known, one you keep close and personal? I used to be an athlete, as you were. I gave up my build for medicines that keep my mind well. 39 years later: arthritis, kidney disease, obesity, tremors, erectile dysfunction, weak legs, Parkinsonism, and mild dementia are side effects of meds. At least I relish life. Admire yourself, treat yourself, and take time out for yourself. I would like to take you on a vacation, like the ones in these letters. Meanwhile, let’s plan for Bingo, cleaning, and sweet talk as available. I believe, because you are from northern India, you too look for a temperate spring.

Wrap your loving arms around me

Find the pleasure central to this quip

Know the greatest way, surround me

With your grinning, gratifying grip.

I, Leon, was lonely, but at least I had a job. I felt needed, giving out information on mental illness and leading a peer group, but hadn’t the bravado to ask a woman out. Day after day, I would address the problems of others over the phone. I was communicating well when a soft voice next to me asked me on a date. I thought she looked pretty, and I couldn’t let either of us down. We exchanged numbers; her name was Dawn. Soon we connected by car. She was living at a halfway house for those with mental illness. We decided to meet at McDonald’s for lunch. We hit it off well, as I did not sexualize our first meeting. I met her again, this time at her rehab. (She mentioned that psychiatrists considered her to be seductive.) Being gullible, I was more than glad to accompany her far into the countryside where she boarded her two cats. After a while, I offered her a room at my house. Living with a liberated, young woman educated me – even more when she invited me into her room. She had appeared modest with nudity, but now I gaped at her bare body and took off my clothes with her lead. This woman was hot! When we embraced, every portion of one harmonized with the other. Her areolae and shaven vulva awed me; to be safe, we decided on oral sex first, making love as we fiddled with our duet. I held onto her more firmly the closer she brought me to a full-body orgasm. Her birth canal exuded even more juices and mucosal noises from the surging urge of this virgin. She and I held tight further while we performed, having the best of humanity’s humor. One time I slipped out, which I quickly redressed. I begged Dawn, “Faster.” She bore down as I elicited plenty of stuff from my stiff staff, not encountering any flaccidity. We practically swam in our wet spot. Our appetites proved spontaneous and complementary to each other – her garden tasted of light sour cream and papaya; she could not satiate her taste for my smooth squash and its mildly bitter garnish. While I drifted off to sleep, I half-dreamed that she had lain back with her tasty, relaxed but bumping bottom. This perked me along her vagina’s extent, accompanied throughout by our lotion’s devoted promotion. We slept in our aroma of achievement, of misty understanding.

Honeydew Dawn,

I’m half awake; the front door opened, then its storm door closed with a bang. Odds are it could be one of two people – X. or Dawn. Then Dawn’s voice resounds – “Leon!” I respond that I will be with her in a half-minute. I rush to get my robe on and run out to greet her. I had almost forgotten today was our day to lie back. Dawn greeted me with her classic laugh. We hug and I encourage her to take off her jacket. Alas, I am not a coffee drinker so I have none to offer. We agree on mugs of cocoa. I tell her I had heard of counterfeit currency in India and some scandal amongst its politicians, but this is no news to Dawn since she watches the “Indian channel.” I beseech her to sit on the couch. I cozy up next to her and ask her how her past day was. She works better than three people can. I admire her and readily admit I love her. I gently lean over and kiss her on the lips. She looked mildly surprised – then returned for me a full-mouth, delicious osculation. She stimulates all of my hormones. Rarely in my life have I reveled in a woman so lovely. While my PJ’s drawstring gave way to my raw thing, I felt an overwhelming temptation to ride her pubes’ swell. She was more demure, though. I reassured her that since I would stroke her canoe steadily, both of us would build up to marvelous splashes. Agreeing “Let’s spread!” we sped to bed. I insisted “ladies first.” I shed her jeans and shirt in a flash – her back to the bunk, legs upwardly straddling, and all my senses keen to her canal. I whisked her overgrown pinky with a handy fingerprint brush I had purchased for such a provocation. Her genitals ingested visibly as she howled and they smiled. I debated whether to comfort my friend manually through her panties, but I was more curious to study her exquisite vulva and to prize it with my tongue’s unique papillae. Only sheer imagination intervened between her intrigue and my lingua. Soon her portal began to ruffle, flare and glisten, and near the peak, tug my middle man incessantly. Dawn panted heavily, her back bridged and her toes curled. “Keep…going…Leon!” she insisted. I proudly stretched out her orgasm for some four hundred happy heartbeats, with dozens of vulvar kisses! I studied the expression of relief on her foxy face. Her nipples poked out and her walnut breasts filled with excitement as she rubbed her vestibule with vigor. I got super stiff when I felt this lady’s organ throbbing with our gratification. I promised I would enter her carefully since she was no doubt tender from our lingual workout. Once she had again built up her arousal fluid, I varied our positions to her liking. Dawn requested “closeness, not gymnastics,” so we two would share the biggest organ of our bodies – our skin. I first petted and kissed her hair, then her eyelids, her mouth, her ears, her neck, her breasts, her armpits, her spine, her gluteus – and per usual, her birth canal, her inward shaft, which embraced my outward shaft. I had slipped in, she freely hailing me and taking my manhood en masse. Throughout her pubes, I could feel her fatty flesh, tender tissues, clucking cleft, and ribbed ridges. These last fluttered ably to suck my muscle, like a xylophone performing with a heavenly chorus, an echoing orgasm from sanguine parts yonder. You brought me back with a kiss immersed and rolled me over. From my depths jettisoned a budding bonus, all I could give – in perpetuity, in you. Our contact persists even as I write now.

Honorable Dawn,

I must respect you, a married woman, no matter how much I convince myself that I am in love with you. I have concern for you and love you as a friend, a prayer, and an eternal comrade. This situation has played out many times in human history. Both of us honor your marriage, largely because you love your husband for life. When I met him on my driveway, I knew he was a superlative man, an honorable man, and the best for you. As much as I would covet you, he has upheld, awaited, and will attract you for the rest of your union. When I think of you, I cannot help but imagine you and me together, with you taking the lead. I am your tenacious companion, waiting to follow you. You are nice not to take advantage of me. Your grace and purity are an apt contrast to your toughness and life experience. I know there are job opportunities out there, for you in particular. Your excellence at work reflects the nature of your matrimony. I have had my severe illness for 38 years; perhaps I can relate my ordeal to you. Consider familial sexual abuse and resultant street drug habit provoking my psychoses; causing me to leave a top university; to think and feel chronically confused; to despair and consider suicide; to “fall in love” dangerously; to fail at school. However, an excellent doctor gently led me to sound medicine, and off of dope. I earned my physics B.S. and more – I have served notably at volunteer concerns like S.R. Of my friends along the way, no one has welcomed me more than you have. Boldness between our beating hearts grips us tightly. My vitals anticipate our next merging. Our joy leads us gradually to indescribable oneness and culmination. Will you be the one to charm me into Nirvana? Let me tell you of the stunning phenomenon I call love. Mine was unexpected. It was like a bridge to a dimension of real dreams, that with my first potential partner. “Potential” because there was no guarantee my emotions would agree with those of her. From my understanding, love does require some surrender from both. Although the emotion may be similar, this friend might interpret the situation as something else (for C., “psychoses” were a “trance,” which I believe to be of genuine concern to her. For L., love was an affair and security). When I felt this love from C., I told myself this might be my only lifetime opportunity. She enveloped me with a benign cloud of peace where senses centered privately. She was my ideal – her soft voice urged me from across the room; her body showed the athletic, mature beauty of a college junior; her pupils beat with her heart; she breathed fertility; her viscous spittle spanned her lips; she stood in my intimate zone; her silence stunned me – until I questioned “Would you like to go?” (See “double entendre.”) We jolted out of the trance, and I (intuitively not offending her), repeated myself this time with a calm gesture of my hand. We gravitated to a group of students talking about spring break. C., hearing through their elitism, interjected “What about the poor?” She had anticipated my very soul. As we walked outside on a gorgeous day in early spring, she explained she had a meeting to attend. I extended my palm and we connected, for a few seconds. I even forgot to ask her name. Love was not a panacea, but it revealed my humanity (e.g., exchanging mania for psychoses), offering me an almost magical, exciting world beyond reality. After a hiatus of some 35 years, I keep in touch with her online.

Hugs, Dawn,

Before we board the plane to India, you and I embrace, vanishing into each other’s fancies. Your expression is reassuring. I will be semiconscious on the trip. These new medications reduce nausea but are not perfect. Fortunately, we can afford First Class, where we stretch out and I use your lap as a pillow. You are wearing an elegant sari. After we climb into the sky, we order dinner; my favorites are curried shrimp and lentils, basmati rice, roti, and a ginger drink. We will later take a train trip along India’s west coast. Just wake me in 18 hours in Mumbai. I did get up to use the bathroom several times and stretch my legs; you followed in turn. The temperature aboard was a balmy 23 degrees Centigrade; just right for your sari and lack of any underwear. We had started in the morning, but the trip gave us a nasty jet lag. Disembarking the plane, we and our luggage caught a taxi to one of the more luxurious hotels in Mumbai, but we barely made it to bed. You undressed as I, your steady, watched and gave you an opportunity in turn. The air conditioning was set for “Europe,” cool enough for us to share skin while enfolding the other with their treat in hand. When we awoke, we took a cab tour of the old city but ended up spending most of our time nodding off. We had built up a hunger for exotic food, so we asked our concierge where we could find authentic eats. Not unlike New York City, within walking distance we found a clean café, where they served fragrant pancakes (reminiscent of French crepes) and samosas with chutney. We are not to get too full, as our train leaves in four hours. We will have to find something to do until then. I wandered into your umber, far-off eyes; I am certain they were keeping time with my heart. We paid our bill and headed back to the hotel. We were a respectable couple until we shut our door – Do Not Disturb! There is no woman in India more attractive than you are, notably when you take off your dress. I followed in (and out of) suit. My lingam swayed like a palm tree blown, and then stood up; you lay back with your secret at the edge of the bed, legs apart, so beautiful I cried out in gratitude. Your prime found my primal motion. A glint of moisture shone where I fit my muscle fast, motivating both of us ever faster. Soon, my resonating, restless, romping, roused your rump to writhe. Outside was the Arabian Sea, but I mostly enjoyed your dewy depths desiring me. We supposed later that your orgasm projected lavish mucus impulsively. My corona gathered amazing amounts of arousal fluid from your respectable passage; this was the prequel to my unusually vast volume of seminal fluid. With our back and forth, your muscle tightened, then eased, on and off. If only we could see your vagina within (initially a tempting shade of sangria). Your yoni’s sphincter, reminiscent of an enlarged “innie” naval, clutched me securely, preparatory to launch. It had lured me to enter many minutes before, now sealing us as our hearts released: I … can’t … hold … back … any … longer … ahhh … I love you – keep going, Dawn! My lingam kept cycling as your flesh took in its prize. In a handful of minutes, the mere thought of your lady bits hardened me once more, luring me back inside you and sealed with a penile kiss. I bumped your nest until our secretions overran again in dear gushes. I tasted your pond: mucosal, primeval, and algal. My reach is true – you let me slip – we both have peaked – and loosed our grip!

I dream of Dawn,

I have showered, fed the cats, and taken my pills. My watch says 3:00 am. I lie back in my bed and think of you. God, above all, notes your good works and faith, Dawn. Your loved ones deserve to be well and feel well since our village needs you so much. Your friends at S.R. pray for you, making them less afraid of sickness, loneliness, and death.

Next, we drift off to sleep. I see your beauty as a young woman. I am not sure she is you, but more likely than any other. We seem to be at a dance, and we are having a wonderful time. The music is neither fast nor slow, and I soon forget about all of the other dancers. I hold you tight and sense your heart, want your heart. Our moves flow back to that of ancient India and ancient Europe. Think of all our generations dancing up to the present. The women, exquisite like you; the men, persistent like me. Rising until Dawn, we would learn the pleasure of convening: you and I touching, kissing, and joining. Your ancestors and mine celebrate our friendship, encouraging us to tango and sweat, one facing the other. They call out for us to make the best of our relationship, to rest by bedding our bodies both. First, you show me your attractive curves, refined underneath a fancy dress. It is no wonder why women’s fashions have men’s designs! You twirl until your hem barely hides your genitalia. Stopping briefly, you signal me to wait. Joy lit up your entire face. You unstrapped your shoulders until only the points of your bust held up your dress. As if nobody were watching, you revealed your pleasure zones, starting with your hair, slowly loosening it as you combed it over your shoulders. Its tresses tickled your bulging areolae, the uppermost forbidden bareness. Wondering, I gaped as you let your top fall to your midriff, showing your hips’ youthful support. Dawn, you walked over to a dazed me, planted sweetness in my mouth, and placed my right hand on your heartbeat shuddering in a private waltz. Lips and tongues sloshed ever faster, while my shifting grip caused you to stand on your toes and growl. I next sought out the locus we had discovered earlier that day: the “Dawn triangle,” on the right side of your neck, below the jaw and ear. There was the jugular vein, such a vulnerable and sensuous spot. I felt my face bathed by its warmth as I nuzzled, nipped, and inhaled, basking in its security. I followed your bluish blood vessels to where they once nourished your very lactation – the place where I happily handled your fulfilling double D’s. My mouth had lowered to yours, then from your neck to those plumped sensations and their healthy milk ducts. I immediately envisioned imbibing from those most attractive, though evolved, sweat glands. Their pigmented discs, which give the sign for rooting wherefrom sustenance seeped, are also the source of titillating “wardrobe malfunctions.” Ours had been a calculated slip when I lowered your gown to the ground. I lifted your lithe form against the wall, guiding my good nature towards your livelihood via your vestibule, then onto my immersion into your fascinating viscera. How can I write about our passion? As so many have told since the Dawn of Man. Let us beseech God for wellness and practical healthcare; we also ask for His miraculous healing and fulfillment of life! May the Sun enlighten us for a clement day together.

I Love You, Dawn,

We are not mutually married, but I believe we both have dreamt about each other in many naked, palpable ways. Our experience sliding astride makes our phalli lift, achieving lovemaking both wrapped and rapt together. Think of us in the traditional, though peculiar, position – buoyed many times by our hot tub, while I tease your tactile and elastic labial skin. I sink below, finding a reaction in my search for the pea atop your peaches. With a very tingly tongue, my skills now bloom your anemone; my flesh is like exotic seafood that it hungrily samples. The tub’s shallow end seemed made for supporting coitus – your nudity was so lovely at that moment, that I almost climaxed spontaneously. We found ourselves gently wavering, resolved towards a life of reflexing nerves, reactive skin, trusty heart, and mysterious genitals achieved, recurring during this easy, autumnal Indian summer. (Dawn, recall the experiences you have had by yourself with water’s sensuality!) The rubbery pool deck hosts movements like normal sex – whatever that may be. You know I have yang for you, and you have yin for me. We enjoy your texture (pettable), flavor (yogurty), aspect (serene), vacuum (air sealed), and heat (tropical). Chug my protein shake to serve you well. Dawn, you are a classic beauty. You warm me with your mane. I impassion the fantasy of your coaxing womanly attributes – like our faces meeting, touching with all our awareness, uniquely personal and sensual. Take love everywhere, remember God always, and pray we will be together with this embrace, with this craving, with this gaze, with our mellifluous breath, and with our two naked selves at the new genesis. Our bare hugs probe our physiques, our fingertips feel both calm and palpation, our glimpses provide insight, and our perspiration tastes of the deep. I wish I were with you right now, sampling your private cuneiform. You have shown the best of 1.4 billion; let me free your sensations if ever you are in need. You are now the ultimate of humans, a work of great Ancient, Classical, and Modern art. See into my soul; I want you to succeed in whatever you do. Listen to yourself, look at yourself, touch yourself, inhale yourself, and experience yourself through our single heart: I love you! Believe we are the first, primitive, original seducers. I want us – lying on our faux fur, set loose in total fruition – to mount in turn atop private pubic pelts. Look at your ample breasts soliciting me to savor their sweat and encouraging their ambitious flesh. Let me lick your lips lustfully and lasciviously, tempt me with your trembling tongue and hold my huffing inhalations. You deserve your family first; you are natural selection’s best intimate, feeling the fullness of a baby’s beginning breath. You have shown me goodness and tolerance, improved my world, and introduced me to your own. Sex is dear, and you have shown me it can mean wonders between lovers. I hope we can accomplish the best of caring, giving people like those in Texas, Florida, Puerto Rico, and California – all Earth – hope, plus enough relief. We must thank God always. Is there a Temple in those places that you would like to bless? Direct me to any concern for you there.

Image, Dawn,

I was feeling a bit horny, so I warmed up my computer to look at some soft porn. One woman stood out as reputable; she had a site of her own, and though middle-aged, she had the shape, looks, and youthful physical attributes to satisfy me. I started to feel stimulated when the screen flashed, “Don’t You Want to See the Real Me?” Many personal images revealed her in a teeny bikini, a thong with a halter top, lingerie, see-through outfits, and tasteful, soon to be tasty, nudes – all captioned “Dawn.” She must have had this planned, I thought. “Don’t you think I’m sexy, Leon?” popped up another surprise. Via the keyboard, I tapped “Not only do I think you’re sexy but voluptuous and aphrodisiacal!” “I have more just for you if you have the hots for me” – Dawn. Did she want money? “No, Leon, I want your body and your lust,” read the output. By this time, I was fidgeting in my seat. “Don’t worry, I know where you live. Look out on your street.” There was a custom van, looking racy. A woman alit from it, walked up to my door, and presented herself: “In or out?” I did not recognize her at first, but she seemed somewhat familiar. “How about both inside and outside,” I said, sucking her face at my threshold. She was discreet, even when massaging my crotch right there. “Uh, Dawn, let me try your bucket seats.” The van had dark, tinted windows, so nobody could see us inside – even the nosiest of neighbors. Settling with sweet Dawn, I could see very well my untamed muscle undulate in her mouth, with the slightest of gagging. (She had the stereo on softly, playing one-hit wonders.) I asked Dawn to stop – just for a moment. Climbing in back, she pulled down her Daisy Dukes and touched her outstanding Phillipina pearl, which shone in the one ray of sunlight penetrating her vehicle. I was fascinated to watch her vivacious vestibule reflect more and more light the wetter she became. I had here the best live show in town, soon to become a mutual motion of our oscillating ocean. When I first accessed you, you were very viscous, but soon became slippery enough for a fast ride. Joining gonads was seamless, as if your labia bore my lingam. As once taught by missionaries, we lay face to face, so lovely that we kissed and touched wherever we could make out. Your chest glistened and your now unbuttoned shirt showed the most amazing, attracting abundance in all of femininity. Perfectly symmetric were rich, bold orbs near at hand whose condensate dripped like raw milk, whose paps stood high, and whose areolae witnessed pounding beauty from your heart. Fruitfully, your untamed lube gave us a tight, squishy vacuum. My core and brain serenely throbbed in time to our rocking. Her body seemed magical yet strangely soothing. Neither behind nor facing her, I penetrated her sideways and found it a most indulgent entry. This experience of making love was what the ancients had described: “cleaved” – both “split apart” and “clung together.” We challenged the limits of contentment; stretching your burgundy gap, and binding me to you. You had lassoed Zeus’s white bull, realizing what a dominant Europa must have felt like. Two apeak, we clasped, all in all, on your Egyptian cotton bedding. It was then I remembered your call – I had seen you at S.R.! This lady, she who might have been forgotten, was known to me again. “Yes, I wanted you even then,” Dawn revealed. My licker had enough “elixir” to pacify you until our morning cockcrow echoed across the horizon. Dawn closed the site and opened our private porn playroom.

Immaculate Dawn,

Thanks for coming by; may I take your jacket? My sight focused on your chest, a common habit for guys (especially in this weather). Your red sweater seemed threadbare – without a bra? We can get toasty; let me run the shower for us. We raced into my bathroom and dispensed of any clothes. My eyes on you were iron to a magnet. It’s time for a bath – would you like to invite my male member? Haha! Like an aroused masseur, I studied your body. First, I apply shampoo to your exquisite black, wavy hair and massage your scalp. If you’re moaning now, just prepare. You rinse off the shampoo, receive tongue-to-tongue gleefully, and handily ply my upright penis. I licked your ears until you cried “When!” You are the center of this bath; remember, this is “lady’s day.” Your mouth’s mucosa mingles with my own. I gently press out the daily worries from the back of your neck and whisper “I love you!” while you groan in agreement. Both of us get a great turn-on from soaping up each other’s bodies. My hands glide over you greedily, wanting to elicit the greatest pleasure from you. Among the bubbles, I place my lips around each nipple and suck impulsively yet tenderly. You look up at the ceiling, letting out a long gasp. Your cool flesh had transformed into warm and wet. The next stop (of me on my knees) is either an innie or outie – your marvelous belly button! We usually take for granted that vestigial knot, although you will remember my tickling it for a long time, way back in the womb. If you would, sit down in the tub so I might clean your feet, as a sign of respect and a sensual spot on the way up the legs. I salivated for your calves, and your thighs, then started on your mousy, mysterious melanin, contrasting your colostrum. Our friend, the outsized clitoris, was impatient, projecting from under a dusky shawl, and out of a hidden root. She was, to a large extent, a penis that does not pass urine or semen! I show you my manual skills (learned from natural guidance). I stood up, spooned, and reached around to find the delicate vines planted on your mons pubis. Such sprouting must have been an indication to early men that there was excitement to follow. I felt more of that beautiful black hair wreathing your softness. Then your lungs started breathing heavily, even more as my two long fingers made their way into your quiver. You conferred to me the mucus I needed to cover your yawning, yearning, yonilinga to leap in oozy ecstasy. God gave us its setting as a place most private, tender, reactive, and idyllic. During our best time on the bath mat, your resonant bottom, labia, and mons cushioned our action while we bounced to liquefaction – attaining a long, contented exhilaration with seminal fluid glazing your chute. We hugged more, binding ourselves, then toweled off our collective discharge. Even exhausted, we performed many daring Kama Sutra postures. How could we ever extricate ourselves? Our issuance intermingled, crawling into the arena of your uterus. We knew your reproductive tract would secure our seed in the act, if not the actual conception.

Important Dawn,

Do you ever feel like the people on TV are talking to you? No; you don’t have time to watch TV! One program was about Sports Illustrated swimsuit models – but you, Dawn, are real, adorable, and substantial! Folks could learn a lot from you; you would probably prefer private conversations, such as we have. If I could see the words from your lips, they would look like a Valentine – hearty, warm, kissable, and rosy. When was the last time you tried out a swimsuit? I would be stunned to see you thus endowed! I look forward to this summer when you might manifest your deep beauty. Tomorrow I hope to welcome you into my home so you and S. can do your best cleaning. I do appreciate your good work and feel happy when you can visit, albeit professionally. Stay as long as you will. Will you need or knead me throughout the day? Dear, you work harder than anyone else I know. (If you wish, I’ll give you a back massage!) Again, how can the budget at S.R. justify the salaries of the managers and administrators compared to yours? I have concluded that most of those people are desperate, greedy, or unethical. I will do my best to have a job available here for you, although I am unemployed. Do you have a quote for your window? You may want to wait until the warm weather. I am glad you have a good roof for shelter from the elements. I trust your house is sturdy. On Friday, all I ask you is to clean for me as you have done in the past. Feel free to take drinks or snacks in the kitchen. Thanks to your generosity, Dawn, for the ginger ale you brought for me last Saturday at S.R. It helps for my hour calling Bingo numbers, socializing, or singing. I just want you to be pleased because you please me. I want others to be fair to you because I know you are fair. I want God to hear and answer your prayers because I am sure you represent Him. You know what is right for our peace. Accompany me all the way with you. Our great mystery is: why have I felt closer to you in recent years? Love! That is, in Greek, “agape,” “philia” and “eros.”

Independent Dawn,

“That woman works as hard as three!” “She represents the best of India!” “She’s as honorable as she is true!” “God bless her and her family!” Dawn packs up after a long, tough day. The least her boss could do is admit her excellent work. She takes her purse and heads home. Great, her bus is on time. Disembarking after a ten-minute ride, she picks up necessities at the local market: bread, veggies, fruit, OJ, milk, and chicken. Lugging bags, she walks down the street to her apartment as it gets dark. Her housemates had announced their plans to stay out until late. Dawn felt disrespected by her employer. She felt like crying, but hardly ever did. She was a survivor and proud. Hey, she almost forgot to call her best friend, Leon. The phone rang ten times, and then a machine answered. At least I can leave him a message, Dawn thought – one that will titillate him! “Leon; jump, pump, and bump my plump rump. I’m dreaming of you!” She flopped down on her couch when it occurred to her – she could enjoy an evening alone. She remembered a man on the bus who seemed handsome and smiled at her, with an expression of kindness. Dawn imagined that she had conversed with the man, but he was strange, not part of her circle. Then she asked herself: what about the gel, the shaker, and the spray? On her bed, she stripped like the original Eve, got out the slick gel, and applied it to her flesh below, increasingly slippery upon warming. She petted it up and down, and on her satiating, sloppy seat within as well – then rubbed it around friskier and faster. Wow! She loved the release of nervous energy as it gave her extra courage overall! The product worked as advertised: relieving tired muscles, stimulating tissue, and motivating the blood under her skin. “Again, honey!” she imagined Leon saying. Sighing like her very first orgasm, she expressed her previous frustrations comforted. If the gel helped so much, how much more could the mechanical shaker do? Having found it, she checked the batteries and, on her bed, visualized Leon’s phallus feeding her and sowing sperm. Its waves instantly seized her sensual self. Moving it around, she found one place that ran throughout her innervated body, as if she had found the center of the world through her fanciful lover. Dawn experimented with the shaker, evermore reaching her home base within and without. Stage two was a success; could the spray be any better? In the mirror, she sought an answer from her burnished, brassy, foxy physique. The shower spray washed her hair well, but would it give her a true massage? Detaching the nozzle from its mount, she dialed up various vitalizing sprays. One adjustment only tickled; another was too hard, but the third resonated just right. The spritz found sensation both in her erogenous zones generally but also plumped her extended nub, a congenital clitoromegaly. She maintained a wide yoga stance until the washing caused her whole self to shutter and color her pubic zone dark reddish-purple as if rediscovering her virginal cherry. I am indeed ejaculating, as passionately as any man, she mused. She felt free from boredom, her heart and lungs still heaving in the restoring waters. Dawn released several times more, seeking more peaks while guiding the stream for yet another rippling sensation. Dawn is tender, tough, and soon to bed, tucking in her hand and sleeping soundly. God loves you forever. Your boyfriend, Leon.

Indian Princess Dawn (1),

You indeed were the eye candy for many Indian boys in high school. In a moment of privacy, they would think back on you walking by. At the time, young gentlemen were catching up to young ladies in growth and manners. Your first date respected you, and you gave him a little kiss. The feelings you must have had later in creating a family amaze me. No doubt, it is not just pleasure, but intimacy (which I am truly not privy to) and duty (which unites your household). Seated here at my PC, I compress the seeds which might someday be my contribution to a child – like you sometimes sat with your gametes. You appear as shades of rose, tan, rust, violet, and black – with textures smooth and rippling, moist or viscous to the touch. My features fit yours well. Since I have known you better, I bide my time until we greet to appreciate each other’s company alone. I can hardly wait for an occasion of seclusion when you draw near, close your eyes, and inhale your lips on my neck, which I tenderly and succulently return. Do you like the modern Indian dance in the video I sent you? Hot stuff. I was rather shy at dancing until, a thousand miles away from here, L. and I “cut the rug.” I am not sure whether you enjoy moving formally or freestyle, but when I watch your walk it combines both of us appreciating the “light fantastic.” Wary of your savvy skills, I invite you to dance out of here. It is chilly outside, so before I take you home in my car, I briskly massage your shoulders. Hey, that’s not muscle, Leon! Those glands led next to your well-formed, firm abs, onto your amazingly lax, lush lowlands (with a luscious, dark grotto of their own). You had a confession to make, but I already noticed that you went without a bra for later that night. Since we had introduced each other to the tango, I insisted we pull down the back seats to rumble on. We braved the weather and (like the auto ad says) lowered the seating in a few seconds. My station wagon radiated warmth, as did our mastery of busily freeing and shedding clothes while both sitting and prone. Dawn, in the faint light I dared to turn on my overhead lamp, and then my eyes popped! Only God or billions of years of evolution could make such beauty as yours; either way, I now belonged to you. Lest we reveal our “parking,” we doused the light. Before we touched, I had scanned the entirety of the body which you so well esteemed. The folded seats were somewhat confining, but your vagina provided open relief. Presently, I can see only your retinal reflections, which somehow lit up your whole face; you too whispered of this affinity. Nonetheless, I had found myself occupying your mortal desires, moved by miracles – ones whose outcome was certain. We recognized God’s mystery and mastery all about us: the silent calling of love, sure entrance, the scenting of sweet sweat, the tasty licks from your pure skin, and my exuberant erection securing and stirring the great unknown. Let us be this way forever and a day. You assent, washing my lingam in your tickly, trickily, thickly, tricky comedy. We two interlay pudenda, banged bones, and rammed resounding rumps, groaning until our burden loosened at last. Our bodies agreed absolutely – earth, air, fire, water, and quintessence. I love U.

Indian Princess Dawn (2),

On this warm summer day, I prepare for my shower.  As I strip off my clothes, a knock on the bathroom window and a soft voice through its vent alert me to my naked state.  When I saw my friend Dawn outside, my flesh (which had waited for water) directly stood at attention, and my backbone cringed.  "Pssst," she hissed, "I'm coming in," running to unlock the front door.  By the time she reached my tub, her walnut complexion was the only integument showing.  The Maharani, Dawn, knowing like so many Indian women the demure way to pleasure, grabbed the clitoral stimulator from amidst my towels.  The head of this low-voltage machine caused juice to exude from her inner course. Rubbing steadily, with waves passing through my tense tissue, it progressed onto the widened path toward her brave yonilinga.  As if the wild had called, her elastic hymen rarity guided, stimulated, and nearly swallowed my entire stature, pursuing a pucker that her labia had called into hungering action.  With my free hand, I first adjusted the water stream to her stiffening sweet spot.  Her body was super-feminine – she could turn me on at any time. Hers was soft yet ready, slippery yet gripping, kind yet so excited.  We conversed onward, our ballad leading to a welcoming cul-de-sac. Boyfriend and girlfriend said a brief prayer and rolled their eyes to the ceiling. By entertaining her love button against my diving, burgeoning root, we both grew "three sizes that day."  Biological sex, streaming water, mouth slurping, pelvic puffer puffing, and manual eroticism caused my hips to reciprocate further, as fast as a rabbit’s. Her lady bits took an intense interest in approaching the climax of us two lifted against the wall. Look at her beautiful face: eyes, lips, and cheeks led her cafe au lait skin to delight. The primitive, throaty gargling of the primeval emanated from her crotch as I siphoned my first load of semen into her gladly-accepting birth canal.  Each shiver I delivered traveled up her spine and back with heavy expirations of sex.  Look at yourself, princess, how your entirety challenges this male with countless pleasures.  A short walk from S.R. brings us to a nice hotel where we can make love for hours.  Think of the many romantic poses we may achieve, and with my pill, continuous ejaculating that you can feel dowsing far inside yourself.  I will minister my medicine thanks to your vaginal sphincter yanking out one after another of our big O’s.  Treat yourself to a bubble bath with fantasies of your amber breasts floating, nipples nourishing, and our tit-for-tat coupling.  My reddening shaft hurries to match your color, shifting for your tactile imagination as long as our plump plum’s plumb plunges.  Let's start with both of us brushing our hair, scratching our backs, and launching into a mutual massage, reciprocating your dusky prepuce entirely, from top to bottom of our lewd lovemaking.  My hands ply every sensual area on your front while my meaty muscle pumps his plasma and her menses, brimming over your vulva yet dutifully downward, both agreeing to "be mine into the generations."  As we had hoped, my blood-permeated erection next burrows amidst your spread, swarthy inner thighs, past the dark of your shuddering shadows, and through the three-ring circus of your multicolored labia maxima, labia minima, and introitus. There they meet my carnality, from soft tip to hard tube to productive glands, challenging our point of no return.  I can't help but stoke the desire in my pubes growing into surges of semen, and the froth of such emanations making the two of us respond to the ripple of rugae lining your interior.   Again you rock us until we are all petered out, sharing intimacy beyond rewarding sleep. My love fits in you – fit for my princess!

Indian Summer, Dawn,

Do you recall any Indian summers? It is just warm enough for a few more days to lie outside with each other. Ours is a bed of evergreen, succulent leaves hidden in the forest. The vegetation we rest our towel upon is lamb’s ears and pine needles. After a day of exercise, we smell each other’s vapor drawing us closer. The more we glimpse, the more we kiss, and the more we touch. You had told me last night how tired your feet were. I will try to apply what I believe to be a Swedish massage, but first, please disrobe. Your simplicity starts with painted toenails and eventually reaches your light makeup. Your joints are mostly pliable though aching; your muscles at first tough, then tactile; your tendons, uniting the two, taut before yet soon steadily stretchable. Your body is a gift to my hands. Most of our sensitive spots are on our front – as if our physiques anticipated us facing one sex to another. Unconsciously, you groaned and splayed your legs. Even to a man without much experience, you immediately drew my attention. Your furrowed organ looked both unusual and inviting. Ours would not be a mechanical process, but an acknowledgment of love. I kissed your yoni, promising soon to return. Next, off went my clothes. Rather than kneading you with just my hands, I would ply my entire person onto yours. The taste of perspiration, skin, mucus, blood, breath, and your very tongue (with our freshly picked mint) were aphrodisiacs alerting my organ to climb higher, tighter, and more sensationally. Fate joined us; our tunneling translated into quickening lunges guided by eyes, mouth, mammae, desire, reflexes, fantasies, sexual drive, experience, and ambitions. I gently goaded you to roll over on our berth, so I might access your beautiful vulva from behind. My glide matched first your soothing outer, then aroused inner labia. Those squinting orifices, blooming with great allure, first encircled my meat, alternating between the rear and frontal vaginal alternatives. Our stretched skin remained much in shades of my carmine and your purple, ready for the sex acts to arise. Though we were heated, your tactile and fine body hair showed the thrill of goose pimples. My lips coupled with your nipples, next humming upon your tart secretions down under. You whispered to me in an Indian tongue. The word sounded like “yonilinga,” which I was keen to please. The bright sun lit up your dusky, shiny, ruffled prepuce which I lapped with my mucosal papillae, exposing a conspicuous yet female shaft extending from out of its vast crura (roots). It poked out with a suck from prone me and a squeal from supine you. The more I tasted the protruding pinky, the closer to fulfillment we both came. I will always remember your knees bent next to your abundant mammillae, accentuating your genitalia’s introitus, the glistening ingress for your reproductive tract. You motioned for me to enter slowly, to relate our most obvious genitals. The lamb’s ears retained their gentle loft, as in concert we sucked faces and osculated yoni with lingam (so much more satisfactory than porn). I spied our exploit in the wall mirror, lifting you to expose the “rose petals” of your minora reaching out to adorn our performance. Both of us lovers were sky bound, yet we two quaked. Dawn, our bodies pumped with one heart, and our sweat-slicked, conjoined flesh welcomed more skin. I embraced us to recycle our flux, both shouting happiness with more conceivable insemination and gushing mucus. Do all animals share our sensual responses, we asked, rejoicing in our realization of recreation. We repeat these acts with God’s love and His eternal comfort – a refreshing change from mostly solo sex.

Innocent Dawn,

Today is International Woman’s Day; in the U.S., “A Day Without a Woman” general strike. Everyone must respect the rights of women. Women working for tips have to deal with poverty and abuse. I feel I have imposed on you with my emails, but still, they are much more letters of love with reward than crudeness. This is your time, although I understand you could not take the day off to demonstrate. You are “Dawn in Charge,” even if you are often unappreciated at S.R. It seems M. is a tireless assistant to you. She has a great teacher to share so much that needs doing (did I detect a bit of comely flirtatiousness in her?). You and I can be like Siamese twins sometimes; if I had the opportunity, I could join you for our best. Think of your Indian heritage going back many thousands of years. May I call you Ms. International? I am sorry for your husband suffering from various health conditions. The next best thing to absolute wellness is excellent medical treatment in the D.C. area. Cabbies have to work under a lot of pressure, and Uber (restricted in several countries) is of little help to him. I wish him peace – because if you chose him to be your spouse, he must be exceptionally kind to you. Thank you for calling me about my jacket. I did feel rather naked as I left the building, half questioning whether I brought one with me. However, I was wearing you, from kiss to hug to happiness. I love your charity and try to reward you for a job well done. My heart healthfully skips a beat when I am near you. I guess your house is a task of yours – clean enough to “eat off the floor.” I hope your neighbors and relatives are kind to you. The house up the street from me is no more; now there is only an empty lot. It sold for a tidy sum, even before they razed the original “mansion”; I can only guess what that property is worth. I just told you “I love you” on the phone; my whole body expanded. Most people never experience Heaven on Earth; I do when I realize your rare being. You are all true. I see you with my third eye. Our skins interact through dear touch; your face urges me to swallow its expression. We profess the soft parts and the thick sera God gave us. Our minds recall dream scenes of the utmost experiences. Dawn, if we were old and sharing a bed, I would summon all of my strength to make love to you. Such a time might be our ultimate (of which now we can see only a glimpse). Our wishes return us to eternal youth when we bask in Heaven’s light. Women know life best: the pain, the passion, and the pleasure. Let us agree on our heavenly meeting. Do gratify yourself with me. I will show you afterworld ecstasy here and now. Men must worship women, as I kneel before you; we both bring our bed to harvest our humor.

Intimate Dawn,

I regret having missed you at S.R. today. I am happy to leave you a phone message tonight, though. I apologize for my previous irritability (another form of anxiety). I do not blame you at all; it is just part of my illness. Hint at what type of gift you want for the Holidays. You must look great in lingerie, but you might consider something more practical. Would you prefer I choose a well-deserved reward? Has your guardianship become more reasonable for you? P. may seem peculiar to some, but you know she is a potential danger to herself. God follows you both. You perform a needed task for her humanely and with tolerance. I would have known you better all these years! We both show souls like youths; I wish you were now revealed in a bikini. When I squeeze you, I find a flexing, toned, and sturdy body of perfect femininity. X. is right that email (like drugs) changes one’s personality. It makes communicating my deep feelings about you easier but drives some folks crazy. You are special. I have known you for over 20 years. I have written about the exemplary duties you perform at S.R., all of them true. You deserve a lot more money than what you are getting. We both know this. What most people do not know is my love for you, all of your being. What is the major reason I volunteer at S.R.? It is to feel your presence, your spirit, your humanity. I wonder what it would be like to share the nights with you. On Monday, I sampled you nearby showing amazing flesh. I normally require a blue pill to get going, but my envisioning you got me ascending. Do I have the temperament to become a father? Are my genes unhealthy? My ideal woman would be moral and spiritual; enjoy coitus yet be infertile; one I love devotionally, respectfully, and romantically. It is said a man can measure his sexual pleasure by the quantity he ejaculates. Would you say the amount of her lubrication reflects a woman’s enjoyment? You turn on the love valve for me. If only I had the actual occasion to satisfy you! You are so gracious to hear me out and speak to me. Realize I love you the way you think I do – as couples have since the dawn of time. I hope that whenever you need me, I can be there for you. What are we all without our love sown across the Earth? This planet would have failed long ago without outstanding people like you. God touches you and waits until I might unite with you the way He intends. French kiss me fluidly and aggressively. Follow our liquid desire, Dawn. Pray care for those you love; your family (and you, especially!). I know you, as best I can, and hold God above all. Take me willingly into your comforting refuge. There, ever faster, we can lose ourselves in great closeness, recreation, and contentment.

Invitation, Dawn,

You deserve many kisses for good health. I want you to know that your eyes are alluring, but your voice usually attracts me first. Your accent can sound to me like learning a new language. I listen to your breath and my brain sighs. I am intent on you. The hugs that I chanced today I will dream of until I squeeze out even more. I want to moisten your lips with my skilled tongue and listen to your cooing while we make out. Your ears taste a little bitter. When I brush your hair, it shines in the evening sun. Its strands helped me steady you when I rinsed it out, squeaky clean. Apportioning our ritual, I hear you softly purring, as now my head hangs over the tub. Dawn, today is a day for love. Look around and you will see the greenery which spring rains have washed into growth. Were you favored from birth through childhood? As we draw the moisture from our roots, sprouting starts anew. As a mother, you must have so enjoyed breastfeeding, the nourishing that a friend of mine cared to show me. After I encounter your prominent pigmentations, they make me think how pretty they would be to an infant, and indeed, motivating to a man. When I admired your cleavage today, you looked no older than 25. I was heartened to see you, although I could always take in more. We adore you for your motherly love. S. is truly miraculous for her parents! If only S.R. would respect you as fairly as you treat the elders and your household. What about “Do unto others as you would have them do unto you”? I hope you have had a good day with your two adored ones, and find an epiphany of love often with one, your husband. Take your mate to a beautiful park where you can access beauty without necessarily leaving the car. You budget valuable hours out of your week to relieve his concerns. Maybe your temple provides more outings like the wonderful one to Charlottesville. It seemed to be the happiest you have been away from home. Sign up for more excursions to arts, parks, sports, culture, museums, and other venues. You have given your inner beauty – particularly personal – to the residents. Almost singlehandedly you trimmed a half-dozen Christmas trees and made the Lookout room cheerful, to say nothing of your regular duties. It takes a special genius to think thoroughly while she is steadily laboring. Your duties include promoting safety, arranging decor, moving tables, feeding and cheering elders, making evaluations, keeping schedules, reporting to your manager, making the days engaging, Herculean cleaning, communicating with the nurses, but also much more. You touch as many needy human hearts as possible, some comparatively well, and some dying. Each person is a story unto themselves. We especially remember Teresa into the years as she, now certainly with her Maker, died last week. She loved God unashamedly and was more kind to others than to herself. She related the passion of Ireland’s past, each story with a unique experience; some whimsical, most innocent (she once stole an apple from a tree!). I loved her songs of faith, mostly unwritten and passing into the ages. She was a fighter for right, and in her last year appeared like a gnarled tree, but one with a most fruitful harvest. God blesses us to have known her. May your cup run over at every opportunity, as you have fed those having the least. Let us feed each other with our nourishing nectar and ambrosia. Dawn, you are indeed a woman friend who can accept me into your dreams and search both of our souls. With love, Leon.

Inviting Dawn,

I love you. I want to share my pulses with you, and for you to breathe my kiss. Let me tell you a story about us tonight. Please cap off a pleasant Christmas day with a divine Christmas evening. I’m restless, at home with no one and nothing to do. I think of my beloved friend, Dawn, seven miles away. You have guests and family, whom you have to entertain. I need to hear your voice, one that whispers and confides in me about her times. Please forgive my persistence, but talking to you (when you are free to talk) “makes my day.” I envision your furtive eyes avoiding the voices in your background. There are very few excuses for leaving company – especially for you, a great hostess. I certainly wish you to be comfortable, as you make so many others. Are your relatives moderate Hindus? Will you visit the land of your birth anytime soon? Competition in India seems more relentless than in the U.S. I applaud your success here and I find in you a most admirable friend. There are few people anywhere as deserving and honorable as you, Dawn. X. is one of them. Imagine your guests have left for the night, and you remember that I had called earlier. (Please understand I am unaware of your availability when I leave a message.) I believe that you are working your heart out for others. I want to soothe you. You were cleaning my house (and I wish you could visit just as a friend), speaking like a Rajah’s wife, and toiling hard as a mother, wife, friend, and worker. If S. becomes half of what you are, she will be successful and notable. You contribute goodness and cleanliness to my house. I would like to hear from you sometime about your very dreams and full potential.

You call me back and we chat about the Holidays. I am very excited to hear your voice, a gift in itself. I summoned my courage to ask whether we could stay on the phone romantically or meet at my place. Your voice suddenly lowers and you say “Meet ASAP!” Eagerly, I wait until the ring of the doorbell. Upon opening the door, I face the loveliest Ms. Claus (with a red cell phone) from here to the North Pole. You must be the greatest light up there in winter. Dawn, dear, please come in and warm up. I’ll fold your skimpy costume. I suddenly realize you are wearing only scarlet silk lingerie and net stockings underneath! Sit on my lap and hear my wish. Your shivering, Lapland dance will have me slide down your chimney and you climb up my pole. I fancy my already bulgy pajamas to shift between my erection and your moist vulva, revealing (even more) my vast desire to comingle with you. Your nipples stood while you shed your bra and I thrilled upon inhaling your perfumed panties. God Herself had created your body, with your feminine flesh, curves, recesses, strut, teases, wants, and most rewarding pubes. How well would we fit united? We joked about whose sex organs were stranger or more tempting. Dawn’s generative nature agreed with mine; veiled in beauty, revealing her lust for my love. I watched as she led me out to the bathroom, then adjusted the water to her liking. I caught a welcome glimpse of her curved, exuded labia as she bent down. Her suspended breasts projected in golden godliness when she rose to undress me. Like magic, my clothes succumbed to her hands, skimming from my turquoise shirt to my moccasins. I only needed for her to pull off my stretchy jockeys and beckon me underneath the lukewarm stream. Too intrigued to be bashful, I saluted her. My penis would lengthen at least the extent of her vagina – a hypothesis ascertained by Dawn, sitting us tubside, locked as one. I could have done nothing but watch my phallus progress toward her puce fissure. Her aroused, shameless pudenda played like lover’s bait. She showed the best of ballet when our treats slowly mated. I waited transfixed, longingly anticipating the finest of mortal pleasures. It was then that she let go so I might have her fully frontal, fusing our muscles. Indeed, she had graced all of my features, from my urethral meatus (now dilated for flowing semen, anticipating ejaculation) down to the penile bulb (tautening, thus streamlining our seminal pathway). There, having waited a lifetime, were now “blue,” and retracted testes, where intensive yanks pulled 10,000,000 fun-loving flagella. Our bodies interchanged; each plunge from me elicited an even greater empathic sensation from her. Her foreplay and functions of peaking carnality were neck and neck with me. I remember, with closed eyes, nuzzling her hair, swallowing her saliva, manipulating her areolae, clutching her smooth behind, spreading her heated, hirsute thighs, and following her nether regions ever more heavily. Clamp yourself onto me, she-wolf Dawn, and let flow the heavenly bonus like the hot spring stirring our waterfall. Thank God for our bared complements as we service there once and forever.

Isle, Dawn,

Our ship had foundered in the Pacific Ocean; just luckily, we were able to make it to a deserted island in a lifeboat. Our survival kit (including strike-anywhere matches), started a fire from dry tree fronds, with steel wool as tinder. The kit held a mirror and magnifying lens for daytime; also, a flashlight, and batteries with which we could signal at night. We made “SOS” signs from flotsam. For food, we had a few dozen energy bars, but we had to supplement our diet. The dates here were tasty and for now, coconuts would be our staple. Luckily, we found a machete, making quick work of their milk and meat. I rubbed the coco on my skin, hoping it would act as a sunblock. We saved rainwater in our rinsed boat. Dawn built a hut inland, secure from most storms. Whenever we thought we saw an airplane or ship, we added some dry and green fronds for fire and smoke, to the idle blaze. We both knew a little about survival: Dawn from life’s lessons in the tropics and me from teenage Explorers. Dawn was such a calming influence that I often forgot about our dire straits. She and I accepted our situation but were always on the watch for rescuers. Besides the fruits, Dawn was becoming the best date I ever had. When we were on the beach with the flames as our only light, our shadows met. I had felt rushed securing our camp, but Dawn worked even harder. She said that we’d been there for one week and it was time to rest. We looked out onto a painted Polynesian sunset, drinking the usual coconut milk with a little mush from raspberries and blackberries. Later, we tried spearing and capturing landlocked fish, and other sea life. We toasted our life of freedom. Somehow, we two had avoided anything more than a kiss. Your mouth, and no doubt mine, tasted of coconut and dates. I went for a second helping with your consent. The natural diet cleaned our teeth like a hygenist. We had been modest and wise enough to wear clothes against the sun. Your black hair and my makeshift hat protected our heads and shoulders. Chapped lips softened with each other’s tongue, as well as with coconut flesh and aloe. You had turned the color of chocolate; your breasts boasted well-endowed Polynesian nipples, like those seen in National Geographic years ago. We neared one another, seeking more of our mouths’ rare nectar. Our curiosity led us further inland where we found a pristine pool fed by a cascade lost in the jungle. Nervously, we peeled off the garb we had worn for most of the last ten days. I showed red burn outlines from my rags. (The bikini, I believe, was created on a nearby atoll.) The pool felt warm and much purer than the ocean. The stones it rested on described a hot tub for two. Dawn, please allow me your healing touch. You held my most sensitive glands – the two that had been aching for you our entire time here. I spied all of your handiwork through the transparent water. You held onto our first mammalian capture, running your fingers over its length. In time, my flesh became a “staff of life” buried in your procreative muscle, as I sprawled, gladly trapped. Like magicians, we pumped for nearly an hour, reaching our apex several times, but not losing our tumescence or libido. Your passage shook conjointly with my racing outflow, yet continued restorative coitus. The pool swirled our vital fluids like cream in hot chocolate. You savored my plentiful ablutions to soothe your internal anatomy. We witnessed our cosmos here: thousands of islands and thousands of visible stars. Our last sally (for tonight) was for my potency to play, safely locked within the slippery grip of your hips. Know that God made intercourse so potent that our planet of people has arisen from the act. Dawn, we find togetherness in a long hug, a wet kiss, survival, and revival.

Joined, Dawn,

You called and asked me to meet you at a new garden, which had just closed for the day. I got there first but had to wait only a few minutes for you to arrive. We matched kisses and had a relaxed yet firm hug. There were tall trees, grassy areas, and flowers, flowers, flowers. Many types of soft groundcover grew here. I asked you if you would like to relax after a hard day at work. I had brought a couple of soft drinks and motioned for us to rest upon the moss furthest from the park entrance. We lay on the mat as if it were a bed. I delighted in our relaxation. “Look up at the stars,” you suggest. The sky shone violet as the romantic, orange orb of night climbed upward. “I’d like to see your full moon too, Dawn,” I hoped. “You’re an astronomer?” you quipped. Your breath was a palette of fresh spearmint, with a hint of ovulation. We practically swallowed tongues while I handled your heart. You let out a telltale gasp and quickly scanned all impressions on my face. “Try removing our clothes with our teeth and our toes,” I versed. “Practice makes perfect, honey. This might come in handy if we ever got tied up,” you suggested. “You taste sweet, completely,” I hummed to you. I drooled on your shirt and lost a button. You were more successful, panting while also depanting me. Thus, my rocket rose first. My countenance sunk into your fatties, with its mouth hungrily nourishing at a nipple and an eclipse called the areola. You cradled my head gently. I caressed your midriff, thinking of your uterus beneath, and enthusiastically fell to your beckoning genitalia. By this time your glow radiated from a yellow moon. You wore edible undies this night passion fruit!? Like a kid in a candy shop, I was ready to try your variety of sweets. My mouth awaited your plentiful purple zones, first searching under your jaunty points; then your beautiful lunation rolled back, showing the fantastic meniscus of love you had waiting at your groin. There was plenty of room for my enthusiastic escape, yea, the moss held up well. I shuttled my lingam lovingly and repeatedly, strumming along your rugae like they played our song. With me inside you – fleshy, zesty, sticky, musty, slithery, private, motivational, and trickling down – you exuded the honeydew of ten thousand flowers. Rati and Parvati divine your depths, soothing your cervix (pronounced “climax”) and tumefying your outer lady parts. I paused, finding your crafty wanderer, she who drifts around your vestibule with her sail up and oar stroking. Your shaven wound flashed more with my drool bestowed. I could almost feel your yoni trembling with pulsations – your beating femoral arteries, the sultry breath of your lungs, the sway of your hips, the dilation and contraction of your various female sphincters, the exaggeration of your anatomical sexual characteristics, and the redness of your bosom augmenting its pacifiers beyond a half-inch. Two words you confide in me: “Yes, Love!” Your inner grin gripped me furthermore as I plumbed your pelvis; here I held the secrets of our celestial souls while you elevated my space probe to its very limits. Dawn, you are golden. My mind views my lingam sowing satiny seeds inside you, accentuating all the pleasures we will ever know. I splash about your vagina, driving you and me further into a coital embrace and bodily climax. Our junction calls out in gurgles and gargles as it warmly bubbles all: vacuum, saliva, perspiration, secretions, and slime. My yen is yours; my skin is yours; my mind is yours; my blood is yours; my viscera are yours, my origins of love are yours – all under our infinite sky. While I soothe her, Dawn arrays a nude sunrise. God, please protect her and those she loves.

Joyous Dawn,

Enjoy the days of sunshine and soon-to-be days of warmth. God loves you. He created both of us, promising our life eternal in Heaven. Such is our real reward and state of mind. If I find you ultimately beautiful on Earth, just think of our immaculate selves He blesses us with in the afterlife. I am glad that we mortals can be so close; indeed, you are a superwoman here. I feel you looking over my shoulder now, making kind and small talk. You are so considerate to massage my neck. Your breasts skim against me and I deeply inhale. You spin my chair around and cover my face with your near-naked, soft couplet. By luck, your shirt pops open and my mouth honors a beckoning areola. I taste you instinctively. You say “Get up, honey,” as I lick for the reward of the most human nectar. Yes, I had taken Viagra a couple of hours previously. Remember these seven remedies, Dawn: hardness (which is what the medicine is for); size (inches longer); duration (approaching 300 thrusts); sensitivity (fun when I picture you showering or vibrating by battery); fluid volume (when I have waited weeks for you and spout like a geyser), confidence (having pride in both of us) and repetitions (up to five in an hour). You lead me to the master bathroom while attentively filling the tub. As I stood, you hungrily parted your robe to reveal your midi-shaft’s sizable surprise. I appreciate that God made both your soul and body and that your clitoris emulated my childhood weenie. Allow me to say that the wild, naked you are a great complement to the proper, social you. You kneel frontally and master meat-to-mouth: darting, skimming, twirling, humming, rippling, hoovering, and bold swallowing until I wave for you to slow down. Begging doggy style, you show your female folds in reverse, so I might advance my grunting, groaning, and growling pride within your radiant, royal treasure. I knew your grip urging me ever more toward our eventual purpose. Reluctantly, I avoided one brief harmony of escaping efflux for more heartbeats anticipated. By this time, the Jacuzzi was toasty, full, and turned on. As you climbed in, I caught sight of your breasts floating (like life vests named after Mae West) – just beautiful – and your ruffled flesh shining and extremely enticing. I just follow the arrow of your delta! Lying in the bath, you aimed your canoe toward our whitewater. I reached down, my fingers shaking in the flow to apply a tremor of their own onto your love bud. What a great honor to have Dawn share my bath, and now she verges on culmination! I delayed the surge while I figured out how to finish off both of us with a big bang in common. Our mouths slopped together as if they were performing Parisian sex. Both invited toweling off and called to spring upon our king-size bed. Your radiating inner legs had separated entrancingly in anticipation of continued exploits, fast finding us aquiver in more steamy sex. Prickling in reality and ovulating in fantasy, you coaxed my thirsty seed to jump with its sticky sap and thus entertain your mucosal party. Like quicksand, you drew me in, sucking harder the more we struggled. With you as my partner, we reach all inner and outer space! Let us count the ways – Viagra gave seven carnal perks. We pray for an effective pink pill too.

Keep in Touch

Dawn, you see that your touch makes me shiver

My desire for you ebbs and flows like a river

Whenever you’re with me my skin starts to dance

Just loving your eyes puts my heart in a trance.

I learned you have come here from so far away

I’m begging you dear many more years to stay

I see your desire toward me too is proper

I sense fever and dreaming from you, a showstopper.

All men on the street give to you wolfish glances.

Stay with me darling and I’ll meet your advances

Dawn, if you wish to remodel my room

Give me a call and I’ll ride on your flume.

Dawn, you will find I am king of masseurs

When I rub you down, we’re both connoisseurs

Your form matches women from Asia to here –

Let’s leave this party and both disappear!

I love your knitted and low-cut striped shirt

Your bosom busts out either full or quite pert

I can only imagine the taste of your licks

With your sensual shape keeping me in the mix.

I love you beyond all alleged appearance

Your sweat covers me as my body’s adherence

Please tell the truth, if I ever inflame you

You’re your own woman; I never could tame you.

Key, Dawn,

To unlock my door, you need a key from your cozy heart. It may be hot outside this midsummer, but please sense the cool of my house. Step in and let me test the heat of your blood. You are always welcome here, especially to try my new air conditioner. I hope that your car was chilled and that you brought some spicy Indian food with you. (Spices can be served in hot climates to increase one’s sweating, thus cooling.) Have you had any dreams lately, those that you deem proper? Take time to exercise at your leisure, and check out my bedroom whose bed you made. Look around the house to see if there is any place in need of tidying. I am glad to catch up on the week; give me our schedule for Bingo and “Maid-to-Please.” You were unusually beautiful on Wednesday, Ms. India; I could have hugged you all week long! Being my friend puts my being in you. Did you mention an Indian restaurant with mostly finger food? I dined at a place called Bombay Bistro in Rockville. I will treat you if you want to go there. Maybe you would prefer a restaurant not so ethnic, but with vegetarian dishes. We could escape the heat by finding a swimming pool, but none is as private as I would prefer. Would you like a rhyme? Rub-a-dub-dub, we two in a tub – in Jacuzzi we rub for my mixed singles club. A woman with your jiggle slowly disrobing is gorgeously Rubenesque! I felt foolish walking around half-raised until you decided to stoop down and open my zipper. With but a brief gag, my partner in magic exposed – then vanished – my wand. I once found out she had taught her yoni to internalize a lingam by her action alone. With such talent, what would be the second act? But wonder! Crouching above me, she drew in gingerly enough to swallow a fresh goose egg – her pliant tunnel conforming exactly to its diameter – then turn it around inside of her and gently lay it down! (Soon she will take in so much of my essence as to blandish a bonobo.) We wait for each other, lovely Dawn. She is not wanton; she performs only for her mate. I pushed into a youthful vagina, respecting her flexible membrane. You were as amused by my lingam as a handywoman with a handy tool. Dawn and I, teasing for well past a week, nixed the foreplay. Still, my manhood appeals to her as a banana does to an ape. I needed to demonstrate my true love for Dawn, whom I hugged and kissed like my best times. Do you remember that initial passion, our first meeting, and the quickness with which I took you? See me as I climb out of the oversized bath. I part your curtain, therein spreads your vestibule. No, said she, almost leaping onto my member; “Man, not hand.” Immediately my lavish love occupied my woman, she surrounded me as our endless visions concurred. We faced each other to finish off the monkey antics where we had first begun this story. Dawn was a love never to forget after I found her open to me. Our trajectories agreed with each other, so close as to tug and stretch her introitus, stroking her fabulous femininity that peaked her past experiences of heart, brain, eyes, nerves, and lungs! My store of semen, willingly propelled, coursed inside you; nourished and dispersed our seed; lubricated our muscles of love; made dating fun; pretended conception; mixed with your secretions; reinforced our climax; performed great exercise; created lifetime memories; pictured greater exploits for the future, and had the goal of more sex! Remember these deep feelings, Dawn; I hope they comfort you, give you the freedom to express your fantasies, and last us for decades more. We haven’t had ten minutes by ourselves; let’s get physical together. Whenever you read of this, our epic, see us mated in the mirror of your mind.

Kindness, Dawn,

Your call today was exceptional even for you. When I think back on your friendly tone, it was as if you were nurturing me. Now I am no longer starving. I only wish we could talk more often so you can paint me pictures of your week. You see my wanting to rest with you and to recreate for days. Becoming each other may be the most rewarding action we as humans can perform. You are the bearer of love. I think of ways we can share: adoring, spiritual, sexual, personal, societal, mental, peaceful, historical, poetic, and lingual. You lead me to your heart.

Dawn, I saw this fantastic Ms. in a miniskirt down at Diamond Square! The place is classy and so was this woman. Her moves spoke of assurance, and her face of friendship. Her tan greeted the summer while she pranced down the sidewalk. Her smile gave me happiness. That lady was you. “What thing is most personal that we often give away?” I asked, admiring her. “What?” she said, trying to be serious. “Our names” I revealed. You laughed and told me, “I’m Dawn.” I replied, “I’m Leon, Dawn. Have you had anything to eat this evening? Rooh Bistro is a fine Indian restaurant.” “I’m from India,” you chimed. “Then you order for us, Dawn – my treat,” I offered. We ate outdoors in the refreshing weather. The food had a prurient effect. “Are you doing anything else this evening?” I queried, “You might enjoy my music, Dawn.” On our way to my house, we talked about everything, but nothing in particular except your home country and my being a homebody. “Nice environs, Leon,” you flattered as we drove into my carport. “I didn’t earn the property, but I’m willing to share it with you now,” I said. As we passed the threshold, we got bold – with a curry-flavored kiss! I helped you off with your sweater and offered us both a frozen fruit bar. “I’ve never kissed a cold tongue,” you tendered. “So let’s warm up to each other,” I hummed. “How would you like to try out my virginal bedroom? At least 55 years and no lay in there. It must be haunted. Hehe.” You sat down and patted my bed. When in the Bud house, do as the babe does. We fell onto the mattress, Frenching but holding back total passion. Your body was a cushion preferable to the bed itself, and you didn’t squeak. I turned down the classical tunes low, and Dawn improvised for us. Your lingam massage next gave me a boost to Eden. How ungainly had been clothes as opposed to our present skin in our return to nature! I could lose some fat, yet will exercise my flesh. Your legs held me in a headlock, tongue-tied like a scarf; “the better to swallow you with my dear,” I slurred. You were heating up as I, blindfolded but with great purpose, found God’s magnificent gift to women – which we Westerners call the clitoris (e.g., “Honey, I Shrunk the Penis.”). Your positioning projects its 12,000 nerves outward, toward my smacking, lasting lips. I keep on lapping your monument to success, as we squished out some of the most joyous noise from our one-on-one orgy. Dawn’s is an exotic dish, one willing to treat her man while he samples. Her protruding, bulky bit held vigil when she insisted that I access her entryway. Was she a virgin? No longer: we pushed and pulled; inhaled and exhaled; glided and caught; screamed and stifled, until assimilation coasted fluidly with our supersized douches of perfectly paired pudendal passion’s promise, binding us in a lifetime memory.

Kiss Dawn,

It’s Friday afternoon and I just had a wonderful talk with you. I wish I could speak to you every day. When I see your butt, my love builds, hikes up, and rears. Do you feel that women have a similar experience? We must find a patch of springy, green grass in my yard where we can play out our desires; at least, that is what I would like to do with you right now. Life would be so exciting to have you near, both of us rolling around on our sheet without a stitch on. Whoa! I have to save myself for your S.R. presence tomorrow. Did you know a man has the potential to make over 500 billion babies in his lifetime? Can you hear my sperm? “We want Dawn! We want Dawn!” What would life be like if we could not satisfy our libido? I know my limit used to be four or five peaks per day – or would there be a limit? Isn’t that a funny name, “orgasm” (it rhymes with “chasm” or “spasm”)? Just think of the entire hominid female body (yours) that evolved over millions of years to interact with the entire hominid male body (mine). When we go out on a date, afterward we might head to my house and relax. Where would you suggest we go first? Curry sauce and shrimp on basmati rice, with roti and a mango lassi come to mind; and, if you like, we’ll see a movie down in Bethesda.

On a warm night, we can lie back and gaze at the stars. You and I are Earth’s last hope to keep our civilization alive. We are the select, perhaps the most oversexed, human couple. 5…4…3…2...1…blast off! Acceleration presses us into our seats. Just think, Dawn, from our seed, we will procreate entire populations! We are off to Alpha Centauri! We were explorers in virgin space – “to go where no man has gone before.” Once we reach reduced gravity, we remove our space suits, and then more. Off with the video link (and undergarments); Houston, let us have delight. Dawn laughs and kisses me all over my face. Little bits of spittle go flying around our cabin. We will have decades together, so we take it slow. Conserving water, I try to suck in as much of your saliva as I can. All signs show your fertility; I have saved for you my previous month’s semen. “Don’t rush,” Dawn says while teasing my lingam delicately with her horny fingernails. I remember our last telephone call on Earth, how her words kept building my tension in anticipation of our space sex. Whatever I said attracted her closer. I wanted to hear, promise, witness, and seduce her: while doing so, we led ourselves in zero gravity. The lights outside are more beautiful and brighter than we have ever seen. Your hair floated as if we swam underwater. We round the Sun, saying farewell to planet Earth but hello to mingling ahead. We were orally competitive – in conversation, tongue wrestling, flirty lips, unique tastes, facial lovemaking, the kiss of life, the buccal cavity’s vacuum, imminent imbibing, and licking what and wherever tastes good on our partner. You were smiling inside. Why is it that we gentle people usually face each other when coalescing? Is it such that makes the doggy style feel naughtier? I whispered to my timeless date that here we could attain more positions than ever possible on Earth. You lightly clutched your left breast and a whitish globule floated away from it – which I caught in one swallow. Thinking of our phone calls and our past Saturday together, I perked up and sipped, this time from your superb vagina. Our playfulness had teased my flesh and primed you in preparation for our first try here at the “black hole.” All gentlemen mind “ladies first,” so I played my frisky fingers about your genitalia. Over years of provocative love letters, we had tried out your pleasure spot in a multitude of ways. After I fed you my blood-stiff lingam, we spun without gravity, like a fetal ball. You continuously pleasured my member, as I made love to your warming origin objective, dispersing enough free-floating semen to colonize ten planets! The fluid inside you was reciprocating feedback of bliss to my heart. While floating, we climaxed our bodies lovingly on and off for the first lunar month … then we drowsily woke under the stars but on Earth. We had not only dreamt of our adventure, but we had consummated while we slept!

Knight, Dawn,

I am not the kind of knight in chainmail and armor, but I am dutiful and worship my queen. Days of old were not so great, compared to all of the advantages we have today. Nevertheless, we can still be loyal and chivalrous. A knight’s service to his queen must be pure (often knights were virgins). A queen is born into power; thus, she may be good, bad, or mediocre. My queen is Dawn the Lovely. She has a great quest for me. I am to capture the wicked queen and bring her back. I ride my horse to confront the wicked one. What sorcery is this? She looks just like Dawn the Lovely! Dawn the Lovely is a virgin, but how can I tell the difference, being a virgin myself? The evil queen might only be recognized by her lack of a “hymen.” Lady (as I address the wicked one), I have come here to engage in dalliance with the woman most lustful. The wicked queen looked me up and down and said, “First, your tongue must make me so.” Her spread squirmed and swelled as I applied my telling organ to her sanguine source. In courtesy to the knight, the wicked queen inhaled and imbibed his member, and once it was hardened, buffed it between her breasts for good measure. Looking to the sky, she begged, “Take me!” This chaste knight surmised that his phallus could tame the wicked even more than his tongue had. The knight smiled to himself: will not Dawn the Lovely be so proud of me? Not unlike his swordplay, the knight (about to be deflowered) searched for the queen’s sheath until…he heard the voice of Dawn the Lovely! Dawn and the Wicked One were one and the same! You have passed the test, dear Leon. I will show you that I am not wicked. I looked under her dress where I had been this day and said only “Lovely!” Just as a groom kisses his bride, I, now King Leon the Handsome, ravished three at once. They say Leon and Dawn enjoyed the coursing of royal jelly many times this night, and they shared a bed of down for life. Dawn was so beautiful that King Leon savored her body many times over. Yes, their joyous orgasms were beyond ecstatic. So were their plumbed depths lower than a gold mine, heights beyond all towers, and before long, both expelled a lively, viscous flood.

Anyone who gazes upon Dawn must be honorable. Our twenty-two years of mutual respect led to a most fantastic relationship, royal or common. Allow me to be with her, and we will both relish our freedom as citizens in the United States. Where else can an Indian woman know a European man and have the greatest of rewarding times together? You do an honest day’s work with a lifespan about twice that of queens of old. Hum on and manipulate me until tomorrow, in my ear or elsewhere. I wish for us to have a godly, long, youthful, and prosperous life. Show me your best: as a caregiver, believer, historian, athlete, teacher, dreamer, mother, wife, and lover. At times, healing myself is the only way I stay sane. My being with you is God’s blessing. If you meet me and I am anxious, look near yourself for an answer. Your hand truly cures the pain it touches. I seek to relive our closest dates. I pray we have superlative times exploring and attending to each other. I dream of you almost every day, ask God to give His best for you and your loved ones.

Lady Bits

You make your entrance my attraction

We trade our surging interaction

I thirst your moisture, as your taster

Please accept my gourmet baster.

God made flowers for your scent

You draw in deep, sigh with content

Your center, Dawn, a cunning box

Tops titillation, rolls my rocks.

Why is your yoni loved by me?

I worship pets, all kinds and free

Kiss fur softly, lips touch lips

Cats never had such sexy hips!

I’ll buy a bed if you like twin

A place to sleep and let me in

To try your spread, I feel at home

Where Venus bares her comfort dome.

Here we meet in our playground

I stand up and you bear down

You’ve got ambrosia that I urge

Two thirsting selves, unceasing, merge.

Our first kiss tongues with frequent pleasure

From blood rushed fast in welcome measure

These comforts gush ten thousand jets

While salty summer couple sweats.

Lake, Dawn,

In the Lake Seneca neighborhood, there lives a woman who was, and probably still is, infatuated with me. I will refer to her as “G.” When I first met her, she was in her early 20s. I shared a support group with her at Sibley Hospital. You know, first greetings are usually formal. I ran the group, so it was my responsibility not to fraternize with the attendees. Her face would develop a look of fascination. I still dream of her – she was “sweet,” immature, and virginal (I learned later that she was Catholic). She had a lower IQ (half of us do); nonetheless, she showed to be a beautiful person. In one group, G. got out of her seat and brushed bodily by me. My loving heart hesitated, and no doubt, she noticed. Her frame was a bit fleshy – she walked freely and would talk to me often, to X.’s dismay. I even told an angry X. that I had fancied G. the night before. I now pretend that G. would invite me over and that her parents (pro-life but otherwise moderate) left us alone to exchange taste buds downstairs. I believe G. would want to slurp lips passionately with me, one mouth sucking the other’s smile. Instinctively, I handled a youthful breast. She cooed, not seeming to worry about her folks. Right then, she rolled free her shirt and tore off her Velcro bra. Her jostling areolae seemed to stare wide-eyed yet intently at me. Our clothes had held tight until I, a virgin once removed, saw her tongue lick candied lips; then I was (delicately) upon the bared maiden. What undiscovered booty! She had always hidden from men her tender coral-colored domes, but even now I rooted for her birth canal! Puckering, I inhaled her mammillary mounds until they had swelled substantially. G. was experiencing worldliness unknown to her until that day. Yet, as she awkwardly removed my pants, she enticed my growing interest. We stood admiring each other, adoringly undressing our remaining undies which had barely covered growing organs of intense desire. We heard loud creaking and thumping from the floor of the bedroom above. It sounded as if her parents had beaten us to it. G.’s face flushed, but I reassured her that sex was perfectly natural – how we all had come into life. With that lesson, she became amazingly eager, soon stretching and stroking the florid skin of my perky lingam like an expert. Her moves, now desiring and longing for my muscle, helped us to approach our utmost. Again and again, I kissed her, all the way down to her ripe, juicy pubes. She rocked unconsciously, longing to take me in. Usually, both of us had side effects from the medicines we took. Today, however, abundantly desiring each other, we had a very real chance of exchanging orgasms. She drooled, her focus fixed upon my erection, whose skin she manually innervated like the best of self-gratification. I then made lingual love to all of her vulvar parts. I think she had culminated before (likely with an “educational” battery vibrator). Nevertheless, in her skin-clad state, she had all of the tools and emotions to lead us eventually to her pulsing portal’s promise of a big O. My lover was comfortable with our sensation and familiar with her sensitive, deceptively deep clitoris. She was now showing signs of nearing her peak: her tenderness toward me, her pulse, her blush, her quickening breath, her secretions, her enlarged nubs above, her tightened delicacy below, her tremor nearing intake, her wavering (yet inviting) voice, and her shining eyes. G. aimed her amber honey gap, decorated with mouse-brown maidenhair, and set into her pudgy, pale, promising cheeks at just the inclination needed to take my mounting manhood. Calmly and kindly, I entered her, a feeling that echoed far over the lake. My soft glans soothed her shiny cherry wound as it was meant to. We will always remember our pulsing nakedness, starting in a fetal position, then having a ball! Panting, a previously innocent but now happy face, looked up at me. I love you, G. God made us cherish each other. We share the same desires and the same warmth. Close your eyes when we burst into coitus, gliding as one and driving our creature nature. Her lush, feminine strangeness readily gargled from our bed-bound dance, then drew on me with palpable, climactic reflexes. G. did not shed a tear; her eyes shone with joy and her throat sounded; half speaking, half gasping, when my erection nearly touched her cervix. As if I had tickled you there, our muscles squirmed in lively harmony, one triggering the next like laughing jello. G. grasped strongly onto me with her arms and genital tautness, our skins clinging as one while we rolled. She, now consummate, branded my neck with an undeniable hickey. I appreciated our secretions where they escaped from your love cave and trickled over my testes. Semen measures pleasure; both I gladly supply to you with plenitude. Your once-virginal blood and vaginal flux smeared our bed linen; my seminal wet spot was undeniable. Relaxed, we talked more, stoking the embers of our fiery fling. Upstairs, the parents still groaned like their first experience. G. opened her yearning eyes, insisting her partner make love to her again through their haze of sex. Now was the time for G. to dominate. Her thirty-nine years of heartened desire could hardly wait to enrapture anew. G., I adore you from itch to scratch, from lively hands and fingertips to fat labia and mons, from outer to inner mysteries, from wishes to realities, from man to woman, and from alpha to omega. We cry out like newborns – but ones now learned and proficient!

Leisure, Dawn,

You had a lot of vacation time, so I asked if you wanted to drive with me to Florida. The weather in Orlando in spring is hot, and the sun is bright, which will not be as much a problem for the South Asian you as for the European me. (Disney World, in my opinion, is junky even for kids.) The real event at that latitude is mild water, specifically the Atlantic. We pack up a cooler with healthy food and drinks and set out on I-95 in my Camry. We will find the driving time to the Space Coast from D.C. is just over twelve hours. I get the first three hours of driving, starting at 8 am. As we travel south, the weather gets warmer and the congestion eases. We avoid trashy tourist traps and take care not to speed. The clouds clear as we head into North Carolina, although Virginia supposedly has a prettier drive. The superhighway is efficient but somewhat boring. Toward the end of my shift, we fill up with gas, empty our bladders and decide that you drive halfway down South Carolina while I sleep into the afternoon – then we switch midway through Georgia. Our last leg was yours, into Florida and onto Melbourne Beach, of the idyllic Space Coast. Nearby is where space shuttles have launched. There is a tour of the grounds, fine for an amateur scientist. The Hilton here is nice, right on the beach, and inexpensive. Not yet Memorial Day, the waves counted some bathers. I have arrived in my Speedo, and you with your teeny bikini. Network television would not allow you with (or almost without) your sheer top. I wondered; would it be improper for us to make love in the open? Many couples do, you insisted. We were like sea beings joined by fishy lips while ambulating into the undulating waves. Once we were up to our necks, we let go of a day’s driving. As I thrummed upon your privates, the more buoyant and larger their appeal seemed. Your eyes fixed on mine as the sunlight slowly faded. Your tender hands petted me in turn. Dawn, this is how our bodies were meant to communicate, and if we don’t get back to our room soon, I’m going to pulsate right here in my trunks! Back on the eighth floor, we could see the brighter stars peeking out. The shower accommodated both of us – off go our bathing suits! See how the fixture’s spritz keeps us tense and flushed, but wait. We each grabbed a bar of soap and washed the other’s genitalia. I love the way your various parts take on a spectrum of sunset. You had used a detachable showerhead before. Suddenly tickling me (and adding horniness from the afternoon’s Viagra), it brought me to heated, expansive growth. From your onyx hair to your face so soft to your wet, kissable lips and lingua, to your supple regal breasts, to your sex organs with their lunar cycle and a panoply of experience, your physique shook your pubes with great desire. This is where I enter, however deep you need it. Dry and abed, you hover your twerking rump in anticipation of my balmy cloudburst. I plant my shaft past your introitus, where the eminence of my willing muscle slithers. My lingam danced faithfully with your yoni as if slipping on the ocean’s kelp. Placing you on your back, I entwined the crooks of your knees with those of my elbows. Next, your hips steadied me as your searching eyes did at that moment; our lungs, gasping and praying, opened up our rushing breath and the flood of sex cells. Rousing your vulvar mouthful lingually, I garbled “I love you so much, Dawn!” Both of us meditated on the intuitive, restless, and reproductive response of your entire genital tract. So simple and secret an act that it is almost magical, and so obsessive even for us higher beings that we have kept much of society hidden from it, as well as our religions. You and I do not seek children, but the interactive joy that God made for us, even at an older age.

Leon, Dawn, Leon, Dawn, Leon, Dawn, Leon, Dawn, Leon, Dawn

I recall my first orgasm. At about ten years old, I was taking a shower (yes, that shower), and while washing my genitals, experienced a strange hint. The stream of water felt good, so good that I directed my penis into it. The longer I tried, the more and better the sensation became. Finally, my stress seemed freed by a rousing, bodily rhythm, a pleasure new and beautiful. At my age, I had not yet produced any semen, but all season long our house’s hot water would run out. I somehow connected the reflex to girls my age, and I would fantasize about them, although I was unfamiliar with female genitalia. Try as I might, I obliquely approached girls, but for some reason, they all seemed off-putting. Later, in the noted bathtub, I am almost 13 years of age. One technique – which proved to be very successful but also very prolonged – was to wet a washcloth warmly, lie back in the tub and draw the soaked terry cloth deliberately over my organ, filling it stiff with blood. The sensation climbed and climbed with excruciating drive until I erupted – with a splash of semen! My brain acknowledged this accomplishment with pride, fun, and physical relief. I might now make babies with this thick, whitish fluid. Curious, I tasted it without much impression. I had fooled myself before that clear urine was this stuff. Porn magazines became more and more explicit and accessible as I aged. Even rags like National Lampoon, showing bare breasts, offered relief. One Smithsonian museum had a series of telling photos of nude girls (with their eyes redacted) maturing until the age of 18. I suppose guys approached the exhibit like they were buying condoms at a 7-Eleven for the first time. I introduced myself to spread eagle vulvas in Penthouse; so, this is where such & such goes! A few of my friends were having coitus at age 13. Although I pined for it, I am glad I didn’t actively pursue sex – I was clueless. In 7th grade, I got an invite through my redneck friend to play spin-the-bottle – four girls and two boys. The first four spins pointed at me! I was inept at kissing, but to this day, I am very thankful I attended. The dress code in school was lax, and if I weren’t stoned, I would have gawked more at all kinds of flimsy tops, bare midriffs, miniskirts, hot pants, and tight jeans. Presently, I treat my side effects with meds like Viagra that allow me to seek real women. What about C. in college, who turned my thought disorder into mania, ensuring me to practice quality (albeit solo) sex? I felt conflicted; why did my passion betray her? She and I had been one, standing stunned and entranced after class, but soon I went crazy. As they say, I took matters into my own hands. I write to her blog 35 years later, even talking to her after 40 years. Scary! Imagine the beauties of my youth like Prima, Maryann, Lynn, Bella, etc. One day I will find them, having found my date.

Leon's Love

When first you felt the rush from love

You asked if it would come again

Later it appeared – kind of;

Bygone, years passed, six-plus ten.

Next to the love of finding Soul

Is a jewel-eyed, stunning girl

Better than a rich bankroll

Or gleam of oyster’s pearl.

Together, we talk dreamily

Others could just guess

Only she is meant to be

My love whom I confess.

God gave her charms – keen, magic skills –

She works the jobs of three

I want to kiss her almond skin

And take her home with me.

Naturally, she minds self-care

Which nurses know from first

Thus many sought her healing prayer

Now patients well-rehearsed.

Love until we both pass out

Share dreams ‘till sunlit dawn

You’re up for saint, my friend devout

With tender liaison.

Dawn – I have to express our energy somehow, here as poetry. I hope you cherish the love for you that I interject and that you channel from me. Stay strong!

Lesson, Dawn,

“Those who cannot remember the past are condemned to repeat it” –George Santayana. I have learned that the U.S., despite its current shortcomings, is one of the safest countries on Earth. One reason for this is families like yours and mine – no tribal warfare, few murderous gangs, mostly peace and real freedom, civil rights, social security, etc. Look at your relations: hard-working, assimilating, courageous, and loving. We are the melting pot, the contemporary place in which our families thrive. Everyone here has a lesson to learn and a lesson to give. You have given me a life of caring. I just have to hold on tight to you, my Indian lady. I can gradually walk with you, despite my Parkinsonism, arthritis, tremor, obesity, weak legs, and kidney disease. I will have to show you a picture of the good shape I used to have as a youth. I could run a fast kilometer over hills, do 60 real push-ups, 15 pull-ups, well over 100 sit-ups, and bench press at least 250 pounds. That’s me, a guy talking. You know I was a genius, but lacking in ethics, addicted to marijuana, and later diagnosed with psychoses and a mood disorder. It took me over six adult years as a “sufferer” to save my life with God and the help of a skilled doctor. Later, within a year of each other, my parents both incurred deadly dementias. There is where you and I converged – and I would like to converge practically with you. Your company is first needed by S. and your husband. There are more than a billion available women on Earth. If half of them are honorable, half nubile, half healthy, half godly, half English speakers, half intelligent, half responsible, half personable, half ethical, half friendly, half mature, half straight, half pretty, half desirable, half sexy, half about my age, half worldly, half moderate…I eventually get to at least one lover, you. I can only picture how a kiss at S.R. could lead to my home and a horizontal hop.

You were amazing that, within a minute of petting, you felt fruitful, like pure pond life. My phallus is a frog on algae’s edge, constantly squirming in your satisfying hand. You feed the licking amphibian your lavish worm – then thunder from approaching rain causes our hearts to leap! Leon, the frog prince, next sought the pearl under your mattress but eventually found a ruby. It was no cold stone, though. A pile of riches could not compare to your highly innervated jewel upon my lingua, its companion. Gem rubbed on flesh and flesh on gem, as if electrified. Your mosses exuded a wonderful bouquet, the perfume of your entire body’s pristine sweat. After you worked out, I told you not to shower. I kissed you where you asked: on your hair, over your face, about your mouth, upon your neck, under your armpits, around your nipples (a perfect fit to my lips), along your thighs – then the pièce de résistance **–** the slow trek to your polished yoni. The entire time I was with you, I had an erection worthy of a honeymoon. We smooched continuously until you guided my soon-satiated manhood past once-upon-a-hymen. Kama Sutra never had it so good. My spear was wide enough that your complete vagina rocked with its knocking. We neared both sides of climax – the pleasure of waiting, but also the passion of arriving. With my appendage’s suction in your mythic swamp, and you taking in equine exudations, our brains were in heartthrobs’ awesome trance. Dawn, I love you and will be with you in Utopia. Know us when we both are next in our natural state. We delight in our promise of bodies sharing liberation and attaining an eventful Holiday with our omnipresent Being.

Let’s, Dawn,

Was that a hug or our whole life? You elevate me, and we react accordingly. You show me that both the world and romance are real, united. I appreciate your feeling near (closer to me is closer to you). No wonder; your body shows absolute strength, grace, and femininity. I was ready to receive your kiss; then I woke up with you next to me. You, draped with bedsheets, showed enough of your coal-black coif to warm my edifice from our dream. I reached below to find the entryway to our squishy bliss. Your face tensed, relaxed, and glowed every time I stroked for its cherished juices that your youthful yonilinga requires. When you grasped my lingam, you showed forty years of experience in a coed’s body. With every pull, you let slip my residual foreskin, ensuring thrills for my bridle (frenulum), crown (corona), and acorn (glans). You had me close to climax when I spun us around to see what exactly your pubes looked like when furrowed, burrowed, and readily overcome. I spread apart your great labia, exuding and beckoning lubricious mucus. I closed my eyes and osculated your vulva, ascertaining that the prepuce of your magnanimous clitoris burst past – whose glans, shaft, and extensive roots exploded beneath that foreskin. I wish your womanhood could jet shecretions, as it would no doubt freckle my face with your relief. Awareness of and tugging from your pudenda indicated a twitching of twenty…forty…sixty seconds (times two!). I lost count when you set my hardness to your mouth, satisfying it with coordinated lips, tongue, soft velum, salivary tissue, and cheeks. Your lungs still heaved hard from your inflation, reminding me of those most beauteous of glands, your breasts. God knew how attractive they are to babies for feeding, to men for gratification, and women for righteous pride! You clutched them as if they were genitalia for sliding my member in between. My work on your surreal softness, its rubbery nipples, and dazing areolae prodded us to climb the heights yet again. Indeed, upon controlling your breath, entertaining imagery, rubbing your thighs together (as well as other clitoral stimulations), and having me suck your breasts persistently, a warm, viscid emanation dripped out from your vaginal glands. I only wish the best for you, Dawn. Almost levitating above our bed, we rebounded from each other with alacrity. The Sildenafil keeps me going: 100 lunges so far. This old man can scarcely keep up with your youth. The heart and brain we share pulsed strong and true, soon to undergo “la petit mort.” Your crevice kept beckoning. You were the answer to life; like loving swans linked, our monogamous beauty captivated me. Think of a virgin’s first time in real love. It relates to all previous intimacy in their lifetime. 200 lunges. We started face-to-face, an orgiastic expression of mind-sex. I dared furrow your G-spot with my intent lingam. You could tell by my inner touch how I strove to reach your deep. Our bodies blush with the blood that nurtures our act; our flow will mix in urgency. Your lap becomes a fantastic arena of bareback rodeo. 300 lunges. Like a steam engine, my piston let out a huge gasp, while you delivered our reciprocating “rgsm.” Our core’s rhythm counted together my many steamy spouts, now pooled. I imagined us copulating with the libido of all life, every orgasm ever adding to our animalistic impulses. This was the passion that most would seek, the events of before, here & now, and beyond, dancing in spacetime, and all other dimensions. I noted your foxy flush inset with my once pink uplink, now maroon, with our biofluids oozing out. The lovely woman in our mirror drips sperm, sweat, slime, piss, and spit.

Letters of Love

All I have to offer is the ink upon this page

Read of love to you today that speaks within these lines

Wooers cry and sing dear odes, composed of former age

Printed on our skin to show each other tender signs.

We two are much alike in reverence to God’s will

Renewing every day our venerating the adored

Returning to each other so we both maintain our fill

Quoting poems from summertime, of human heart restored.

I want to realize why you stand above the rest

You give but also crave, you’re strong yet still serene

You scan life like it were classic, or a diary full of zest

I have written you my soul; my word is what I mean.

Dawn, you are in my class, a work of art I see

In flesh, in mind, in truth, in devoted disposition

You’re so kind to read my verse, my private passion key

Unlocking luring rapture, this kissing composition.

Tell your tongue to me; enact your joy, Dawn! From Leon

Lips, Dawn,

Finally, we kissed each other on the lips – our slick, tasty lips. Why hadn’t we done this before? Our saliva passed back and forth between us, feeling more and more cleansed. No wonder the lingua boasts the most skilled muscle of the body! I pressed mine under yours to find a thirsty squirt of spit, which I happily swallowed, driving our mouths ever closer and more intimately. The yogurt we had dined on mixed there, not unlike how I soon savored your yoni. We sat on my bed, faces still conjoined, there drawing together each other’s buccal mucosa. Our eyes met with a peek, and our tongues contested for Best French Kiss. Making love with our senses, of animal instinct, evermore reminded us of God’s ultimate aim. My hands, which had kindly held your head to mine, tore open your blouse and innately fell to your breasts, resembling extensive botas of the softest human hides. My chest was burning gently, feeling the zesty breath of both bodies tasting in tandem. Your mocha tan signaled to me with your convex, sweet areolae – one alone bigger than my mouth could utterly cover. I smacked my lips around each nipple as you held me to your mammae with hard exhalations of satisfied sighs. Dawn, you must know how your bared bosom attracts, as I can imagine your treats further below. Unbuckling our pants and shedding them, we stroked each other’s spine and frontal puffy parts with pent-up passion. First, as a man, it was my obvious duty to lust after your vulva. With eyes closed, I skillfully lapped away below your pubic bone and its pillow, following the pescetarian scent and curls from beneath. After humming and trilling on your burgeoning yonilinga, I reached for your G-spot. You let out pent-up tension in uncontrollable impulses. Your tailbone rose off the bed as though endowed with the spirit of Shakti! In no time, your pubes had tinted like deep purple grapes and your thighs accepted my waxing candle to light the cave down under. I kept your sensation for many minutes by lunching on your luscious lube. Having fed on your desire, I sensed manically the need for you to orgasm once again. I mapped out your sex organs, a view that aimed me toward their swelling contours. We had contact to consider: you stroking my lingam with your mane; taking me in like a seven-course meal; welcoming me to glide between your plump size double D glands; rubbing my lust upon your hirsute crotch; both humping correspondent phalli vigorously, and partaking in what we were born for – sweet, enveloping and uniting coitus. Our shared hearts were ready to fill your yoni with the sugar of my outflow. Your mucosa shone while this creature contemplated his share of arousal fluid. Our tight, sweaty skins connected us nonstop whether night or day. Dazed, my thrusts gained. Faster and faster, over the minutes, an initial trace had built from trickles to a succession of voluminous spouts. I kept recycling, diving into, and driving up your spilling wedge. Your pectorals grew as if I had inflated them with my pumping. Leon; keep bumping, keep jumping! You boldly held my scrotum until our protoplasm found its way to lube fully your tumescent tissue. I must follow your play, Dawn. Our secretions ever stirred; my steadfast spill seemed to swell your beautiful belly. Your lovely face is the sunrise I rejoice in today. Our extensive, erectile muscles arose next, my woman shuddering while I polished her champion, a rouge, raised rosebud displaying a most glowing and full-grown glee.

Liquid Dawn,

On this sunny day, it’s about time for a swim in my brand-new pool. Bring yourself over with some snacks. It is my turn to tidy up before you arrive. I look at the clock on the wall and count down the half-hour it usually takes you to get here. The water is warm, private, and relaxing. You and I had achieved junior lifesaving. I’ve provided air cushions and other water toys. Twenty minutes. Your kissable picture flashes before my eyes; I love the things you say with your relaxed accent. Anything in my refrigerator or cabinets is yours, of course; there are lots of soft drinks. Don’t eat too much before swimming. I get out some beach towels, and two sunblocks – one for each shade of skin. Ten minutes. I suppose you had crossed the D.C. line. We long for the amour of each other. Ours is not just infatuation, but love and concern from the heart. Our relationship of 22 years, caring about each other – is that your car pulling up? It is you, grinning like a Cheshire Cat. Now my pulse is pounding! I take your hand and lead you into my house. All of our memories gather today, Dawn. You lay your bag of treats on the kitchen counter and disappear out to my end of the house. I arrange our indulgences and rest them on the outside table. I call for you and then walk out to my room. I open the door – within a second you reflexively cover your breasts with one arm and your genitals with the other hand! I almost shy away, but you explain it was merely a gut response. We will enjoy swimming naturally. I gazed into your eyes, big and brown, and lightly kissed your eyelids, cheeks, and lips. You unbuttoned my shirt ever so steadily, unfastened my belt, and as I stood, dropped my pants. I was still standing on end from first seeing you in the raw. We had first agreed to wear our “leopard skin” Speedos, but instead, we now wear bare skin. You lead me out to the pool, only five feet deep. We jump in, seeking to unravel the depths. I raise you onto my shoulders and toss you with a splash. Almost weightless, we tightly embrace each other, mapping out your lands of milk and honey. We kept up for manifold minutes, jumping, jumping, and…ah…my shouts and your squeals connected. I could picture our works going at it: we were one another, off and on, incessantly. There in your womb, you drew on my vital humor. Reaching you thus was one of the most supernal events I had ever experienced. I felt the rush of horniness, as well as your reaction, viscerally securing your yoni onto my lingam. My hand found a perky yet well-rounded feast of fun, while you jerked my backside firmly toward your core. You asked how much longer I thought I could last – time was of tumescence. Pumping my best, I pushed water from the pool to your pudenda by active force and vacuum. However, this suction was well primed, for the more I slipped on your vagina, the more lubed it became. Your beautiful nipples, upthrust and finely ducted, just wanted to give. We moved like Olympian terrapins seeking to climax in the greatest record time. We had practiced controlling our orgasms before, in an ecstatic, yet greatly prolonged Bolero. My chest was flushed flesh; yours was a burgundy bloom. Often before, I had exercised my prostate gland as you had tried out your womanly Kegels. We looked intensely into the other and held on for dear life. God, thank you for Dawn! The shaft which had been tentative before was persistently returning her favor: at first fitting, then filling with no signs of stopping. Without words, we matched with silent prayer, while enthused blood and oxygenated sanguinity impelled both of us in the end. My Indian woman and her European man kept clutching and communing. Our bodies generated a trail of creation’s attraction, many masculine and one feminine. Circulating fluid below the water’s surface, fate mixes in its turbulence.

Living, Dawn,

I am greatly pleased for you to enter my life. Your spirit flows in with your kiss, through my brain, across my skin, and into my heart. Your pure blushed cheek warms my lips and gives me rapture. You are so kind and honest to squeeze me before our seniors. Oh, how fantastic you must feel in private! I thought we worked well together today. Most lovely one, God has made you a blessing to the residents and me, and especially to your family. What a miracle when we realized our oversight that Teresa needed Ash Wednesday services! You delivered us just in time to the priest – the first such benediction in my memory. I later felt obvious, as if everyone at the grocery store could see my ashes. Then I thought of the One God for us all (and that ashes are part of Hindu worship, too). She recognizes your faith and holiness toward those at Bingo whom you help to attend services. You know our touch is always for both of us. I wish we had more time alone. I am certainly not perfect, yet I believe our love can come closest to Heaven on Earth. My lungs fill with your perfumed perspiration, and the orbits of our eyes provide shade for personal retreat in a crowd. Do you ever look at me secretly, the way I glance at you? How do you find the best of our hugs; do you carry them with you? I was depressed lately; one reason was that we had been apart. Being back in touch makes me want to greet your wholeness. You rarely need to apologize, because you try harder and thrive more than most anyone else. If you are ever confused like me, it is out of concern for others. Our feeling of love is our Oneness protecting us. Madam President, I turned 58 last Sunday, Leon’s National Holiday. XOXO, Hugs & Kisses.

Lonely, Dawn,

Yes, we were lonely without each other, even in a room of friends. I tried calling you just now. Being so busy, you thought my call was from S. Maybe there have been times at S.R. when you glanced over at me and felt a stirring in your ovaries, and then – just for a private moment – your mind and heart sped up, your face, chest, and mons blushed, and your silk bikini underwear could barely hold back your labia, sheath, and yonilinga. You decide to save such a response as a memory of us when you got home. Yet you sauntered up to Leon, giving him a hug that not only shared your bosoms but their generous nibs on ribs too. Is anybody looking? Let them look!

I whisper, asking you to drive with me to the Hampton Inn down the road. All of a sudden you remembered a “doctor’s appointment,” asking M. to fill in for you. While taking the elevator, I licked the dewdrop in the corner of your mouth, making me visualize your flexing figure unfurled on our bed-to-be. We carefully walked to my car and turned on the AC, precipitating a torrent of luscious kisses. I think we made it unnoticed. Only six miles away was this inexpensive, well-rated hotel. Unlike in the olden days, we now needn’t check in as “Mr. and Mrs. Smith.” We were “bumped” to the top floor, with our room showing a panorama of D.C. and later, a vast spread. Upon closing the blinds, you and I eagerly tossed our shirts aside and made quick work of our other trappings. You recollected, upon watching my untamed member wag, that in Latin penis meant “tail.” Before climbing onto our brand-new mattress, you twerked your skillful rump, revealing a pronounced grin underneath to harden my lingam unleashed. My eyes raced as I salivated for a taste of your yoni. Walking the bed on my knees, I mounted my mate most heartily. As our ancestors were wont to do, we promised this night uninterrupted. Ever so freely, your damp cavern responded to my quaking with your own. I tried to postpone climaxing, so I offered my thirst in exchange. I love your rhubarb vagina, Dawn, both tasty and rufous. Busily, I crept to access other flavors from your thighs to your lap to your mons to your areolae to your neck, to your oral mucosa, and back again. Your nectar shines on my lips; our mouths moved like profligate pudenda. Without pause, we inhaled on the other’s generative muscles. Kneeling and applying your tongue (rolling, lapping, smacking, underlying, and purring) affected every region of my manliness. You suck out my dilated urethra until its vitals jettison jelly for what must have been thirty bangs in twenty guzzles. Having my kiss ride on your sweet spot as well, magic befell us! We surely had orgasms from orality: yours like a man’s in intensity with a comely, cunning cache, yet mine more like a woman’s, many minutes of mated mirth flowing for fevered fertility. In evolution, I then found my penis engendering groans and planting bursts into your lady parts, which now sought our bold indication of frothy flux. The cosmos achieved our sphere of interest right then! Every organ of both sexes pumped jointly in time to our thrumming hearts; our bodies rode onto and into maximum access, and our genitals all controlled each other’s moment to build up expert deliverance. Your breasts blushed on and off to your pulse as deliciously rare milk trickled from their suctioned nipples while your yoni playfully squished and squashed. I rested less than I ejected, thus Viagra regained my polished and proud prominence per your puce pleasure palace. When I gazed into your eyes, your whole body flourished, like the day you turned 18. Both of us blacked out and had the feeling of transcendence, falling for each other at first glance. I could see all of our vitals in touch within and without you – as if my organ were a probe penetrating the secrets of your female fascination. We were ready to die united; I doubted that your gurgling gap would ever let go. We rebounded in our sport enough that our sensations proved lasting, a promise to retain lifelong vitality. The love nest for these two mortals became our incomparable Promised Land. Your flesh was my pillow and mine yours. Our steaming dream had just begun; we were never lonely again. Reliving this most rewarding, fantastic moment, we sated our souls’ stimuli far into dawn.

Look, Dawn,

In the mirror, we see your reflection as both beautiful and rare. You are as perfect as the day you were born, and the day you had borne. If you were to average around the world what people pictured “most attractive” to be, you would be that ideal. Men admire women as godly and lovely as you, a great reason why we have society. I keep coming back to lavish upon you, the woman with a “face that launch’d a thousand ships” (about Helen of Troy) wrote Marlowe in 1604. Thus, you launch my imagination, seeing you as in a looking glass. If we could repeat our teenage, we would adore our budding bodies, ever so curious. You were like me, shy at the first kiss, not sure what to do, how to feel. Now you know you did just right; all you needed was a little practice. X. and her friend had taken soft, natural pictures of each other; I am sorry to say she has since lost them. She eschews pornography, which is omnipresent on the Internet. Nothing compares to a legal, willing, private, safe, and fun partner. Although you and I are not mates, society allows us familiar chat, mutual admiration, and modest touch. What sets you apart, Dawn, is your awareness and honor. In high school, one would say of a plain girl, “She has a good personality.” See yourself a 9.9 in devotion, character, looks, fascination, brains, strength, nature: all. I am here as your confidant. I love listening to you – if only we had more time! Your skin is immaculate. I caught the scent of your shampoo the other day. Do such pretty women in India grow their hair long and somewhat dyed with henna like yours seems to be? Daydream of me when you have a personal moment at S.R. The facility runs on (hopefully, not over) good people like you. If you ever get lonely there, try calling me, or at least reflect on times of me being with you. I trust that your work is both lively and productive. It’s serendipity that we met each other about the same time my mother moved out of the house. I have presently volunteered with you for over 20 years. Most women work harder than men, and for less pay, but some are more ambitious in their opportune way. A Venus like you not only deserves better but encourages others like me to work fast alongside her. I am giving you a virtual hug: tight, bodily, longing, hard, warm, secure, sleek, mushy, but never enough to tell you how I feel for all of our years. We continue to complete each other. You have touched what seems 90% of my dancing body; you might give a surprise elsewhere. I try to be decent enough to respect, and racy enough to connect! How may I turn you on? Adios, and love always, Leon

Lovely Dawn,

I admire you greatly for the good work you do. I thank you for all of the people you have helped. Mostly, I want to tell you how outstanding you are to me. You are beautiful. You are brilliant. You are honorable. I savor your closeness. Sometimes, I get embarrassed when I need to express personal feelings to you. I will yet lie down with you. When I first met you at S.R., I appreciated your work as a friend does. Even as I look back now, I am glad to have given you large credit for the crucial work you provided my mother. I wish I had known you better then, but at least now we are rediscovering lost times. I see you outside of the S.R. community, even to help me with my homemaking. If you had grown up in the U.S., Dawn, you would still be your satisfying self, but you could have had the resources that Americans take for granted as they develop. However, your native maturity, diligence, and professionalism teach me. I hope I have provided you with some of the means to do as you wish. I was thrilled to hear of your “new” car, S.’s books, and your secure roof. In other situations, say with home chores or devoted practicality, you help me out. Tell me, is your husband thriving? Your attention is the reason he heals so well. I remember meeting him at my house. He is handsome and friendly – hardworking too. I ask that his heart is healthy, his bones are secure, and that he progresses well mentally. S. deserves to have a well father and to “rule the world.” (Remember, X. and I have serious mental illnesses, her sister fights dementia and they had a brother die early.) There are many women “out there,” but I especially love you. I believe you have read most of my letters and poems (some of which I have since amended) because they often profess my connection to you. You are a proper wife, yet I am so attracted to you that I seek our potential eruption like goddess Mauna Loa in wait. Realize your look when you approach me; I am drawn in by your sight. Every time I see you, my heart beats stronger – or skips. I could have stayed with you in the elevator all day! Your kiss, willful or not, left a tiny drop in the corner of my mouth. Sometimes it is the subtlest things that stir the greatest passion. Do you ever wonder what our future will be like? Please tell me. I would cry to lose you, though I believe our friendship will last into old age when we continue to care for each other. Will I have the opportunity to live with you? When I see your name on the caller ID, I get a rush. My hormones surely show when waiting a week or more for our experience. I will call you too, but I am anxious about disturbing your busy schedule. (Did you know D-A-W-N spells W-A-N-D? Magic!) I would enjoy lunch with you; say if you would also. (Anticipate next weekend to set your clock back.) Your soul, mind, fortitude, speech, softness, closeness, breath, womanhood, anticipation, and touch all inspire me. Please remember, my dreams follow you wherever you are. An embrace is a memory. A wish is a promise. A longing is a risk. Fantasy is a conception. Dawn is my real admiration! Love is closer than a kiss – would you teach me about more activities for us to enjoy in our course of oneness? Leon

Lucid Dawn,

After we went to bed last night, I had one of my lucid dreams; a very vivid vision over which I had some control. I had been away, so I hadn’t had our sexual relief for over two weeks. “Good night, Dawn. We’re set for the morning, right?” “Good night, Leon; we’re so very right.” In time, with my eyes closed, I started seeing hypnagogic images, those of bright colors and animated shapes. I became tired of them and fell into REM (rapid eye movement) sleep, the real dreaming state.

Dawn and I were picnicking in the nude. Was she the famous Alice of Lewis Carroll? Following close by her, I went down a furred hole. More and more curious, we delved into the subterranean. At the bottom, there was a round table with a blue pill marked “Viagra, for Leon,” also a pink pill designated “Addyi, for Dawn.” We took them and waited. We noticed a pool of what looked like semen and arousal fluid. Like kids on a Slip ‘n Slide, we did just that. Over fifty gallons, our life’s production, skimmed as we rode our genitals toward ecstasy. My sexual characteristics overgrew, and yours followed suit. We were very awkward: pubes humping the table, not fitting through any door, and dragging on the floor – but here foreplay found our tale. We aroused each other’s heat greatly, though new to our odd parts. Dawn emulated a voluptuous Venus image from the Stone Age, while I seemed to her an outsized statue of Priapus, a Roman house god, whose glans fit the keyhole of a nearby door. The walls dissolved and we found ourselves in a garden. We drank from a benign bottle nearby, which returned our pleasure pieces to normal size – but now our lust had multiplied ten-fold! Oversexed as usual, we follow the marvelous Kama Sutra. Our skin, humanity’s largest organ, may also be the most sensitive. Sexuality followed the brain’s convoluted wanderings, pleasuring all bodily organs. Thank you for the fellatio of two dozen drava, Dawn, and thank me for craving wantonly your peculiar flesh. Your wondrous baby carrot has double the number of nerves, and roots deeper than the penis is long!) I woke up to Dawn squatting over me, feeding my disgorging phallus into her appreciative anemone. Altogether conscious, we had returned to our fantastic wonderland. I looked at you and always wanted us to be that way. After a fortnight of abstaining with little sleep, my glands were again aimed at reaching their destination. I ask you to daydream peacefully and prayerfully so that we find a Utopia everywhere. You played me like a pogo stick, and I dove like your spelunker. Your graceful motions reassured me that we would dance all afternoon. “Bless us again, please, God!” I cried, as over a week of ejaculations denied inundated your willing and spilling canal. This was only one of our many flings. Feel my sperm swimming and brimming, as well as gently whipping and dripping within you. Dawn, I ask you to desire serenely, so that we bind each other with real-life wishes fulfilled. The physical being of one complements the spirit of the other. We send our best to all of the hard-working women around the world, and their devoted men.

Mademoiselle Dawn,

I have two tickets, First Class to France. An Uber drops us off at BWI. We board the plane, moving on up to our seats. I take the window seat, you the aisle. Soon we taxied out to the runway, and like a racecar, we gathered speed. I was white-knuckling for the takeoff. (You said you had logged enough miles to go to the Moon!) The sign now shone that we may take off our seatbelts. I asked you whether I might rest my head on your lap. I am nervous about my vertigo. As a child, I had a serious ear infection, which upsets my balance. An airplane can be a wretched place for me, but not today. For a soaring, first mutual, high-flying experience, our blanket covered enough that you could accommodate my hydrodynamics as I fit yours. Ours is fair weather. In harmony, I raised your skirt and pulled down your panties, polishing your mons with my palm and scrutinizing your yoni with two digits upward. You gasped as quietly as possible. You were primed to pump. We had almost made our way into the restroom but for a tap on the shoulder – Yikes! – the flight attendant! She gave us a knowing smile and said in a low voice not to take too long or be too noisy, and clean up after we finished. You and I found our best position there was your back to the wall and legs in a clinch. I could feel your skintight introitus passing along my frenulum like the ring of a condom. We stifled our howls. I focused on your vagina, as I sheathed my sword up to our hilt. Concentration became a dozen well-placed pulsations: you gripped, and I sprung. Next time will be my turn to take me far, far up. We were now members of the Mile-High Club. The sex had relieved my qualms. The attendant brought us soft drinks, salmon, and a smile. After landing at Orly, we rode at over 120 kph in a rental car to our hotel in the Mistral region. We were shown to our room: Gothic, with a low roof fashioned from large logs. Dawn is a familiar globetrotter, so she demonstrates the bidet. The water is tepid; accept it as a toilet paper substitute. You had seen it often, that which is a butt-puzzle to most Americans. Would one use it after sex as well? Hehe. At dinner, we welcomed the freshest restaurant garden greens I had ever enjoyed. Next, choosing one’s vegetarian pâté among them all required King Solomon’s wisdom. Our main dish was bass caught that very day, far superior to the plane’s “fish.” Dessert was a swirl of frozen sorbet featuring just-picked berries. Wending our way back to our chamber, the bulky walls proved soundproof during the howling Mistral. Your entire body found its passion. I had lapped your salty, oily olive a few minutes before my basal bulb bumped many times over; you were “open for business,” with our hearts driving fevered beats like thundering tympani! While we resolved, Dawn rang out “I am you, you are me; we are free!” Corn starch gleaned from the friendly chef helped to amplify our glands’ effects. Admiringly, I watched our creamin’ semen slowly streaming down her perineum. Who is the real Dawn? Well, real!

Magic, Dawn,

I wished for the most beautiful woman. She was Dawn. Out of the sky, she arrived. Dawn was serious, yet lighthearted; energetic, yet relaxed; godly, yet human. The calming magic she had was ideal for me. I longed to look at her, while she loved to tease me. We were transported to a mystical place blanketed in fog; soon I realized we were walking on clouds. Every time I tried to touch my beloved, she would vanish into the mist. With a laugh, she appeared and gave me a big hug! This was the real Dawn, incarnate. She had obtained these powers through God, being one of His most beloved. We rode a vapor trail down to Earth – or was this Earth? Whenever I blinked, a new landscape arose; Dawn was the only permanence. She said to fix my mind on the scene I most wanted to occupy. I meditated on Dawn herself and felt all kinds of wonderful emotions. I knew what she thought about me, the state of her health, and that she was trying not to fall in love with me, a mortal. I was satisfied to be united with Dawn. There are things you must not know about, Leon, for you it is too early. Fortunately, the Lord in His wisdom provides for situations like this. Think of us on a towel at an empty beach. Voila! Whoops, you didn’t picture any clothes, said she. I was so eager to inhabit Dawn that I forgot about everything else. This realm provided for demigods the aptly named “making love.” When I embraced Dawn, when we kissed for an eternity, she was true – she was ovulation and I, insemination. Everything about this sandy domain appeared for our comfort. I was free to communicate with her through sexual intercourse. Every so often, I said a prayer for Dawn. The sand kept us at an ideal temperature; however, a little made its way into your vagina. Piece of cake! You made my loose tongue three times its usual length. Meticulously, for over an hour, I swept every grain from your yoni and gave you a continuous orgasm in the meantime. (Here, I noted your nether regions to have the taste of the seas.) I went wild with my new tongue, from your moist mouth to between your toes, to your nipples, and perhaps for my greatest focus, your colossal clitoris. These acts had aroused you to the point where you sought my virile pelaka, those which had grown to befit a bonobo. Delicately I slid my member past your enduring labia and performed love songs accompanied by our sloshing rhythm. Dawn, your sorcery works for both of us. When darkness fell, our heavenly oneness caused me to donate in pints. I complimented you on our experience, and how we fit perfectly in our clinches today. You agreed that these were timeless experiences for you too. When I saw you next at S.R., your humming translated as “remember our passion.” Magic spells may be imagined or real, or maybe better, the former becoming the latter. Best of all is God’s miracles, truly where we live, which Dawn shares with me at every opportunity possible. When we perform sexual intercourse, the entire tactile skin on our bodies raises goosebumps and hairs, as our combined flesh fluctuates toward a freeing – yes, fruitful – erotic realization. Our spinal cords keep gathering and disseminating signals of pleasure throughout our anatomies, within the Dawn of time. You and yours achieve God’s serendipity! Cohabit my springing bed with me anytime, Dawn!

Making, Dawn,

Because you are the best woman for making love to me, I fantasize about the wild you: in bed, under the shower, at the computer, on the job, in public, in nature, and everywhere else. I am not overly obsessive compared to many other human males. I used to gratify myself by imagining some sexy woman I knew – even a strange woman I remembered in public, averaging once per day. Older, I now save up rewardingly once per week. Imagining about you brings on great seminal volume (propelling over 20 ml per ejaculation). I have much more love when aspiring for you as a partner. My lingam works fine (as I had found out more lately in coitus), and when erect can be inclusive of us both. Nowadays, I find the easiest real way to achieve self-orgasm is with a vibrator [water shock hazard!], by the shower’s stream, or rarer now, by hand. My inner vision holds upright a woman (like you) who adores me and reveals her offer of genitals outspread to our upbeat tempo. I delight in your devoted, lustful appeal – thus the 275 love letters, including this. I know you married because God approved. After all, you love your husband because you wanted so much to have a child, and because you all would share joy responsibly together. (I add that you want to make a better world for everyone.) Dawn, you have made my life better just thinking of how God has made you: devout, lovely, smart, friendly, kind, strong, and foxy. I also have experienced your fantastic, deep burgundy skin, hidden hugs, wet smooches, sensual back scratches, private murmuring, love letters, and intimate talks. If even one of my emails has stimulated you, please stir numerous shared peaks by whatever means proves best. Do you have a private place at times – like the bathroom, basement, or bedroom – where and when you can explore yourself, in which you might crave me? My reflexive male glands can ejaculate over a meter; your yoni in sex could stretch beyond (respectfully) 30 cm deep, and my testicles carry up to 500 billion sperm (as your ovaries once held nearly a million viable ova). I can only hope that I can live up to the desires in my writing. Once I was in good health. Most of the time when my sexual empathy emerges, I get a really good sensation that I want to compare with you, dear. My best true coitus lasted about ten minutes, moving together vigorously, caringly, and kindly on X.’s part. You and I still hold the potential for going all the way, though. I do not hold you to any amount, any time, any method, any mood, or any demand – only climaxing, shared unison. When will it be good for you to visit me and for us to connect? Should I just spill my seed or wait to enjoy your company? God made you as comely as any man can endure. Dawn, let us practice our visions in my bed. Do you recall the last peak when you knew us both by your hand or water or machine? We might have one before this Saturday. Ring me anytime. I loved your phone call just now, even your messages. Remember this: first: call or write; second: meet and tease; third: hug, touch, and expose; fourth: stretch, wedge, elate, exude, and go again. You encourage my self-same seated scrotum while your analogous labia perch alertly, and our secretions strain for release. Let us find the subtle signals our bodies give each other. I can see us relating as early humans – every naked, enticing part of one sending erotic cues to the other, like my heart signs to your mind right now.

March First, Dawn

Dawn, you are entertaining

Just to see the real you

When you’re here it’s never raining

And my temp? One hundred two!

You, Dawn, are so snug and cozy

When I get to hug you close

Soothing skin is warm and rosy

As you keep a healthful pose.

Dawnlight, you are far above me

All I seek is yours, my dove

You, oh dear, are free to love me

One perfection I ask of.

Dawn, my friend, please pray for me

You of all, the purest gift

More than worthy, you rouse o’er me

When we work the midnight shift.

Dawnlight, be my long-haired beauty

Promise me you’ll stay around

I have made you my key duty

So all our love may thus abound.

Mate, you’ll get me up at dawn

To see our red and pink sunrise

Pleasant orb whose fresh rays yawn

And tingle for their promised prize.

Match, Dawn,

When I was young, I was trim, muscular, smart, and oversexed. I didn’t go out on dates because I was shy of sex, having been abused. (I have never committed any illegal sexual acts, but I had been manually raped by one close relation, and indecently exposed to by another, both before I became a teenager.) Some women loved just to talk to me, and no doubt, some had been molested themselves. You, Dawn, are a cure. Our friendship started naturally when what was supposed to be a peck on the lips went further than expected. Before then, I had thought romantic kissing would be too slobbery, confusing, and uncoordinated, but our first contact slipped in and kept on going. This was infatuation! We both hummed and I decided that sampling your liquid slickness wasn’t such a bad thing, and fleshy sloppiness could feel very good. You graduated early, so on this day, we would study together at school. Now, all bets were off. Just then the bell to dismiss sounded. My parents wouldn’t be home for another two hours. After the halls emptied and before we took off (in my folks’ clunky Mercedes, which they had loaned me), I dared to fondle your breasts. Young women, I had found out, had the supplest and most tender, angelic feeling there. We had to wait ten more minutes before we pulled up to the Bud house (rhymes with “stud”). We had traded hands once we parked at school, again while I was driving, and now in my driveway. Having entered the house, you packed your bra into your purse and let me go wild! My heart was beating in slow motion or everything around us had sped up! What was sure was our connection, that all I knew and would know of you was lovely. Usually, I would invite you in for a drink and a bite, but today we were of one purpose. Closing the blinds in my room was our semaphore to strip. Dawn, since this is our first, let’s take it slowly. I now see the irresistibly round and dark foci I had touched. Mammae seemed like relaxed water balloons made by God. Their nipples soothed me, then stood higher as I wrapped my lips around them, which I sucked purposefully and thoroughly. I wanted you to taste what I had; when I entered your mouth with my tongue, you emulated me. I could sense every papilla as you ran your taste organ upon, under, and around mine. Dawn, we can talk about sex, but I will mention your lustrous skin, your youthful, shapely frame, your eagerness to experiment, your panting in our new sport, and the wonderful cooing sounds you made during our exploration. By licking your entire “vulva” (from technical books I had read), I elicited greater and greater delight from you. Your labia majora stretched further so that I could search amidst your blood-tinged minora. I didn’t mind a hint of menses, as long as you peaked fulfilled. Your body readied for orgasm. My sturdy mast came home to a safe harbor upon facing your call of the deep. You and I were joined, motivated, and caught up in the act. I felt great joy to savor the pleasure of our perfect, present purpose. We might have been novices an hour ago, but now we teased each other into completeness. You flipped us over and, sitting atop me, sprung your sensational scarlet until I gave up most of my able semen to your flexing uterus. That day I had an almost instant erection from you, Dawn – so rapid and excited that we forgot to use a condom. We were, however, awed by both my penis and your Venus. I kissed your face tenderly, and before long readied to give it a go again. Hours after resolving our comfort, we got you a morning-after pill at the pharmacy for certainty.

Meeting Dawn,

Before the dawn of history, there were Dawn and Leon. Leon met Dawn on a trade route from Europe to Asia, and she conversely. They were both homesick and wary of strangers, but considering the pair had skills for hunting and gathering all sorts of edibles, they joined in a pact for survival. They avoided raping, murderous gangs. Then, the Fertile Crescent was not the agrarian producer it was to become, but it did provide a source of animals and plants. Dawn excelled at chipping tools from precious flint and obsidian, binding cuts, and constructing animal traps. I brought “home” such delicacies as fish, rodents, and a rare antelope. I looked back to my cave in Europe, whose walls I decorated with similar animals and fertility goddesses. Dawn used charcoal from the fire to make eye shadow; I found that the oil of certain plants could repel all sorts of insects. She was the keeper of the fire and saw after the raft we lived on, hidden by reeds. Dawn signed to me that her home in India was a two-month journey away, but she liked life here with me. She was, as I gestured, “all-woman.” Besides humans, we had seen no large predators in the marsh. Occasionally we met others, with whom we sparingly shared food. (Caregiving may be an adaptation from which arose Homo sapiens sapiens. The concept of love was just evolving.) To keep a lookout while we mated, I would plant my feet – keeping my back to the sun – and lift you onto me. Natural selection had made front-to-front sex more doable than the old “animal style.” When I spurted my lustrous staff into your marvelous cuneiform, I felt greatly elated – then I rested until the next safe time. Later, I found if I waited to taste your wholesome hollow, you softly groaned, similar to my stifled cries. We agreed to make love so silently on our raft that we could hardly hear ourselves. This meant, rather than issuing quickly, we proceeded cautiously, at first very slowly. There was no avoiding the buildup to reflex, so we truly adored each other while Dawn could feel our warm extracts mixing within her. The Heavens gave us a hard life but with such great relief! Curiously, I surrounded her nipple with sucking as I had seen back in my tribe, but the attraction of genital sex won out. We must have thought of the same thing because she pointed toward her cleft and attempted to fit me into her. Dawn’s finger daubed her “warm-wet-within” to guide and slide my organ; she found this favorable for her own comfort. My nuzzling and smelling of her flesh found me up in her again. With our camp set for the night, we always join under one cosmos. When you live to survive, every day is a challenge, but greater is the reward. Dawn, this is love letter 200; you are my achiever, my reader, my inspiration, my motivation, my focus, and our story. For me, you and your hilt bring the greatest pleasure – and quite often. I realized this frequently because of your beauty with my eyes open or closed, and your empathy (thoughts, emotions, strength, behavior, giving – even worship), much of which I had gestured. The lesson here is that our fantasy becomes a naked reality. Your touch is calming, therapeutic, kind, truthful, and healthful. You, Dawn, I have come to love. I live to admire you like you serve others. Give me a call this afternoon.

Melt, Dawn,

I believe that if we were to meet in nature, our parts would commingle and flow. The wonder of us sharing a shower is such a miracle. Have you taken time in the bath to run warm water and fingers throughout your lower cleft so joyfully? You have made this week curative for me. I want to heal whatever might trouble us in our calm. Although we looked tired today, it took us just hugging and talking to recover our presence. I believe we could join for days and nights on end. I long for you so much that we lie upon last night’s sheets, taking turns admiring the parts of each: my resplendent lingam cherishing your curious yoni, and tensing their dual character together, apart, and alternating ever more swiftly. Our eyes have played out our tryst: your hard-working heart desires me, sweet air enhances your tawny flesh, and both of us pleasure in our love-locked, frenzied here and now. Your sweat lets me shift like a well-oiled machine; I can soar with you while skimming the sky. What a great honor for the promise of our act! We deserve our readiness, having waited apparent years for one another. My flushed member causes you to inhale akin to aerobic exercise, pausing to hum and whisper breathlessly for my prize. We took only a night, a seal to appeal, feel and heal, then persistently erupting in your name. So my venous organ jettisoned generously as I shuttled your luring yet familiar access. Yes, you seem fresh for taking me in fast, but you must see yourself, the heroine. Your fevered labial petals, interchanging as with an oral kiss, flower further while I rinse any doubt of desire in the shower. I can describe their amazing abundance – in my native tongue of course! Your natural flavor always intrigues me. I await you to warm up my next interjection with subtle shifting, certain rocking, and sticky smacking, by seizing and squeezing – lips, licks, cheeks, breasts, thighs, hips, and tushes. God designed your yoni with Her person in mind. After we peed in the warm shower, we stretched ourselves on its floor. I bend again to service your Hindi “vagina-penis” down below. From there, I ably reached your nipples, whose convexities I witnessed rounding marvelously. We stood at our tub’s edge, my hands stimulating your lower, outstanding crème de la crème and your bareness reacting tirelessly from my persistent petting. Here were gonads pulled to their limits by us inspecting tumescence, stroking, embraces, kisses, rebounds, and otherwise searching motions to celebrate. Likewise, the showerhead shows us raptures of joy uncountable and going for more. Wherever we are, this love will be. Our dream drifted to the office as a safe place where we can relax alone and feel human. You talk about your work issues and your home needs while I discuss abstract problems, but both of us emphasize matters of care in common. We are not so much honest (facts) as honorable (ethics). Someday all will be one. The time you bared your right shoulder, with enough comely chest skin and a black bra, was a revelation to me. It was almost as if you were preparing to nurse. What it did show is the great trust we have in each other. I would have been happy to massage your pain out if it were proper. You are everywhere complete. I am doing well thanks to you and X. I adore volunteering with you at S.R. Try typing out, double-spaced, a page of single-lined statements of your concerns there; then edit and retype it until you have a coherent solution to defend at work. Please realize that when you are angry or excited, you (like me) seem less clear. There could be a library of DVDs showing the essential and considerate work you do and have done! Think of your tireless and kind, feats and virtues, to which I testify. Have a lovely Saturday night – write or call!

Midsummer, Dawn,

I am satisfied to have your picture in my mind. In the winter, we wear jackets and thermal underwear; in the spring, light clothing and a poncho will do; in the Sahara, black is the color for filtering out very bright sunlight. I have heard of women who sunned bare near Washington, D.C. I can describe the shapely Ms. F. next to her pool, or P. B., also assuming assured privacy while sunning. Never believe in a guarantee of absolute secrecy.

One day I invited you over to look at some plans I had devised. They outline a sun lounge with a protective glass ceiling, a wall to block out curious eyes, and some outdoor comforts for us, including a hot tub. In a fortnight, our solarium was complete. After changing, you approached me in a robe. Expecting a swimming suit, I sprung my muscle when you revealed yourself in a “skinny dipping” micro bikini, much like a pudendal sunblock! I tried to be cool when offering you to play with my swim trunks, as you appeared to be interested in following their suggestive contours. You gave us the courage to accommodate each other. Your mouth tasted like ginger; mine like citrus. I bowed in reverence to your lively breasts, receiving passionate relief by inhaling each bountiful nipple. My hot tub was balmy and big enough for us two honeys. Before making love in our sunny space, we stripped off every rag. How your inner skin attempted to apprehend my manhood! Before our dip, I lay you down on the cool pool deck with my soft-yet-hard busily finding you, my Indian sweetheart. We agreed to rock near orgasm, whence we often seem to tie! Dawn, we have enough “tingle” to meet several times. You looked to me like you longed to conceive, although I knew you were taking contraception. Your sensual self laughed and smiled with me. Your mucosal minora were constantly kissing my penis as we kept up the primitive play. Can my heart sustain this delight? While my seminal spouts overlay your vaginal walls entirely, you cheered on all of our acts. Since your pleasure is mine, I exchange my still-bleeding member for my tongue (your favorite kisser). Like a lioness, you resolved our act with peaking oral sex. I even gratified the whole of your vulva, engorged by my every swallow. This day, your pearl stood prominently upon its setting. Rolling up your eyes, you tensed and relaxed, on and off, shifting throughout our movements. “God loves us,” we telepaths spoke in concert. We hugged under the sun; your tan, coffee; your areolae, chocolate coins. You jumped into the tub with me after you. I massaged your buttocks and titillated your yonilinga anew, having dived down deep to lust after your labia lingually. You have such beautiful parts; I only need to behold them to reestablish my stature. Inward promise entices your entrance to gape further, with a bountiful button inset, a ponderous phallus to pleasure. Your flesh and true love offered me all that I could wish. I accepted by melding the action of my streamlined penis to the prime from your timely, taut vagina. The inevitable waited in our whitewater ride: let gentleman and lady jive! My muscle reached below, freeing our flow for blissful secretions. You were a comely, legged mermaid, and I, a longing sailor – a pair reveling in the organic foam. We met again, in life as in Heaven. I love you, Dawn!

Mind, Dawn,

You have a keen brain. You cope with stress, your family shows no maltreatment, and you all have no substance abuse (self-medicating), mood swings, or abnormal thoughts. I joined MAIN to help people and their loved ones living with mental illness. As her caretaker, you assisted your client yesterday; I was very heartened. After we had met each other, I learned we both worked with diseases like bipolar disorder. My praying to God, quitting pot, seeing a skilled psychiatrist, and taking appropriate medications were my salvation.

At MAIN, we have a new worker, Dawn. Her experience concerns consumers at a local nursing home. Most residents there live with brain diseases. Leon, would you show Dawn the routine? “Hi!” we said in a single breath. I felt like I did when I first met C.: spontaneous friendship and cordial connection. The other interns I talked to mostly by ESP but admired their young bodies. (I had just turned 57.) Some of them were nearly libertine in their dress. Dawn was mature, with respect and potential. Her looks and accent seemed South Asian to me; I hope I get to talk to her later. India is nearly the world’s most populous country. Many of the MAIN workers hail from other lands. Five of the world’s top ten severe diseases are mental illnesses. My two and only real sex partners I found at MAIN meetings. You learn to be compassionate when you survive a mental health condition. “Tell me, Dawn, where did you learn such kindness and concern? Let’s talk about it over lunch, if you like. You are an intern, so feel free to take some time off as you acclimate yourself. Where are you a student? DCU! I live near there if you’d like a lift.” Upon closing, I left with Dawn. As we rode, I told her about how I had lived in the same home for 54 years. “I’d like to see it” she trilled. I gulped, and then offered “I would too, Dawn.” I almost lost control when next she touched my inner thigh. We soon pulled into my driveway and alighted, our hearts palpitating. My key released our entrance perfectly. I led her by the hand to the kitchen for some juice, and then to the bed for more. I agreed when you asked me to take it slowly; we would share more intense affection that way. I looked, absorbing your face and your physique for minutes as my ears rang, my lips parted, my nose flared, and my vision “snowed.” I had listened to your intriguing voice, seen your pupils play, caught your fruitful breath, tasted your fresh mouth mucosa, breathed your scent, lain with your brain, appreciated your integument, and polished your prepuce. We two exposed our glowing pride, bound to the night. Seeing you thus pulls me toward you like an invisible hand. I enjoy sex with you, just as much as I do your company for a long weekend, or mingling my muscle memories with you, Dawn, like I feast on our forever-favored future friendship.

Mirror, Dawn,

Will we have lived our lives without truly living? You had been feeling stressed lately, but our meeting of bodies has made us both relaxed and even elated. In the office, we touched, met, and embraced ourselves beyond known bounds. I can still feel your blood coursing in me, your dermis becoming mine, and your lungs humming like a magical sitar. I want you to be happy; simple it appears, yet also elusive. This hug was between “twin cousins,” parted for so long and just now converged. Our skins were unwilling to part, we lovers manipulating each other, beckoning breasts, and luring laps that draw close for the ultimate human encounter. Picture us keeping each other: just another hour, day, month, or decade more. Our lips draw us close, we taste and nuzzle necks, and breathe in from the body’s pores to cheeks’ suction to lungs’ alveoli. Where we press together, our sweaty clothes dissolve and cause our hungering throats to want ever more searchingly. The marvelous sensation arises that we are more than just friends, two enwombed for our lives as lovers. Only in rare romances have I felt like this! We are better beings this way than when apart; just an indication of separation brings us back intently for more solidarity. The closer I cover you, the tighter you cover me. We press naturally, fluctuating as living art. Usually, we would loosen our grip to go about our daily duties; however, today we rebound and hold as wrestlers – Leon upon Dawn and Dawn upon Leon. What to others would seem a moment’s hint, airtight closeness welcomes our unending love. You and I have no strong scents, just a space of fresh mountain breeze. I would like to inhale your ever-present musk, open my eyes, gaze into yours, and surrender more and more amorously. The elevator door is open, although your studied insight tells us we are safe for more heartbeats of euphoria. We cuddle like man and woman, while my imagination is not so much about social intercourse as much as one of a more unspoken compact. With my eyes closed, I can see your face in time, living life like the one we had always sought. Behind their lids are dreams of me holding you unceasingly. Your pristine face stared open-mouthed enough to show serous saliva, teasing teeth, chubby cheeks, and tantalized tongue. Your hair fell over our heads to conceal both of us. I remember your delicate chest fat and your taut tummy, which you are so kind as to share with me. Your ribs were strong and your muscles relaxed. We have found many embraces to enjoy: more real than fantastic, more intimate than lustful. My mind slips to the times I dreamed while sleeping with you, not just the pensive pulses, not just the bated breaths, but also lasting, lifetime love. We held firmly in the office with all-encompassing, reassuring caresses. Always relive our friendship; know me, he who loves you. Certainly, we will find ourselves here again, firmly attached. I waited throughout the week for you to entwine me and arouse the encounter fated for us. I stand here, sit here, and lie here eagerly anticipating. Come near and know our private feelings, our steamy breath, our inner flesh, our shared taste, and our restless nature. As best you can, find yourself in privacy and give me a call, a note, or even a visit. You are a great woman, one of my few friends with whom I would share pillow talk. Consider your true spouse waiting all day, like so many of your residents – then he sees your beauty and realizes you are the champion of him and your daughter!

Missing Ms. Dawn,

I miss you and your recreation. I have told you truly that you are a better person than almost anyone on Earth, me included. Our attraction is God’s gift. You are so real in such varied ways. I cannot compare to your instinctive, heroic conscience. When I see you, I sometimes feel humbled by your kind face. Thus I want to love you, both spiritually and physically. When you speak the truth to me, sometimes in awe of you I get confused. My illness can make me somewhat sad, and at other times, lustful. I do not wish to disappoint but seek to delight women like you, C., L., and X. Most men are coarse, yet women can be complicated. You help me by being polite and proper while drawing me further into your welcome trap. I picture your face again here – such beauty! Might we kiss in the office? If you took me by surprise, I don’t know who would win out – both of us? My home is the most private place we frequent. I hear the turn of a key at the front door, then the familiar sound of it swinging inward, as it has for 54 years. Your voice calls “Leon!” I rush to meet you but you push open the screen door before I have time to cover up. Still, you give me one of your special hugs, this time shinnying to my waist, encircling me with your legs as a most wonderful arboreal primate. I carry you out to my bedroom, where we lie on top of the covers. Dawn, I am most content with your reliability. I can be irritable occasionally, compared to your calmness and certainty. I am also fearful at times, whereas you can be reassuring. Now that I am getting older, I have aches and pains. However, I am much in love with you and want to know you for the rest of my life. There is no pain where you embrace. You reassured me with your amusement at my last night’s email. We will care for each other in hard times, yet I believe you have imagined us at our peak of sensation. Stretch your spine to open up your unforgettable, showy, perennial pomegranate. I would so much like to take you out and you take me in. Our vessels become one blood, and our skin binds us as a singular creature. You are welcome at my home anytime; just call me if possible. I admire your active attention. Feel free to make out totally with me, extending our groans and grasps. Dawn, we match our mouths with an imagination that tastes true, share speech throughout our faces, and kiss our necks until they bruise, while I nurse your nipples erect to over an outstanding half-inch. I tease your wrinkly foreskin, stretched over a projection like a uvula, here poking out for pleasure, but mostly stowing away under or out of dual genital folds. That clitoris rules their chamber’s mucosa, giving us much supernal, intimate, raw, erotic, lively, reflexive, and emissive tensing! Will you and I sleep together this entire night?

Modern Dawn,

What is romance like in India? Do couples nowadays get their ideas from Bollywood? Do you always anticipate bedtime by wearing pajamas? What is the average age for marriage there? Dawn is at my front door here in D.C.’s environs. Knock-knock; ding-dong. “Hi Dawn, come on in. Wow! You look so tasty with your new suntan from India. Hugging your anatomy is like inhabiting a giant heart!” “Leon, what does our greeting suggest when I French-kiss your mouth?” I answer by tasting your lips, velum, cheeks, salivary glands, and multifunctioning mouth muscles. I always wanted to kiss you deeply and sample your fresh Indian cuisine. Yours is a soul fastidious; whether eating, cleaning, caregiving, grooming, making out, or sleeping together. I can smell faint traces of your shampoo. Please embrace me and scratch my back. Massage my fingers and tweak my temples; nibble my ear lobes. Now it is time I return your favors. I caress and cup your head gently, as you do mine, but with the reward of brushing your long, black, copper-tinted hair. We purr more the closer we get to our core. My face was never so clean; your licking gave me the best facial I have ever had! No one could have heard us denuding. The room starts to smell with the subtle scent of sex. The combination of air conditioning and your hot figure got me to get it on wildly with your pubic domain: “Let’s Make Love.” I ride my hand upon the valley of the vulva. I seize you – a cultured, humane yet thoroughbred woman – projecting your totality, via your pan-pubic, vaginal vestibule. I have desired you through these 266 emails. I want to bite tenderly on your strong neck and treasure your glutting glands. My mouth heartily accommodates your coffee rings, one at a time, with domes to play on my taste buds. You exhaled with lungs of heavenly spirit and approval. Thus, I had considered your bosom; there my fingers follow along your ribs and downward, a faint, midline “happy trail” of hair. You earned your stretch marks through respectable pain, but our euphoria will diminish any suffering. My desire is for us to be blessed by God. I plumb there the depths of your yoni via my manual appreciation of your mucosa. A shine of slime, adorning your whopping, sensitive muscle, reveals God’s clitoral gift! The stage was set, and oral sex was the romantic comedy. You might say, your fishy lips quickly devoured my redworm. As your bust shows hearty veins, my phallus rears up to exhibit many of its own. A fine spray of spontaneous semen spritzed from my penis. We both awaited our carnal embrace, our utmost act; this was where you took over. As I lay back on the couch and you knelt astride my heart, you consumed my flesh by crouching upon its fullness. You gave me a long smooch while riding up and down and over this carousel horse as its lusty organ played. It took you, my lover, to express such passion as you did. Your womanhood graced our finale: how we attracted, deeply bonded, and consummated each other so fondly. You calmed my mind with a most soothing in-body experience. While we peaked, we both felt our pubes recycling the warming secretions in a most uncommon circuit (urethra – vagina – sweat glands) that our orgasm kept driving: powerful, and understanding for both. Our spermatic fluid and mucus dribbled out of your cervix for hours. I cannot believe I’m in bed with you, Dawn; just looking at your tan curves leads me to top your success next. Our bodies fit in a near infinity of pleasing, sensual, and daring ways!

Mom to many, Dawn,

You are the mother to all for whom you care – above all, your birth daughter. Your brain functions especially for your child. Your body is miraculous, especially to me who worships you. I see and hear us blend into one; invisible, intangible, and silent to all but us. Those who truly know Dawn respect her. I can feel the warmth coming off your skin when we hug, or taste the droplets of spittle sprinkle from your telling lips. Your smile invites me to kiss you on the mouth and overall. I search for the floral scent wafting from your hair. Your neck is strong and accesses your breasts. Were you to wear a shirt showing your cleavage, I understand how, the world over, such tender glands are admired. They provide nourishment that almost any infant can appreciate; adults relive this attraction – the more you show, the more others (like me) feel your sensuality. For now, I am proper upon this crevice, except for an occasional sight over your bra. The consent to see your nipples and areolae would get me very hard. Remember, it is your choice if you want to share them, so beautiful to caress and taste. Your whole body is a temple. Looking at your navel shows me your bond with your Mom. I respect seeing the signs of your past pregnancy; with flesh stretched, you carry well-deserved recognition which I rarely see. Imagine me taking time out to massage any part of your body. You ask, “Rub every part?” I will shampoo and rinse your scalp while you close your eyes; softly press your temples, shoulders, and neck; scratch your back; knead your legs, and work your buttocks. I skim gently upon the expanse of your perfect, comforting skin. It brings out profound feelings of pleasure, as from another life. Below are your fleshy regions. I reach pubic hair, which probably serves as a map for a mate to locate and prepare one’s “genitals” (which comes from Latin, meaning “giving birth”). You know much more than I do about labor: the joy, the agony, and the duty. Modern medicine has reduced infant mortality by half in 70 years. Birthing seems fascinating, fond, or gory for the male. The womb and vagina may at first stretch amazingly, but after six weeks of Kegel exercises and a crying baby (and the patience/understanding of a loving partner), intercourse may return to “normal.” If we had to wait, I guess cunnilingus would help along with our human trampolining. You are a most caring woman; one I would sleep with if only I might. I cannot risk fathering children (though I love them) due to stress, genetics, a cruel world, pedophiles, and symptoms of my mental illness. However, I feel a great yen from and for you Dawn. I want to be so close to you. You have all of the virtues (like sex appeal) for us to share the deed. You know that I have almost 250 stories of us, all meant to thrill, but waiting for you. Please allow my prayer for the unity and health of your family. If you ever need to talk, call me, because you are worth my while and care. If you ever get lonely, visit me to cuddle and relax. Make me most eager to meet you nearby. You could have sex last for us like a dream. You have the very essence to enhance my seminal wellspring. I am an ideal match coming for you. We two care for each other, thank God!

Mons Veneris

I climbed up on Mount Aphrodite

Where mosses so lamb-soft do grow

My hand slips on goddess almighty

Arousing whom I’ve come to know.

Sweet Dawnlight, you rule classic love

And soothe me like you calm your clients

You resemble a peace-loving dove

That prefers me to bumbling giants.

Man creates clothes as diversion

From eye-candy cover of skin

Many think nudes are perversion

But Venus soon welcomes me in!

Monsters and gods cannot best you

As we climb atop loamy hill

Ours is a towering worldview

Entered by cave-carving rill.

Shall we praise mankind to adore play

While mortals call bodies just stuff?

Yet Venus’s magical foreplay

Beckons both of us bushed by her buff.

Moon, Dawn,

I had purposely slept most of the top-tier flight to Hawaii. I woke up with my head in your lap; next, we sat upright as we approached Honolulu. Just as we stepped off the ramp, the sky was turning dark – during the day! We timed this eclipse to the minute – July 11, 1991, at 7:07 pm. You shone in your hot pants and your halter top. The breath of Hawaiian air is part salt, part food, and part freshness. We checked into a four-star hotel on the beach. I had arranged for us to go to a “native” restaurant. There were plenty of coconut, pineapple, and fresh poi dishes. You and I suffered from jet lag. so after eating like finches we rented a car and drove many miles to a secluded spot. Dawn, you are twice as beautiful in Hawaiian water with its green-blue color. You were a stunning model when you emerged from the waves onto the multicolor sand. I did a double-take when I realized you had removed your entire swimsuit! Rare bird watcher am I, finding two tits and tossing my trunks aside. Blankets separated us from the sand and wakefulness for an hour. We peed behind some shrubs; then, with only the sandals on our feet, we climbed a wide woodland path. We were barely into the jungle when we made out like animals gorging on savory nuts (macadamias), and succulents (raspberries and blackberries). Hearing the babbling of a nearby stream, we followed it to its source: a primeval waterfall. We swam in a pool’s waist-high water, my gonads and your breasts occasionally floating to the surface. Do you think Hawaiian women are attractive? Dawn surpasses all in flesh, muscle, and mind. We found our swimming hole warm to the touch. You grabbed a banana from an overhanging tree, and I plucked a succulent aloe. Neither of us was hungry – for food, that is. I peeled the green phallus and slowly introduced it to your yoni. Gently, I shuttled it back and forth with a thumb on your button. Your muscle grasped it near orgasm and spat it out with vigor. We preferred the aloe for commingling. We safely squeezed its fine lube onto our organs. Penis realized clitoris as the scrotum did the labia as the testicles did the ovaries as semen did arousal fluid and, finally, as our ingress did our egress. Before I might come prematurely, Dawn and I splattered into the cascading waterfall. We lovers were achieving our introduction; you clambered up like I were a tree, facing me and clinging around my torso with your long, grappling legs. I fit naturally into your yoni, but as we moved under the forceful flow, we felt the strangest sensation. Our bodies quaked as if we were gods fornicating! I surveyed as best I could – you, a 55-year-old with the figure and feel of an 18-year-old college girl. Would you live with me once we got home? I am deeply in love with you. Now the two of us became the mix flowing for inner, outer, and communal genitalia. I do not know who felt the oncoming surge first, but our lusts ejaculated synergistically, eyes closed in our island paradise. We both competed and collaborated; jumping for joy, ever for the opposite. The stream carried our bodily fluids – then our bodies – back to the ocean. We rinsed and made love once more on the blankets in the sand (carefully, without the grit). We rounded up our summer and its wear. Dawn, you are lovely and exceedingly worthy. Introduce us to both new and old friends. (Would you like to see the movie “Lion”?) Leon=lore, Dawn=sunscape.

More, Dawn,

I would like to see you more often – either luxuriating next to me, sharing my shower, or starring in my dreams. Impressions do not do you justice, though, for some women I have known may look like you, e.g., several exotic world travelers. You and I affect each other when entangled. My heart jumps when I realize all of your features in our clinch. The best way to recognize you is at present – working at S.R. or my home, seeing your dear face and stature, and testing my virility. It is fall; time for embracing, staying warm, and admiring the fat which keeps most men loving and women cozy (and helps feed their babies). I must thank you for your capacity as a mother. I pray for your family and justice for S. in a turbulent world. A woman’s role is much more difficult than that of most men – as are the trials of people with disabilities. S., like you, is truly beautiful: to a loyal prince, an intimate confidant, or a holy man. If I were younger, I might invite her to see the movie “Lion.” I was dishonorable at her age, you know; I smoked marijuana and knew little about ethics. By the age of 25, I had to beg God to show me the right way. Since then I have had some difficulties, but God has seen me through them. (You are a tolerant friend, here reading about my fantasies of us.) You are right to protect S. for life. She is surely a worthy person – but at school, there can be bad influences. Has she found friends whom she can trust, as well as study partners to share coursework and camaraderie? I hope also for your husband’s best outcome. God sees him healed by you in heart, hand, spine, mind, and leg. No doubt, at the end of the day, you two bless each other. I wish for you to renew and relax alone with your body wash and shower radio. I picture the start of your day at S.R. with a few of your best friends. From there, you have great responsibilities. Fortunately, you care for the more functional residents. Even though the managers cannot replace you, most refuse to treat you with the dignity they expect you to give them. Despite your modest salary, you buy goods for the invalids, as you gave me the priceless gift of feeding my mother. Bill is much younger than the other residents on average. At least he is no longer a flight risk. As you noted, he needs lessons on hygiene but is generally a good person. Remind the elders about cleanliness (e.g., showing them the hand cleanser dispensers). It’s that time of year – I’ve gotten my flu shot, have you? You might want to leave a list of the Bingo players when you have a substitute on weekends. Those little chocolate mints (sugar-free?) seem the best option for their prizes. I found the Bingo “shutter-slide” cards (approximately $2 apiece) on Amazon. I will be able to work on Thursdays shortly. Give me a tight squeeze, perhaps a kiss, or brush by my jeans. Maybe the elevator will be free. I hope that you will be solo in the office. Take my hands and place them wherever they feel good on you. Will you ever send me your picture? It might compare to my mind’s eye. You are a fantastic human being, however (un)attired. I see a true lady within!

Muscles, Dawn,

My weeks are almost up – i.e., I am starting to exude my vital fluid. The telltale signs (as you might have guessed) are slipperiness at my urethral meatus, and miniature white “clouds” floating in the toilet after urinating. Even they can contain millions of sperm. The “withdrawal method” (pulling out before noticeable ejaculation) overlooks many drops, each of which is potent enough to make many babies. Why do I tell you this, Dawn? Because making love to you could be the most emotionally rewarding experience of my lifetime. I wait for you time after time so I can share with you my passion – all you need to do is call me. Please allow me to look back on what is “Dawn and I.”

Have you pondered before about our meeting somewhere near S.R.? I would have felt your eyes upon me, then loosen as I did today. My “tail” (called the “penis” in Latin) before long reaches up to you. For the first time, I had invited a strange woman to my house. We talked nervously (her name was Dawn) until we reached my place. I let her in, hoping she would do likewise for me. I noticed your smile and the forward way you patted my lap (thus so turgid with blood). I practically ejaculated in my pants! I explained to Dawn that next to no woman had passed through my chamber door to complete me. “Mi casa es su casa,” I told her. We were both hungry, so we went for the main course: love. Dawn and I explored each other’s mouths, testing each soft part with the other’s lingua. Even raking teeth were an indulgent turn-on to our foreskin. We practically slobbered for our first tongue in months. My lungs belted out a melodic “We are ourselves!” She was a classy woman, with full, cinnamon breasts and darker, jogging areolae. Our sex had moved to our hands, accompanied by guttural sounds like “wench – shag – naked hers – cock – suck – woman-man flow” (which I found later was comparable to uninhibited Middle English.) My mouth approached the nipple where I would share the passion of kissing through natural nursing. The oral organ seems to be the most skilled muscle in our bodies, but proves it when mine mouths your burgeoning button below! Noting your reddening, stickily seeping, salmon-shaded vestibule, I found my member ready to spear a fish. (Have you ever played strip poker? The first off with the other’s clothes wins. Wins what? The other, of course!) This was not a one-night stand, both thought, basking in a sixty-nine. We could do this until light, but Leon knew there were better things ahead. Dawn, be my understudy. My eyes fixed on your hilt as my sword was ready to sheathe. God bless Dawn! You are a mystery, my lady. Where have you been all my life? You unfurled on my bed, my piece practicing its freedom to wander, thus angling upward to drive us wild and add lust to potency. I probed and prodded my cushy glans where I now knew your yonilinga was. Then, meant to be unity, skins cleaved with a polished push. I can still see in my mind where I had entered you. We held sweaty hands as you flushed, moaned, and howled. Your nipples enlarge enough to turn on all adult lovers. Soon your expert suction drew me further in, and succeedingly, gobs of my forceful fluid washed your womb. I kept bumping and coming, bumping and coming. My corona, distributing our slippery secretions, acted as a squeegee for your lavish honey. We concentrated on the shifting folds that were our exposed privates, our place for planting – especially where we achieved the furrow which opened up our new garden to the morning dews.

My Dawn, from your Leon,

Dawn, I greatly appreciate your petitioning God to consider me. When I slip under my bed covers, I often think of your name, your face, and your very presence. Teach me your prayer, and how to realize your person. You are such a work of art that I wish to create more of you. In another reality, you might have my child. I try to wait for you, but weeks can turn our flirting into decades unfulfilled. You know God made the interactions of love supreme, even to self. How wonderful it would be to have a lover young enough to glide with, yet naturally contraceptive! You are the most rewarding of friends. I wish I could see you every night. My dreams guide me (though it has been many years since I orgasmed during sleep) as if moving inside you. My heart is throbbing for you even now. I missed you today at S.R. (remember the roll of quarters?). All went well with J., the old folks, and me. I desire to yield to your loving enfoldment. I would like us to kiss loosely – at first just a peck, then work our way around every bit. These scenarios are my fantasies, my thirsts. Does God give them to you as well? (I spy your thighs secured side-by-side and keeping your fingers warm – may we hold hands?) You must have stimulating visions similar to mine. Sadly, many women may not express their sexuality as men do – to choose whom to mate with; to have the privacy of whom to fantasize about; to decide whether to have children; to be free to walk alone in public; to choose whom to marry. I have waited a long time and rarely found a woman like you. I would like very much to learn from you. Some fool might misjudge you at first glance, but I have found in you an exquisite woman whose attraction lies both on and beneath her skin. I love you, Dawn, and I know you – yes, need you – for your spirit, your comfort, your conversation, your tolerance, your beauty, your genius, your closeness, and your friendship (like when God introduced you to me). You know better than I what it means to ovulate – when your egg releases enthusiastically! Thus, I release my seed for you in turn. Your face must look so happy when having the potential of a child growing inside you. God relies on you to save the world with your vital motherhood. Will She ever link us? Does She have ideas for romance between us? God knows our touch cures in closeness, for that is how She made us. She gives me hope in my nighttime vision of you, waking hardened to the realization of the most affectionate stimuli. We are two best friends with one flesh, one center. Draw me in, engulf me – all of me – and honor our descendants. What do I see in you? Much of what you see in yourself: the need for a secure partner, a friend for life, faith in God, and privacy enough to rendezvous long before dawn.

My pet, Dawn,

I realize you are working hard today. I woke having stayed up past four this morning. I can’t help but write to you, as I need for us to rendezvous. Oh, how rewarding it would be to lay aside you – or even better, to occupy your cradle for rocking and rolling. May your lap never stop dancing! Let me pick you up in my car and suck your fine face. After we reach my home, you see by my obvious tumescence that I could use a “quickie.” We build up to the act enthusiastically. First, we lie stripped on our bed yet wrapped in sheets. Call for us to coast, yet skim ever closer to a levee breach. Feel my glans expanding inside you, then my shaft widening and your rugae stretching, all entertained by our thundering and undulating waves. I love you and your gaping rift so much that I build up an unyielding yen for both. You know, Dawn; my goal is to act and react with you. At this time, I couldn’t tell whether your tide or my tower was ruling our tango. Making you irresistibly attractive were those silky vaginal ribs playing upon my corona, which eventually washed my plasma with recurrent blasts. You too were breathing hard, and I could experience throughout your body the mix of our two circulations resounding as one. Most of all, we united spiritually, to move beyond all physical things, then fatefully draw out even more of our lifestream. I felt a great need to inhabit you endlessly. When you roared “Leon!” in a convincing cry, I knew we were near. Not only did your beautiful mammillae uphold, but your integument had again developed a marvelous rosiness. From all of our contact, your flesh was tight, shining like that of a Penthouse model with privates vividly defined – just more accessible and loveable. Think of all the passion we could have had for over twenty years when you come home from work and I have dinner cooked. At the front door, we discreetly unzip each other, enticed by the dedicated visions built over the day. Dinner will have to wait. Let’s start over where we had agreed desirously: at our erotic emanations. The tastes I acquired were from those of mouth, mammae, mons, and mucosal membranes. I slopped at all these, diving between your thighs and spreading out my tongue like a plow. Feeling for your first orgasm of that day, I inserted my finger into your pie, below my lustrous, lapping lingua. I dutifully brailed your entire cuneiform, ensued by your issuing snorts, groans, and hissing. The sensitive suspect grew considerably more – plainly, your supernatural magic button. Your back bent, lifting you off the bed; your canal grasped my pointer as I slurped quicker, bolder, harder, and longer. Madam yoni gave my taste buds a zesty reward. I sampled your skin’s sheen of sweat as well, your eyes’ possession, even your folds and voluptuous recesses on display. I speak sweetly and my primeval mind entertains, your titillations please, and our true relation manifests. You are personable, lovely, and exclusive. I value every touch, word, and concern as if we embrace in one placenta. Why do I write to you so often? When I comprehend you, I hold your everything. I want so much to go all the way with you, to achieve our liveliness, to arouse our flesh and seed so warmly blessed, and to work our way into absolute peace. You are as momentous as man’s pursuit of ideal femininity over the ages, an answer to amour for both genders.

Natural Dawn,

Have you been to the mountains lately? I mentioned the Appalachians to you, a savvy hiker. Pack up the gear; it’s been so long since I’ve trekked (and rarely with the female persuasion). A two-hour trip by car brings us there. We park at one of the “gaps” in the range. You are on with hiking boots and off for a hike, easily handling your 40-pound backpack. At first, there seems nowhere to go but up. We climb the mountain, seeing the greenery turn gray. Follow the blue blazes (markings) on the trees and we’ll be there in just over an hour. I wonder how women always seem to have more leg stamina than I do. Hush! Over there! We see a doe with two fauns, a sign of spring soon arriving. I give you a canoodle on the cheek. It is time we had lunch – no microwave near. Our sandwiches, fresh veggies, and a canteen of cool water should suffice. (Caution: one must never drink from most springs nowadays due to a germ called giardia, which causes prolific diarrhea! I got vertigo once on this very route when I stood near a cliff. I risked hypothermia while slogging here, also when canoeing during Hurricane Agnes in Canada.) Yet, many pleasant things await us – some spots we pass are like Heaven: budding trees, a quick fox, and hikers with kind things to say. Another half-mile and we are there, a beautiful camp known to only the most seasoned backpackers. Here it is – a carpet of soft leaves, a view of the plains and blue skies. I told you we could do without the tent tonight since the forecast called for unseasonably warm weather with no chance of rain. Both you and I were stiff, so we kneaded each other’s legs. I kidded you by climbing my hand up your shorts. This move was so unexpected that you looked astonished, which soon morphed into laughter. You stuck out your tongue at me; I practically swallowed it. You wrestled me down to the forest floor, unbuckling and pulling off my belt with a flourish. Atop me, you asked if I would like to make love to you (we were both willing learners!). As the sun set, we contested to remove the other’s sportswear in a heated competition. I hinted that I had never seen a hymen before (but the moment and membrane were near). You told me if I was good to your mammaries, I might get a treat. We quickly realized the other’s wish. I parted your flower petals and licked inside them entirely (that is, as far as my realm of 10,000 taste buds could reach). Your reaction was the high-pitched relief of endorphin elation. Thereafter we merged in bliss, where I first sunk my lust into such a captivating acquaintance! Reveling in coitus, we loosened our knotted sex organs into glistening orgasms as the Moon shone high. We enjoyed enlarging each other with generous hearts. Like vessels of one blood, our related glands flourished and repeatedly released bountiful juices. God created sex to celebrate peace between opposites, to make life most pleasing, and to thank Her for true love. God’s greatest gift is God Herself!

Near Dawn,

A handshake is often as rewarding as a smile or a hello. When you offer a palm, hold our skin with care and communicate friendship as we expand our relationship. How can we get even closer? The office seems a safe place on weekends, although there may be people listening beyond the partition. Maybe the elevator will give room for two eager bodies. You know that my house is secure. I would like to see you there wearing a revealing outfit. Might I wear silk boxers and your Polo or Izod shirt? Say we do meet wearing attractive, seductive garb – and we are all by ourselves. I would make sure I was civil (yet stammering with excitement!). Each hug seizes its mate as we wrestle. My arms encircle your lungs and I place my lax lips upon yours. Both suck for their partner’s mouth muscles, drawing dear melodies with slickness deep within their throats. Your cheeks inside are as slippery as any kiss. I drink the saliva your mouth squirts for me to swallow. By this time, most mucosa around my oral cavity has met or tasted yours. You apply to my neck what Americans call a “hickey” – a bruise from inhaling on my skin. Patiently, we mirrored our partner taking off one garment at a time. I looked up at your eyes, mostly closed yet fluttering. I ask you to massage my pectorals, an erotic zone that I used to work out. Your breasts, however, enchant me there foremost. Few young women had bared themselves to me, but you reassured me by guiding my hand onto exceptionally tender, surreal softness. I had never met nipples so abundant with areolae encircling them like conspicuous targets. As I pulled them with my best breath, they both expanded magnificently and tasted a bit salty. My oral stimulation had you humming. You elicited growls as if you were approaching your peak. Of animal nature, we next reached our pubic zones, interchanging a yoni with the other’s lingam, of man and woman. The more fervently we tasted one, the more its corresponding gland in the 69 begged to be taken. You asked me to repeat our previous skills. First, I try your vulva with a continuous probing that recognized its complete anatomy, then polish the yonilinga like a ruby that could widen any eye. I desired to arouse you more as your scalloped tissue protruded, consenting with internal rippling. I held fast to your brawny bottom while grinding your crown jewel. You were then a queen, an empress, a goddess – your chest turned burgundy, your eyes openly dazed, and your breath restlessly quickened! Your mucus augmented upon approaching your nth climax – a sign of such exhilaration that one would call this product a female ejaculation. I needed to lap this salve over your big bud, for as long as you could bear. You were gracious; so much that soon your orality made my maroon manhood most prominent. You clambered up me, both standing, easing my maleness into your magnificence. In time, our seed cascaded down your perineum like a burbling Angel Falls. God knows how I held on, but I did my best to keep you. From the first embrace to the ultimate caution, amazing things were happening. Our thrusting not only pushed me far into you, made marvelous music, pulled back, and dove deep; but also bound our two selves as willing and welling partners: your sluice loosed juice. We fit altogether. I imagined that the skin of us lovers constituted a doubled dermis, shifting upon adipose tissues in between. You looked up at me, knowing our time had arrived. Your quiver must have stretched considerably when nearing vertical kissing, and vulvar orgasms to accommodate the fruits of our sperm and eggs. Our pulses persisted – we kept shuttling and shuddering, sharing our spirited slough. I cherish your natural musk – almost undetectable the next day, yet delectable throughout our bedroom and traceable to your bareness all night. I love you and believe in you, all of you, Dawn.

Need Dawn,

I was half-asleep when I thought I heard the door creak in the darkness. I heard shoes hitting the floor, and clothes gently landing on my chair. When I felt a body next to mine, I wrote it up to be a dream. I habitually reached next to me, squeezing Grand Tetonstopped with pert and pliant caps. “I’m in need,” I droned to the stranger as she guided my hand to her primitive wetland. I petted her as she rolled up in a fetal position whereupon I could sense hair, flesh, moisture, and reaction. Her hand took hold of my lingam and toyed with it like a furry, firm ferret. She let my organ slip upon her tightening palm, then slip again as if its muscle was wriggling in her fist. More strangely, she drew me into her soothing mouth. Her kisser was indeed skilled, starting at my dilating urethra, sucking the glans in and out, toying with my corona, rolling her tongue along my frenulum, and swallowing almost at once my entire shaft to its bulbous base. I guessed who my partner was by her whisper, although her vacuum action had interrupted my higher functions. I fell into a trance where I sipped from a pond of aloe vera, only to awaken and find myself stroking her clitoris and licking her vulva. These organs blew uncountable kisses like she readied for fellatio – but twitched automatically – a prelude to my reaching her healthy, profuse vagina. I could have stayed there for days; however, what was her identity this night? She went back to pleasuring my phallus, as she must have for only this particular man. When she swallowed, her soft velum tugged me like a vaginal gasket. I held off and hurried my hardness between her mamma. I wanted so much for us to crest, imagining just who had snuck into my house and my bed – Goldilocks the Bare? Every part of my genitalia had been full to bursting over the past ten days. I would experience all seven pleasures – even without Viagra – as I recalled size, hardness, sensitivity, fluid volume, duration, confidence, and repetitions. I entered her much like a giant clam inhales its siphon (carefully!). She had enhanced her beckoning lady parts to accept my burgeoning manhood. My hands braced upon one mammilla at a time, filling it out all the more. Her breath respired fragrant Basmati rice; her muscular diaphragm led a chorus. I declare she called me “Leon” between pants! In the deepest regions of woman’s action, she was able to grasp my circumcised prepuce and yank it at her will – wherever our pubes melded most. Being a man, I finally took one step too many, and now it was my turn to submit to passion. The first ten minutes had been foreplay, the next ten, plateau, and the last one, oh…oh…oh…orgasm! I became my driving bulb wedging all of your luscious labia. My thickened, gametic fluid expelled like a splashing fount. This companion’s penis joined her reproductive system, a vagina fluttering inside with its sphincter, while testicles and prostate gland produced and propelled their stream in copious splashes – most of my parasympathetic and unconscious brain was peaking too. A bloody sunrise revealed who my mystery lover was: DAWN! You took my lingam between your fingers and eked out more sips of sugar. Seeing your temptations in the early light was presence itself. To celebrate, I laid agape your pubes. Slippery arousal fluid had defined a wet vagina from the minora on in; hence you would protect our production. That tart yoni – smooth, shiny, and reddened with whelk-come from the deep, kissed my bursting sea cucumber. I will relive your sweet spot affectionately; only invite me to seduce you with soon 300 love letters. I missed your rapport today, although K. and the residents made Bingo worthy. Does your bath gel soothe your big, boundless bean, beautiful Dawn?

Neighbor, Dawn,

Can you imagine being my homebody for over 55 years? We would crawl together, toddle together, walk naked together, and go to nursery school together. Think of all the great toys we would share: stuffed animals, play-dough, a rocking horse, GI Joe and Barbie, board games, bicycles with training wheels, toy cars, dolls, and imaginary forts. Outside, the seasons would cycle: leaves, snow, new life, and more sun. There would be hide-and-seek, kick the can, climbing trees, hikes down to the creek, swimming pools, and other kids with whom to play.

Education went from preschool exploration to kindergarten for letters, numbers, and beloved recess, then grade school for expanding our world. There were many personalities: budding athletes, smart kids, rich kids, the abused, the disabled, and misbehavers. Starting around 2nd grade, we realized that others might be unlike us – in looks, race, class, intelligence, morals, maturity, religion, and strength. You were a star at ball games and socializing; I was a foolish “brain,” a muscular partier always trying to please.

In adolescence, I seemed shy to you – in reality, you were becoming more like a woman. I acted out for attention and started drinking. I was embarrassed when you – my buddy’s cousin – and a neighbor started necking. I wish I had been he. Once in my bathtub, I found I had become a man, which I wanted to be for you. (Did you ever feel similarly about your womanhood and me?) Enamored, I started to stare at you, not knowing the words to say. Now I try to remember that a woman can calm a man if he just listens, respects, and responds gently to her.

In senior high school, you underwent some amazing changes. Your breasts perked up with sensible cleavage. Your bottom rocked hypnotically as you walked by. I once touched your face back then, soft and pretty with a natural tan. You suggested we study together rather than me partying. I had a hard time concentrating at first, but soon it felt like we made an exciting connection. You were a great student. After months of us doing our homework, years of fantasies gelled. Your gaze now overwhelmed me. I stuttered at first; still, you walked over to me and enveloped me with your arms, lips, and misty tenderness. I noticed the womanly buds under your T-shirt had grown firm, where you allowed my two hands and my lips to hold one mamma at a time. Your mouth glistened with wetness

You were a respectable girl, waiting for your 18th birthday. What I did not foresee was your waiting for me. Now was the edge of your adulthood. It can be difficult for a young man to abstain from self-gratification as I did in those days. Shower-to-shower I pictured you and me, yet I did not let go. One day a knock sounded on my entryway – from whom I had always wished! You were dressed in a diaphanous gown, magically held up by your jaunty, comely curves. When I lifted you, I found only your birthday suit underneath.

Pursuing each other evermore, we licked the taste from our skin and instinctively engaged each other. Your kind stroking came close to freeing me numerous times, my part flushing, tingling – and cocking with a hair trigger. Thank God that our first satisfaction was both simultaneous and dedicated, within our personal space: your “womb room.” We were pristine; our poses interchanging, bounding, rousing, accelerating, expelling, and impelling. We realized Paradise, where every moment and movement found God. Every opportunity since, when I need to express my love for you, I return to that time and place. Dawn, believe me, Leon appreciates you in mind, body, and soul!

New Dawn,

We approached Rock Creek Nature Center to enjoy a program on the summer solstice, the longest day of the year. It was almost 9 pm as we felt our way through the forest. Every two minutes we would make out, and boy, you were so toasty I thought you had sunburn! When I had you in a clinch, your chest impressed great adipose circles held against my pectorals. You were ready for a solstice celebration indeed, but first, we had to attend to our formal duties. I introduced you to the naturalists (who run the nature center, park, and programs), the maintenance person (horny yet respectable), and many volunteers (mostly pretty women and mostly single). Not to worry, Dawn; you have helped me so much, have such a great attitude, and have gotten so close to me – and just maybe, tonight we rule the night. In the Center, built from an old house, I show you stuffed animals (like a taxidermied fox and faun), live snakes, turtles, and a see-through beehive (with your sheer blouse, everybody’s buzzing). We walk out to a bird enclosure where large raptors live. They are kept because they are all injured permanently. You tug on my arm, we grab some snacks, and we walk up Glover Road. The parking lot is where the Senior Naturalist often catches people romancing in their cars. Once he and I saw two rude chubbies nearly naked and fondling in our field in the middle of the day! We return to the road. An acquaintance told me he lost his virginity on the turf leftward after a swim meet. Today the pool fence is unlocked. Let’s wade in the shallow end, skinny-dipping from first base to home. Miss India, normally we would lie united on the grass, but the touch of wetness is so much more persuasive. What a water park to romp in! Barely legal swimwear, wet winkles, waves in caves, pee in the pool, and night passes! Try the neck-deep here. The sun had warmed it, and you raise it above 98.6 degrees F! Our first base act is to hold our lips as close as possible without them touching. After a couple of minutes, I started shaking, then submitted mouth-to-mouth. We stood there for 15 minutes reliving our oral phase. Then, for the second base (a challenge mostly to the man) I must hold my breath underwater yet suck both of your nipples until they were rigid and as high as a thumbnail. No problemo. (I love the way your breasts float, buoying, as in ocean primeval.) You dared me: ready for third base? We were to perform a 69 while submerged. We both hyperventilated first, then swallowed our organs like Pisces does their tails. Initially, as our pudenda swelled, the lack of oxygen made us tingle, but after 90 seconds without air, we had to resign without creaming. At home base (which signifies our last “position”), we bobbed up and down in water play, two adults pumping aqua in and out, rubbing pelvic pelts and as much wet skin as viable. Our bared bodies distributed slippery serum from within – diving deep and drifting dreamily into the night.

Once a Stranger (Ask God in your heart)

We met each other, you with a smile,

So I, admiring, watched all the while;

Now I take this chance, might I learn of you better,

Ensuing the gist of this poetic letter.

Have me grasp fast to those volcanic peaks

After braving the wetlands that link our physiques,

Where a slippery source gently moistens your lips

While firm mountaintops taste of honeydew drips.

Yet most cocksure lovers view a lonely illusion

As they vibrate themselves to a pleasant delusion;

I recall such a time when I felt like I burst

Fervently flowing, to last from the first,

I envisioned you knowing this hot, seeded stream

(Do I now recall truth, or was knowledge a dream?)

Upon hearing your “Yes!” when you next saw my face

You welcomed the heat as I fueled our embrace –

Why couldn’t our youth last so we stay together

Joined in beautiful bliss and eternal fair weather?

One with Dawn,

This is the time of year for fresh fruit; let us trade some sweet kisses fueled by natural thirst. I dreamed to moisten your lips but yearned to mix our tastes with our wet mouths and their enticing aromas. We serve spit to each other; our appetites hunger to share this mouthwatering dessert. I reached for your paps, which lifted on high (even more, when I tweaked them between my fingers like they were made of Indian rubber). A juicy treat of more saliva encouraged its way down our throats. Next, I gaped as you kissed my Adam’s apple like you could draw my blood, voice, sustenance, saliva, and breath right through my neck. I reciprocated, sucking similarly onto your youthful skin until there were darkened bruises from your jaw down to your ribs. So far, knowledge of erogenous zones held equally for my friend and me. What happened next was unexpected, especially equitable. When I had pulled your shirt over your head, not only was my one mouth situated to osculate one areola, but also your long tongue was able to wash your generous other. We shared your breasts, you rhythmically squeezing their crowning features while I groped their fatty flesh in turn. Your mammae have such a palatable, tender texture – yet shapely, succulent, (and tougher on top). Soon my lingam would slip back and forth between the soft forms: touchy, squishy, and vast. We spent a good time exploring everything above the waist. Next, piece by piece undone, we removed excess clothing in slow motion and petted whatever we revealed. Neither had prepared by overdressing, which was fine for us both. Shoes and socks disappeared, then slacks. I came to love you so much, waiting to enter your resplendent temple. My pliant “tail” wagged up and down and around as I jumped with joy, nearing Dawn’s luring darkness. You were no less obvious; your labia seemed to be ingesting your panties, every so often pinching them while your eyespots to nurse stared seductively at me. I motioned that we take to the shower. I had the air conditioning turned off, indicated by the perspiration saturating our underwear. Dawn; try to imagine every man the world over writing to his lover. I ask for the opportunity to stand by you, to discover a true Indian where the slaver Christopher Columbus failed. The story of you and me is more real. Shun your undies but please enjoy the brisk water of my bath. It seems mild now, but we will warm it together. Do you have an adjustable, massaging showerhead at home? One has to be taut already for the gentle setting to take them all the way. You sprayed underneath me, moving from my scrotal perineum to my stringed frenulum, presently leading to what would be our initial commerce. Such ablutions at first seem just bearable, but seeing my naked partner causes me to grow excitedly near the limits of my penile casing. My seminal spout is set to pounce – pent-up and ready to tunnel! View our lovemaking: recalling, dreaming, hoping, searching, fondling, or consummating oneness – whether it’s introducing, looking, hoping, hugging, tonguing, pawing, facing, rearing, or breathing for two we find. When we gaze eye-to-eye, scratch backs, French-kiss, wrap leg-to-leg, adhere chests, impart blood warmth, press suppleness, confer piquancy, lift lingam, and experience all – so many uncommon contacts returned. Wherever you are, Dawn, may I comfort you? We are both there. Will you bedew between besties bouncing below? Face, taste, and embrace the snakeroot: sleek and unique so we tweak our physique’s cheeks.

Only you, Dawn,

Make me hum as you hum. You look so beautiful upon saying “I love you.” You are just the right age to share my bed with, to sleep with, to dream with. I can imagine your lush lips locking with mine, my avid hand reaching for that which underlies. Dawn, if you are like me, you pleasure yourself, as I imagine you here. Do you think of kissing me as I do you? I hope you have a private time when we can strip and stretch to taste where my ingress meets your egress. I am sure you have the right savor for me. I deliver our first coming; my inner elbows caught likewise by your knees, raising your buttocks so my potency surely progresses down life’s passage. We continue the spilling spasm as if we two were one creature of the marsh, thrilled by the sloshing wetlands at our junction. Voluntary or reflexive, our pleasure is maximal. We proceed to grope one another, each selecting a body part, like in a naked game of “Twister.” You start with a surprising massage to polish my pillar. What a sensation! I love your café au lait orbs, rich like your muffled mons veneris. You primed their suckling with your ready saliva – even with the misty liquid of your yoni! The Viagra I took found multiple successes, raising my sweet, beating lingam to treat its entreating partner. Over the years, you had learned to tease my male member to near-ejaculation. Presently, only an initial spray of semen escaped, which you caught mid-kiss. Dawn, know about our blood racing to our sexual core. I am conquered when you clasp me with all your limbs. I love you, Dawn, as the blue pill makes my pudenda – yes, my complete anatomy – squirm stiffly, yet loosely, for both. Recall some of my favorite accessible womanly parts: your skin, brain, lips, tongue, eyes, hair, areolae, nipples, glutes, vulva, clitoris, labia, introitus, arousal fluid, smooth muscle, vaginal rugae, and sphincter. I raced to where you first proved your expertise: lap-to-lap. Your stimulation extended me plentifully, wooing me to root out your primal hot spots. It was a slosh to the finish; my erection touched your invigorated lubing glands, a turn-on that wetted your passage to imbibe my lingam wholly. Our deep drummings reverberated together while we tangoed like missionaries to primitives – a lesson in jazz dancing. I must thrust faster yet, toward our awakening! The minutes roared by when I, far in your yoni, secured our affinity. I flooded you like an ambrosial waterspout, washing over our bed linen, a mix with our measure of ooze and gore. Enduring as best we could, we rejoiced at the suds we were pumping out. We gladly incorporated privates to more public mouths (no secrets, just secretions), recovering our unique tastes together. Our duet was frenzied; my mouth nipped and slurped on your primal source. To satisfy my thirst, I lapped up the froth risen from the “elixir.” Recall the vacillating vibrator, accessing all parts. I moved the handy buzzer around my pent-up pudenda and gratified the genitalia of us both once more. How your parts match mine: from mouthing to petting to throbbing to oomphing to companions’ comforting, conclusive coupling! Focus on my mindful mouthful, Dawn; I appreciate you yanking my youthful fount. In but moments, you sat atop me, only to fill my womb-sating source until our ultimate bursting. Your fanning entrance wells yet more life from my presently proud, penetrative profusion. There you caused me to react, sowing more acres than our first time today! Our skin had again this day boasted the mixed ruddiness of laboring. I so admired you; you smiled, sighed, eased, and said, “I love you anew, Leon.” From far beyond, your eyes found love’s steady rhythm, answering and enhancing our waterfall of oneness.

Organism, Dawn,

Back in high school biology, we would joke about this word. As I think about it, I feel concerned for any man or woman who has not entertained an orgasm. When I hear of such an exception, I often think of a victim of molestation. Notably, even though I had been sexually abused, I have had many rewarding, intimate experiences also. These form merely one reason I feel gentleness toward you. I think much about women like you who are kind and exciting to me. Of course, you would be too respectable to have sex outside of marriage, but no doubt would have the skill to give me a touted full-body orgasm. In part, I mean a private, tender indiscretion, at a place of your choosing. Fancy this: you and I were 18, cleaving each other at many school sites: the stage, gym mats, various closets, the darkroom, unused rooms, the sports booth, swimming pool, changing rooms, shooting range, nearby park, bathrooms, diverse cars, specialized rooms, after-school trysts, school busses, hedges, bowling alley, closets, the roof, etc. My Mom volunteered weekdays until 4 pm, which gave Dawn and me two hours of neither marijuana nor alcohol, but plenty of sex! (Dawn and I got great grades that year.) There were also lots of places to make out in the small park near the creek. At home, my parents would never have guessed our summer resort, just down from their bedroom, in the carport! Most of our property was OK for love during warm weather, and Dawn was always hot – and almost always proved wet. Of my girlfriends, she seemed usually fertile but always planned with the Pill. A lot of the time, we used oral sex – very lovingly – in my room during winter. (She had met my parents who left us alone “to listen to the stereo.”) I had built a gazebo with electric heating in the backyard just for us. Our outside orgasms were especially erotic. When we wintered, your head of hair covered my face, insulating us both. Why do I take the medicines that interfere with the performance she and I have cherished? They are a matter of life or failure. We entertain possibilities for your love. I could happily inseminate you with a lustrous cascade. I ask you to enjoy our libation wholly, salving around and about your purple zones. I wish to go all the way with you today, delighting in your fresh tongue and share of my source. I suck atop your pectorals so intently that my brand, an extra “areola,” stays as the mark of my kiss. Dawn, we move to the bed next; with a lightness I drink zest from your rouge yoni, savoring breathlessly its flesh-fresh citrus. I lovingly taste Dawn’s beauty, dripping like a tangy Florida spring. I will sup from her the fruit where she has offered her best. Her body is so sweet as to release only pristine spirit and so unique no other well does exude it. God blesses me to see her totality of skin, the striation of her muscles, shapely female adipose tissue, and the mortal channel both men and women very much appreciate and worship. She bleeds so purely as to nourish the male member! A womanly mix condenses from her vaginal walls which my male discharges douche. Truly, her natural female ejaculation is the passion whence absolute joy – feminine and masculine – erupts. Lover Dawn opens up her source to me, coaxing and revealing her internal “perspiration.” My penis attends to her expanding clitoris; he is so eager and expert that I only have to entreat her to accept his escort. Please, Dawn; bathe me, wash me, and cleanse me in your nutritious nectar. Keep it up, Rati!

Our Day, Dawn,

When I saw your taxi pull up, I had no idea what treats I was due. You were so comely that I wished to hold onto you, as long as proper and beyond. How could I guess what promises your train of hair would contain, how we would press together for days, and how we sought nearing and increasing intimacy? Dawn, you are strong, determined, proud, and all of the other modest qualities needed to thoroughly wash out my Herculean stables, i.e. my bedroom. I later admire my clean house and the fresh scent of Dawn’s labors. This evening I look forward to our warm rejoining. I generally leave S. out of my letters but wish to say that she and her Mom make an exceptional team. She is loyal to you regarding her duties, and I anticipate that her strong personality, like yours, is a sign of success. You were kind enough to give me bold, continuous hugs (although never enough). I relax today to rejoice tonight. This time I do not know where to start or finish. We bask in the sun on my queen bed, your wild honey skin beading sweat, and inside, beading fertility. Dawn, your Indian body attracts with its black, wavy tresses, nude smacking lips, and more hidden lust than Bollywood. I lie next to you, caressing a nerve that both tenses and eases your entire musculature. Face it, Dawn, it’s about time we try out our sensuality – but who’s on top? Hindu princess, crouch above me, lowering your lure as I aim in anticipation. The first touch seems to urge a virile drop. Neither of us can hold back as your squat slips one inch – then a quick two – and subsequently, our pubes rapidly rebound like a Super Ball! Veins protrude around my lingam while my mons spanks your seat. You tease me further – lowering, clenching, swiftly raising, and again dropping your beauteous bottom. This is why, around the world, there are so many (appropriate) names for the various situations of coupling. I cried out “Desire deeper, Dawn!” How long will we last? You know how to stimulate us completely, seeing my trust in your ability to extend mutual sensations. Your pubes: vulva, labia, clitoris, introitus, yoni, cervix, and womb all tremble as I bathe your yonilinga with my French-kissing tongue. I want your pudenda even more, as you do mine. We drift on mighty, tidal waves of pleasure. We exchange unique thrills between us, although I have peaked over ten thousand times. However, my mutual peaks have occurred conjointly only with two others, L. and X. My passion for you – real love – builds my craving on a weekly cycle. Our hearts can cause your squishy sex organs and our brains to retain oxygen-rich blood like overly-soaked, marshy sponges. You have so many tempting attributes: personality, experience, conscience, organs, glands, flesh, skin, intellect, reflexes, spirit, meditation, memories, care, nudity, etc., to last many erotic moments. Even missionary sex raises a crescendo to our climactic song. We have loving coitus – varied, brave, novel, fantastic, private, conjoined, flowing, and exciting. We cuddle, make out, fondle, suck, lick, enter, release, dream, and release again – then upon waking, add more Kama Sutra to good times. I am not dictating; I am more curious about the surprises you have for me. A woman’s body (and wiles) are most tender, heavenly, mysterious, private, intriguing, luring, and legendary. Our ideal intercourse is the most sensual and fulfilling activity in which we humans can partake. Together, we will enjoy many becomings. Look down at our groins and smile. We share our genital secretions and our energetic cleaving, ruled by the natural laws of life. You sit on my upsurge once more, my hands trading your chestnut breasts for silky yoni, both male and female ejaculating muscles in action.

Our one heart, Dawn,

I was thrilled to touch your long hair, sleek waist, soft cheeks, and mushy, smacking lips!  What is 55 divided by 2?  You make me want to confess my adoration for you.  You are not vain because your attractiveness is undeniable.  You are the essence of honorable. S.R. could not operate without you.  People like you, your husband, and your daughter make the United States work superbly!  Just think if every worthy person worldwide could benefit from your success if not recognition. The U.S. would fare even better! You are true, Dawn; I love you. I feel selfish about wanting your consideration these last two weekends – when, after all, you had to care more for your husband and residents, attend the funeral of a young lady, and next, nurse your migraines from so much stress!  I doubt that I could bear up for a week under the pressure you endure throughout the years.  When my parents were dying, you supported my Mom and me. I pray to God for your family's continued health, especially for S.  I wish I could watch you every day!  The few women I have come to cherish surpass me in many ways.  I am blessed to have loved them, and they to have loved me.  I am delighted that you care so much for our hero, Leon.  Your husband is to me a kind and inspiring man. You see, Dawn, you are genuine: enough godliness, trust, love, discipline, strength, concern, sharing, experience, and more to keep the office running by yourself.  I believe you learned a lot about human relationships from raising S., growing up under your parents, with your husband, at work, and through your natural goodness.  Few are as favored as you are (although you may not feel so sometimes). When convenient for you, please jot down an email or call, or I will.  Your electronic communication is nearly as rewarding as your presence.  When next you talk to God, mention (and He already knows) that Leon admires and adores you. How would you like me to remember us? A lot of what I have written to you emerges from my reaching out to you. Why are you very alluring to me? Aside from your physical and your sexual attraction, your courage, your personality, your history, your labors, your public ethics, your loyalty to family, your uniqueness, and your fight against injustice, you closely succeed as a mother and wife. At the same time, I picture the breath and touch of your aspect – as if you were caressing me. Your very voice, expression, warmth, gaze, and energy make me want to stay near you. Not only your glistening lips, but also your facial presence: forehead, temples, hair, skin, cheeks, jowls, and neck attract my kisses. Your private appearance –what you may show – is composed of seductive softness. Our breasts correlate, subtly communicating our intimate message of enfoldment. If somehow we were to meet alone in my house, I believe we would delicately disrobe – so speedily, second only to our flesh rising. What a wonderful feeling when we rush together – making out, nourishing, cuddling, and canoodling – so fully as to lick over all your untamed skin. My strength holds us vertically yet shakily as our promising spark lights your misty genesis, recalling a coming day with a golden glow and cushioning clouds. Then we lie down, heartbeats counting our escape with continuous exploits attained, but not drained, over an hour. I seek the link that evades me now, one that 300 love letters try to relate to you, not just to sleep with but also to strive with you. We were, are, and will be companions through very exciting events. Keep me apprised of your status; we have contacted one another for a long time since we are one another in truth. Rest tonight for our approaching fascination. You realize better than I can fantasize, my good woman! I worship you on our nest that you have delicately feathered, Dawn. {^,^} Leon

Our Peaceful Kind of Love

Dawnlight, my heart runs for you

Your vision keeps me holding

You do great work, enough for two

While we relax, enfolding.

I am blessed to be your friend

Anytime we touch and meet

My lips, upward kisses send

To yours, whose juices taste so sweet.

I heard some talk I want his wife

I do not wish to steal her

But share all night with her my life

And in the morning, heal her.

God unveiled you to me

Like to us both you mate

A cure for me or never be

With you to consummate.

Be my partner evermore

Beside me, bound together

Tally up our swelling score

And tickle like a feather.

Outdoor Dawn,

We wheel up the C&O towpath, from D.C. to the mountains, on our hybrid bikes. We both have fleece-lined seats for the long summer ride. You are in great shape, so you mostly follow me. We have backpacks with plenty of water and food high in protein. Where we can, we pedal side-by-side. We look at each other for just a few seconds, so as not to end up in the canal. Your hair is a flag in the wind, and the sunlight mottles us with shadows of leaves until, as if in slow motion, it reveals your golden face. Up ahead is a canal lock near a water fountain and a W.C. We drink deeply, splash, smooch, laugh, and in anticipation, take a leak. Great Falls and White’s Ferry roll past. We stop briefly for a sandwich – and hours later see Harper’s Ferry, West Virginia on the other side of the Potomac. A leafy area allows us to rest, looking up past the trees to evening clouds. We stay on the towpath, having seen only a few dozen bicyclists since the start of our journey. Dawn and I heed a mysterious track leading to an empty campground. We decide to continue as far as that trail holds out. We walk our bikes and look around, only to find a long wall covered with English ivy. We follow the wall for what must have been a hundred yards. Parting the ivy, you reveal a solid door. We tried the rusty handle and were about to give up when I put my shoulder to the portal and you gave it a swift kick. It swung open! Beautiful rays of daylight filtered in the dusk filling this verdant enclosure. It was like we had stepped into a dream! Blooms and lush trees crowded the garden as if an unseen groundskeeper had tended it for us. Opposite us was a strange waterfall, which seemed to come from nowhere and disappear below. We looked knowingly, peeled off our suits, and entered the warm cascade. Again, we had the urge to pee; you, on a smooth stone seat, aimed a forceful stream at me from your urethra. My piss made its mark where yours emanated. We both shivered and swelled from this warm affection, then rinsed ourselves in the surge of the fall. The healing powers of the torrent enchanted us to make love completely in these waters: Venus had shown her lust, and Cupid, his potency. In our most intimate pose, we felt the rumble of the water shaking our core to our utmost, continuous, shared orgasm ever! Leon was to care for Dawn, as Dawn was for Leon. The renewing waters were a fountain of youth. Our nudity confirmed how tender we had become. Bicycling had sensitized your perineum. When I touched you there, it seemed like I had attained your entire sexual self. Before I could seek out your G-spot, your labia nearly enfolded my hand like a living, shaking glove – one of us masturbating both! When we two drank saliva, our lips and tongues swallowed together; such endless kisses were some of the most romantic we ever had. I realized, Dawn, you were the same good friend, here in her best shape. I noticed that I was no longer rotund, my arthritis seemed cured, and even my mental illness had lifted. Our minds were so keen that we fell in love at first fully, then over again. Our eroticism played like the answer to our lives! Dawn, what more can we do together for each other? We knew ourselves under the waterfall. We thirsted for superhuman pulses, from one heart, into the other’s, and back. Blood and muscle moved our reproductive fluids with alacrity. All of the kind feelings ever had both connecting with the highest humanity. Dawn, I inseminate intently for your passion through my insistent lingam and into your yoni’s pubic perfection. There, your bushy tangle tightly tugs our plenitude. We had realized limitless goals that we fulfilled faithfully until sunup, besting so many lovers before us. Let’s take our ease furthermore from the vibrant city and revisit Paradise!

Outlying Dawn,

What the world needs now is for Dawn to rise. You awake each day and sleep a little at night; in between, every good deed of yours goes out to the rest of the world. Mathematics says a butterfly that beats its wings today might cause a typhoon overseas tomorrow. Friends staying in touch results in every person on Earth knowing everybody else through a chain of six acquaintances. In our bodies are atoms breathed and drunk by any human in history. There are about ten sextillion Earth-like planets in the habitable zone within our observable universe; finding a second orb to harbor biota is presently statistically improbable to tell, but might be observed in our lifetime. Looking out toward the big bang may be looking back on previous life. There is no conflict between true science and worldwide spirituality. Countless separate universes have a greater number of possible configurations. God gives us the same free will He has but with just enough certainty in our mortal interest.

Dawn and I travel in a land marked by classical marble architecture. Its forms are geometric, proportional, logical, and aesthetic. This city-state must be the place closest to Heaven, I thought. Dawn admired the friezes; they reminded her of temples in India. All around, good for the taking was pure, clear, cool water; amphorae filled with olive oil; smooth and savory goat cheeses, and sweet-smelling grapes on the vine. We admired the golden statue of their goddess. Theirs seemed an early democratic government with a basis that benefitted all citizens. But where were the people who tended to this city? This was indeed a mystic place, steered by an unseen hand. I heard a reply to my thought ‘this is the city of the gods!’ “Did you hear that, Dawn?” She nodded in assent. “What do you want of us?” I addressed the voices. “Take ease,” they replied “there are grape juice and bread in the temple behind you. First, though, rid yourself of your togas; you will find a woven silk mattress for your comfort – we encourage worship to the goddess of Love.” Dawn and I looked at each other, winked, and disrobed. We blushed a bit, yet soon we developed a bawdy, uncontrollable urge for each other. When in wherever, do as the spirits ask. You judged this spot to be among our best visits. Invisible voyeurs or not, we practiced what Dawn’s parts here incited – frontal postures (like the “cowgirl,” giddy yap!), so we can communicate passion with our faces. My rider stretched her spine to our delight, pushing out her breasts and giving even more coupling between our wild genitals. When you closed your eyes, a coy smile covered your face, followed by tears of joy. Each orgasmic reflex of yours bumped my lap; your vagina wrung in more sustenance by bouncing from my penile bulb to my urethral meatus. Our orgasms powered a profusion of lover’s loosened lust. “Well done,” said the voices that we had neglected. “Having lost our corporeal nature, we empathize with beings like you. We may have the most beautiful city in all the worlds, but we would give it up for one last dance.” Dawn and I understood to make love gladly, but not for granted. All in all, her engorged vulva huffed and puffed, and my statuesque lingam reintroduced us always to remember what we now know.

Party, Dawn,

I will invite you to my party any day of the year – the only restriction is NO DRUGS OR ALCOHOL! We can relate to each other better while sober. Do you enjoy talking to a new friend of your old familiars? Think of a universe of ideas; maybe you would like to educate me about Hinduism. Without substance abuse, partygoers relax and are more tolerant. Hugs are more genuine; talking is greatly intriguing. As time goes on, the party gets more interesting, rather than more inebriated. If we met there, I would hope to make friends with you, the blue diamond of the revelers. We would find a dark corner, talk, and drink virgin Margaritas. I asked, “Is there anything I could get for you, a snack, or a refill?” When I returned, you were waiting for me, the cocktail bearer. I had heard that Hinduism can be practiced either as a monotheistic or polytheistic religion. Some of the world’s most elaborate weddings take place among India’s upper class, you recall. I said you would make a lovely bride. Surely, you will wear the most gold and saffron in the future. I changed the subject to me, not wanting to embarrass you. You were sincere; you wanted to know about my education. I said I have a degree in physics from UMD. You wanted to know what physics was. I said that physics is the study of energy – for instance, one percent of the static on the old TV UHF channels is from the Big Bang, the first moment of physics. “Let’s try it at my place,” you offered. When you stepped into the light, my jaw dropped; you are truly one in a billion! Introducing myself as Leon, I finally asked your name. “I am Dawn, meaning ‘Daughter of Heaven.’” You have a heavenly figure and face, like those of an angel, which attract my soul. I asked if you would like to slow dance; we got into a tight clinch revealing our tumescent parts, pushing from my pants and poking from your shirt. I led you back to our corner, where you tickled me like a hummingbird. You stuck your tongue down my throat – comfortably! With my eyes closed, I pictured what your breasts looked like. Then, in the dim, you pulled off your sweater; sheer enough itself, but now in your T-shirt, you left your anatomy to Eros. I dared myself to reach for your chest – but just then you said, “Let’s leave!” You almost forgot your sweater before we ran to your car. Opening the door, we climbed into the back seat. We warmed up with some great kissing. (If a Cadillac breaks down, you can always sleep in it.) We had found an excellent site to launch our lovemaking. The streetlight shone just enough for me to appreciate your comely features. My gape could scarcely cover one breast’s pigmentation, or both of my hands even one breast. Dawn, I will be your mirror; merely touch me and I will touch likewise. Every naughty bit of you has a related one of me. (One exception, regarding the unique “yoni.”) We both aim to pleasure these homologous parts. Tear off what little clothes we have left, then admire our God-given natures and Her procreative purpose! This car is a sovereign territory, an embassy of sex. You mentioned Kama Sutra; since you’re revealed, ride my thighs like you were a floating lotus! Or we’ll do all at once – French kissing, stroking your breasts and my lingam, jostling my testicles, and parting your labia while reconciling your clitoris with your G-spot! Our bodies start to shake in maximum bliss and breathe in our collective atmans. We are conscious yet unconscious, making love as well as receiving it, and having sex with our complements, thankfully under God. You and I exist entangled in a singular, superlative, secretly secreting, simple sensuality.

Patient Dawn,

I hope as you read this you are looking back on a rewarding day. I want to help you in our common future, to improve your situation. I plan to visit S.R. most Wednesdays and Saturdays. Work must be great when you make a special bond with a patient. P. is such a miracle. My working there for just three or four hours each week can be heartening. I figure I am preparing for the eventuality that I might become a resident. The love I feel from you and a few others lightens up the place. Your voice and contact must give them hope, as they do me. Mostly, the residents keep the place humane. Today has the shortest daylight of the year, but as I tell them, the days – although colder – now get longer and longer. All of the fall colors are gone and soon will be the chilliest winter weather. I pray for the elders’ comfort and recognition of your exemplary work. How are the meals nowadays? It has been so long since I ate a most fantastic Thanksgiving dinner at S.R. One of my greatest treats is the ginger ale you provide me. Do you have time to visit the employee’s lounge? (When are the darn installers going to repair the elevators? To me, they are a hazard.) You often run the office by yourself. There are at least a dozen staff and volunteers who really love and respect you. How often will J. or K. work there? I have been running Bingo for over seven years now, I guess. You are good at dealing with conduct that might shock people outside the residence. God smiles upon you. You may not be perfect, but you are a great friend. Tomorrow you clean my house; I will answer your questions or assist you if needed. I have plenty of drinks in the refrigerator, and maybe some fixings. Can you believe that I have slept in the same room for almost 55 years? God has gotten me through sexual and drug abuse, mental illness, unemployment, and my parents’ deaths. His speaking and listening were what I needed to survive. Then there are friends like you. I wish we could talk more often. If you were my wife (and of course, you are not), we would discover superb passion and bliss from our hot spots, up and down. I can see your face in my mind, but a photo might do better. Your most loving contact is in your empathetic communication, covering mostly everything we can see, hear, smell, taste, or touch. It’s nice to spoon from the back, but we were made to press our forward parts. A significant difference between humans and other animals is our making love primarily from the front. Our ancestors’ vaginas evolved from posterior (rear entry) to anterior (front entry). Consider sensitive parts, such as skin, facing our lover – faces, throats, lips, tongue, cheeks, hair, hands, arms, fingers, breasts, navels, genitals, legs, toes, and feet – with love overall. Such awareness helps hugs derived from our social cuddles, including sexual intercourse. Variety is the spice of life!

Peace, Dawn,

I would love you to pray for me. God follows you at home, temple, on the road, S.R., the grocery, with me, and overall – safely. You notice that I can tremble at times – just think of my shaking hand as your personal massager! What person could better be blessed by any other than Dawn? You are perfect for those who truly care about you. I never get enough time with you, but I do not want to deprive your families. If you have to take time off, J. and K. are great substitutes. I hope you find such respite calming; maybe the restless Dawn can fit in some house cleaning then. Thank God for Eastertime. Do you recognize a major Hindu Holiday of warmth, light, and new life around then? Holi? If you needed a place to stay for a while, it might be with me. I am not proud of my primary health insurance or SSDI. My father risked his life as a U.S. military commissioned officer from the onset of WWII until 1960, with the possible benefit of “catastrophic” health insurance for his children. You and your husband have paid dearly into SSDI (disability coverage), as you know, and for which he might qualify. I believe that you are one of the best investments I have ever made. We do not know what the future holds, but if only you and I remained, I hope we would hold and mate with wild abandon. You look so beautiful when you talk with me in the office. You are very sincere – sometimes I don’t know when, how, or where to respond to you. God has made you my great friend. Look back – I am here, willing for your home tidying. I will greet you with a lasting hug. Maybe my libido kicks in then, and you would be so forward as to “check out” the poke in my pants, subtly brushing against it. My sudden reflex is to jump back, but I would rather bump into your tight, moist moon. One diversion is for us to clean my house. This joint purpose familiarizes us, getting closer and closer. Two hours later, we have done a super “spruce up,” and then you ask me what to do with this (my humming, Hitachi Wand). I have a special place for such if you would help me out. We shut ourselves behind the bathroom door and, presto change-o! – we appeared in the flesh for philandering. Shed to the skin, my contours here match yours there in a most fitting embrace. First, we naturally correlated each feature of your mouth with mine, and before long, our exhibition of pudenda as well, I knelt to slurp your furry vulva to near completion. The more we feasted, the more our pubic padding agreed. As if to shake hands in thanks, you reached down to fondle further my lingam and its pelaka. My extension was readily rich with blood and stiff as a staff. Dawn, good person, I want you to be happy, and I will for us to be resolved through a round of jousting. When you asked that I fill you, I saw your yoni as a gentle love machine. Unlike machines, we rejoiced mutually, as spiritually inclusive. We could not speak, just say “Om,” breathing in and out emphatically, intensifying our orgasm. I freely propelled my entire vessel full of seminal fluid into your vaginal store. The more I humped, the more I bumped, the more I jumped, and the more I pumped. You pressed your muscle, and a goodly globule of our private potency spilled out. Amused, you grinned at me, and I at you. I wish to repeat you, a holy mortal with a sacred mission, including your pure womb that I worship each day. Ulysses, tied to the mast and tortured by the Sirens’ song, begged for release. You are much more beautiful than the Sirens, so much that I would achieve us again, here and now. Your pudenda glow and grow like a red-rimmed, dark-velvet rose, ready to bring our every nerve to Shangri-la. Lips to labia, tongue to the teaser, saliva to slime, I kept pleasuring your amazing vulva as you held me rapt. We enjoy eternity in God: knowing Her, making love, blushing bodily, living fantasies, playing intimately, sharing secrets, and attaining unity. I am yours, Dawn: to lick you lovingly into lust, to find you with my filling favor, to enliven your erotic areas, and to master many more mysteries.

Peachy Dawn,

I will accept your fruit on any day. While hiking, we encounter what was a peach orchard, as far as the eye could see. Dawn recalled the story of Adam and Eve tempted in the Garden of Eden: to taste the tree of knowledge surely meant death. I plucked a peach from a branch and bit it, soon spilling with juice. Dawn stepped up to me and we drank freely together, our mouths savoring the nectar. Her kiss and searching tongue shared the delicacy with my froth. Dawn smiled widely, unable to hold back her joy. To say the least, I was surprised when she pulled down my zipper and bared a handhold, already full of excitement. Somehow, you had devised a peach balm, more pleasant and sensual than the best lubricants known hereto. I dropped my pants while you “went to town,” suctioning in and puffing out my lingam, enthralled by the sweet, thick ambrosia of the gods. I love our play, Dawn! I yield our activities so we can lie down and concentrate on you. Look at the peach – doesn’t it seem like a woman’s backside? After exposing your mature fruition, I stroked it upwards across its healthy hood, the clitoral foreskin. You practically performed a kip! We looked around, and of the hundreds of trees we could see, only this one was bearing ripe fruit. We guessed that these special peaches were aphrodisiacs. The ambrosia, which Dawn applied to me also, magically enhanced my common carrot to the size of corn on the cob. I was proud of my giant phallus, waiting impatiently for you to take off your jeans and thong. Your vulva shook, having a mind of its own, functioning busily with its soft parts: frizzy hair, mons pubis, labia, mucosa, flesh, muscle, tissue, nerves, fat, and other outgrowths of pubescence. We look at each other with knowing smiles. You stretched your introitus widely as a clear welcome and fed my incentive carefully to such a rhubarb-red passageway. Creamed corn gave you a great massage, as my wholesome kernels gave no small vibrations, reminiscent of riding on a cobblestone road. My supple glans first notified me of the tugging deep inside your vagina. Dawn, may our hearts connect us! Several minutes after my “cornucopia” had entered, so did a sweet cache – spurting inside your belly, spilling over my shucking prepuce, and sowing the ground greatly. The peaches had affected our nerves, constantly increasing our instinctive drive. My hands and mouth rooted toward your tasty breasts, here attractive double-D’s. (Most men prefer exaggerated areolae, while both infant boys and girls root to find nipples atop moderate, centered rings. Babies seek out nipples much due to seeing this surrounding melanin.) Allow me to sup upon your peaches and cream, my lady! The second male orgasm may be better than the first – more relaxed, familiar, mature, primed, and ready for another go, thanks to the blue pill. My hypothesis, as well as my hard-on, fits us well. Dawn, you look beautiful eternally! What luck we have: blue sky, puffy clouds, green leaves, and warm sun! I spy us naked and wild, thanks to our fun love. The fruit tempted our oversized pudenda until they cascaded, time after time. Dawn, every part of you and me was made by God compatibly, as well as with our overall harvest. She tells me to love you with all my heart. Look at yourself. If only you were here to unwind with me! You ease tensions and make peace, as my memory often does for us in my shower, before long gushing to complete you. I dream about you so much that I ofttimes overlook my daily duties!

Penguins, Dawn,

These polar, flightless birds seem anything but sexy. They endure months-long nights without sex (or penises), waddle for many miles in temperatures of 40 below zero, brood over their vulnerable eggs for weeks, and just enough of their offspring survive to perpetuate the species.

I arrived home to find a familiar car in the driveway. Upon entering my house, I called out “Dawn!” “Yes, it's, uh, me” you groaned. “Are you all right?” I asked. As I walked out to my guest room, my voice met silence, then a quiet humming. What I saw next rushed the blood to my corpus cavernosa. A tawny bottom projected up from our mattress, and such beauty as untamed nipples peeked out under her T-shirt. What soothed her so well in this picture was the Lelo Sona, a pelvic puffer prodding her prodigiously prominent prepuce. She had found this tickler that I had ordered for her and situated it on her clitoris to stimulate herself to delirium. By the time I addressed Dawn, not even my socks remained. “Let me, please!” I spoke, standing within reach of her dominant hand. She applied the sonic waves to my frenulum and its network of nerves. Looking down proved me right; the device, a somewhat “hoover-lover,” rumbled over what I call my male clitoris (the “frenulum” encircling and expanding my penis). Dawn and I gazed into each other’s eyes for minutes while alternating this buzzer between our complementary erogenous zones. Having applied the tool, I made my way to admire your vestibule; lo and behold, your yonilinga was no longer little but loads larger! It had pushed your hood aside, separating your labia minora with a phallus of nearly an inch! It had no urethra, sprung no liquids, and with her neighboring yoni was most definitely womanly. Yours was more of a pinky than a button, enjoying a glans, shaft, extensively embedded roots, and a little red riding hood. Dawn’s device befits belles best, and per a proud woman’s praise, sent female orgasmic ripples throughout your body. Your desirable eyeful of sensitive muscle has up to 10,000 nerves (a penis merely 4000), making it twitch and stiffen further. However, it had a life of its own while I applied my lingua. You grasped the bedsheets and projected your pudenda as your body bridged. Let my mouth, not a gadget, ride your taut spot, Dawn. If we are natural down below, shouldn’t our culmination be too? Your winning, Indian numeral is 69. An oversized clitoris allows for some sex acts normally reserved for manhood. Yes, your body exudes femininity – it just had a little more testosterone when you were in utero. Your unitary gonad first turns scarlet, then stretched so urgently its tip paled. I notice your versatile tongue plying my dusky-red member perfectly, as your roomy ruby enjoys my sucking, happily sloshing while your prepuce slides up and down, itself twitching spontaneously as well. I am impressed by your eminence – how, like mine, it approaches bursting, but yours accompanies an abundantly ample cocktail in its concomitant cave and growls from my greedy grip. We nourish each other 12,000 times over. I lap up mixed berry juices that your yoni spills while you drink my nutritious semen and renew both of our ruddy refuges. I love our mutual life and my peaking partner!

Perfect, Dawn,

If only all people could be like you! You and I love our liaison. I am one of the fortunate who has sunk into your skin, kissed you about your head, and talked with you at length. Your brain shows via your face, so wise yet unnoticed by most. I am happy when you include me in an uplifting conversation; whether you are laboring at S.R., cleaning my place, dedicating your household, or just exercising your respected influence. You are immaculate. See your actual, hardest labor: hot, perspiring, and aching. We hold each other at S.R. while I taste your flawless complexion. I am quite content sampling your raw pheromones; so much that we drew on each other’s fat kissers like savoring a fleshy delicacy of breast-soft lips. My home beckons us, so I insist you relax and take a fresh shower there. We cooled in the AC. Next, you did something unprecedented for me: twerk your adipose thunder without sweats, then without underwear! My whole body tinged, tingled, tangled, and prepared for copulation. Blessed with anticipation, I let you remove my clothes. As you calmly pulled off each piece, I could sense your smoothness, like aromatic oil. When you got to my briefs, I could not hide my admiration for your femininity, upon which my pride and I were now transfixed. You ran the shower whence I chased you inside it, so oblivious that I still wore my jockeys. The water made them transparent but your dexterity expanded the goods beneath. My member felt pleasantly electric. We both soaped up as I ran my hand over your entire skin, the most extensive and most sensitive organ of the body. I made sure your monumental breasts (and all parts attached) were approaching certain satisfaction. When you pulled my briefs to my ankles there was no escape. Like your many good deeds, this would accomplish me. I lathered you up again, trying my best to survey your pubes. Initially, I saw your lapful of curls (trimmed like topiary), then your magic labia, and finally, your prized, nested yoni. We did not speak – only joined hands in pleasuring you, your fingers guiding mine. When I saw your eyes roll up, I knew we must have touched the spot. I too have an excitable place, you know – the male frenulum – attached to my lingam’s residual foreskin. Knowing this, you thirstily swallowed my organ, finding your tongue a perfect fit for its trigger. Readied in the spray, I do my best to cleave your pleasure beneath. There, toe-touching enabled your vulva to grasp my erection at first backways, until we repeated a rhythmic introitus entrance that so many humans had dared for so long. The beauty of your genitals was grasped by every gamete of one sex begging for those of the other. The exertion of standing made sex shakier. “I want you, Dawn,” I gasped. “I want us forever,” Dawn replied. I cried, “Coming, honey!” The tension over our previous hour showed at this moment a willing and thrilling harmony of ejaculations, spilling abundantly down your legs. Your spread-wide minora revealed copious evidence of seminal fluid gurgling, then escaping, which you sipped from your skilled grip. Not to succumb, I carried you – still dripping – out to our bedroom and placed a towel below the small of your back. Here would mingle the best of our generative fluids. As I tasted our juices, your chest turned almond-red. You panted, “Impart my part!” in hurried gasps. I cheered the haloes of your perky breasts to expand remarkably (thus my remark). We counted five separate frenzies each that day: vibrant, aqueous, oral, manual, and genital. I follow every flex of your fantastic figure and facial flirtation! Love to Dawn, Leon.

Performance by Dawn,

X. decided not to go to the S.R. ceremony. Yet, I revved up when called to the front of the room. I see my two friends, K. and Dawn, and start to shake with anticipation, waiting to hug these gracious ladies. Does the audience sense my nervousness, my blush, that I am overly attracted to these women? When I arrived home, I fed the cats and took my pills, then went to bed. It was a warm night out, so I decided to sleep in the buff. I quickly fell asleep and had a strange dream.

I was to determine the most beautiful woman from India. One after another, women walked down a runway. The one I chose seemed blurry. As she was strutting, I noticed her cape turn into a gown into a skirt and pants into lingerie, and finally into nakedness. She then fell onto my lap. What a lucky guy I am, I thought, but then I noticed the sound of a key turning. Semiconscious, I went back to sleep anyway. Still, snug after my dream, I open my eyes to see the most beautiful woman from India – she was the woman of both my fantasy and reality: Dawn! Strangely, you had taken my lead and disrobed completely as soon as you arrived at our home. The heated night made us sweat, but this only motivated our lovemaking. You had anointed some rare musk for me; your hair fell over your chest, shoulders, and back. You were perfect just as you were. If bright-red lipstick signifies the excited labia, what does nude lipstick mean? If you just want to kiss, Dawn, let’s kiss. Yes, you wanted to, but in a place that would rock my world. You meant the kiss of your vulva panting like it had won a 100-meter race with a baton! You knew of dozens of positions appropriate for even me; you are my teacher. Halfway through our studies, I asked you to dance. I stood there; you giggled and smiled. When you jumped up into my arms, your thighs girded my loins, and we swayed as long as my third leg could hold out. I hear you calling; you are the agent of love. Have us bare, back in bed, and believe in all the techniques we can tango! My manhood seeks your steamy, creamy, winky, kinky eyeful. How can I describe your vagina binding me? She is not just physical, sensual, or emotional, but also heavenly! I widen your labia minora with my prying glans, its urethral eye peeking into your crimson-purple viscera. At least 100,000,000,000 times a man has lain with a woman leading to just a single birth, enough for them to evolve the yen to plunge, as their cries resonate together in the ultimate of mortal encounters! Sex is of nature. It rules life, as God gave us exceeding bliss for seconds to nights to many years. Your incision smiles at me as your gulping muscle huffs and puffs upon my libido for further know-how. The act can be reduced to “in and out,” or remain an oath of existence. Dawn is worth waiting for – a string of orgasmic pearls, revelation, lifetime comfort, and God Himself – of which man and woman may build a most sudden but lasting covenant. Today, our genital urge agrees to tantalize our blood, a sealed contract in which we chance to find our odd swellings and wellings. You laud my dream of finding deep plush, encircling me and entering it entangled with a royal flush lineage.

Pickup, Dawn,

It is mid-week; now to shop for food. I look out upon the Safeway parking lot and all the women in hot pants, tight jeans, fishnet stockings, tube tops, retro miniskirts, t-shirts (sans bra), waist-long hair, ef-me pumps, and cleavage. Uh-oh, Wednesday is the grocery “pick-up” day (deemphasizing “wed”!) At the vegetable aisle, I pick up a squash that looks like an elongated penis. The woman next to me peeks and blushes. She had been eyeing a cucumber that seemed suspiciously her size, and was holding a vegetable peeler for her “slippery split.” Better than a banana, I guess. A young woman undressed to kill, sauntered up to the seafood counter. A geek, intent on being rude said, you know, they all taste like fish. She slapped him with her purse. Glancing over the clams, she quietly asked the seafood manager whether they would “help” her boyfriend. Sorry, ma’am, we don’t have any “mountain oysters,” he chuckled. A just-as-geeky girl looked over the Ghirardelli and bade me whether chocolate is an aphrodisiac. She melted away with her bravado. A South Asian woman fondled the ginger root. I asked her whether it tasted like ginger beer or crystallized ginger. “No, she responded, but it’s good for the root,” eying my crotch. Somehow, in a sea of temptation, this elegantly beautiful woman had raised my interest. She laughed and introduced herself, “Namaste, I’m Dawn.” In turn, I breathed: “My name is Leon; may I follow you to your next aisle?” “Do get some cashews, they’re good for love” said she. We passed a man who appeared to be “checking out” nipples in the frozen section. Loser, there’s no porn here. At the pharmacy, I picked up a couple of pills. Dawn asked about my health; I said it was only Viagra. It was then that her interest grew, and I did too. Leon, take one pill and meet me at the checkout. My food progressed from the shelf through the cashier to the car and into my house and its cabinets, thanks to my new friend Dawn. We chewed thin slices of ginger and kissed tingly kisses. Your breasts must have tingled too, lifting all the more as I lapped the spice onto them. My lips moved to wherever your skin glowed, as yours did mine. We kissed and denuded each source, steadily reenergizing us. Your mammillae now stood out in our cycle of thirst for sweat, saliva, blood, and colostrum. You panted for my open fly, expanded my tuber, and thrilled your slippery cheeks! Oh, Dawn, where did you learn this? I braced myself on my weight bench while you leg-pressed your center of being and womanly pelvis (affixed with yoni) onto my oh-so-willing lingam. Your majora were at first mysterious until you rebounded more and more rapidly on my lap. I tilted my neck back in bliss as I gasped a long “Ahhh.” I stood up with you coiled above my hips, both of us holding on for dear life. Dawn, I have always waited for a moment like this! My genitals sensed our continuous ejaculations, whose jackpot-sapped semen rushed recurrently out of my urethra and into your labyrinth. Our plasma rippled during our drenching intercourse. Your hairy hotcake turned into gingerbread with icing. We joined abed in a 69, my palm perking your peerless, plenteous potency. All my gustatory delights focused on your sweetest spot. These gonads resonated in my mind, set with a generative legacy as if my tonguing might cause conception. Both of us smiled with gratitude, gripping each other’s haunches with a pull, bound to their mate. Female libido seems simple: a life of love and lover of life.

Play, Dawn,

I am very happy to count our friendship and intimacy of 22 years. Do you remember how dazed I looked back then, and how glad I was to have you and K. – to this very day? Who was the director before our present boss? I just need to give her a lot of credit. I remember K. showing me my Mom’s evaluation; also, asking if might I volunteer (tic-tac-toe toss, bowling, singing, nostalgia, socializing, etc.) at A.? Who was the charge nurse the night my mother died? Sam? Not Vicki. Nurses seem accurate predictors of impending death. I liked a lot of the residents there: the spouse who could have died had I not reported her allergic shock; the Secret Service agent on President Kennedy’s detail; the Marine who had braved a grenade; and snapshots of a once-normal Judy. (I have suffered temporary dementia from psych medications.) Tell me more about the residents in those days. I am glad that you continue to be so healthy. I will be a good support for you. I have a real attraction to you, and a desire to oblige you whenever you deem. I have insight into us making love, which had bound us before. Will I ever get to kiss you deeply and play upon your skin? You have your duties, but sometime we could relax as one. I want to make your life comfortable for as long as I can, and perhaps you would be able to do the same for me. X. and I have been healthy so far. Talk about lively! Was it last Wednesday at Bingo when you let your hair down, showing your beauty and voicing it through a fantastic smile? I should have asked you to go home with me. I would have loved to inhale on your oasis with my longest mouth organ. I am not kidding – I could have licked you for hours. You know that a man can feel a woman’s inner reflex with his touch, given a man who will motivate her clitoris for such a good time. I just adore the idea that I could give you so much pleasure. Kissing is merely a prelude to caring for the woman’s entire self. If you want to hug, yes; to kiss, yes; to French, yes; to suck, yes; to cunnilingue, yes; to copulate, yes. Scratch my back, pull my arm, rub my chest, massage my neck, relax my temples; or thump my ribs. Dawn, when you need the utmost experience, let it be with me – it would be my rapture. However, your honorable husband thanks you above all others. I know you have found lasting love with him. (My mother’s “friend” raped her, her first husband cheated on her and she likewise had an abortion – all before WWII, I believe!) You deserve the best of laws, justice, and democracy in the United States. You are rare, blessed, beautiful, memorable, classic, real, and palpable. May I tweak your feet, from your heels to your jointed toes? Your calves deserve a good grasp. I want to caress your fuzzy thighs. I savor you, as I would so many times before. Nipples lift, chest glows, heart quickens, hair raises, genitals scent, viscera secrete, and gonads plump. My favorite sounds (which I have mentioned to you) reward us when our “squishing and squashing” vitals commute in a mix of your mucus with my semen. Dawn, that frenzy follows the greatest sensation we have ever experienced, our Tantric joy bonded – both of us enduring as my ejaculate mixes with your sluice juice. Sleep satiated; we will wake to want well.

Prepared Dawn,

Remember the six senses. Think of us acting on the feelings listed next (add sexual intuition, particularly for women). We upkeep ourselves by washing our hair, neck, faces, joints, armpits, buttocks, anus, groins, feet, toes, limbs, trunk, fingers, and bodies overall. You may have a favorite shampoo and occasional use of perfume. I use a neutral soap like Neutrogena on sensitive areas, like the face. Flossing and brushing one’s teeth, and brushing one’s tongue, give a clean greeting. Sharing a shower can be rewarding – e.g., seeing one’s partner nude and cleansing all of their tender areas. Although sexual intercourse is difficult or dangerous in the tub, gentle washing there can lead to erogenous action. (I love you truly, Dawn.) However, a surprise for one’s partner may include a dozen roses, artisanal chocolates, and original poetry. Eating fruits is preferred before a date, as they might leave a sweet taste for kisses and semen (and arousal fluid?) – shared foods make for shared flavors. Tickling around the face, like tonguing or whispering upon the ears, nibbling their lobes, kissing the eyelids lightly, gently exercising the jaw with a kiss, and stroking your lover’s hair, access some very sensitive expanses of the human head. Relaxation often focuses on the temples, neck, back, vertebrae, scalp, shoulders, and massage in general. The neck includes major blood vessels, the spinal cord, superficial nerves, and muscles offering areas to unwind and stretch publicly. Regular exercise improves the quality and quantity of pleasure. Kegel training helps strengthen a woman’s pelvic muscles; men certainly benefit from them through better sex! (Maybe you would like to work out with me, Dawn?) I find your sweaty underarms and pubes attractive to inhale and lick. The former might have something to do with breasts evolving from sweat glands. For my armpits, I welcome washing. Since there are so many ways to massage, I will skip here about pleasuring gonads (see other letters). It may help an older man to wait at least three days to build up rewarding tension. During that time, his lover may drive him crazy with all sorts of mild sex and talk, while he avoids discharge. You are pure, Dawn; you are like breathing fresh air. (No doubt, like all women, you are self-conscious but concerned about any “fishy” vaginal smell, as I am about stinky body odor, or both of us about genital itching. Ask a doctor about these, or similar ongoing conditions. As you have noticed, other guys may have bad hygiene, as may other gals. You know that it is a turn-off for one’s date to smell dirty, possibly bacteria.) I am sure that, given the opportunity, I would find the savor of your vulva most refreshing. Its taste could be very pleasurable for both of us. My goal is to make love to you, giving you the greatest orgasms and camaraderie possible. Our senses combine sight, hearing, touch, smell, and taste. This leads to the sixth sense – from your brain, heart, lungs, vitals, pudendal nerves and arteries, skin, secretions, and especially between us mates: our sexual rewards, relating to mutual peaks. We prepare for bed by respecting our bodies, pursuing each other in love, and sharing our daily experiences. You are as beautiful as your reverence, Dawn. Fantasize a delicate, natural fragrance, and your best of health. Open your lap gap, wherein bouquets seek my proboscis to follow. Prepare yourself for aphrodisia. Crack my neck, close your eyes, hear my love, calm your balance, brush your aromatic tresses upon me, move gently with me, and save for me a strand of your spittle. We first met, and will ever embrace dearly. Let us be safe and acquainted into the years.

Prime Dawn,

We met at the local recreation center where we went singly to stretch and exercise. I noticed you, both in shape and beautiful. You must have been around 25, the age when I stopped all my drug habits and started working out seriously. I was usually bashful with women, but your eyes invited me. “I saw your custom license plate: ‘Aurora.’ That means ‘Dawn,’ eh?” I elucidated. “I had asked the manager for your name, Leon,” you tittered. “Would you like to unwind together before we work out?” We started by crunching each other’s legs, knees to chest. Your Spandex showed a generous cuneiform; in turn, you brushed by my bulge, which expanded and fattened to tell of a happy gym member. I tried to hold back my response, but the heat coming off of your body gave me more than a warm-up. There is a machine for women only, like a super-Kegel intensifier, for those who have recently given birth or just want to “tighten up” for their lover. You smiled and reassured me that you were well-muscled. Stretching me like a physical trainer, you gave me a virtual workout. I invited you to kneel astride me like a “cowgirl.” We were clothed yet without restraint in the weight room, empty but for us. We kissed while doing “laps.” As lips touched lips, I could feel your excited breath under the beaming floodlights. “I long for you, Dawn!” I exclaimed, escorting you while leaving the building, both of us drinking a soda. “Please join me in my van,” you anticipated. We climbed into the back, where not surprisingly, there was a pristine mattress. There was enough light for you and me to see each other hurriedly disrobe our stretchy sportswear. What a subtly tart cherry you have! I was anticipating how best to approach you when you purred, “Catch my chasm cunningly!” Your entire body glistened and dripped while I tasted as much raw skin as I could; I happily swallow your sweat. Your heart had already slowed to a strong beat, which I could hear with my ear (and mouth) to your chest. Dawn dear, please tug my frenulum (that residual foreskin and “string” under my glans) as I will yours (surveying your prepuce), but save the best for last. I noticed that your nipples and areolae had tripled their size since I had stimulated “Doris the Clitoris.” You prized my penis, which took in enough blood to make a lesser man faint! Haha. I desire your pretty face; kissing you condenses the nectar I tasted when we first made out. “Let us arise!” we agree jointly. I stroke your unshaven inner thighs – more tantalizing and tempting the closer you get to their opening act. The ceiling light reveals your super hot button, the eye-opening, record-breaking pearl. My cheeks continue to suction that swollen sweet spot and its neighbors; now my index finger senses your yoni strongly pulling in: juicing, tightening, grasping, animating, and reverberating overall, a prelude to our commingling. Such an intense orgasm surely rivals that of any man! I was fit to fit you. I ride our crest, with seas frothing and now tickling my phallus – near the perineum, past the scrotum, along its shaft, through its glans, and out its duct. I was practiced, tall, and crimson, my aorta fit to burst. “Dawn, thrill on me to accomplish my lingam,” I cheered for her nature, “Tally our bountiful bounces.” I lost count of my glands adding and propelling semen nonstop. We recoil as we play this strange, eight-limbed, mixed-sex sport, accomplishing a wild mating ritual. I pray for endurance as you do for guidance. We cuddle up, satisfied in the present but equipped for more sets.

Professor Dawn,

The students in our class decided to call you “professor,” a sign of respect for a special one. We studied “Human Sexuality,” and you were a curious virgin. Some took the class as a joke, but biology majors ground through the explicit illustrations as if disinterested. Still, there were people like you looking for a study partner. You smiled at me and asked whether I would like to go to the library. I indicated that I needed to pick up a few things from my dorm room. As we walked, you smiled again and silently held my hand. Quickly, we made it to my single apartment. There on my desk, spread wide, was the book – with a picture of a man and a woman in coitus (intellectually speaking). I tried to make a joke but hesitated. It was then you gave me my first succulent, deep kiss. The heck with the book; I wanted to open up your tale. It was a story of love; you had just arrived from India. You told me of the temples which depicted all types of pleasure (I believe you called it Kama Sutra), which had been a way of life in that country. Best of all, you wanted to try stretching into these positions while you were still young. You stripped down to your underwear. I received an even more lustful taste from your mouth. You had taken yoga when young; it was time you graduated to adult. I was curious to practice the illustrations’ various postures. As you bent yourself, I salivated and hardened for the cozy curves of your lap. I threw all my clothes aside, with you in the race. The Kama Sutra extols various ways of us being as one. You allowed me one last look at your “cherry,” a testament to your patience and purity. With your consent and our arousal, I willingly pressed against your membrane with my erection (its blood being trapped in spongy, though presently hardened muscles). On top, I grasped hold of you and we cautiously took the plunge. I ejaculated just as you winced and cried out – there go hopes for a flexible hymen (as was mentioned in our text). Welcome to womanhood! Streaks of gore and emission painted my lingam. We affirmed to resolve your important change. I told you I also had been celibate until that day. Mending any misery, we tried the missionary position, vaginal rear entry, 69, you astride me, and more with very inventive names and even more varied contortions. I love you because your attraction enhances our performance, your enlightened communication involves both of us, and your charm tantalizes me when our completion goes off with a united bang. Think of physical sex as being the nervous connection between partners’ anatomy. For these reasons and more, you are unlike any woman I have ever known. Your body urges me to rock you while your womb repeatedly lures me in and at last expels me – along with most of the slithery, silver seed I had released during our momentous ceremony. Your godly and moral self surpasses most seekers by far. You entice me to lick your vulva from the female frenulum to the clitoris and back, inciting a duration of great stamina, until all womanhood culminated on my tensing tongue. Of all the women I have met, it is you I’d like to dream of and wake up to. Your mirror is so fortunate. When you strip, it smiles back. I am no mirror, but I would cheer and salute you upon seeing you revealed. LB

Pulse please, Dawn,

I think I need love like yours, in many ways. First comes an itching from our hearts, drizzling like a summer mist. Having arrived from the swimming pool, we drench ourselves in my shower, with me soaping up all of you except under your bikini, with wetness waiting. (Years later we would relate our tales of going to Florida, the local pool association, Miss India swimming, my backyard pool, hot tubs, etc.) As an adult of 21 years, I still feel like your twin cousin. While I wash you, I try to avoid places too private even for cousins, but after all, we are of marriageable age. God amazes us with sensitive zones, which you and I have refrained from to this point. I welcomed you removing your top, as so many women beachgoers around the world do. Your slip of soap not only cleans but swells those points that are practical for nursing a child. We gather in an assimilating hug, with face meeting face and a sweet cleansing bar bathing the slippery areas of each. Out of the deluge, we dry off in the buff, but modestly face away, back-to-back when we towel off our more tender bits. Squeezing and teasing your bottom is so inviting. Will we someday explore that which might be taboo by society? Looking aside, I pass you a robe and don one myself. Our next exploration will be on my bed where we had slept as children. We turn on some quiet, relaxing classical music. Our discovery started as a slow study in touch and sight. You lay on your stomach while I tried to read every groan of yours from my rubbing. I now fancy your bare derriere and apply my efforts to those largest of muscles. I promised to knead you more once you did for me. Your hands were greatly skilled, massage being more common in Indian culture. You calmed most sore tissues on my toweled front and sensitized choice others. In my awkward eagerness to spread out on the bed, I let my robe slip, and you let out a gasp. I blushed, my tail up, swaying, reddish-purple, and swollen with lifeblood. We decided to introduce our naked selves, altogether discarding our mantles and lying on our sides with open legs – a thrill that made our eyes widen, as did every sex organ facing the other. Your body was a palette showing parts rosy red, ground brown, pinkish-purple, venous violet, and jet-black*.* Each colorhad in common so much satisfaction, judging from our metric’s reaction. I love your kiss, Dawn, so I started with a wetted, smooth one, greeted in return. We coiled together, but we make a promise to one another: we would know when we were ready for God and some miracle that we might make a child. I trusted Dawn as a woman to tell me what felt right, especially sensations of the flesh. Meanwhile, we could be intimate in written and spoken speech, song, potent glances, subtle movements, faint feelings, shifting skin, innate movements, penned words, and groping hugs – most of all, continuing love. Dawn, you have much more practical and caring experience in life, although I have more emotional ability than most men do. Within me, I would be stunned to be within you. You are both worldly and faithful; I look forward to connecting with you. I so value you. I love you. I pray we share our afterlife with God. You are worthy of the best. Compare yourself to Anne Frank, Buddha, Mahatma Gandhi, Mother Teresa, Sacajawea, Jesus, Mohammad, Martin Luther King Jr., Helen Keller, or Nelson Mandela. Dawn, you remind me of these greats and the many great unknowns, in your own way.

Quest, Dawn,

Am I your closest friend? Do you think about me during the day and at night? Do you read my emails entirely? Do you know that you are beautiful to God and me? Do you trust me to say you are a lovely woman? Do you feel how much you turn me on? Do you pleasure yourself with the memory of me? Do you realize that you reflect a delightful, wild honey when dripping in the shower? Are you aware that I want to kiss you deeply and repeatedly? Do you recognize we would be fantastic at making love together? How did I feel yesterday upon closely hugging you, so brave and frisky? Will you ever allow me to remove your clothes? May I lick your perky clitoral glans until you orgasm continuously, like right now? Can you spend the night rolling with me, enjoying an enhanced surprise throughout? Have you seen in all the media that you are the most wonderful woman in the world? Would you like to take a limousine and “sleep” with me the whole way to the mountains? Which is best, your godliness, your modesty, your sweet voice, your cinnamon tan, or your bright smile? Have you looked into my mind and seen a special dedication there for you, Dawn? Where do you know of a place in nature where we can make out? Are you a sex expert? Have you now recovered, having given birth long ago? Do you appreciate how brave and tough, but pretty you are? Am I right for wanting to kiss you wherever you wish? Did you know your figure is pleasing from all perspectives? Are you able to move bodily with me now? Do you have the desire to share a vibrator, so we two ejaculate during yoni massages? Would you like to see how many different sex positions and activities we could perform? Shall I tell you I treasure you, that someday we will lie down with each other, and there a blue and pink pill benefits our burgeoning intimacies together? Will we find our mutual attraction when next we meet? Are you willing to take a chance, within your inner shelter, to give me the sight of your soft seat – royal, redwood, and rusty before me, so eager to clutch my happy lingam? Don’t you know that you have the opportunity to be my second woman after virginity; hence, I consider living with you my best alternative? Can you imagine – on your back with legs splayed to unfurl your vulva – how I try your tartness, hug you and spend this cockcrow in and out lustfully? Will our finale volley rapid, recurrent pudendal propulsions of our persons? Were you aware that I am your servant, Dawn, thrilled by your entire womanhood? Do you use a clitoral stimulator before bed, sucking or buzzing there for multiple moments of silent release, finding the switch that excites you overall and peaceably? Do you see that you are one of the rare spirits in my house, a friend who might bring me benefits? What if I walked into my master bathroom, answering your call, and there you were: naked, Venus incarnate? Could we hold back our wants; every sense, crevice, and appendage of our physiques allowing and seeking to fulfill the desires of their lover? Would I set you atop the vanity, clothes aside, both embracing in the abandon of our heat, and my manhood reaching from below to sate your vaginal hunger, to move our world?

Quick Call

Our phone call tickled all of me

I could see your body healing

Your greatness, truly meant to be

I find you quite appealing.

I osculate amidst your cheeks

In glistened, polished hollow

I lay beside you many weeks

Through endless peaks that follow.

Dawnlight, you are in my blood,

Such throbbing, mixed with yours

I feel as if I feed a flood

Of fine and fancy furs.

God made a bride close to her man

So close he has to shout

When she holds him ‘tween her span

His proof will soon come out.

I want to cherish all our time

That I can be so near you

Then both of us are in our prime

To drive our dating debut.

But Dawn, it’s no guessing game

Our love is you and I

To each other, we lay claim

And please to satisfy.

Rati, Dawn,

I picture a most loving deity with whom you may be familiar because she appears to be much like you. Within her, she gives refuge for my selfish secrets. How did we bind each other naked, as demigods of so long ago? Both of us find one another when we come of age in the Garden, where instantly we realize our roles as sexual creatures, admiring all bodily components and their roles in pleasuring. There is Dawn, whose generous hips seek satisfaction, and whose nipples likewise titillate from nursing her lover. Having no language save that of her body, she boldly approaches Leon, further known as Kama. Her art of romance communicates all her attributes to Kama’s counterparts. Dawn walks a natural dance, watching Leon’s member tinge rubescent with oxygenated circulation, and its capillaries progressing in pursuit of her plum. She could see his heart beating from his chest and feel it pulsing in his lingam, as he saw her veins feeding her breasts and widening her winsome womb. To celebrate their initiation, she first dangled those swinging mammillae upon his face. Their touch engendered a locked embrace until she climbed him like a vine, clinging to his torso. They both breathed the essence of their attraction. Dawn allowed him to affix to her cozily swollen yoni, enticingly crouched above his reaching and beseeching acorn. She unleashed Pandora’s box of pudenda in every sexual act. Letting loose with wild oneness, she spread straightaway her sapsucker, and slowly swallowed his slinking serpent. The two breathed out like steam from a volcanic vent. He told her with his eyes that he always wanted to be with her this way. Kama ambled around the Garden lifting and hugging her, half jogging and half gliding through her rare gift. Dawn’s sight followed her heart, never fearing but ever nearing. She was feeling sensations that were unknown even to her. Her partner’s organ reached the desire of her anatomy far beyond experience. When Kama exhaled life, Dawn’s wedge inhaled his lust, causing her birthplace to mount entirely over his member. Leon wanted to stay in this passionate Paradise, but from his glands to her depths, his contractions were actively expelling free-flowing, serious sources of his serum. He jumped with his Dawn until sunrise, their pubes drowned in discharge. Anticipating more vital action, his look at her beauty spoke of their entwining tongues, alternating between spirited and spritzing companions with the ideal creatures of Utopia. The lips of her mouth were next only to the labia they rivaled. Kama opened his eyes in time to see Dawn closing hers, a sight that made them both spit laugh. They need not espy, as their very skin took in the view. She deftly tweaked under his glans, tugging out his sweet spot, while he promptly refilled his internal vesicles. Eyes, mouth, lips, neck, breasts, and darkened thighs (never to forget pigmented areolae) revealed a rooting reflex, even in their pubes. Leon ascertained that each function assist in approaching Dawn’s consummation. She, in turn, worked on his manhood with the greatest oration, having overwhelming success. Coming back up to breathe, she spat mouthfuls of milt amidst his mouth; thus he learned of its essence also. On her knees, she had pudenda protruded backward and spread wide, promptly devouring his pride; thus he might have, sighed she, the practice of “having it both ways.” Dawn, ever skilled, allowed his hasty phallus behind, then far past, her circling introitus. They had risen above – yet emulated – mortal love and would discover many passionate niches in their own evolution.

Real Dawn,

You are most real with me. I volunteered today; thankfully, you arrived at the same time I did. You work mostly with the more able residents. Is it wrong to work more with the “well” folks, than those who are bedbound? It has been a while since I visited the latter. I appreciate the opportunity to greet you with a hug, one lingering and hungering. Can you recall my story about you and I going down to Rock Creek? As we make our way upstairs today, one of the elevators was “out of order.” What a strange phrase this must translate to in Punjabi! Who thought of our recreation office on the second floor whereas our Bingo elders are on the third? S.R. was just making trouble for you. You do your job well despite having to mix wheelchairs in a tiny elevator. I take the Bingo equipment with you and second-floor folks to the third-floor room, whose temperature must be at least 85 degrees (inhabited by some isolated, frail convalescents). Dawn, how do you fit five heavy tables and twelve residents – with wheelchairs – into the smaller, alternate room? A saying pops up in my mind: if nobody else will do it, Dawn will. I think of the heat-stressed elders. In Chicago, there was a five-day period in 1995 when over 800 elderly died from the swelter! I suppose such is not unheard of in India. (Once I tried to invent a device that could deliver water to thirsty invalids.) I appreciate you greatly, especially when you give me ginger ale or water. Often you must care for the residents’ hydration first, feeding second, and pastimes third. Dawn, do you still work on finding a job? I trust you have kept some of my emails regarding employment. Do you have a resume? With your record, you can provide a dedicated, skilled, steady, and respectable service. If you interviewed with Human Resource supervisors elsewhere, I believe you would get a better situation than you have now. You should see the respect given to you as you walk down the S.R. corridors. You are a hard, honorable, reliable, irreplaceable worker. Finding work has frustrated me, in most parts because of my mental illness, tremors, arthritis, etc. You, however, have a keen mind and a strong back, remaining trustworthy in many ways. Maybe you could take a course on finding jobs through county Adult Education. You have such a great attitude, including your college education in India, and locally, most faithful employment. I suggest you pursue the resources I mentioned before. (Insure yourself.) Holding you, I sink into your figure like it was an exquisite (faux) fur. When I kiss your cheek, I feel respected, and occasionally, erected. When we alight alone in the lift, I sometimes forget to push the button. You have reasonable limits, with which I do not interfere. Dawn, if you ever wish to have a flash drive with these stories, you are welcome to it. If you ever wish to keep it, it is yours, half the profits going to you. Its contents, although suggestive, have no obscenities. You know it is about a great adventure of love, joining our minds and bodies beyond what most people have experienced. It might become our Kama Sutra. All will know Dawn and Leon throughout the ages, living on eternal Earth as in Heaven.

Relax, Dawn,

Save a little time in the evening for those you love, especially yourself. I consumed your kisses today, and wish for more of that same attraction. I praise God for you, a worthy soul. You see your house being your greatest material asset, but your daughter (especially) and husband are priceless. I am beginning to understand the nature of death, but dying seems to be a pain. Most of my maladies I contracted since age 50. Let us pray that you retain your good health and have the time to enjoy it. If you gave me a massage, you might drive out my pain and illness. I believe you also may find our contact to be one of exceeding pleasure. You knead my body like a professional masseuse and then rouse it for good measure. Your obvious nipples entrance me, stiffen me and dilate my urethra. You had waited for me to shed my towel. Invite me to undo your shirt, bra, pants, panties, and socks, with my hands shaking yet deliberate. Your wonderful tan could so well befit a bikini, or nakedness itself. At this moment, I unhooked your bra; stunning beauty bursts beneath! I had to kiss, suck and taste your paps, as well as acknowledge each big treat with two “man hands” (and therefore, each dome with my gaping mouth). One good deed deserves another; we worked out our daytime tension by coursing our hands through the other’s hair and making out wildly. My mission was to soothe you, while your throat and lungs cried out for escape from chores. You bared your groove, which before had shouted through a skimpy, silky G-string. I noted its understudy, slippery yet flawless. Your hand gripped my lingam and guided me to that most mystical and pleasurable place, the center of the Garden. I almost spouted while you were taking me in for our first go, but had practiced being in it for the distance. Your bendy birth canal loved the lube from drops of our drifting tide. We kept a balance between friction and fluidity. Suddenly you flipped us over to ride my lap. Your head was thrown back; again, at most, one mammary gland at a time thrust forward into my double-clutch. My impatient phallus caused you to smile, its bulb tugging, then stretching your tubular tract. We both gasped through our smiles. Your heart must have been joyous too, as you shook, banged, seized, and loosened upon my manhood until we both gave up our heated, loving juices like springs commingling and spine-tingling with one another. We must have had dozens of orgasms in sync over the years, each unique in its unification. Your yoni was more than a hand, having evolved via sex throughout myriads of births. You whispered wantonly that I could do your horniness a favor by trying a 69. I twitched at the sight of my penis correlating with your inmost, Indian-red nest. I was surprised at how fulfilling I had found your clitoromegaly and how joyfully she stood up to insistent oral sex from my sounding mouth organ. While I separated your minora to expose those most sensitive parts of your pubes, your cheeks gulped my pride unceasingly. Signaling en masse, our every nerve jolted our emissions to jump with tremendous throbbing. Yin and yang, we completed our circle while rocking and rolling on our bed. We took a tongue bath to last. You asked to repeat our erogenous encounter – whenever you want, Dawn! You endured several minutes poised at the climax known as “la petite mort.” It reminded me of a time you gave me fellatio when both my brain and my penis exploded in revelation. Later we will look back on such fruitful, soft moments of hard times. You are admirable and every inch an Indian empress!

Remember, Dawn,

Whether I see you from the back or the front, I respect you. I admire you – like me, of the Vedic. When you work, you sweat, yet you smell sweet. You strive to be outstanding on the job and support your loved ones at home too. I find you wonderful all around, from the veins that flow from your daily workout to those within your nurturing breasts to mine below that often anticipate you. It was hot as Rajasthan today. You deserve cool leisure through the weekend. I missed you very much on Wednesday. Keep the seniors well-air-conditioned! How are the Himalayas this time of year? You might like to bask in my cool house. I wouldn’t mind a few warm hugs. This Saturday I will do my best to work for you, to give you respite while you enjoy a well-deserved break. I love your healthful ginger ales, and even more, your nourishing glands. You are everything to the residents because you are so dutiful, caring, and genuine to them. I have sought a word better than “beautiful,” “lovely,” “heavenly” or “peaceful” to describe you; the words themselves are like my heart when our eyes, speech, dreams, and worlds engage fully without gile. I had been talking to you seriously on the phone when we both quieted and knew that both of us enjoyed longing tumescence and romance over the miles. If only we could do it again. God made you so fantastic to me that I have now written you 240 love letters. I hope to match your skills – pleasing you as much as earthly possible. I clasp your refreshing skin; our two hearts beat in time. Will you invent scenarios of us in India to teach me more about you? Give me your best kisses where we meet, those lasting, rich, and daring. I desire you; you have lifelong experience. We fit in many ways: our mouths, tissues, fluids, shafts and sheathes (male and female), neural networks, cognition, DNA, and blood. A pairing like ours comes once in a lifetime. Where do we start? Step out of the heat; I will follow your lead. We press together as if we were dancing. We smile and laugh. I turn my head to touch your lips as tasty and tender as a nipple. You stand on your toes, tightening your glutes and projecting your breasts as if you were wearing high-heeled shoes. Your proficiency and outlook make my room a cushy place for us two to relax. Love me so much that I perform an expert job for you. Naturally, we are cautious, our first time alone. I run my hands along your backbone as you press my arches. I sit on the queen bed while I thoroughly massage your feet, which move in my anxious lap as if they had a leaping lust of their own, sending me further toward Paradise. You stand and lift your dress. Off went your linen threads over your head. Your face is a dream, your body a fantasy. The day’s sweat quickly draws me onto, and inches me into you; there we polish our juncture while vowing our humanity. On the edge of our couch, we grope areas so sensitive that we talk about loving together eternally. We celebrate as our hips drive like a living machine. I lean back to see where I am, my tail disappearing between your generative labial petals. You urge us to quicken our rhythm: “Lay on, Leon!” As always, we reveal our desires. “Shift my shaft, Dawn!” I exclaim. I will ever work by you, both of us exchanging sex extracts in plunging play. Beyond the limits of our imagination, I entail your yoni, my lingam pursuing its vulvar gap. This duo agreed that next we briefly lost consciousness, but found each other again mid-orgasm. Our two lives moved like one, secret yet unforgettable, bathed by our warm summer rain – far better than any X-rated excess!

Respectable Dawn,

I wish you a stimulating shower tonight. May the Spirit relax you and give you mystical visions. I apologize for calling you up and not having much to say. You are so forgiving that, even as you have worked so hard today, you were tolerant of my hinting love for you. You know our Deity smiles upon us, two humans imperfect in body, yet so perfect for our mated urges. Maybe He, and She, will bring us together like two angels flying in unison. I write to you so often to reveal my itch for you, and to ascertain your attraction towards me. Writing can bring one so far, and beyond such, I think of you – the one who can give me real relief. I could kick myself for seeming angry tonight; I wish for you fair hours with a fair salary so we have more time to communicate. I guess I am overly possessive of you – but how wonderful are the things you could teach me! I feel comfortable talking to you in person: at S.R., on the phone, online, or here at my home. I imagine you could take the evening off so we have a heart-to-heart conversation over dinner. I wish for us to be harmonious. If you are not, it is from the burden of so much overtime and financial worry for your beloved relations. If I am not, it is with my older significant other, our deprivation of coitus, and our disabilities. Dawn, when you clean my house, you will not be under any obligations, just be proud we all know you for your exemplary work. Open the front door and announce yourself, then manage as you have in the past; I dress, then greet you. I think you are great to support your families (on the job and in your home), maintaining your household, and accepting my help through your tasks here. My dear Dawn, I believe the best thing I can pray for you, yours, mine, and myself is good health. You are still in the prime of life, but I begin to feel my years. The future can be uncertain, but I will keep you well, as you will me. Let us hope that as we age in years (but not in body and brain) we retain our attraction for each other. Then you and I can act like two youths with a curiosity to explore and an endless will to flirt. Think of your first satisfying, deep kiss, one luscious and rewarding. Do you remember your first climax? I suspect it, like mine, had been an overwhelming and welcome surprise! Perhaps we could combine all touch by ourselves – during the day and at night, over the years, you and me, in our minds. I could visualize but would like to see directly what God has given you. As I have stated before, our bodies au naturel are an opportunity to learn. I see you, even your humanity, as the reality of perfection – better than any model. Your personality reaches out to tickle us by urging our bodies to communicate with abandon. You speak the truth, you show your beauty and you give joy. Please forgive my irritability today.

Rest, Dawn,

Do sit on my couch and let’s talk. Earlier I used the word “lovely” to describe you. At first glance, you are physically beautiful. Your face resonates with mine. When I hear your voice, my whole world focuses on your sound. Then your eyes capture mine so that I concentrate on nothing but those “windows to the soul.” Our thirsty mouths gape from the shock. Your wet lips scintillate with light. Soon we sense juicy tongues and open lips squirming between us. I gaze at your shirt, which reveals your nursing reflex, i.e., your mammae protruding for our action. Even though my meds interfere, I feel the telltale firmness of my devotion to you. It is then I stammer that I would like to “make it with you” – a married woman! At least we might go to second base, more than just “copping a feel.” You see, I am in love with you. On our bed cushion, each press against the other. You undo my belt as I bollix with your shorts and in turn, we tug off our shirts over our heads. There they are: mounted on your mammary glands, generous dark-brown saucers topped with toughened yet tender tips. I found that my vigorously sucking your nipples expanded those areolae greatly, like our wide eyes’ irises dilate, interacting just for us. I started to approach sampling them like a box of chocolates before you unzipped my jeans and urged me to remove my boxer shorts. I got off from the way your hand grasped my stature, skimming up and down its length, from its jamming, ramming root to the peak of its urethral “meat.” You realize, Dawn, I have written fifty pages of love letters to you, and I mean every word of them. You attract me especially when I am with you in private, later to type out my recall for three hours at my computer. One of my favorite words is “engorged.” The blood in our blush response, especially in our sex organs, acts to nourish growth through future generations. We were way beyond “tab Lingam goes into slot Yoni.” I plead that you use your grip not so much of your hand, but the tension within your birth canal. The dark curls of your naturally tanned mons veneris led us to our place of most enthusiasm, wherein acts a balance of friction. After riding the intercourse, having surely shuttled along your nether mucosa, our muscles were ready to jump, bringing my bonus to be. Dawn’s godly build was both radiant and flushed, cooling with sweat, yet warm with mucus to glide. As her entire body peaked into the little death, I angled from below, expressing my free spirit as well. She could feel my warm wash coursing inward, spurting what seemed like a rupture of thick, white blood from a major artery. She insisted that I – revealed and reveling – repeat the endorphin high from my parting her vulvar bloom, then running my tongue throughout her ensuing, infundibular channel. I was able to reach her breasts from there, to which she replied ever more excitedly: “No sleep, but more flesh frisked!” Dawn, if you want, I will. We have both been ready and mature for years. My heart relates that I love you highly. We have only one life with human bodies; we need to unite today. Write anytime, and call before 7 pm. Dawn, I await you.

Rgsm

God has had us born again; our sole heart was His gift

At fifty-four, you’re beautiful, with stimulating lift

Every living part of you attests to ecstasy

Were wishes flesh and bone, you know, you’d be a part of me.

I beg your shirt would open up to show an areola

Instead I bide my thirst the time you’re pouring me a cola

Dairymen have two percent, and you have comely whole

Now the time is opportune, I’ll share with you my soul.

I thank God for linking us, on this, your special day

Dawn, I would appreciate your cherishing our play

Don’t forget your birthday suit, the ultimate in fashion

In or out, I’m satisfied, as long as we’re one passion.

You’re closer than a hug because of sharing your emotions

The warmth we mix inside of you rivals summer’s oceans

The faster Leon lunges, my Dawn is boldly squeezing

I can’t hold on much longer, dear; I love my woman’s teasing!

God made yours this special day, an outcome of His love

And one day hence we’ll make it to the heavens far above

We’ll dance among unnumbered stars on our nova jubilee

Creating universes from gonads of you and me.

Rights, Dawn,

Society expects men and women, especially boys and girls, to tolerate verbal and physical abuse or bullying. I believe that otherwise anonymous, caring fantasies about other parties are acceptable. Dawn, there are few women with whom I have had a relationship as truly rewarding as ours. Except for X. and L., I have not related to any girlfriends as well as I do to you. You are sexually attractive in large part because of your maturity and intimacy, having private conversations, deep hugs, and visits to my house (without inappropriate rewards). These points may seem to some to be superficial but are more pleasing to me than most human interactions. I had loved L. since 1995 and lived with her (until about 1998) more closely than would be appropriate with a woman married to another person. We had some fantastic lovemaking, by her manually, and by me orally – first, but not enough. We traveled as far as Florida. Her “sickness” manifested as accepting sex work, and she took advantage of my naiveté, almost risking my home. When she realized her very few real friends, she had a psychotic break (which I would not wish on anyone, especially her). She now lives comfortably, mostly by herself. X. has been more like a wife. This now, live-in significant other can be fun. We have taken many weekend excursions, varied and worthwhile, and since I have not kept up much communication with L. (due to X.), I have been dating X. for the last 15 years. I have gotten along fine with both of L.’s and X.’s families.

Dawn, I can imagine cuddling up with you, talking about thousands of things, kissing while our lips loosen, and gladly drawing from your glands. The tongue is in part for speech, taste, grooming, loving, and swallowing. (With it, I can tickle like sparkling water and arouse your vestibule so we laugh in concert!) Down from there, “neck” is a noun and a verb. Do hickeys show much on your tawny skin? Let’s give them a try. I unbutton your collar. Dawn, you have a lovely, light-brown, chestnut chest. God has blessed you with an ideal body. I want to kiss your two round, attractive, and tasty cookies tempting with a treat on top of both. They plump up, desirously, a marvelous sight for both of us. You watch adoringly while I make out with these broad areolae and their resilient nipples. They attract as if their melanin were tattoos springing and bounding Stripping shows that our bodies look even wilder when unattired. Only our original nature remains. I stare at your minora, whose inner folds purse outward. I spin my tongue lickety-split there, ultimately advancing into that cunning lovemaker. Your cheery face speaks for us when you realize the entirety of your bodily characteristics – especially your sex glands – is frolicking in heartened joy. I lost myself in you, your promise building my blood as our skins commingled. In the empire of the yoni, our mutual mucus rushed. Your hollow had me spouting semen anew like a super soaker!

River, Dawn,

Dawn and I decide to go on a cruise from Amsterdam – but not by conventional guided tour. This time we head up the Rhine on our rented houseboat. We have taken many lessons and now navigate readily. Amsterdam is flat and rises from the North Sea, as does most of the Netherlands. At the start of our journey, we head southeast toward Germany on a toasty fall day. Tulips greet us for miles. We feel a faster current as we rise above sea level. We will use landmarks to tell what countries we are in; the European Union is primarily without borders. Having progressed to Germany, we continue on our personal Rhine tour, past castles, cathedrals, and fortresses. There was the Lorelei Rock, where supposedly a Siren would lure sailors to their death. Quaint towns were also a rewarding part of the trip. We ate so many things in a three-star restaurant: fish, soups, fresh salads, bread, cheeses, and chocolate (we eschewed the wine and meat). We had only a few places to tie up, so we observed all we could from the boat, and taxied or biked from there. Our German was poor, thus we relied on the kindness of natives. Danke schoen! Germany, like Japan, had become modernized and enlightened in the past 70 years due to the Marshall Plan and are a close ally. There were few overt signs of World War II, but some ancient remnants went back to Roman times. We had wonderful plans for our slow chug up the historic valley. Well, Dawn, it’s already getting dark and we need to dock safely. Our boat was a waterbed in itself. (Rivers I can take, but not so much open waves and flying.) Dawn, your eyes are beautiful, especially in the dusk. Even though we can barely see each other, we feel the day’s events bind us with sexual attraction aboard our barge. I love you, Dawn! Listen to the sound of water gently lapping at us. It echoes your lingua, seducing my own. For the last month, we have obeyed abstinence. We readied for swells. You had tried out the magnetic ben-wa balls at the time. I could imagine you rolling with them wherever you went, keeping you tight and aroused. Shadows stripping before each other, we stood by our bed. Being in love, dear Dawn, makes our adventure all the more special. Our spit will wet parts that we had both waited to share. We start with mouths indulging, a moist nipple next, petting your cleft to mucosity, as well as quickening cunnilingus and fellatio (69 = soixante-neuf). Aboard our private space, we let the muted “motion of the ocean” guide us from port to starboard. Dawn, you are extraordinary with your strong, feminine body, so irresistible to me. You skillfully ply my incessant penis to interact between it and a rainbow vulva with inviting introitus. Dawn, you tame my lingam thoroughly, a creature gladly captured by and intended for you. Do I now feel your third orgasm tonight? We are a single creature, longing to last into the years. Your muscle has just tugged me relentlessly during my second ejaculation. I close my eyes, yet I see your glow. We can feel my semen and your lather initially coating your deep and then spilling on our strategically placed towel. Your heart beats dearly; your gap tells of an able cave. I worship your waking dreams, rapport, company, spirit, presence, ideas, expressions, romance, value, imagination, safety, and mutuality. Think of and thrill at the marvelous functions our bodies have together: more than just “fluid exchange,” but also complete contentment. I entertain you with my tall tail, a reward for the sunrise. I thank God for our enlightened nights. I live to love you.

Romantic Preferences

Do you like smelling fresh sweat, or fancy perfume?

Do you enjoy a mutual shower or bathing together?

Do you wear sexy clothes to arouse your partner?

Do you like sleeping the whole night together?

Does she or he have to “come” first?

Are you multi- or mono-orgasmic, and slow or fast to come?

What sexual memories does your partner evoke in you?

Do you love your partner beyond the bed?

Are there exotic places for your lovemaking?

Do you like a few positions or many?

Do you like to share fantasies?

What sex media turns you on, if any?

Do you use vibrators, lubricants, or other sex aides/toys?

Do you go for one-night stands or lasting affairs?

Do you enjoy sex physically and/or emotionally?

Do you like to talk dirty, clinically, or little about sex in bed?

Do you enjoy the mutuality of sex?

Does spirituality enhance your sexual intimacy?

Do you fantasize about your partner without them present?

Is your sexual core at your (or their) heart, brain, or gonads?

Do you pride yourself and your partner on their body image?

Do sexy stories and poems excite you?

Do you practice or desire polyamory?

Room, Dawn,

I get tired of typing and go to sleep in my chair. Getting up, I walked through this well-arranged room and noticed an opening in the wall past my headboard that I had never recognized before. That hole led to a chamber under my bedroom, like a den, with wood paneling, plush carpeting, a lounge, and “all the comforts of home.” I felt safe there, unlike my childhood nightmares of what lurked in the dark below. Not only was this room ideal, but the world outside it was also. The space revealed a sunny outdoors, refreshing to me. This “man cave” was representative of fulfilling joy, with privacy to meditate. Although there might be physical boundaries to this area, in a sense it was unlimited in mind. Perhaps this was a glimpse of Heaven. When this phenomenon first appeared, I did not have a girlfriend, despite my having this wonderful bachelor’s pad. I wanted to tell Dawn about my discovery. I picked up my phone and tried dialing her, but I kept getting her number confused – until I heard her voice. She said “Leon?” and I said, “Dawn, you will never believe it! I found a secret niche under my bedroom!” I could barely accept it myself. “Hold on,” Dawn gasped, “I’m coming right over to your retreat.” Time was both immediate and eternal here, but all was good when Dawn made her way through the hidden portal – to her great surprise. She was dressed like a rock star/astronaut hybrid, resplendent in her suit. She made me feel so good to see her that I lost my orality to hers. Our lips played in harmony while we kissed. Her taste told me that she was fertile; her entire reproductive system sought a good man to stimulate her to bliss. At this moment, clothes were in excess – what mattered most was we two were of one body. Tossing aside our apparel, we stood, pressed together, knowing that gradual lovemaking would build our estrogens, androgens, testosterone, endorphins, adrenaline, and any sex hormones to the point where we surrender to full coitus. I must canoodle with her again, but I cannot stop pleasuring her breasts! Dawn looked at her nipples with pride and lightly pinched them, reveling in her increased sensuality. I laid her out on the couch and caressed one, then the other, tempting and savory areola (to Dawn’s ecstatic approval!). My lips’ vacuum engulfed one areola at a time until her breasts shone entirely. I moved my sucking down to her navel, nonstop to her vulva, daubed its vestibule, then bathed an impatient yonilinga with natural lotion emanating from her pubes. She ran her tickling tongue all along the reactive underside of my lingam. We sought equal yet sublime orgasms; if such existed in this world. Your iridescent, salmon yoni was tight but allowed me in (preceded by my “shoe horn” of two fingers). It was then I understood Dawn, why she was here and how much she meant to me. I could appreciate her as a separate person, and at the same time, true bonded love. I saw all of her parts enticing me to dance with her in our ancient, joyous ball for two. I envisioned her with my eyes closed; heeded her without a sound; smelled and tasted her body’s perfume from across the room; and realized her comprehensive touch as she worked my augmenting muscle with one accord, so sounded a great gurgling from her gap. Nevertheless, our entire skin’s sensation kept us disgorging, my billions of sperm to your million ova. Our coitus is, overall, one of the great wonders of the world. I want to sleep with you and dream of your unceasingly raw mystery, bounding for nights on end, Dawn!

Safe, Dawn,

It is a vile hate that women around the world may not be safe from attacks by men. I hope you feel assured with me. I am allured to hug you, kiss your cheek, graze your breast, and write our fiction (with much truth). I love pretending about our lives. If you ever feel uneasy about me, just say so. I trust our 22 years of friendship have been comfortable for you.

After a day at S.R., you and I arrive at our respective homes. Like ESP, we both decide to shower after a long day, but literally at the same time. Somehow, you sense me move, and think back to our last hugs and pure kiss on the cheek, as if the waters were cleansing both now. You turn on your radio (and I, mine) and then lather up with our (same) choice of body wash. I lie back in my tub with a warm, wetted washcloth drawn repeatedly, gradually, and tactilely over my rise. You, also, brandished a flannel. and a destined gift from me, bath lotion. You lay on your back, drawing your own soaked cloth painstakingly from female frenulum to mons veneris. Then we imagine comparable parts of both turning a tinge of maroon, flowers unto ourselves. If only we knew each other as teenagers! My lingam stiffens and grows beneath my tantalizing towel, as your considerable female phallus emerges from under her hood. The image of your nudity and beautiful, womanly details causes me to exercise caution lest I “break the dam” prematurely. Fantastically, I realized that it was you yourself who slid the cloth over my sanguine member, ready to burst. Up (and out) is the only way. Faster, Dawn, faster! In the meantime, you had guided your cloth sufficiently to catch up with me. No one knows for sure, but your feeling may have matched mine, as my manhood matched your womanhood. Our backsides arched from our tubs, terry teasing the two of us into coupled orgasm, our genitals twitching seriously and erupting profusely through a series of pleasant jolts. I kept up my wet cloth’s draw, which itself renewed propulsions of my whitish, thickened, and slippery source of life. (Leon had his very first emission of seminal fluid here in such a way, as much a surprise than the dual release today.) Likewise, Dawn’s core reached its peak, groaning while juicing her trembling, touchy, and very womanly tumidity. Continuing your climax, you could feel arousal fluid bedewing inside your yoni, under your prepuce, and onto your clitoris – your womanly come-hither appeared unmistakably! Somehow, we could see each other: our bodies in concert ejecting, tasting, and partaking secretions, our parts exquisite as they always were, are, and will be. We interplayed as the last time we chatted in that very bathroom. I love you, Dawn! Your face showed care, the attraction of flesh-to-flesh, the meeting of muscular hearts continuously drumming on, driving on, both of us whispering yet silently shouting. Leon thinks about private gifts he would bestow upon Dawn – like the sonic wave vibrator, which claims to move as the best yonilinga autoerotica around – shaking from her outstanding flesh to her massive root. From a male perspective, it plays like the utmost female vibrator. For decades, I had wanted to be with a lovely woman like you; now I French kiss your vulva repeatedly while you signal me in return with hard-to-swallow fellatio. Stirred by a fluttering tongue over the miles, we react completely. Such a sensation was like all our vital organs were being energized at once, leaving our orifices to propel and ingest tight-lipped enhancements. Your core remained with tremendous, tingling lungs pumped by a trusty heart. Tell rightly to me, my Dawn, all for which you crave and shudder. How does a half-bathtub of warm water, mixed with a generous amount of cornstarch, act? Sex there will set up strange vibrational feedback, and its hydrodynamic suction many times more! Just look at the gratifying reaction to this “oobleck” for those coupling worldwide at this place and time! Your fine fantasm affirms a flair that folks cannot forget.

Save Me, Dawn

I was a child at age twenty-five

A habit-imprisoned dependent

I didn’t yet know the meaning “alive”

I was even in court as defendant.

I scrutinized death to finish the pain

Deranged – namely, suffered distortions

No one could doubt I was going insane

My brain doing twisted contortions.

Unchained from the darker, shaming torment,

By the will of our kind Master’s plan

Life may be hard but our constant ascent

Shows bright, sunlit clouds here again.

It’s a long, leaden road to find Spirit

Purpose and Paradise too

I’ll tell my tale to whomever will hear it,

I’m unique in humanity’s zoo.

Dawn, I am proud that my poem is your read

You and I trust our great God

For many good people, one Lord whom we need

Still keeps His believers all awed.

Save us, Dawn,

I captured your features at S.R. today, and I can see you even now in my mind. You walk up my hill from the bus stop with hardly an effort. Your chest inhales deep, slow breaths. There is your face, nearly always smiling, even in adversity. Your body is whole, especially your brain. You are a great thinker: prayerfully with God, socially with duty, enduringly with work, lovingly with intimates, and morally as a teacher. Our key represents the establishment of trust when entering my home. I have another opener (especially for the squeaky bedroom door). Once we embrace, we each sink into the other. God, please allow us to interchange lovers’ sweet flesh and trembling anticipation. I start where we had halted: you let me kiss your sensitive neck, smooth with tan skin and black tresses. (At S.R., I learned that touching your knee, unlike your hand, is one of those areas out-of-bounds.) I heed you as I dream; we occupied the elevator alone, with more bunny hugs and human empathy. I believe you love all of me, as I love all of you. We are on this Earth to protect each other, and in great part to attain human sexual response. Your inviting looks show me expert signs of mouth-to-mouth lip sync. When you pull off your blouse, your revealing undershirt shows impatient, obvious nubbins of nurture. Like moths, my hands light upon them and feed on their silk top. You look straight at me, intent on my every move. Intense are your mammillae – pendulous and braless, gracing you, the comeliest of women. I just had to suckle them, supple and warm, tender yet robust. As you took the lead, I inhaled deeply my inner, mushy bucca with yours. I peeked at your areolae, whose domes had grown threefold while we made out. The carpet was spotless, but about to lose its purity. My lips vacuumed your neck to recall this day. Your breath and lungs shouted fecundity while we denuded and wrestled gently, not knowing who would end up on top. I lapped at all of the places that I had touched before, each with its sexual signature. You whispered that we must make a profound debut right now! OK, I will work my way down from your perfect chest. I lingered, tonguing its godly softness completely; likewise your pudenda and their hollow. With your knees nearly clasping your head, you squeezed your parted muscle to tease me. While my taster cleaves this slippery mucosa, you allow me your sensitive, mighty clitoral shaft. Dawn, I will proudly work you into multiple orgasms. I reach your sweet spot, G-spot, and other hotspots; all tasty. May I introduce my organ to its counterpart? I feel irresistible binding to your yoni. I’m already hard, already humming, and all ready to turn you on! I lightly prod your button many times, raising it three-fold, then dive into polished, conch-colored smoothness. This ploy must have worked, since your whole body bloomed and your nipples became as pronounced as those of any woman, as wide as and tall as a half-inch! Your slime coated my lingam, which made riding you again (thanks also to your skilled snare) pure enjoyment. Rocking to lust (and touching wherever our senses reached) inflated our big bang within your blessed, fleshy depths. Like a creature, I could divine the heat of your body from one meter away. On elbows and knees, I crouched over you, so high to be trapped in the darkness of our netherworld.

Schooled Dawn,

In the early 1980s, I worked as a substitute teacher for Washington, D.C. public schools. On occasion, having slept only three hours, I awoke at 6 am from a phone call asking me to teach that morning by 7 am. There were a few excellent classes – especially for physically disabled students, and professional prep. The bummer grades for this “sub-dude” were in middle school. Most of their administrators were abusive and disrespectful to teachers. I had been talented at working with elementary school students, though. They held an interesting combination of magical, concrete, social, and spatial reasoning. One season, I received a temporary position as an assistant teacher for rising second-grade pupils. The job was to impart summer-school math. The kids were a combination of mama’s babies and misbehavers, unique to that age group. I remember the drudgery of taking summer school as a youngster, but I now enjoyed instructing. At first, my relationship with the teacher was formal, but working closely with eager minds bound us, Mr. Leon and Ms. Dawn. She had a fine British accent and tolerance for children. (Likely, some of them are now professionals earning over $100k.) After a while, either Ms. Dawn was attracted to me, I to her, or both. The kids were quite perceptive. They had seen love and disappointment between their parents. To me math was love, but everyone learns at their own pace, encouraged by their own freedom. Dawn and I met after school to grade the day’s papers and create quizzes for tomorrow. Once we sat next to each other while doing our extracurriculars. We were both so frustrated with our labors that we threw up our hands – then hugged each other with the realization of stretching forms scarcely covered with light clothing. This was one of those unusual moments when two colleagues fell in romantic love and felt its passion. Everything within me blurted out, “Would you like to work at my place?” I felt overwhelmed, but then you practically interrupted, consenting “Okay!” On the way home, Dawn and I talked up a storm, like coed freshmen. When we got to my house, she exclaimed “Nice place!” Somehow, we left our paperwork in the car. The inside of my home signaled to both of us a more private, permissive environment. I had never kissed like this before; it was as if our mouths had a life of their own and their mucosa exuded sweet juice. The summer heat emboldened our bodies to move like tigers stalking, and to tease like caffeinated strippers. My rooting reflex heartened me to test tastes among your now-discovered nipples and haloes – the latter being my favorite woman parts (next to the bold, bald vulva). I believe my nipping them almost tripled their area while I sucked insistently. I found the next hint at your pubic hair, no doubt created in part as innate signage toward the vagina, a seeming aerial view of a canoe’s canal. My shaver bared your belly’s beard to point like an arrow, past your navel onto your perineum. I brailed your climactic pinky with my fingers and my tongue. Dawn, I will surely give you orgasms amid this lower cleavage – as many and whenever you want! When I made love to you, your face beheld your action, which I saw with my peeking eyes. As shyly (and at first tightly) as a virgin, your yoni took my lingam. My glans kept backing up to your cervical mouth, which slurped upon me until my muscle must have turned as red and gushing as a fire hydrant! Dawn, my cowgirl – grasp my manhood with your womanhood, and take me kindly from above. We rejoiced, minding our motile, motivated sperm. This seed swims within you, like riding rapids, propelled home by wish, want, and growing interest.

Scratch Dawn,

Your family is strong since you truly love each other, having sprung from the same womb. I see why you stay with S.R. nearby, being a longtime associate of staff, residents, and their families. You deserve greatly to get a raise, mostly since you have helped all involved so much with caring concern for over 22 years. God always listens, especially when Dawn’s own family speaks. I pray for the health of your household. I hope your home is fit for the fall. Give your husband, who loves you over continents and constellations, something to reminisce about. Goodness knows – you have joy enough to give, thus receive. You know I adore hugs with you, so soft yet strong to touch. Likewise, I appreciate greatly your squeezes sinking deeply into my ribs. I had so much fun scratching your hard-working back. I trust you got the thrill that I did. You are a miracle, Dawn. We all have our complaints, yet you hardly utter a grievance. Things get done when a person gives true, but kind feedback. We are human, Dawn; this is a large reason I am attracted to you. I invite you into my home and say that almost anything is yours. You hardly hesitate, exclaiming, “I want you!” I was already thinking the same about you, Dawn. Each word between us causes my heart to thump vigorously. At this moment you hug me from behind, hissing lustfully. I ask you to bare your skimpy shirt. The sudden view of your healthy and healthful lovelies pools my blood to prickle in my privates. Tonight, our kissing lips shall press together, lubricated by your generous cheeks’ membranes. We await patiently our goal of lovemaking. Today we did even better, as we have some experience “under our belts.” Our mouths were fair game, juggling every part of our tender throats. Upon loosening our jaws, spit dripped between your breasts. I entrusted the fluid to each nipple, where I sucked most spiritedly, raising both to over the size of an exposed incisor, a half-inch. The shade of your skin was caste-free, sporting your lovely front, embracing arms, and promising legs. In anticipation, we threw and kicked off the rest of our outfits; there my fiery phallus stood tall, awaiting our wintering, curly pubes to be shaved to the skin. You and I can be so different but with the same goal. Standing before me, you are a world-class beauty. Allow me to caress you completely into foreplay; how you approach orgasm is highly personal and sensual for both lovers. I am a supplicant who will sup on the slippery prime your receiver provides. My taste is not haste. You responded by filling your buccal cavity with my crimson, heated head. I blushed like a virgin but from more recent abstinence. You lured me in when catching all of my senses with your oral skills. As your figure gave a promise, my haunches readied to pounce. (Actually, we lay our sides on my bed and talked about the mystique of sex for the next hour.) Then, without much ado, foreplay became more play. I climbed atop, wriggling my lingam about your dewy genitalia. My hardness worked its way up to your hilt. Describing this entrance between the sexes is, well, indescribable. (One good thing about men taking the blue pill is the extra empathetic energy it gives women as well!) I will fit the split, Dawn. I had such passion for you today; soon I will see us in person. I have waited well over a week to dwell inside you. Count my cravings by my vulvar bumping! Your fresh vagina slurped boldly; we both emanated delight, accelerating our action while our attempts challenged your refreshing womb. We both felt the mystical presence of Heaven, which created a thirst for our acts and the eventual rewards themselves – a wonderful circle. Our production, a reward from God, was emblazoned on our brains: feelings, thoughts, behavior, communication, attraction, interaction, and experience, from bedding many peaks toward the sundry days ahead. You are both invisible and substantial. I love you, Dawn, the role we play, and our single character.

Secret Dawn,

Living within the Beltway, we have many run-ins with spies and intelligence folks. No doubt, you have glanced at a James Bond film. Plenty of people see Bond as a snob. I tend to agree but enjoy the science of gadgets, cars, chases, world peril, and romance while fighting off bad people. Then there are beautiful women like you. One day we ran into each other near the National Mall, a fortuitous meeting. We walked hand-in-hand into the Hirshhorn Museum, with a greater than full-size nude so graphic you could understand why this art was called realism. Next door, we visited the Air and Space Museum, where I especially liked the Einstein Planetarium and our cuddling up in the dark under the stars. A block away was the Freer Gallery of Art: "I am over my head in love with India!" said Charles Lang Freer. When I saw the seminude figures in his gallery, I gaped at what your ancestors had shaped, and I wished to produce from the raw with you. Across the Mall were Classical nudes in the National Gallery of Art, which reminded me of the mythological sculptor Pygmalion, who sought to create a living lover from stone. We both noticed the same person as we had elsewhere – was he spying on us? We lost him at the Smithsonian Metro station and preceded one stop to the White House. It was not our imagination; they say paranoid people often have a very real reason for feeling that way. A lot of men with dark glasses, cell phones, and sharp suits covered the grounds. We wondered if the President was at home tweeting, playing golf in Florida, or enjoying his wife in New York. Nevertheless, it had been an ideal day for us who could spare some extra time. Dawn, do you have to go home so soon? Face me, look into my eyes with transcendence, and hold my body close. Dream of us as spies of peace whose mission is passion. Instead of weapons, we have tranquil arts adapted to the Kama Sutra. Like a quiver of arrows, we use what the Romans called a “vagina” (sheath). Rather than fake news, we have Dawn reporting compassion all over the world.

A well-dressed couple, we strolled into the Willard Hotel and ordered room service for our penthouse suite. Once we had enjoyed our repast, we asked that we not be disturbed. We watched the sunset grow darker and darker as the skyscrapers in Rosslyn lit up one by one. I invited you to join me in the crystal-clear waters of our underlit Jacuzzi (the size of a limo). I love to float with you and stir your shiny ghee spot, so beautiful and radiating for the spring celebration of colors and love, Holi. We trade the aqua for mats on the edge of the poolside, orally accessing our nutritious his and her fluids of a dozen Calories each per sampling. Recalling your birthday suit makes me want to gobble your tactile glow for another ten minutes. Your wine-dark hair was immortal, your contours shivered nervously when touched. I could recognize your wavy legs and arms submerged to the shoulders; amongst them, three darker patches. When we climbed out, beads of water trickled down our active, attractive, tanned (sans sand), sun-soaked skin (let me in!) from midday. Again, you sat at the edge of the pool and revealed your nature: “Near,” as you pointed to our beach towel. I needed no urging. I readily tilled my way to plant your furrow, tending seed into a mature flower. Gaia opened to take in my source; her moist groove assuring that sweat, blood, tears, arousal fluid, mucus, and semen bedewed at the warming Dawn. Having repaired me, you prepared us for more. You strutted poolside proudly, as I fixated intently upon your gifts from God’s garden. Nakedness is your conception, your character, your creation, your crown.

Sensible

Were we lame, we’d relish walking

Blinded both, we’d savor sight

Hearing stopped, together talking

Earmarks make us feel alright.

Swivel on my wheelie route

Bump into the beauteous spread

Signing sexy, silent shout

Disabled, rise to come abed.

Your legs are works of Grecian art

Your writing, Shakespeare’s equals

Your silence cometh from the heart

And acts out moving sequels.

Blind bore lame upon their back

With eyes, both walked aright

These folks strode along the track

I’d ride with you all night.

One has never perfect sense

But we can always braille

To soften from the present tense

Kiss and touch email.

Walk the halls of hard to hear

And you’ll heed cries of passion

Silent shouting, they keep dear

Like we view nudist fashion.

If I were deafened, blind, or lame

I’d seek you stay with me

Anyway, I’d feed your flame

To sense my hots for thee.

Shadows, Dawn,

I had a dream in which a gust blew open my front door. The floorboards creaked, and I heard deep breathing. All I could see were shadows – a phantom approached my bed. Was this a vision or was I awake? Seeing is believing – but what about touching? The apparition bent over and gave me a smooch on the forehead, then my cheek, then a wet one on the lips. Can one tell the difference between sexes from just a lick? I reached where I thought her breasts were – not only breasts, but elegant, oversized, and bared at that. I asked who she was, and she pressed her lips to mine once more. Her breath smelled of saffron on a fresh, sunny day. Her hair, a garden of flowers, fell across my face. I felt her expression; she then gasped while resuscitating me. What did this woman look like? She was youthful, but I would have to continue the investigation. My new friend rubbed my chest while I handled hers. According to my heartbeat, it takes less than three thumps for her nipples to rise, under the time it takes my lingam to harden. I realized “Dawn, it’s you!” and then lowered my pajama bottoms. In the dark room, I could still see her smile (see “Cheshire Cat”). My hands roamed all over her body: her steamy crevice, soft flesh, and eyes scanning through the night. I think I found the outline of her areolae, where my tongue’s touch felt the dame’s domes. She took my fingers and guided them to the striae of her once-fruitful belly. Dawn’s bottom was as tight and tender as her mons veneris was muffled and plump. I persisted, probing the area, feeling first dry skin, then your gape moistening my mouthful. My column, veined and tactile, stood firm from prodding your vestibule. The more I searched, the more refreshed your vulva became. Empathic contact realized our dream. My masculinity faced your femininity and entertained your personal, everlasting mucosal hollow. By this time, sunrise showed your comely looks. There is no ecstasy like our absolute intercourse. We lengthen our act where pleasure projects outward and upward. You are ready to pounce like a tiger, yet splash like a wet kitten. I offered you my hand mirror so you could glimpse your pudenda hungrily swallowing my phallus. Those parting minora are comparable to a “four-lip” flower. Astride my partner, I reach her depths via a ripe-plum passage, with headroom enough to slather my ample ejaculations. Your fleshy furrow and my mating manful prized this protoplasm. Dawn, I will give you my best. We fly together, your tropics drawing every drop from my down under. I motion that we perform a sixty-nine – I don’t mind your slime, which just makes cunnilingus naughtier. The sunlight now shines on your wonderfully fashioned genitalia. Your champion clitoris – enthralled by every flick of my tongue – showed a minor mimic of manhood in your female foreskin, stretched and polished. Big enough for my lips to take, this digit boasted a dusky yet lively, unfurling prepuce – in time exhibiting many and varied orgasms. Your heart sped; your chest filled rosily with oxygen; your domes and majora bulged; your twilight minora and yoni shone even more; our eyes echoed in their orbits; we abutted montes pubis, pleasing and peaking passionate play.

Share, Dawn,

I know us together. We are the same person. Our bodies express the same desires. As I type on the keyboard, you type along with me. One place in both our brains builds our desire and drive. Our skin slips serenely. When I swallow spit, smack my lips, or snore, you do these things with me. We are from the same origin, occupy the same space, and exist at the same time: eternity. I hear you inside me as you hear me. Your spirit rests here; it soothes me and is mine too. Every feeling we have ever felt is ours. If we ever need solace, we only need to ask the other. You are a woman, and I am a man: two complementary. Our sex parts are homologous; i.e., our sexual attributes arose like those of the other. Without us to observe, there would be nobody else. Without our generative ability, life would not be. Our forgiveness blankets our planet, as we do each other. When we seem to say “I love you,” we say “we love us.” Ours is a cover of continual kisses. Touching and fixating on your breasts attracts my pectorals to yours. You soothe my flesh with your hands to reciprocate favors. We feel empathy when one massages the other. Our muscles, our nerves, and our bones relate to both bodies. Is your anima looming next to me, reading these words, or feeling togetherness so intense we are a sole soul? Talking to you would be pleasant; touching you would be welcoming; kissing you would be intimate; entering you would approach the ultimate. Did we arise as the same person, able to form between us others much like us both? Can you and I become so euphoric as to lose one in the other and share parts so personal we will be lovers for life? Dawn is Leon and Leon is Dawn; not only in name, yet through the tales we tell of mutual love. You may have been born in India, and I in America, but we leaped into this world naked and calling for one another. Often our imagination, stranger than fiction, had cried out to teenage Dawn, to teenage Leon. In exchange, we visualized losing ourselves in kisses and mating with mouths. Dawn’s thrill became Leon’s excitement, sharing sleep and waking, still innervated from dreams the night before and ready to perform. You know we love our very selves, and pray we prosper; staying true, so much so we gratify one another, including virtual urges for love. This man bursts either by himself or preferably by you, his mate of choice. I want to dedicate my flow to you, Dawn. I hope you can appreciate its warm mix covering your cushioning tone within. Our two fluids are so similar: slippery, pleasureful, nutritive, translucent, glistening, sticky, pale, protective, profound, reproductive, and activating. Wonder how, while our hands shed our vestments, we found our way into this world, the world inside us, one to the other. We both have hope: loving, living, and lasting. Am I worthy to know your soul as well as the fully naked you? When will God have us couple? Our minds presently fuse; all our senses will find empathy, all our impulses will join our movements, and all our fibers will share strength. Realize how beautiful you are: first in spirit and faith; second in familial duty; third in correlative attraction; and fourth in God’s perfection. Our duality holds countless wonders throughout matter and energy – even seeming emptiness – and beyond. You speak wisely and kindly, representing our twin totality.

Show Dawn,

Before the show, I encourage you to try out “Ben-Wa Magnetic Kegel Balls.” I read about them in a book when I was 13. Women can tone up and enjoy themselves in public without anyone else knowing (except for a casual sigh). They seem safer than most sex toys and assist to practice firming for your loved one. No doubt, you know of a battery-operated oscillator. It will have you singing in the shower for an apt workout after a hard day! In Cosmopolitan magazine, you may have seen the Lelo Sona. “…it uses sonic waves and pulses to stimulate the entire clitoris – not just the external part [gland] you can see and touch.” I guess it rivals the best coitus, for a woman who wants to know about herself. Also, there is a natural substance called methylcellulose (powder) for reducing friction, which I once ordered from a science company. For my personal use, I tried the medical grade. With a little water, it slid effortlessly­ between my fingers – like ice-on-ice, but warmly. Being an applied scientist, I had to apply this food product to my lingam, where for me it provided limitless lubrication!

I loved talking to you tonight. We danced on the telephone, mixing your affection for me with my attraction to you. Your voice still rings in my lungs. I am sorry that my brother is arriving so early. I would rather be with you. We will work out a time of yours for Saturday, or a week or two after. Your smoothie was a great and generous gift! It was the “real deal.” How many did you make, after all? As I keep saying, you deserve raises with your recognition. Honey, I remained wrapped around you longer today than I ever have. My technique is to hold you tight while we combine – until you loosen or back out a bit – then to redo you all around. I love your calmly aggressive and family team nature; may your vitality last forever. I must practice talking and planning with you.

Parvati Dawn, take my heart and massage it. Rati, I know you guide me to Dawn’s yoni. I feel as though Dawn has shone all her naked splendor upon me. She shakes my frenulum rapidly, receiving atop her chest my warm, essential exchanges. She trusts me with her fertility, gathering my semen and rubbing it thoroughly around her vulva. This sight simply stimulates my stiffness again, ready for our deepest penetration to date. We cleave our flesh – entrancing, exploring, expanding, and expelling. Dawn, read this: I am here for you, to keep you safe, to keep you happy, and to keep you well. Thus, I stand tall, holding you upside-down by your shoulders, bold yonilinga to my tongue, your thighs lotus-like warming my face, and your mouth devouring my phallus. I can hear you gargling, like many bubbles of dribble playing on my expert lingua. We slip in our sweat while you nip my foreskin delicately and I greet your pleasure, a seduction upon our rippling flow. Back on the mattress, we beckon face-to-face. Your hips evoke giving birth when squeezing my conduit completely inside you; our breath and blood rush forth in time beyond time. Your yoni captures my grateful lingam, these two organs seamless and prompting an interface for paired pulses. Imagine orgasming gushes of arousal fluid from all our sexual orifices, adding to your already ample mucus! I balance your major miscible muscles’ merger at these leaping, liquid links. To hug your skin, there would be all physicality between us; our lives, our bodies, and our worlds would be right here and now, yet everywhere and always alike. If we made love tonight, you would know how we could be relaxed yet exerting, (and adding two grams of my source to your belly). Dawn, I can feel both your solemnity and delight – can you sense mine? Stay with me to recall our oneness; hence, I can dream of you and me enjoining. God is for whom we live life fullest; as if we were teens trying out moods, dares, and fantasies. Your voice purrs, attracting me to inhale your truly spoken breath.

Sing, Dawn,

You deserve happiness because of your piety, hard work, clean living, and care for others. You make me cheerful just knowing you. You are the best of what is real or imagined. Look at those who love you unconditionally: our God, your daughter, your husband, me – even you yourself. I pray for you also right now. You kindly shared with me the sounds of your household today. I hope to help you in times of trouble and times of joy. Am I more of a burden or a benefit for you? In perfection, you and I rest intimately, united. In perfection, we all live in peace. We might even feel more pleasure since we postponed ourselves for so long. Describe your passion for me. Do you remember the first time we met? Do you remember our first hug as we held on? What did you like most about A.? I envision you lap dancing with me. You giggle and I gasp as I reach your mature, shaky, and true softness. I now feel such devotion to you, although then I had only glimpsed you. I guess since I have lacked sex (except for L. and X.) over decades, I exaggerate any closeness I can get. Be assured, I do adore you but also ache for you. Let’s re-experience our most pleasureful genital contractions. Your blood pressure throbs overall while my face slops your favor. You breathe sighs, graze my muscle, and picture our closest time ever – one conduit within its counterpart. (L., although a sex worker, never had an orgasm by age 31. X., on the other hand, has achieved well over 100 from my cunnilingus, but none from our coitus, which is not unusual for women. I love both these partners of contrast.) My fondness for you must honor your marriage. I ask for our embrace, our interest, our conversation, our insight, our oneness, and our enjoyment. I hope to dream of you, but fantasies rarely go the way one wants them to. God made sex in dreams to organize our real rapture. When you have the opportunity, sit back nude and see the most beautiful nature in the universe, progressing from pink to indigo, all in your hand mirror. Think of God’s genius, promising his creations would in turn become creators. Seek our carnal kiss, thrill me with your arousal lubricant and fondly rub your outstanding clitoris! Consider me while you work your pudenda’s natural lube into a froth. You deserve the ultimate experience: the female arrival. You feel increasingly fantastic. You may never become single again, but if you did, I would give you a lifetime of womanly peaks to treat both of us. God made you so lovely; I can see the real you. No doubt you delight in sex, a reward for your goodness, righteousness, and peacemaking. You know the pacifists are often the lovemakers. God created sex not only to make babies but to reconcile diversity by unity. Your melanized breasts fascinate me with their every bounce, topped with beauteous, kissable resilience. If I suck on them, your inner crotch bedews with female secretions and makes way for my lingam, growing tightly yet slippy while it exudes pre-ejaculated droplets of semen. We enjoy each other so very much – we become each other for hours. You seem vulnerable with your legs poised up in the air, but you will outlast me tonight. Smoothly clamp on and release me, Dawn, as I explore your “black hole.” I shake your bottom with my insistent bouncing – or is that you twerking me? I honor your yonilinga that persuades our kissing cuneiform climax in time to my devoted, swaying scrotum. We have a real woman to revisit the big bangs at the dawn of life!

Sixteen, Dawn,

Dawn and I met at the outdoor farmer’s market, where I admired her natural fruits. We were set to consume more than just the harvest there. Gentle weather gave a climate for hugging. It was then that a steamy cloudburst drenched us; you looked like embroidered vines and flowers were growing on your diaphanous blouse’s tapered tips. We had gawked at each other in high school when I asked her if I might kiss her. Yes, the marriageable age is 18 for women, but no one had told us we might not make love. Forced marriage and rape aside, the average age of women losing virginity is about the same in India as in the U.S. – nearing 16 years. I asked you to the movie theater, where we watched some “risqué” Bollywood affairs. When my unintended hand reached around you, it landed on an excited nipple. You responded by rubbing my belly but found my male muscle aroused as well, clambering up to my mons pubis. I whisked you to my flat, whence we both scurried. Honey, have some filtered water, mango juice, Coke, or ginger beer; enjoy this, Leon’s home. This bachelor also has some dark chocolate, yogurt, and ripe cherries. Both of us still carried the vestiges of our embrace: your topped pastries and my gooseneck. “Do you love me, Leon?” “I do, very much, Dawn.” “I also live for you, Leon.” Your eyes gazed at mine so I could practically hear your heart. At least, I could feel it warmly pounding when I reached up your shirt. We lovers made out like the first time, only more daring, lingual, and saturated. We shared our double taste of cocoa and cream. Our wide optics danced in unison, spurring us to work even faster. Two mouths had one tongue, both speaking an ancient dialect. It was hardly a surprise when I lifted off your shirt that you would drop my pajama bottoms. As an adult, I play with your breasts as a prelude to sex; their motion, shape, tactility, exudate, rhythm, sensitivity, tenderness, memories, colorations, appearance, amusement, and reactions daze me. Your sweet mammillae exude their sweaty, fragrant oils; my pride is at your service, Dawn. I can be many people, but only one so beloved of you. Today at S.R., you pressed my unsuspecting knuckles to your lovely bosom with a very much appreciated, indescribably tender, and cultivating fondness. I cared to converse with you. I admired your eloquent face and the enjoyment your laugh gave me. Maybe someday you will give me your photo. Back to “cream”: upon attempting to massage your yoni, I found it helps to take off your pants first! With our patience and handiwork, you bared a frizzy-haired, gelatinous vulva reminiscent of our first orality. Whatever character you suggested – caring, persistent, fleshly, tempting, or thorough – this cunnilingus would bring you closest to achieving the big O. You and I, both virgins of 18 years, wanted to complete each other. I was curious about what your intact hymen looked like, and you, my circumcised erection. You had started the Pill a week before. I entered you as completely as possible. Like a velvet battering ram, I aimed right down your lively birth canal, and man, did it feel good! Ouch! You cried out and flinched; I knew then you had lost your material virginity. You eased my concern, allowing me to soothe your spreading flesh. We necked some more, easing in empathy. Your wound was quite kind to my impaling phallus – allowing us a fulfilling tingle and next, goods of a soothing balm. Past honeys had been inviting to me, but now the two of us have known each other for 22 years. Our joining is two sharing one existence. Our bliss includes the cosmic way. Our making love reinforces life beyond life. We rush, facing each other, seeking both beginnings and arriving attractions. We nurture together Leon’s yoni-bound gushes, embedded in the deepest of our harmonious, yielding, and glistening vitals. One clutched the other tightly with lasting memories of us two mates unveiled and shuddering. Dawn = Leon = enduring.

Skindive, Dawn,

Now that we have reached the tropics, we ready our scuba equipment. First, in our hotel suite, we divest our tourist clothes as I eye the umber skin God gave you. Upon noting my growing interest, you decided to see and raise me by inviting my lickety-split. (Dawn, wait until tomorrow to shave your pubes for your thong.) Your humid jungle meets my mouth with amazing vapor, breathing like dilute rice vinegar. I tongue your intricate vestibule imbued with a note of lust at the side of our king-size bed. Such a considerable feminine spectacle can control the entire bodies of both sexes. Not only had your breasts flushed, but in no time your lap grew a lilac purple, and as usual, your yoni grasped my finger like it was counting to a hundred. Your attractive anatomy expands until those orgasms shake to their hidden, mystical root, here unhooded and delighted. Small beads of sweat gathered on your skin, like the lube going full pace inside your birth canal. You are indeed “slippery when wet”! You blushed as if you were embarrassed, but you are too proud a lady to be (though proud enough to consummate with me). You were in this exercise for the long run, practicing aerobics, squats, glutes, pecs, and Kegels. While resolving our first bursts, I thanked God for your work on me. It must be the climate, the Viagra, your tease, or your invitation, but when I toyed toward your cervix, I stretched out most of your pliant rugae. Your trembling lured me even further into you. All of the secretions you had built up (with a bit of cornstarch added) pulled my lingam with the suction of love. Your pudenda seemed pent up, in need of my flow. Do you know how beautiful your kinky wink is? I’ll tell you: picture my dousing your uterus with creamy tablespoons of love, Dawn! Though I am moderate regarding Kama Sutra, the attraction of your loins is super-magnetic. I sputter out of my phallus recurrently – more in store than any porn priest could manage. Again, I kiss your gorgeous cuneiform on the side of our bed. Here my bulb makes ardent thumps, my glans caving in past your minora, your vaginal sphincter, and into your farthest cervical region. My toy fit well into its box when even more gel shoots out. My blush becomes more obvious; my heart and lungs almost burst. Still, you soothed me by slurping up our sap, my pubes like red velvet cake with sugar frosting. At dawn, we donned our scuba gear on the beach. Our privates had more or less recovered from “diving” the day before; with a nod, we agreed on our nearing undersea adventure. Having at least a half-hour of air, we hid behind a coral reef. Like a five-fathom-down club, we stripped our trunks speedily and clasped together, “joined at the fins” like mating porpoises and happier than clams. Our hair, breath, and flesh rose. Air bubbled ferociously while we made love. Your creature took me in, washing my manhood with its copious flux. Suddenly it drew in my endowment and surged like the sea which begat life. Another fifteen minutes of air offer us relief upon heartened relief. In our big seabed bath, our genitals drain, but not our spunk. Having arisen to the surface, we polished off those come-lately desires, while little fishes feed on milt. Soon in sleek Speedo fabric, and with heads bobbing above the water, we revive one another with skilled strokes. Once more, we will our oneness.

Skintight Dawn,

We both seek skin within, and we delight in it tight. Magazines, television, and the Internet all show images that 200 years ago would mostly be available in costly, sophisticated, and genuine art. What pictures there were! If you could afford the works, not only spirited, naked humans (e.g., The Garden of Earthly Delights by Hieronymus Bosch) – but also fornication – appearing in great artwork going back thousands of years. Fertility “Venus” figurines originated 30,000 years ago. (Of course, courtesans have bartered their “art” for at least as long.) I have a long list of why I would not pay for sex. I would rather wait (and wait) to get “lucky,” or just hone my flirting skills. I used to have “paper women” like those in Penthouse, showing almost everything tastefully and softly, or pictures of L. (I later destroyed explicit photos of her). Tonight, I watched the TV show “Criminal Minds.” One woman there was well and temptingly endowed. How many boys and men would take her to bed, though hers is a rather sharp nose? That 19th-century woman’s companion, the vibrator, handled dry along with images, imagination, or an intimate, can provide either quick or complete orgasms. (Know that petroleum jelly dissolves latex condoms, not those of polyurethane. One might use aloe vera for slickness instead.) When you came over to my house early this morning, having read all 258 of my love letters, you performed your favorite poses with me (most of them leading to a woman’s reflex, and some for a man). I admire your multicolored genitalia – black, purple, brown, tan, rose, and pinkish – glowing and growing like Earth’s sunrise. Your breasts maintain their youthful shape and texture. Your impressive nipples and even more impressive areolae are expansive to stimulation, reactive to touch, and of foxy pigmentation. Your rough tongue (taste), smooth facial lips (kiss), saliva (lube), soft velum (swallowing), and cheeks (accommodating) play with my face. Accompanying your climax is an overactive brain, rapid pulse, a well yet fevered chest, engrossed panting, self-gratification, erect as well as flushed paps, and welcome arousal fluid in your vagina. The multifunctional clitoris enables a woman to have prolonged, intense, and pleasurable orgasms, rivaling the best of men.

You are an exceptional person with your moral leadership, generous nature, and exceeding kindness. When you clean my house, I know your thoroughness, work ethic, trust, and your honor. I love hugging you. We have gotten to the point where we can clasp skin publicly; squeeze until I almost grind your mons; and grapple, polish, and nuzzle skin-to-skin closer and closer. In part, I like joining you in Heaven, around the world, in school, in the environment, as a leader, as your boyfriend, in my house, flying in space, making out, sleeping together, in sports, etc. I am reserved yet horny, sedate yet manic, shy yet passionate. I want to mate with you beyond my experience (nearing 300 lunges in one lay, I believe). They last so long because I feel great near the tipping point (an impatient X. blames the blue pill for my endurance). Mutual orgasm tests our bodies. When I conformed to your ingress, I found what one flesh means. While I plant your cervical canal with heartfelt love, might this viscera absorb all of my sweet fructose? I had teased my frenulum upon your sly clitoris until we both howled with an exclamation. We hastened my secretions propelling with your outburst – then, after a brief rest, revisited them. Look at where we were, and comprehend the festoon of viscous seminal fluid spanning from my urethra to your vulva. Such is our kisses connecting, their blessed binding, and the promise of our future. I pray that when we couple, God realizes, values, cares for, and includes us as we do our best to respect Him. May we make love everywhere, ceaselessly as we do now!

Sleep, Dawn,

Sometimes to sleep is to be wide-awake. There are things we appreciate around us even as we dream. Today I sense the humidity of the shower, smell the fragrance of soap and hear my battery vibrator buzzing amidst the bubbles. I can picture your toggle switch turned on and inviting the hum of the machine, enough so you tingle and tumefy with excitement. Now, hair toweled, you bed me beneath you and clamp your knees to my ribs, then loosen enough for my penile participant to push past your paradisiac portal and slip safely, sanctifying our certain serenity. You never would have guessed how all your athletics would have contributed to a most powerful, captivating, female muscle. “On, Dawn!” I cried out. You clung to me as your thighs grazed along my tender sides. All’s fair in love, I thought, as you pressed us against our king-size mattress. In these love letters, we often start at the top and work our way down. Follow me this time to the rapid count of our heartbeats. When your wedge made way for my lingam, I could feel it pull, as if it were tugging me with encouragement. Your perfume reminded me of the first time we breathed heavily – when you rapidly rubbed your pining pubes against my greedy genitals. I recall us standing against the shower stall, transfixed by the slightest movement of our partner, both pupils beating in sync. Sex, we found, is not only changeable but also a loving legacy for life. Think back to our many modes, mixed aromas of arousal reliving every touch of the skin. Even your seat tickles admirable, juicy fruits, most valued worldwide. Dawn, you must know how attractive you are overall. We have plenty of time to French – to simulate and stimulate sex with our facial lips, palates, tongues, and expressions. You and I chose to start real and raw, to feast first with aromatic foods, and for you to treat me with tastes of Indian erotic knowledge. Would you like to take a brief “vacation,” to roll around in a nice hotel for the night? The skills are truly yours: the finest years to tantalize me, knowing what I want and how much I seek to please us. Maybe we will call cuddling a night; perhaps we will make love for days. I would delight in my slurping of your yoni, engorging the erogenous shivers of our sucking that we discovered today. I so want to cancel my doctor’s appointment on Thursday to be with you. When is convenient for you? Right now, I envision your jet-black hair framing your beaming face and luscious breasts (which once cuddled the back of my hand). I wish you the best of health for all your years. God made you a fantastic friend to me. You are so kind to this imperfect person; yet, we have kindled some of the fieriest mating ever shared on Earth. The more I think of you, the more I wait for you, the more I pursue you, the more I interact with you and the more I sow my spark within you. Sex appeal is strange at first; then it mixes in adoration; next, we share hearts and flesh; and last, we become a single experience in time. Dawn, do you think of us falling in love? Until now, we have considered each other closest in a clothed clinch. In the blink of an eye, we could undo all our attire. Next, your golden skin glows like a fair sun in May. I can hardly hold back my serving, waiting for you to eke it out of me one heartbeat at a time. You and I rumble on the floor, vitally connected by your plans, and gradually moving my core into a woman’s control. Daydream, desire, and endear us two joining not only skin-to-skin but with lasting longing – the best Heaven can give humans. You make us as real as we are ready, twins best suited for sweaty days.

Slower, Dawn,

We had a great night out; munching on a Mediterranean meal, practicing pool shots, and looking at the movie “Lion.” You were like a lioness when we arrived home, your maw ready to take me. We dispensed of our attire like unwieldy skins. I got up briefly to wash down a blue pill. Like cubs playing, we rolled on the bed but soon went to sleep. Our legs enfolded together while my hand held your heart.

I dreamt about an Indian beauty who lay with me out of the Indian sun under a Bo tree. She was marvelous, adorned with gold, in a dreamscape from our childhood. Suddenly, the light dimmed and the sky sparkled with stars. A voice called: “Leon and Dawn, I created you so you, in turn, might create a peaceful world.” I awoke with a shock and found my fingers combing moist pubic hair, while you had a mild grip traveling up and down my lingam. By this time, the blue pill promised to burgeon my muscle: harder, longer, more sensation, duration, flow, confidence, and repetitions. You will enjoy a pink pill someday, but for now, you and I share your she-shaft surely. As your grip soothes my spine, my head tilts back, my groin arcs upward and my feet curl up – all in ecstasy, all reflexive precursors to our maximal lovemaking. Dawn, you seduce me in daylight, fleeting like a sensuous papillion. Do you find pleasure in pleasuring me? Do you ever go to an empty home after work, asking about how much Leon loves you? Take the showerhead and tickle yourself pink and purple, then pulse the water until your entire body trembles. I relate to you in my bath, where both of us are squeaky clean. My question is, as ever: have you brought yourself to a pinnacle of paroxysm while pretending about us? You allow me a wagging, sly tail as you return my touch. My beautiful Dawn, reveal to me your breasts. Stretch wide your legs with brahmin-burgundy pudenda exposed for our meeting. We spoon, with me double-clutching one mammilla; next, my other hand dips into and catches your timeless tunnel. God must have smiled when he made a stimulus so great that people would invest their lives in it. Just the sight of a naked Venus like you can make a man change his familial duties, sail a thousand miles, or reveal sensitive secrets (“Loose lips sink ships.”). You are all that is moral in society; you attract me with your honey of truth. Here you allow intercourse with him complementing a bull, yet with the humanity of seeking your greatest comfort. I start soft and slow, but soon can’t help going and growing faster. I look down at my rosy member parting your thirsty minora petals. Ooooh! Rush for my gush of love, dear Dawn. You are as slippery as a summer’s walk in a creek bed, and I’m about to fall into your warm waters. From my epididymis upward bursts a wondrous geyser of semen, ensconced once by your welcoming vaginal sphincter and then accepted by your cervix. Female orgasm causes the latter to dip into my slippery spermatic fluid to draw its gametes ultimately beyond your uterus. Dawn, in good time we will do it all over again – all over your comely flesh! I recall the colors along your cuneiform: black, brown, tan, pale, rose, purple, and hot pink. Today our ooze soothes two; we ride together on our bed – a mounting stallion and his snorting, licking, widening, accepting, grasping, and nuzzling mare – but mostly human benefits for us!

Smile, Dawn,

Our heart leaps. Let us enfold as one, your softness with its variable grip – lead me atop you, of living cushions. We try each other’s mouths: dry to drooling, pursed to profound, famished to feasting. Now you turn serious, swallowing me with your eyes. I begin to see the whole of you, from child to woman. Your face shows the good times you have earned and the hard times you have overcome. I cover you like a protective blanket, searching for more of you. I taste ginger on your breath, as though you had nibbled it to please me. I try to stay above the neckline with my ablutions, but your feminine frame ensnares me. Men fancy virtual portraits of their lover washing such subtly sensitive skin as yours. Dawn, I ask you to remove your shirt, loosen your pants and lie frontally so that I may massage your backbone with my fingers and palms, from the base of your skull to your tailbone. Before long, roll over so both my healing hands cup a single, double D mammary gland. Like the melanin of your areolae to the tension in your nipples, your plump breast flesh presages adventure for many attractions to come. You must have condensed dozens of lessons from the Kama Sutra to get me intensified for intimacy today. You know I am satisfied starting with conventional sex because their positions allow us to inlay deeply, spread our contact, warm our blood, slip sweat, skim and slide skin, and make both tried and tested love. While you read this, run your fingers as my tongue will – along your yonilinga to treat our wilds untamed. Your brain, heart, hands, fingers, hair, face, skin, breasts, navel, feet, toes, pubic bone, back, and vulva, all in turn lead my ongoing massage to your yoni. I can think of these very beautiful zones, but presently I drive to one innermost, though brightest star. Find my face between your thighs, enlivening your transformative genitalia – slick yet sticky, natural yet strange, clean yet scented, pink yet dusky, lost yet found, folded yet splayed. I could tell when we first cuddled how your flesh would slip through my hands, how you smelled raw through every crevice, and how our figures would heal us in concert. I love you, Dawn, and will the opportunity to kiss your genitalia. I want so much for our hearts to reach a mutual crescendo they never had before. The first woman with whom I enjoyed lickety-split said I was “not bad”; the second, I often made to pant and die “a little death”; you, the third, I slurp upon and cunnilingue your clitoromegaly for as many climaxes that time absolute can prolong. You will make me bump like a huge human heart if you just share yourself. We are right next to the bed, the weather is calm and bright, and we both feel the need to expand together, to complete our lives. Would we loosen up by kneading sexual muscles, lounging in the sunlight, listening to music, reveling in our relationship, or meditating on mutual relaxation? Our oneness is more than fantasy; it relies on our bold interaction. Your core will leap for the sensitive parts of both. You are so kind to allow me into your dream. I feel full enough to fill you as a fountain floods thirst. If you needed blood, I would gladly donate what I could. If you needed to talk at length, I would happily listen to and counsel you. If you desired my semen, I would not only give it to you but give it until I was dry – take a nap, and then we’d start all over again! Ours is the pollen that begets the bud that blossoms the flower that feeds us honey. Look, feel, and let us feed, Honey. Thank you, Dawn, for a word or tears from you are more than gold and diamonds from others. May God be with you – Leon.

Smooth Dawn,

I seek to find you, my greatest reason for visiting S.R. As I step off the elevator on the second floor, I hope the door to the office would reveal your kindness. I knock politely – and I hear your voice saying, “Come in.” Once inside, I greet you and gird you tightly with my arms and my inspiration. I wished that we could be at my home, by ourselves, exploring every option. You shut the door, directing me into the washroom where we could talk in private. I spoke intimately; “Dawn, I must…” I wanted so much to kiss your lips, but I settled for another hug and a sly nuzzle on the neck. I imagined us drawing on our polished cheeks inside our flavorful mouths. You hinted that you had a while to talk and communicate personally. Your voice is as temperate as the spring to be. I understood how a man could be caught by you, the enchantress. Subtly, I looked up and down your physique, my eyes widening at every curve. I imagine what it would be like to make time with you in the office; since the staff is within earshot, I am formal yet fevered. I know you have a job to do, but I cherish being there with you. Your competency shines with your actions, reputation, and reliability. Another could not do your vital job even halfway. Believe me, you are a strong person in all of your roles. When good people get to know you, they are pleased and amazed. Although you do a great job, you realize that S.R.’s administration often promotes the bottom line of incompetence and greed. You are a superlative, proficient, and valuable woman doing her best while performing an important service. I trade with your core the continuous clutch that grinds my inlay. We wrap and press for a promise, sweating as saturated as our atman is breathed.

Social Dawn,

A mixture of curiosity and loneliness gave me the idea of joining a dating service. I answered the survey truthfully; as wild cards, I chose to meet “virgin, South Asian, athletic and attractive.” Send. Meanwhile, you were filling out your form seeking “Westerner, intelligent, mysterious, and virgin.” Send. Luckily, each of us got an email with the other’s name and number. Bucking tradition, you took the initiative. Waiting since I got your number just minutes earlier, I delayed out of shyness. When my caller ID said “Dawnlight,” I leaped, knowing my date was on the other end. After three rings I answered “Hello?” In a sultry voice, you broke the ice, talking as if we were settled confidants. Not to be prudish, you directed me to a video of you on YouTube. A very pretty twenty-something waited there for her savior. I tried to express how by fate – not so much volition – I had avoided sex, but now sensed that chance was urging me to deflower us two in concert. You felt more comfortable at your place, so you gave me the address. I raced over to your bungalow and, practically fainting, I pushed your doorbell. I heard your doorknob creak, and voila! There you stood barefoot in faded jeans and a translucent shirt. The most beautiful woman in the world comes from India, and you must be she. I proffered you a dozen bleeding roses. You took 2 minutes to change, and whoa, did you change! Your sheer t-shirt was now cut off just enough to show the lower curves of your breasts, and a mini, mini skirt, with only imagination, peeked below. I gently bent toward Dawn and gave her a peck on the cheek. “Hey, we’re virgins for the moment, not prigs,” you said. I couldn’t believe my luck – I didn’t know where to start. Maybe my erection? There was a plush rug where you sat down, an invitation to shag. I kissed Dawn, my lingua milking her salivary glands, a prelude to what cunnilingus with her must be like. “Leon,” you reassured me, “pose like you were a teen and I was your surrogate.” You carefully unbuttoned, then removed my shirt. I figured this was tit-for-tat, so I lifted your shirt and witnessed breasts like only a curvaceous, cute college coed could carry. Oh, God! Standing before me, you unzipped my zipper as I divested your dress. Surprise! We both lacked underclothes. Entranced, we focused on each other’s palpitating pupils until we sensed the Edenic moment when we knew our natural state. With this realization (and heavy petting) was the swelling of our rarities. I lay you out on the rug, your bloom confirming your purity. Dawn, when your hymen gave way that night, God guided our virtual seed. After we petted, provoked, panted, pumped, and penetrated, semen and arousal fluid reciprocated both within and outside your reproductive system (our third party having slipped out briefly). Our anatomies sustained the passion of a first completion while I worked on your lady bits. Repaired in a moment, my member sought to hook your introitus again. My viscous ejaculate was the slithery sweetness to climax fully your now-skilled vulva. Venturesome Dawn urged: “This time, ride your tongue along my lax lips, and as they widen and tremble, part them to taste their tart folds; upon sipping at their rim, savor their unique mucus. That is, when I jerk your cream soda, gulp my sugar plum, floating a cherry in whipped cream, then swallow my blood pudding. To enhance our experience, tease my hearty, hooded hardness.” We trained now-seasoned humming hearts, driving their rhythmic cycles. Suddenly we both dove for maximum oral union and inhalation, with dedicated slurps, as I press your gaping smile upon my mouth. Your eyes frolic, your breath hisses, your spine bows, and your feet tense. The lady had found her space, none other than her very carnal canal, and tried out various onomatopoeia to touch upon humming to babbling to shouting. Voluminous impulses, driven by the libido of both, relate to you through our new love link. Let us mortals culminate lifelong, and leave Heaven as God’s angelic reward. Your breathing had settled down to a near gale, but even now you back up onto my organ, a heated best of brats. The folded flesh of your labia and wrinkles of my distended scrotum agreed: I needed no encouragement except for your tempting, tightening repast before me. You and your three-ring circus (majora, minora, and introitus) were all the motivation I needed to invoke our continuing interest. Conforming to your fancy, I glided my polished person onto your vaginal hydroslide. All of these events – physical and spiritual – called upon your deep. This infinite experience enticed me beyond our very humanity. I could see all the evolution we will ever have, and through you, our growing metamorphosis. See you into the morrow, Dawn.

Soft Dawn,

I want to stroke your mane, hold the nape of your neck and kiss it as if I tasted a delicacy. Your hair is soft and strong as silk, your scruff as strong as your word, and your lips exhale as if breathing life. When I look into your eyes, I can see a universe of worlds; your sighs having the aroma of the South Seas and your skin the sheen of a rare shell. In public, you are so kind as to let me savor your cheek, or bundle you (as I have often replayed) with firm, complete embraces. You are a study of the human form. Your use of makeup is spare, as is your application of perfume. You have your natural, light cocoa tan and a private, fresh scent. May God keep up your strength: mental, physical, familial, emotional, and spiritual. You must have such wonderful Sundays, the sacred height of your week. When you meditate, you find God. He is what I would have for you. I adored the blouse you wore to your friend’s memorial service, with a wonderful black and white pattern most uplifting yet solemn for the occasion. Issues that I have not cited enough include your maturity as a woman supporting her family from India, becoming a U.S. citizen, working much for little pay, and handling life’s trials – often by yourself. I trust you find solace in the simple things in life. I guess it depends on your definition of “simple.” Every day is a prayer for you, doing what is right because it will return your request one day. Can you imagine living with me? I would want a friendship of equals and compassion. You do have skills in caring for those with mental illness, but that has become a lesser aspect of my life. Your insight is so keen. Living together with L. was a rollercoaster ride. She offered me times of mutual pleasure: her manual persistence (thus my first shared climax) when my seed momentously speckled her bare chest; L. and I naked showering; and sleeping with her. As chaotic as she was, my memory yet visits her to cohabit, kiss her breasts, and lick her bald pudenda to show my love for her. She knew more about how to give pleasure than receive it, and dominate some men for money. As I have written, she surprised me with a foot rub of exclusive love, whose surprise took me to heaven and almost led to my first consummation! With X., I have grown in spirit and morals, which I greatly respect. (To her, L. is taboo for me.) The one downside of X. is the effects of aging, but she remains the first and only. Had I known; I might have attempted a younger woman. Now I love her most of all. You are married, and rightfully so – the combined goodness of three overcomes a vast, scary world. You and your husband teach integrity to your good daughter so she can thrive alongside you. Even the most privileged people are unable to match your honorable accomplishments. “Drink to me only with thine eyes” – Ben Jonson, 1616.

Soul, body, Dawn,

Let’s live together, like newlyweds. There is a Bed & Breakfast in the countryside, featuring fresh gourmet food and surrounded by lawns, horse fields, and mountains. It includes a swimming pool, walking trails, horse riding, and canoeing – an hour away out Route 50 in Middleburg, Virginia. (They have a long waiting list.) We wear informal clothes when we check in and soon arrive at our suite. Start with the “Bed” half. You give yourself a subtle application of your sexiest feminine musk. We have a few hours before dinner, so slowly disrobing won’t interfere with our schedule. We decide for you and me to take turns removing an article of attire. I removed yours so gently and gradually, as you did mine, that both of us grew sexual parts with anticipation. Our shoes, shirts, belts, pants, and socks surrendered to the touch. All we had left was our underwear – my upstanding jockey shorts and your lingerie surprise. How your bosom flashes its nubs and your groove purses to beckon first my lingua, and next, my lingam! A few minutes into our undress comes a sensational treat: you calmly caressing my drawers until my well-developed muscle pokes out of its trap door – not bad for a vegetarian! Our experiences show me that you could outperform any other woman I have met. Action from your hands, your lips, your nibbling teeth, wind-blown hair, and your fleshy mouth – indeed, your breast cleavage – all moved me until I could hardly hold back. Minutes after you had encouraged us to disrobe past the point of no return, I pumped out a measure of my pleasure worthy of a stud pony: gracing your orifice, hosing your breasts, glazing your pubes, and even salving your thighs. With your lickety-split vacuumed up, I then moved to your “tasteful” lingerie. These crotchless intimates defined perfectly your sweaty, misty vulva. Thereupon I entertained your considerable “midi” phallus (our feminine friend, the clitoris) with my vaginally anointed fingers, here tasting like a rare sauce and testing like a dear source. Nearby pudenda swelled and tightened in turn as I gave you hoovered kisses from your navel to your perineum. I appreciated that my digits’ rhythm influenced your brain, face, skin, heart, lungs, spine, vestibule, belly, and sexual characteristics. Your genitals revealed a minora ruffled as a crimson clam. You guessed what was next: a licking from crown to soles. Your nipples, areolae, mons, tush, and inner thighs jiggled like a woman working out and working in, outdoing the stamina and variety of most men. The crescendo featured sex talk, heavy breathing, oral labia, lingua, teeth, mucosa, palates, and bucca – multiplied by the interaction with sex organs. After our midday peaks had subsided, we dressed and found ourselves walking past the horse fields until nearly overtaken by mountains. We spotted a canoe tied up in a hidden cove. Avoiding the poison ivy, and spreading the life preservers on the canoe like a bed, we rocked while running hands through each other’s wind-blown hair. Your full lips met mine as I sucked the drool out of your mouth. We touched through our informal attire onto places pleasant...then pliable...next prominent…and finally, pulsing! Our issue in slow-motion calmed our present rocking, which rewarded us with a savory frictional blend between this man and woman. (We had eaten some innocuous foods this day for our breath.) Our play elicited cries of joy as we rocked in the boat. What would you like to do next, Dawn? Dine on an epicurean meal, rest on the lawn with virgin margaritas, or later go for a swim in a classic pool? Today I dream to cream in your stream. Our tongues place taste on eager faces with erotic traces. Again, my vivacious lingam alternated intensely within your readily ravished yet very proficient yoni. Our interchange played recurrently, akin to the echo of many rooftop gargoyles gurgling. An undulating snake swam across the river. I love you Dawn, and our God of all!

Spacetime, Dawn,

I could not get enough of you this afternoon at the ice cream social. You were so elegant and dutiful, dishing out the dessert. You are brave to touch me the way you do. I am very happy for you that S. excels at university and received a scholarship. I hope you will have good health past one hundred years so all she needs to do is love you, and support you materially. I am proud of you both. As a physicist, I study general relativity and quantum mechanics. Generally, large-scale spacetime bends, directing the relative motion of masses, which in turn reinforce the curvature. Quantum mechanics dictates that very small objects move by probability, that particles on such a level wink in and out from observation.

You and I sweltered under the sun this day. We went down to Rock Creek to cool off, but as we stepped into its waters, we found ourselves walking toward a wholly different, uncertain, and warped space. We were both strange and unclothed in this world, judging by our awed (and odd) expressions. Colors were diffracted and all matter tended toward us as we walked by. This took a little getting used to, but when we walked back to S.R., we saw children streaming out of the doors. The residents had experienced a reversal in time! The cool creek was fresh and there appeared to be Native Americans fishing there. The temp had rapidly fallen from a humid 95 degrees F to a temperate 75. My attraction toward you, normally full, was over the top. I remembered you from earlier today, how I wished to squeeze you tightly yet privately. You were truly beautiful, and attentive toward me. I looked at your honest figure; how I wanted to stir your flesh! (If you ever wish to call me, I will do my best to answer. If you feel daring, I would like to share with you our sleep and rapture combined.) I wanted you as I want you now. At the creek, we wondered whether we could get back to our continuum, our sureness. Before we dip into the stream, see this bed of moss, springing like a mattress, where we dined on beechnuts and violets. This sign was supernatural – thus, like the progenitors of human life, we received the potential for an ultimate joyride. I have tried to describe Dawn; my best account is she with whom I would make love, make her life the best and make known she is a gift from God. With you next to that mossy bed, I cried, tears wetting our embrace. How could I ever realize a woman so lovely? Few are worthy to know how comely you are as I see you. We both knelt on the softcover and entwined together in a way like early humans worshipping fertility. When we heard our sex organs slurping in unison, I noticed our mucosa tempt us most – we lusted while we were cleansed. Your face looked so content in your joyful panting. Your mammillae stared out at me, promising my parts a place of peace. Our sweat stuck us together while we coupled, unloaded, uncoupled, and met many times more. Yours was the portal that would bring us back! I bumped you faster as you caught my lingam, pleased by your yoni and rocking your whole body ever more rapidly. Dawn, this is our last imaginary moment. My potency had overflowed your tightness with many rebounds, to satisfy your crevice only. You achieved orgasm with our next act, and entertained yet another while we drifted back to the present and into “reality.” Rising from the water, we rejoiced from our surging time together.

Spread, Dawn,

…i.e., a room. Dawn and I found an efficiency. The first piece of furniture we bought was a king-size mattress, taking up over half the apartment. Next was to try out the facilities – ladies first to pee. Dawn was unashamed of her activities, having older sisters and brothers. We did remember toilet paper, though, so I handed her a new roll. I asked whether she wadded the paper or folded it. She responded wryly by leaning back on the seat, jutting her crotch up and apart – her way of saying “ef-you.” I marveled at her yoni, whose ruddy lips surrounded a centered, well-red spread. I blushed, and so did my manhood. This hardness somehow managed to urinate between her thighs, into the pot – a “twofer.” She teased that our bed was too far; however, her commode seat promised to be a comfy height. She inspired my lingam, drawing it in with one gulp. I felt her tongue moving like a clothes washer: heating, agitating, cycling, foaming, and rinsing. A hint arose from the next-door neighbors: “exercise coitus” (judging by their rhythmic banging on the wall, and a woman shouting “Again!” with each thud). We didn’t have a headboard or even sheets, but your hourglass shape was all you needed to cover us making time. You alternated us between nearing orgasm and repressing my stream for coming acrobatics. Dawn said that we both love our perfect partner, so why not appreciate the other inch by inch? Dispensing anything that resembled clothes, we both commended what God had given the other. Standing, you were lovely; wherever I looked, I was aroused to play that part. From your salivary glands squirted spit, our water play celebrating success in matching mouths. Some of the most sensuous body parts revealed sleekness (hair, netherhair, eyes, mouth, ears, nose, skin, nipples, mons, urethra, vagina, fingers, and toes). Along with my licking and kissing your adipose breasts, you caressed my ribs, which traditionally Eve cloned from Adam. Hence it goes – they were innocent and naked, in an eternity of making love with passion next to God. Dawn, you are worthy of Him; I believe He rejoices when his beloved creations couple. My eyes, wide as saucers, spotted your shining patch of swarthy curls down below, with its pudenda now harboring a serious measure of queenly pleasure, the increasingly crimson come-hither (your clitoris, homologous to my phallus). When you widened your goal, I felt your womanly power and my need. You assent to my mouth’s access. Having augmented me there plentifully, our meeting face to vulva coaxed out still more of your arousal fluid, which wetness appeared on the minor lips as a thin, mucus-like spread sliming my erection. This sight made the blood in my muscles grow threefold. Your cavern exudes humidity and a fertile breath. My lingua ascertains its taste, which I liken to light sour cream. You are driving me wild on my end. I am bursting with pressure from your insistent sucking on, licking under, sliding upon, humming to, and tugging at my lingam. Our sex moves my well-oiled piston within your sparking cylinder. We correspond bush to bush, mons to mons, darkness to darkness, scrotum to labia, lingam to your yonilinga, yoni to yen, the yin to yang. We also match foreskins, glandes, frenula, shafts, and urethras. Complementary nectars continuously anoint our warm, shared berth. Our muscles interact, fitting cleaver to cleavage. I rejoice that you are at your happiest. I love you, Dawn, and the way our bodies’ passion appeals to Heaven.

Standing with Dawn,

I lift you without effort and hold on close. You seem light beyond experience and ticklish as well. Women I have worked with are young – too young, according to one boss. I consider you my supervisor, and I can trust you greatly. I told you that at MAIN the proportion of women to men was about four to one. My superior there was about 25. My managers have been beautiful – you especially (mature and accomplished too). Last Saturday I was careful not to spread disease to the old folks. A friend of mine and I went to the movies instead. I did think of you, however, with real eyelashes filtering in God’s love. God is proud of you; He gave you and your husband the resolve and the passion to raise your daughter from his seed and your egg. Most women encourage men to love them – I do not mean promiscuity or rape. My past emails respectfully released the true feelings I have for you, and they are so sensational! I have a file with all of my emails to you; rest assured I will keep them safe. What means a lot to me is our rejoicing, progressing from your smile to both of us in rapture. I fancy our meeting in India when we both were 18, having locked eyes and coalesced bodies in high school. We would stay locked in our wedding chamber for weeks, grappling in bed. As from a dream, we plunge and lunge uncontrollably; we admit our wild flood into your conduit. We can try Zoom, emails, snail mail, telephone, and visits. Now extend our connections. which give birth virtually, to us fraternal “twin cousins.” So we communicated back and forth, day after day – what we might call “electronic intercourse.”

Stay close, Dawn,

You are the truth. Your face shows real happiness, your deeds perform honorable, helpful labor, and your presence lifts many. You remain a beauty even in adversity. All who know Dawn thank God for her love. S. follows in your path. I hope you and your husband receive Medicare and effective medical treatment in your older years. May Dawn and her close kin retain their good, reliable selves – healthy in body, mind, and heart. You show ethics to be worldwide law. You remain a respectable person to all who know you. Your mate stays well in large part due to your fidelity. Thanks to you two, S. will continue school and will keep to your teachings. She is all-American; that is, she is a descendant of immigrants of many ethnicities (as we all are) of our country. U.S. citizenship is a birthright or bestowed, not owned. Thank God we have institutions like G.W. Hospital. (President Reagan survived there despite his bullet wounds.) I hope your spouse will be back home and resting soon. He deserves to be kept well and with his family. You two have had a hard time these past few years. God chose you both to be each other’s helpmates. Dawn, thank you for staying close to me all this time – you might say we “scratch each other’s backs.” I learn more about you every time I meet you. While visiting S.R. today (Black Friday) you lifted me. Be close to those who care about you. Talking about God and doing good works are fine, but your personal, spiritual belief in Him will carry you through life and beyond. As a human being, I noticed your beautiful lips today and wondered what it would be like to kiss them, explore them, flirt with them, airmail them, and even savor them. You have made it clear that only your immediate family may do so. However, you remain kind to me, staying in my mind with thoughts, calmness, moods, words, pictures, memories, potential, substance, and mutual support. God takes the ultimate responsibility for creating you, a testament to His love. I pray for peace to follow you wherever you go. Let S. love and help her parents into their rewarding old age. Perhaps she will find a spouse who will also care about her parents. When I look at you today, I see “grace under pressure.” You do your best with those who value you. (Some considered my mother highly efficient, although beguiling. You may be a better person than she was!) If what cures you is touch, tickle me. If you require devoted words, read on. If you need fond memories, let us make them. I trust your choice of a great man, as I trust you. At least I met him once. May life become fairer for you all. The Creator made us so He and we all might have company. You, Dawn, are His conception. I touch His holiness within you. Our seemingly imperfect selves can pray: “Lord, heal me.”

Steady, Dawn,

I write to you today, my 150th communication with you. I want to thank you for your sincere remembrance of an S.R. friend. You looked beautiful! One more caretaker is smiling down on you. In life, she was happy to know you and remains close to you now. I was able to run Bingo despite the cramped conditions. I greeted M. in the small game room where there was minor chaos. I blame whoever scheduled the cleaning of the Lookout room. I speak mostly for the residents who were in a substandard setting. With the help of M., I got Bingo rolling. She then left to help with nail polishing. Only five were able to play – Joan, Gary, Judy, Stella, and Mary E. The first three won twice, I believe. They are all good folks. Participating is crucial; those who are bedridden miss out on so many uplifting and healing pastimes. A voice like yours can be calming and cheering. Scratching my back by you, J. or M. exhilarates my work. I so much want to greet you with kindness, but today I seemed stressed. You have the best attitude, which I sought from you today. I pray that I wasn’t crabby to you. My watchword is “irritable” (as X. knows). I felt under pressure today; I hope it did not interfere with our relationship. In part, I missed you, but I can work independently for at least two hours. One reason I feel at home with S.R. is that my symptoms blend in. Thinking about you here and now puts me at peace. Your kiss and your hug are deep touches I miss. Consider a person who waits until (finally) age 44 for ultimate pleasure, then to have that joy taken away at 58. I hope you have had an exciting and rewarding marriage throughout your life. I noticed your silhouette today; it is worthy of many kisses. Enfolding, smooching, rubbing, connecting, smiling, tickling, warmth, resilience, hope, looks, exertion, and admiration give me the energy to volunteer beside you. Please stay with me. Your healthful outlook keeps us all going. I wish for you more heavenly moments rewarding your experience on Earth – those times you view, touch, relate, speak, give, sense, intuit, and receive God’s gifts. I am not only content to be your friend but to know you, a world leader of love. When you can, come to my house to freshen the computer room, the bedrooms nearby and the two adjoining bathrooms. Your presence is always welcome, even if just for a friendly visit. Dr. Leon prescribes himself a sweet dose of Dr. Dawn, with a reciprocal massage. Thanks to God that He has given you a blessed spirit, as we thank Him for your earthly self also. You are desirable because people over the world have sought others like you and wondered at their miracles. Greet your good husband intimately with your memories, touch, and prayers. I can vouch for him choosing the right woman, and for you, the right man. Consider closely one another, share visions of past delight, the allure to be, and particularly, the right here and now. Stand today, tall and natural before me while I gawk, dazed by your delicacies, and draw myself deeper. If you ever wish to communicate, give me the sign of your honey skin. Recently I felt the epitome of softness, your sublime breasts with my hand pinned between us – our greatest real, physical intimacy! Thank you for trusting me.

Story, Dawn,

If you learned anything today, it is of your quality and value. I saw, even as you hurt physically, that you achieved your tasks with dedication. You outclass me in so many ways. I couldn’t hold Bingo without you. I may appear well, but similar to P., I have mental illnesses, and like others, I have arthritis and tremors. Remember those who appear most well, like Ms. H. and Mary S., those who can assist us. Your black hair, gold face, and pink blouse were beautiful, even now in my mind’s eye. God blesses me to touch my lips upon your cheek. Most of all, I feel your substance, flesh, breath, coziness, and heft – even your ribs and spine – compress when we hug (especially today, when, I believe, we set an endurance record!). If only I could share with you such sentiments in our old age. I trust that I gave you hope that someone beyond your home loves you and wants to stay linked with you. I desire to touch you whenever and wherever acceptable. Give your husband a gentle squeeze (respecting his backbone). Recall the kind times exchanged during this day at work and rest next to him, kissing him familiarly for the pleasure and recreation of you both (as I will with X.) Did I notice a floral scent upon you, drawing me nearer – bath soaps? Last week I smelled your sweat; what an aphrodisiac! (Ode to S.R.: “you don’t know [who] you’ve got until [she’s] gone.”) The desire for you is paramount in all my letters, relating your personality and goals to your ideal, female self. I believe, with fair treatment, you could benefit from the challenge of work more. At least women in the U.S. are getting more support for equal pay for equal work, and some protection from violence and abuse. I try to treat you with respect; I hope you think so too. You are a lady worth waiting for. X. says women also need to dress honorably, citing some of the “undress” she has seen at the supermarket, during summertime, and on videos, not to mention the beach. The use of upper cleavage pervades the TV, malls, and even the street. I must admit, it works for me sometimes.

I sit here in front of my computer, noting the spicy fragrance that, I believe, arose from your hug. I would like to explore where this came from – was it somewhere upon your neck or wrists? You, at your leisure and quite naked, walk into my room, flashing the fatty tissues that give many youthful women sex appeal. The pajamas you gave me protrude skyward and then strip under your grip. My captive senses your expert hand rippling up and down my mast. Every time I approach climax, you change your method, keeping me aroused. You vibrate my hardness with your breath: humming, gargling, purring, growling, murmuring, and gasping. My unit reached down, up, and far into you, knowing you thrill with our echoing flesh. I have entered a magic area. Let’s try making it with some missionary sloshing, and knowing our oneness through our innermost control. Our commerce tickled us innervated, you and I culminating three times in concert today! Dawn; please accept yet another volley of ejaculations. I wish to stay in until your viscera oust my dusky pinkness (followed by a globule of our sexual secretions loosened from your relaxing vaginal sphincter and my spongy glans). Build up to a Kama Sutra special for us – many cozy positions for those approaching sixty, including every uplifting bodily sensation.

Streaming Dawn,

You have worked so hard for me, and now you are dirty and sweaty. I will make sure you return to your immaculate self. I draw the water in my master bathtub, which you scrubbed rigorously today. I help you remove your clothes gradually; tantalizingly. Your hands manage to unhook your bra. Your bodily aroma smells like rare perfume from your workout on the job. Even with a film of dust, you blossom: first, your full, pliant breasts, of which any young lady would be proud. I do a delayed reaction as you slip off your panties holding back your wedge. No doubt, after strenuous volleyball you perspired heavily and shared a locker room with so many gorgeous Indian women. Now, while you stand, I marvel at the contrast between your dark pubic hair and what the Mesopotamians referred to by its wedge shape: “cuneiform.” I muse that most men, upon seeing such a form, would coax a woman to accept lickety-split, and next, consummate there and then. For the moment, this Ulysses was captive to the mast. Wiping a smudge on your face, I gave you a little kiss with a little tongue. Dip yourself into the bath before it cools. Your perfect, feminine curves arouse my heart and wear sudsy waves and forms. I admire your brawn, knowing the womb to be one of the strongest human muscles. Watch me transfixed next to our Jacuzzi like a kid in a candy store. I have purchased fancy shampoo just for you. I wet your hair, soap your scalp once, shower it, then repeat. You grasp the fragrant body wash and anoint your body with a sea sponge, fitting your crotch so readily (akin to the porous tissue which traps blood for our tumescence, or the former “sponge” contraceptive). Next, I comb your wavy hair. I very much wanted to disrobe and join you, but the water was drab and you needed to rinse off. When you required drying, I readied a plush towel and directed it from your shining mane, delicately over your tan face, briskly on your shoulders, heartily around your lavish breasts, busily over your back, rapidly regarding your ribs, thoughtfully between your thighs – and last, carefully upon your classic keystone. Here I know you are subtle about fragrance; you apply just a smidgen. You seemed to read my mind when removing my shirt, loosening my belt, and lowering my pants – until only a sanguine, steady yet patient summit stood. A female acquaintance of mine said a man would spend thirty minutes looking for a golf ball but give up after a minute seeking a clitoris! For me, this means thirty minutes for you to play with my balls, but oh so many moments for us to salute your obvious yonilinga. Thus, we lay on the shower rug you had cleaned just that hour. Dawn, can you make our love last forever? First, swallow faces; i.e., mix our mouths in comfort. Soon I rise to the utmost honor of teasing your relaxed, yet lifted and pointed breasts – shaped roughly like skin-clad, wholesome, and delicate Spanish botas. I look to your rare erogenous zone underneath; you nod yes and squeal. I obsess over your vulva, a good thing to lavish. (I had learned cunnilingus from pleasuring two women friends, one at a time.) I first spread wide the labia gently, my tongue flickering while performing fine artistry on them. There was the clitoris, allowing me to move your entirety. We would usually find it more by reaction, but yours is recognizably magnanimous by any of the senses. Then I move my male muscle snugly and patiently throughout your passionate pleasure place. We ready an instinctive rhythm that solves our saga: coming coincidently in concert! An MRI shows our connections and our contractions but, sorry scanner, not our contentment. No wonder the color for babies is pink and blue, as our loving links attest. Untie your knot to lasso my horn, with your cock and bull’s eyes’ both bollixed! See us making love in your fascination: adipose restlessly shifting upon adipose; your internal, vaginal epithelium skimming upon my outer, penile epithelium; and both slipping with the pounding that takes a true matador twenty minutes to win.

Strong Dawn,

I appreciate your consideration of me today. When you had a break, you focused your attention on me. I admire you, enough to allow you to do your job effectively. My kind lady, you dared to embrace me in sight of others. One of the few perks of the residents is to participate in closed meetings. We do have intelligent and competent folks eligible to serve as officers. A concern of mine is that, by luck or brilliance, just a few of our Bingo players win over the weeks. It would help to assign pairs of players who check on each other.

I invite you to my computer room for me to appreciate your flattery, supple glands glancing, wasp waist, and roused rump. Your breath of ghee gives me hope you would arouse a flow for us to slide vitally. You truly appear beautiful under your clothes, which I asked you to remove, for both our sakes. I sense your chilly skin bumps tactilely, visually, and lingually. Your body arrays with a resplendent epidermis, private eyes, keen senses, a mouth that responds to (and fulfills) our oral desires, and a neck whose flesh increases in tenderness as it progresses down to your mammae. We kiss so much above your waist – but even more below! We shift hands in anticipation of lubrication, then care to stroke your muscled legs, shave your private thighs, and next explore the source of feminine variety, the vulva. Down there, I probe for your clitoromegaly, whose singular purpose is for a woman’s pleasure (neither peeing nor inseminating) and having at least twice the nerves of the male development. I do not mean these so much clinically, because your lover’s nature is to explore your sexual characteristics with the goal of absolute, ecstatic understanding. Your plump portals (your maxima) guard a fruitful scent, and elastic flesh (your minima) themselves become more lubed the more I stroke them. Now at the introitus, I can taste your yoni, healthy and slightly sour. My mouth gathers your secretions to slip upon your luxuriant pearl. I feel attached to this yonilinga; your legs themselves wrap around my head and push my suckling ever toward your organ’s orgasm. I am like a “twin” cousin whose existence is only to thrill you. Although I cannot see your “out of sight” genitals from here, I can certainly tongue-braille them to arouse your potent sweet spots. Our magic levitated your bottom while you shouted, “Hearten your hardness, Leon!” (I heart you too, Dawn!) I had promised to lead us under mutual drava, so I exchanged lingua for lingam. You reassured me that your prize would readily emerge among your wondrous, loose folds, and evermore, our blood-red blushes rush forth. Our lips met above as I sank deeper to know my lady better: rubbing an itch, withdrawing, and just as quickly dipping back into our royal purple passage. At first, we were tacky, but onward, we frothed like a horse. With the jockeys off, I pulled ahead while rebounding in your saddle. Our pulses were racing, judging from the ride’s heavy breathing and by our winning “neck and neck” action (which we both celebrated with a red cap, a wreath of roses, and a spilling loving cup). A male thoroughbred instinctively labors to raise a triumphant pint several times a day for years. You and I washed, then sploshed, our closest sexercise ever to intensify our flesh. Still, with a mixture of euphoric acts, we both teased, drawing out more of our churning fluid coupling. This is the decisive moment: my testicles are again dusky-red, swelled for my sweet, and fit to be tight, emulating your ready pubes. Your yawning trap, powered with the legs of a winner, fruitful mammary glands, and overall dedicated anatomy, not only played with my orality but enclosed my muscle, arousing spouts as you wished. Take me again, Dawn!

Stunned, Dawn,

I knocked on the door of the Rock Creek Nature Center office on Monday, and stepping inside, found Dawn adjusting her healthful Juggernauts – which happened to slip out of her bra at that very moment! She smiled widely as I, bracing my eyes, apologized for “busting” in. You insisted that there was no one else around, and you had a present for me anyway. You gently held my hand and placed it over your throbbing heart. I scented your pheromones – especially a fertile breath of mucosa. Eyes shut, I sampled your mouth. Our mingling was comfortably interactive. There is no rest for the cheery, though. Kissing together, we sucked with luscious lip-smacking. You walked to the door and locked it, then tossed your shirt over your head. I was stunned by your widened eyes and even wider eyespots joggling, a welcome sight for any man. You were obviously in want of reciprocal play. I could also appreciate your body language, microexpressions, sexual suggestions, and thermoreceptors. Looking down at me with a penchant for nursing, you offered me one evident nipple on a two-handed double D to expertly breastfeed, then the other in turn. (I anticipated canoodling your valley after giving suck to these treats.) The more I drew on them, the wider the disks, yet firmer the flesh, became. Your eyes flickered; I had to catch you collapsing. I combed your hair tenderly as you awoke from swooning. Would smooching your lips once more break the spell? You must have been stunned, for then you proceeded to disrobe entirely, cleared your desk with one swoop of your arm, and sprawled atop it, for the pleasure of both partners! You projected your tight, muscular (yet plump) bottom my way, drawing your middle finger along the length of your labia and pawing pudenda’s peak, the prevailing prepuce. I felt your welcome when I probed my tongue within your wound, whose scent invigorated an aboriginal urge. Your digit and my lingua worked in concert. Your vulva represented a dark-red velvet rose – I just had to engage it! You reached down and held onto my lingam, caressing and lightly pumping its foreskin and the sensational bulb below. Soon this playboy would gratefully issue another centerfold. We both silenced (except for our smacking and gobbling). Your flexing yoni attempted to match every pulse of my heart. As my corona sank in, you jolted from its play upon the ribs of your vagina. My frenulum cried out, and at last, my shaft melded onto your elastic tissues. We seemed involved in a curious sport or mystery of the animal world. As I rode you, I barely and hardly held onto your sweets. Not only had my monolith sunk completely into you, but wolf-like, your pelvic floor had seized onto me! Our chests beat evenly though rapidly; I foresaw us exchanging fluids, gasping for breath. Our physiques started to twitch nervously as we both tickled viscera and bounced toward our inner instant. You and I tried to stretch time to a point when we were precisely in sync. Drava arrived as though we communicated within our forever, unique biosphere. Can you feel my epididymis, prostate, and vesicles impelling semen incessantly throughout your every drive? Can I feel your mucus mix with my rapidly enthused tempo, priming both of our systems for multiple matings? At that moment, lingam adored yoni, and yoni, lingam. What happens if Dawn and Leon orgasm for one minute, ten minutes, or even sixty? Would we then have a hard attack? Let us do it again, for the night if we like. We rejoice for us, nourished by continuous lovemaking. When we finally and slowly withdrew, we saw a strand of our slime, a bridge between your “sweating” mucosa and my seeping urethra, holding the potential for existence – not just algal, but humanly romantic. What fools we are, making moments of mirth in a lifetime of love!

Successful Dawn,

It was an unusually warm day this New Year. I had just arrived home when I saw a white SUV pull up to the curb. I was hoping – I knew – it was Dawn! She disembarked from the vehicle, waved at me, and said in her cheerful voice “V-day, Leon!” She was wearing short pants, perhaps the first time I had seen those most athletic, accessible legs in public. Her thin top, fodder for my inventive mind, was more so revealing. She asked to visit while she was off from work. I showed her my backyard, which she considered lovely. I flattered her, especially gorgeous today. I am quite fortunate to have privacy and a single home. I noted to Dawn that it was quite balmy today. Seemingly shocked, she quipped, “Ball me?” Then she smiled, with mounded domes revealed in profile. I insisted we hurry inside to look at my etchings. We ignored each room we passed until we found a bed “just right.” Both of us submitted to take it slow. I sat down next to Dawn and kissed her all over her face. Our spit wetted lips, ears, eyelids, temples, cheeks, jowls, and neck. We sucked with satisfying sounds, our smooth faces contrasting with tongues’ papillae. My hands adored your thick, nourishing breasts. Dawn purred contentedly while I slipped my fingers up to and around her chesty beauty marks, my open mouth barely inhaling the extensive softness of just one. To see the mammillae of a modest woman is like peering through the gates of Heaven – not only had I done so, I was tweaking one nipple while she caressed her other. I massaged her scalp, her skull, her neck, her shoulders, her back, her legs, her feet, and her derriere. Each elicited a different sound, like an ecstatic ensemble. It was as if she had dozens of erogenous zones! No doubt, Dawn perspires throughout the day at work. Did you realize that breasts are modified sweat glands? Knowing this, I gave her armpits a tongue bath and shortly returned to the salty seas of Gaia. We thirstily readjusted our countenances to meet the other’s gonads, both of us tugging them mouthward to ensure we burrowed full-faced. I prepared for her to wet-nurse my lingam, while I slop at her unsurpassed clitoris. We two withdrew before committing totally. We kissed romantically as our blush and buzz built again. I gazed into Dawn’s eyes and felt a rare love. I drew back the curtains of her vestibule, then polished and redistributed its moistness. She lay, spread wide, with her beckoning vagina ready to take in my anticipatory extremity. On my knees, I slowly entered my ruddy buddy into a supine Dawn, her rugae gladly optimizing our contact while she twerked throughout our extraordinary encounter. Amour is not mechanical, nor is it only lustful; it is how Dawn and I discover more about the woman within. You must realize, Dawn, that you are attractive not only because of your physical self but also because of your hard work, faith, and goodness; of which love, intimacy, sex, surrender, and renewal are godly rewards.

Summer Song, Dawn

I am sorry to have disturbed you today.  You deserve to work without interruption.  I am in love with you, even though you may be unattainable.  I have never had an attraction (mania?) to someone as I do to you.  I just wish you felt obsessed with me as I feel about you.  My heart reaches out to you, as does my longing.  If only I might be allowed to cover your skin front-to-back and front-to-front, with my searching hands, my flexing tongue, and our vitalized reproductive systems – here ready to burst! You are an excellent woman with whom I want to lie all night but may never have the opportunity.  Please call me when convenient; I will see you tomorrow as well.  If only you could be with me now.  I can barely hold back my impulse, although I will do my best not to send you lurid love letters (240) anymore, if you prefer.  God knows you deserve my respect. Tell me how you see us enfolding.  Call when you can.  I love to hear your voice. My best to you and your family, Leon

Thank you for your wonderful offer, like a nursing girlfriend.  You have the rebound of a twenty-year-old.  Amazingly, your love keeps me going to support the residents.  You are such a blessed person, always remembering to talk to God.  You picked me up today with your happiness, despite how S.R. manipulates you.  Your face reflects mine when recognizing our frontal intentions. I care to hear your voice so I can respond in turn.  You gave me great and extended regard today; I tried to imagine kissing you to your core.  Your hugging sensation will last for days – in large part what I want from you.  I cannot remember when I had such a fantastic congress.  I seek what is best for you because that is what is best for me.  I felt closer to you today than perhaps ever in our intimacy.  I praise God to celebrate you and your family.  Try to forgive the Pakistanis.  If they knew what a humane person you were, they might change some of their ways.  Soon tell me more about your homeland as we stay close.  Thank your husband and daughter for their spirited stance.  I anticipate working with you Tuesday morning. I keep you in my thoughts and feelings, as a superior worker for the least of us. Your love and true friend, Leon.

You called me yesterday, and when I saw your name on the caller ID, I sought you with a glow of happiness. We had an enlightened conversation, one playing off the other. It was as though we were talking face-to-face! One of us would encourage the other, who would respond with words created as if we were of one mind. If only we could do this every day, you challenging me and me frolicking with you, the champion. Maybe your heart felt like mine – reaching out to our phone partner, ready to meet the next day. Tomorrow, K. substitutes for you. She works almost as hard as you do. I guess I had wheeled the Bingo cart next to you as we made our way back to the office. I wait, but not very long, for your eyes to invite me to embrace. Some weeks I go without, yet today I squeezed and gently kissed you and clung as long as I dared. Beautiful Dawn, I trade bodies with you when we are in a clinch. Hugging you was like the weather today, what we call perfect – warm, dry, and sunny, with fair winds and fluffy, white clouds – like when I await you. I have met some caring, lovely, and available women, but very few match our 22 years. Do you see us shedding our earthly robes, lying down, and communicating through our compassion, fun, physical reactions, and trampolining saddle? Please tell me: is it better to endure in the act of our creative, supportive, lasting, and extensive lovemaking (more feminine), or to await our concentrated blasts of prickly, teeming, fateful, donor orgasms (more masculine)? Maybe we can exchange roles in this regard – or we can arouse our repose to arise!

Summer stay, Dawn,

I would be much happier with you here. Please come into my room and see your handiwork. The best vantage point is at the foot of the bed. We can lie back and talk there. While spooning, we move to a conversation about our well-being. I watch your lips as you speak; they shine with a natural anointment and beg to be taken. “May I kiss you, Dawn?” I offer. “Yes, Leon!” you rejoined. I feel a throbbing in my lips reading yours like we were having a heartfelt conversation. I peek to see your eyes closed as you purr with satisfaction. It’s not far from there to our tongues darting – minnows in the seas of our mouths. Still, you taste fresh, tongue-in-groove, like a warm tropical dessert. I would slip on your cheeks, yet hear our lingual promises of love. Such is the greatest compliment and turn-on – when Dawn assures you she cares for you in the long term. Those words from my friend cause my blood at first to race and then pound. I feel the pulse in your neck from your florid aorta. You unbutton your shirt (sans bra) and sport two sizable haloes with mesmerizing melanin. Your flexible, nibbly nipples appeared to have experienced the joy of breastfeeding; permit me to stimulate, suck, and savor them. This is more than another letter since we celebrate our initial lovemaking. Look at us, I encouraged, as we rapidly removed our other clothes. You smell sexy and sublime, your privates notably exude the most attractive, musky pheromone. You are shaped like a classical, smooth hourglass, “making time.” You gulped nervously as I presented my phallus, which you knew “needed company.” I applied your yoni massage immediately. The blue pill caused my gonads to swing low and then, under your thrall, lift upright with increasing heartbeats. Coincidentally uttering the number “69,” we readily rotated 180 degrees into an intimate, ideal pose. You tried on me every possible oral pleasure you could dream of while we neared our sex apex. I insistently licked between your stretched and parted folds, where I elicited moans most. There your mighty, meaty plaything no longer escaped from under its cape. We delayed our first orgasms for now; they are our treat saved for coitus. One last slosh with your thighs plying my head, and then we pursue eye-to-eye mating. When next I accessed you, you shivered – though we were both feverish and glowing. We moved in time, like two mythological animals revering life. I love your body, but just as much, your caring person. Waiting to unite, I think of the many days when we met, rolling and bumping. You suggested mounting me like a rider with his back to the bed, and then did. My muscle pushed searchingly until it hooked your hollow headway, next passing your vaginal sphincter. How we reverberated while our rejoining and rejoicing juices nearly drove us crazy! Dawn, the time has arrived for us to accept together the highest priority. Our privates were rufous, raw, and relaxed, with pure passion keeping ours the topmost times. Your yawning yoni sang to my lengthened lingam. At our crescendo, the burden burst, and our gonads were soaked in endless emissions. I can see your vulva dripping even now: a wash of curly, black hair; pulses still twitching from our tryst; minora – indigo, shining, and tactile; but both of us drawing a well-deserved breather, inhaling your piquant pungency with royal reverberations. I love you when we merge for many minutes, linked to our understanding synergism, Dawn. Our evaginations are just as achievable as our invaginations, and conversely. If two bodies had evolved for so much present pleasure, then they must proliferate themselves likewise into the future. We are blessed that we share the act God saved for us. Let’s shower anew so soap, skin, warm water, and helping hands drive us wild for your nature, which I worship! You are an all-around beauty who tempts me to an early bed.

Surge, expert Dawn,

If only our job was staying cheek-to-cheek, maybe ten hours a day of rolling around, rocking forth, searching for kisses, splashing in our puddles, and pursuing each other’s gametes!  Just talking to you makes me want to keep us acting up.  You could probably do wonders for our two beings, like finding the entrancement of original love.  You are one of God's greatest creations directly from Herself.  Let us pursue continuity with each other.  I crave your curves and wish to explore your entire person.  I imagine our physiques coupling to the utmost entanglement.  We could surprise each other, starting on a date and ending up with my conduit cozily cohabiting your perspiring ambition.  Yesterday your conversation excited me.  Do you know what a treat it was for me to chat with you, gaze at your face and behold your sexual strength?  Do you believe our tongues are compatible – loving our languages, smooching, darting, cuddling skin, enjoining secretions and emotions?  We have been happy friends for 22 years.  I hope you take time to contemplate us here and now, meditate upon our approaching encounter, and especially anticipate our oneness owning abundant, spontaneous leaps jumping with joy!  Dawn, God celebrates you and your hard work with blissful rewards. Consider our heartbeats driving feral responses to exclaim out loud throughout the day, every day! Stay at my center, Dawn; you are my love. I took a blue pill this morning, hoping to run into you.  Looking back on your visit, I put myself out to you for a possible affair.  S. is certainly beautiful but over 35 years my junior.  I hope she, your maturing daughter, cheered herself here, despite the hard work.  You, however, are so devoted by your dynamic determination; I wish we could have lain together the whole afternoon.  You are a best friend. I felt so natural hugging you, wanting to stand in the steamy rain with you, whereupon warm water would wash us.  Your obvious milk glands, so attractive and lifted, have nipples and areolae mated to my mouth. Your vagina can’t quit favoring my fondling finger until Mr. P. shows up. You removed your lace bra and my jousting, jutting jockeys, only to offer my lively lingam to your yoni’s yelling and furrowed flesh. You, being superhuman, gave me a super massage from the tub to the towel to my mattress, lasting into the late hours, accompanied by entrancing mesmerisms.  My dreams of today concentrate on tempting images, risky contact, suggestive speech, private scents, and tongue-in-groove tastes.  I would like our flirtation to last as though we had made love over all our time.  You no doubt ponder upon your well-deserved exciting moments; do they include rocking and rolling between us?  I exist to give you the recognition you give me.  No doubt, your invitation could bate my breath to occupy your recess, with both of us romping, participating in great sport.  If you take a shower soon, look back to this eager companion and show how much you believe in him.  Letting down your soaked hair ultimately frames the elegance of your face: simply wonderful!  I appreciate indeed your gift of lunch; crowning the afternoon, sharing our spicy tongues, and filling our contented bellies. When you left after a very rewarding and productive rendezvous, I automatically yet quietly responded with "I love you!"  You heard and placed my palm on your heart. We gave each other several similar moments today. If only you could see what I see: the overall, godly attractiveness you possess beyond any other person in our cosmos.  As I seek you, I hold onto your body – your physical impression before me. In my home, visions of you remain, ready to reveal our lives, agree inseparably, and make our existence unanimous. – Leon

Sweat so sweet, Dawn,

Today you breathed like a proud woman who works her hardest for her loved ones. Your glow is truly bright, while your flesh shifts exactly enough to please this suitor. When we hug, you are no robot, but a living being, she created for liquid passion. I spied your clothes and those underneath – tasteful, but most entertaining without them. I then realized the eyes that held your fire were alert to mine. Indeed, my heartbeat exploded like a cannon from this subtle encounter. Your lips are eloquently kissable, made a match for my lingua and all other tender mouth parts it encounters. We are great just lying on my bed, talking more and more comfortably, two seduced by the drone of conversation. You obsessed over my pants’ poke during the day, but now you reach the goal to strip this undercover lover. Your hands expertly increase my proportions while I attend to your own growing needs. You relate about us with sensation, creating more lurid tales. Having removed our wear and settled on the couch, we flawlessly fused orality to the other’s pudenda. Eyes shut, and voices muted, we read each other’s excitement through their scent, tension, turgidity, taste, heartbeat, breath, warmth, wetness, reaction, secretions, pantomime – and eventually, the fantastic feedback of yoni to lingam, lingam to yoni. You slipped while I sealed my mouth below your muff. If you hadn’t stopped me early on, I’d have suffocated in your urogenital tract. Haha. Anyway, the suction we created gave my tongue more tingle to love. I hearkened back to your honest talk about our old times. Even today, your pants’ tightness signaled for me. I dreamt about your femininity and wondered whether your facial lips are in a way similar to those the Romans called labia. I know you are a skilled kisser, just as I can please your yonilinga. We relate many stories, each becoming more climactic. Tell truly about the autoerotic reward you achieve while expecting me. I invited you into my house partly to comb every square inch of your excited goosebumps. After I take off your gift (my Izod shirt), I enjoy each moment you knead me. Now in the bedroom, you and I pose front to front. This is the time we reminisce about how we have come together: a formal handshake, family stories, work side by side, your home visits, exotic appearance, and the extraordinary, fulfilling intuition we have. Next are the private moments: sweaty puffing, deep sighing, whispering kisses, fully embracing, eyes connecting, pupils pulsing, life-loving, gentle stuttering, trances meeting, and our experience of lives beginning here and beyond, unitedly. We had waited for years; starting with a formal ball which in adulthood advanced through Kama Sutra and Tantric sex – poised with every conceivable two-partner hookup. More than ever, our easy slide sensed all of our behavior throughout natural selection, indeed reaching our lives in all history. God secured us to hide in the shadows, showing burning hearts both viscous and glistening from the smallest cardiac cell to the largest. Our sex moved us with contrasting consummation. We blended arousal fluids, slid mutually, anticipated excitement, agreed in the flesh, and sought our tissues in the deepest, softest dermis. Our psyches acted together, alive inside. Our pursuit of relating and attaining promised us ideal nights among the lights in Heaven. Now I go to bathe with your sympathetic spirit, a nymph called a naiad. RSVP

Sweet Ride, Dawn,

Dawn and I boarded the train at Union Station. The conductor showed us to our private bedroom suite. Dawn looked up at me knowingly while bouncing on the berth. The train pulled forward, and we were finally on our vacation. Side to side, the train felt like a moving mosh pit. We waited until after our tickets were checked. Standing up, you insisted we try out the shower. So, this is what “friends with benefits” means! You tugged off my clothes with haste, having checked my crotch with a cunning bump of your bottom. You told me to close my eyes and get in the spray. Upon seeing you in all your unclothed beauty, my pillar stood evermore as a monument to you. I knelt, guzzling at your yoni as I had once French-kissed your mouth. In silence for two, I hoisted you up against the stall; you slid joyously onto me, seeming as light and bubbly as ocean froth. Our genitals were one, male and female alike, with our secretions coalescing them. I did not make any obvious movements; you and I (until that ride a virgin) just stood on my two legs and let the motion of the train shake our consummations to their surging finish. We had orgasmed spread eagle in your bald nest. We dried off each other, both still ready for action. As homes, farms, and businesses sped past, I lay over you, clasping our seat cushion and gasping interrupted only when I spritzed shots of semen into your welcoming depths. You casually gathered some with your fingers and licked it off. Not to be outdone, I tunneled my tongue into your lower cleavage and at this time tasted steak (you having experienced your period days before). Your clitoral cocktail weenieperked and peaked as we lost the track of time.

The train pulled into Orlando; our destination was the eastern beaches. In about an hour, our rental car brought us to where we had leased a comfortable, seaside bungalow. Dressed up, we went out to dinner. You considered vegetarianism, so I suggested fish. You, laughing, asked me if I had my fill the night before. We went walking on the sand with midnight warmth and water teasing our feet. Off with the formal clothes and on with our birthday suits! We waded out to a decent depth, then (you guessed it) initiated lovemaking. “Dawn” is a great name to repeat as I join ejaculations with her – just shout it a hundred times! Somehow, I had replenished the seed lost from yesterday evening’s ride. We, along with microscopic sea life, bounced up and down in our storm. The light shone from your bronze skin; your breasts reminded me of the greatest centerfolds. When you walked out of the waters, I gave one of many salutes to your peaking pudenda. Back outside the shack, you lay down seaward, as if directing the ocean to kiss and join your womanhood. I hosed off your sand, then directed the stream delicately toward your “mouser.” You proudly proved you were multi-orgasmic, in as many minutes. Together we gently slipped upon – not seaweed – but the pristine mucus that lubricates us and bears our egg-bound spermatozoa. You felt fertile to me: your blood-infused chest; your dilated, pulsing eyes; the spittle between your lips; the rise of your paps; your primordial scent, your insatiable sexuality, your inviting cuneiform, your bated breath, and choice of me as lover!

Talking to Dawn,

I need to write to you to let out my love for you. You engulf the thick, warm sap that flows from my nether parts into your smooth, yawning access. Our story charms: heroes tunneling like John Henry, speeding like Casey Jones, or steaming like Steely Dan. I seek to slip further into your adventure. Dawn, I tell you: my blood prickles throughout me, and I need you to keep up the sensation. I want so much for us just to talk, understand, and create joy within each other. It is very important to me that I express face-to-face with you, to have a calm yet lively conversation. Where can we achieve it?

Have you ever been in a cloud – maybe on a mountain – with tiny raindrops floating and dancing in the heat? The drops build up on your skin with your sweat and drip or slide down to soak your clothes. Lead me to your flesh, where a kiss on your lips tastes exquisite and we can inhale fleshy parts together. My issuance has the tint of silver-gray clouds; your crevice will absorb that desire of mine. Our sportswear is soggy – being out in the idyllic woods, we are not concerned about stripping here. You are a pristine Eve. Your whole body is lean and athletic, with shades of pale, tan, pink, blood-red, purple, and black alluring me. My undressing captures your interest in winded and pounding organs. Our bodies glisten as with the seas, and so we tighten, sliding like two ferrets playing. The more we mate, the more enraptured we become. I gently lay you down on a bed of buttercups. Lying on our sides, you capture my furry pet to serve your yoni. I realize profound blushing from my face to my tingling feet to my hardening groin. We change our pose so I gather the juice of your inner lips, first by extracting, then lapping up their wonderful savor and provocative flavor. The Sun appears, revealing a blue sky. You, goddess on Earth, lit atop my link, reciprocating along with erogenous itching – by scratching and satisfying time after time. I stroke your supple spine, indeed arousing me to clutch your bounding, bounteous, beauteous breasts. I recognized forms: your areolae and nipples like flowering water lilies; your lady bits as parts of a choice orchid; my phallus, a prize beet consumed. “Ahhh!” we cried together, gliding on glistening arousal fluid and sowing more. I knead your nipples to tumescence. Let this stallion mount the filly, Dawn. Your wild womb is spacious and inviting enough for me to stretch my manhood into an equine erection. What a masterpiece of breeding, I kid my lover while prodding her bed of adipose, scarlet pride! God gave us enough seed to make love for almost a lifetime and to pump hearts five billion beats. Dawn, both you and I have experienced extensive attraction to the opposite sex, at first as teenagers. How one might develop in those years, from playing with dolls to coitus! Some teens mature physically (but are usually wanting emotionally) to have well-endowed breasts, considerable gonads, and children of their own by age 18. However, tender, kind words, intelligence, and responsibility toward those needing care attracted me to admire you early on. When we meet, I greatly appreciate the wisdom and magnetism I find between our bodies, my beloved. Attain our attraction at each to attach.

Tango, Dawn,

Your hard work helps S.R., and also me at my home. Life is a dance, and you make me want to tango. Did you know the word “gymnast” comes from the ancient Greek word meaning “naked”? Gymnasts 2500 years ago competed while nude!

Imagine a modern gymnasium with a padded floor, and the 55-year-old world champion, Dawn. The arena had its lights dimmed since it was closed for the night. Only you and I are present. You go from one event to the next without fault. You kid around with me, inviting me to tumble. You show how you can put your head between your legs – and pleasure your protruding pudenda! That is a 10.0, fans. I recently wondered about the delicacy of having to shave one’s pubes from an early age – at least guys don’t experience such indignity. What they do realize is fitting what might be a sizable penis into their snug leotards or swimsuit. I am comfortable with my bulk, in a consenting adult like you. Your hug is so strong that I almost pop out of my pants! You surprise me by tugging off my tights with one pass. When you bared my bull lingam, I swept off your top like a matador with his cape. Now we had a guy shriveled like a scared turtle and a gal with a bosom that I could feel with my eyes. I clutched you, my thirsty lips sucking your three-ring circus (breast, areola, and nipple) while you resuscitated my reptile. Never had sexuality between a terrapin and a mammal been so leisurely! We stood in the spotlight, oblivious about who might arrive. Nudists, we lay face-to-face. Who would blink first? You naturally enfolded and protected my muscle; your very sheath surrounded my tumidity. Here we got serious. I cried a little, knowing we have been the best of friends for many years. (You stirred my passion by wiping off a tear, one of the essential bodily fluids. I imbibed another; your ready, rich milk, swallowing it with our firm embrace. Yet a third –sweat from exercise – improves loving human sexual response by treating depression.) You hung onto the uneven bars while I performed lips-to-labia revival. I knew you could suspend at least as long as I could maintain cunnilingus. You diverted any stress you felt into sexual tension released. I love your taste – clean, skinlike, mildly acidic, slightly metallic, tart, and a challenge to my salty semen. You swung off the high bar and landed in my arms. Dawn, the view from down here is superb! There are so many moves to make – but first, it’s Dawn’s turn. Do you recall the residual foreskin underneath my glans, just below the frenulum? Shake it briskly between your thumb and forefinger. Ahhh, there you have it. It will soothe your wounded womb; I offer you projection protection (remember the condom when needed) tonight. Sit upon my pudendum so that my emissions reach your depths at long last! Your vulva looks magnificent when unfurled, like our team banner fluttering. Build up (and up) my firmness so we can make heartfelt yoni love all night. Allow me to handle your tender tissue until you dance, project all your lady bits for our floor exercise on a spacious pad, and cheer for my multi-muscular moves. Your smile tells me we will “sleep” together tonight, waking early to celebrate some of our best orgasms in the showers. (Skin overall – of mouths, organs, gonads, areolae – even the newborn – can appear purple, though they are replete with red, oxygenated blood.) This coupon is good for 365 yoni massages!

Tasteful Dawn,

I just got off the phone with you and praised your callback. I’ll see you tomorrow for the religious service. We both believe in and worship God, and try to tolerate others who do so in a different way. Meditation is a great way to touch God and for Him to touch us. Most people on Earth would benefit from more time in worship, including me. Your life is an honest prayer. I thank God for sharing your beauty with me, so someday we will be even closer. Who knows what the future holds, but I hope to be holding you. I dream of caressing you, so you could rest after a hard day. Do people ever tell you that you are all-around lovely? I wish to explore your entirety. I can appreciate our hug as if we would never let go. Think of a man who loves very much, yet fate has interfered through molestation, mental illness, medication side effects, and street drugs, though for years since has had respectable ethics, a keen brain, a tough physique, healthy wants, and good looks. You would know this, as my heart would know you. Whatever beauty you show, I believe you reveal to me. Your image stays with me throughout the years. Tell me that destiny will see us together, secure in lasting love. God made you marvelous; make me marvel at you, Dawn! When I regard your strange places much as I would your face, I rejoice like a man, though I respond to sex as all life does: instinct, interest, and involvement included. Show me your wholeness, from core to skin; from cells to tissues to organs to body; from my manhood to your womanhood; from the sexual awakening of one generation to another. I cannot deny or resist your passion, interactive tactility, decency, humanity, positivity, sexual potential, and our likeness. We truly need to involve and envelop the knowledge of each other. Love, Leon.

Teacher Dawn,

The first time I heard about sex in India was when its government offered a transistor radio in exchange for sterilization. Such ignorance led my friend Dawn and me to reform knowledge about sex there. We were disgusted that women of the lowest caste were powerless in an eternal cycle of sex work. On the upper end of society, conservative government ministers practically outlawed the mention of “sex” in grade school, no doubt a sign of their shame. These officials glance away when it comes to legal prostitution or the thriving pornography industry. Like similar backward thinking in the U.S., the political right shuns condoms as promoting lustful thoughts, rather than preventing disease or unwanted pregnancy. Dawn and Leon enjoy fantasies of long ago, now deemed primitive. Over a thousand years before, Indians led an active and joyous love life. Any position or pleasure flourished (even encouraged) as long as it did not hurt the partner(s). Dawn and I attempt to start a revolution of the skin; after all, everybody shows it.

It was spring in India when we first arrived, shortly before the Monsoon season. We met torrid heat and a class full of graduating seniors. We were shocked at their lack of knowledge about safe sex. The class jolted when we first said the “s-word,” but soon seemed eager to broach the taboo subject. They looked at us as an example of what educated American couples were like. I started by saying that as we developed in the womb, we were much alike, boys and girls. By the time we reached puberty, we often feel attracted to the opposite sex. It is vital to respect each other and learn what love is. Eventually, most people will settle down to have a child. Remember your responsibility to care for your unique children out of India’s 1.4 billion people. This number shows how strong the desire for sex is. You must know about sex to protect yourself, your family, and your peers. The bell rang as curious students lined up, young men quizzing me, and young women, Dawn. Despite the reactionaries, prophylactics were widely available. Indeed, at the door lay a box of colorful condoms. Soon only a “handful” remained. We walked to our flat, where I gave you a full, sweaty kiss and you responded by emptying your pockets of the remaining sheaths. You saw my welcome through my clothes, ready enough to receive your touch. My lingam reassured you as I shed my shirt, pants, and underwear. You removed your outer and inner fashions. In bed, you took my manhood orally while my papillae tasted your yoni. My phallus proved a salty snack while expanding with your mouth’s inhalations. I feasted at your setting; my goal is to make you manic with gratification. Dawn, I remember your pudenda since we first met in the U.S. Even though I have now made it into your womb, I picture our first event. You pleasure yourself as I worship you with heightened awareness. For coitus, we donned a latex “love glove.” I was up – beyond enough – that a rubber befitted me snugly with wiggle room while I slipped into you and thrills climbed our spines. God made us together; responsible adults, enjoying the world. You and I are creatures showing that sex can be fun and lifelong. Hold on for the sticky Monsoon ride!

Tender Dawn,

…and you’re tough when you need to be. You must be a great slow dancer, too. May I lead? Do you ever feel like we are one self of one nature? Hold me close; let us rock and roll. Can you tell me when I embrace you, that this is Leon, that I know you by your sweet essence? How much longer can we tango? I hang on to you for dear life! Our montes pubis massage each other when we’re in the clinch. These wishes I imagine about us in the office, on any Saturday. (I understand there are certain zones off-limits: wet kissing, bikini areas, obscenity, and lingering touches in company.) Have you ever heard people on the other side of the partition? We will have to be quiet, communicating with sexy sign language. Someday let me hear the music you like; we can find each other in its rhythm. Although society establishes polite contact, isn’t it something that we can squeeze our physiques together in public, centimeters between intimate regions? Only we know what goes on under our clothes. Our reactions are the same, yet simultaneously different. Listen to some music at my house. Bring some CDs and we will lie back like pillows to each other. You have rearranged this room – please feel comfortable in it. My single bed is a tight fit and a bit squeaky. Help me to grease the works. Let our libido exchange all four limbs: command us. May our skin oils have us slide with all our hair. Your style of courting is entrancing, enough for me to know you instinctively and suggest by example. I easily surrender my shirt as you wriggle from yours. My uplifting hands immediately banish your bra and follow your DD giants jogging with melanized circles in their primitive dance. My sucking cheeks went wild upon each one and its oversized, pigmented convexity; my tongue ran all around those mouthfuls time after time. These mammary glands are so beautiful! They expanded at least one size while we made love this night. God understands the attraction of areolae to me. I pulled on your nipples while you happily stroked yourself, thigh rubbing thigh in concert. I freed you by removing first your pants, then your thong. I sensed the heat rising from your crotch; you were quite sultry when you showed your steamy grin to my nuzzle. I will remember your tropical fruits forever! Dawn, let our jaws join juices, banqueting on each other’s oral cavities while tasting their familiar sweetness. We curled together, hands searching the other’s genitalia, attended by gradually labored yet rewarded breathing. My form covered you one-on-one, while my glistening glans grazed your glands – so close, so complementary, and so appealing. We slow-danced to a debutant’s deep development. We paced ourselves directly by heartbeats, slowly at first, then quickening. Next, I feasted upon your frontal flesh from your face to the frenulum. You are kind, asking me to burrow my sniffer into your fertility-scented lower mucosa, before your Bartholins burst. I loved your yonilinga – how it urged you and how my phallus reared in emulation of that shining, great girl pearl. The entirety of creation was under its trance, for those who acknowledge the power of women. Your vulva, reflecting sex, bated my heart. I rode you, my sexy angel, softly grinding our eventful, liquid contacts. Your eyes closed and your breath gasped with every impulse of my lust. My erection exchanges eagerly exploding erogenous ejaculate via your vulvar vestibule’s visceral Venusian volitions.

There, Dawn,

Show me where it feels best. My moist mouth drew yours, pulling to tweak the resilient tips of your breasts. Dawn, once nourishment did seep from the ducts of those nipples. I could practically taste the fresh milk flowing calmly from your generous nurture, rooted at a circular, shady complexion. You had said no lower than there, so I moved back to your smirk and your laugh where I glided my tongue toward your tasty throat. We found more delight in our shared lingua, having practiced their play with our long-time partners. Now we churn as if our cheeks were butter. We held fast to each other’s heads, wildly insisting and “sucking face.” Let me imbibe from your lips as I would for all our days. We had just enough room in the back of my car to carry out our scenario. While we were quiet and the evening warm, we met on many fronts. Like a teenager, I insisted on giving you a hickey, for which you let out a long purr. Regarding mammary glands, I rejoiced that God gave you double handfuls of each of those generous, toned, and very soothing, fatty pacifiers. It was at this point we silently agreed to take it all off and go all the way before this night was over. The stereo played another repetition of classic rock. We tenderly bowed into a 69. With our rapidly recurrent orality, our pudenda grew, challenging our prior experiences. You reassured between mutters “I lust you, Leon!” and I, exhaling, “You are ever so Wunderbar, Dawn!” Your savor today is like honey, ginger, pineapple, and salt, making our orogenital link tingle, and both of us aggress more. I could smell your familiar scent and now felt your masterful papillae playing the underside of my lingam. You knew how to lap under it, hum on it like a fleshy jazz band, and tease dangling testicles by tugging a tightening scrotum gently yet deliberately. My epididymides hinted that I could come all over your face at any minute. Here yoni's appeal silences words, besting in seduction and endurance. I, a stud steed, pushed into a new field as you, a prize filly in heat, escorted her racehorse. My member stood as tall as you were deep – no doubt the blue pill and its tinted vision. Love is fun, especially since my extended hardness celebrated my lap bouncing off of your gluteal muscles. Dawn, keep squeezing; we’re teammates in this human race! I held my breath but snorted – then your vagina gripped my staff of life, having trapped my sanguinity in erectile tissue to promise my wellspring. We had enough headroom to permit intense riding. I awaited our goal, driving deeper than our imagination ever had. With both of us stripped, we shifted like itchy bears rubbing in our backseat lap dance mode. “Dawn, dear,” I groaned half-seriously during our suspense, “please enjoin me in our ejaculations.” I heartened my best for you, bumping as tightly as two correlates could and melting in between. Our faces agreed when my urethra touched your cervix and I spouted this round’s bounty onwards down my flame’s flume. I could visualize my rubicund ripple romping against your lively violet, splashes of semen challenging active arousal fluid, and both sides winning. If we weren’t so mature, we would have made many babies already. Later we nestled into a single, comfortable form, where you and I fulfilled again handily, our shaved pubes giving and receiving. You welcomed my entrance, where the promise by blood-imbued tissues skimmed up your potent plaything. We introduced a vibrator between our phalli and coursed into sleep, the gadget buzzing into the night. One body is good, two bodies are better and our two bodies as one is best.

The True You

Some folk’s truth is dodging lies

Another’s Truth is God

Still, more search for lying eyes

Frankly, truth turns flawed.

Truthiness holds feeling right

And our topic, bundled facts

Honestly said, truth is the light

Or the inverse of lies and false acts.

Verily Venus, your love surely calms

Like euphony never once could

Your proof is the sweetest of the fine balms

Witnessed here – pure, selfless good.

Thinking of Dawn,

I think of you as a mature woman of 29, with a fresh bouquet. Can you tell me why I love you? I draw you to me in my mind and seek the next time our faces, bodies, and spirits will meet. I have written some private things to you; they are memories I would have of you. I picture your hair with raven tresses, your expressive face, your ample teardrop breasts, your accomplished tummy (had I ever seen your legs?), and light coffee tan throughout. I am now 58 and you 55. I wonder: if you and I went on a date, would we dine on some authentic Indian food? I remember the ethnic dishes you provided me in the past. What would make me most happy is to have a long and interesting conversation with you, wherever. There we would smile, talk, trade glances, and fill up our hearts with stories we never knew about each other. I would be so forward as to place my hand on your shoulder. You then let out a trill, fluttering your eyes with satisfaction as I massaged your neck. I know you are married, and I try my best to respect that. I wish three simple things: for you to know how good I can feel about you, for you to share this feeling with me, and for you to expand this feeling. I am greatly pleased that you think of me while reading this. I hope you would enjoy yourself at this time. Dawn, your life has been difficult occasionally, but you have received blessings and multiplied them greatly. I believe your husband loves most of all his child and wife, often remembering and depending on you both. S. will find someone who sees in her that which your old man sees in you. This is no wonder to me, for I see the beauty in you all. Dawn, the years I was without girlfriends have built up the desire I now have for you. How many suitors did you have before you gave in to love? This is how I consider myself: if I can converse with a woman without sex interfering first, then I am more likely to start a friendly relationship with her. This was more or less true of you, C., L., and X. Now there is a bright, wedded woman in my life. Do not feel obliged to respond to my emails, although your response is what I want. I will see you on Wednesday at S.R., and then on Friday so you can clean here. Many men purify themselves once or more times each week; women are most attractive, so their images occupy those dreams of men. Your spouse is favored to have a mate as true as you are. The legends are full of lovely goddesses who resemble you. I must tell you that you are most valuable; you are one of God’s own greatest creations. She made you in Her image. You pull me in with your goodness and make my bed likewise. Your life intersects with mine – we will make love here and now, and keep savoring our freshness. In agreement, Dawn’s and Leon’s innermost cores blush provocatively.

These waking dreams, Dawn,

You and I called it an early night, the clocks having been set back days before. You gave me a youthful and lasting love bite – what would they think at work tomorrow? In a minute, you cat-walked back into our room wearing a super surprise: a sheer négligée! Your dark features showed through, particularly your rooting eyespots and your mons’ midnight hair. You are so good; working hard all day, then hard all night – on and off – for me. You had wanted to intimate about your birthday; I regret my silence. I would have gladly called you, but I was so excited writing about you that I would have been embarrassed to interrupt your family ceremony. Now you and I had some celebrating to do ourselves. I searched over your nighty, and then underneath. I pictured your comely whole – a classic visage, your feathery panties, athletic frame, and unbeknownst to you, those wonderful vaulted areolae that silhouetted with tasty chocolate. Much of your relaxed (though muscled) flesh acted as though untamed, with a life of its own. Yes, your breasts are smooth, mocha, and supple. How I wished to shift your dermis – priding, riding, writhing, and rising! Your face enhances mine in a two-way glance. Every time we arrive, yours are the last eyes I meet. My ejaculate creeps past your crimson, fertile cervix, but also spills down your female frenulum. Slide off your négligée while I idolize your anatomy. Where first do I put my hands? Start at the top, of course! You swept me sympathetically with your hair – soft and warm and, uh … wait! (I do not want to pre-empt our lust later this night.) There is so much tactile pleasure that has developed across the ages. Whenever I touch you, from combing your hair to neck suctioning to caressing your breasts to direct sexual recreating, I experience a profound spiritual, psychological, evolutionary, and physical urge. Of course, you are lovely. Your face, which at night signaled “take me” (while your interior lube bedewed readily), graciously cared for loved ones – related and residential – during the day. Dawn, when work is done and the sun sets, I invite you to my home as you invite me to couple the whole night nonstop. You would no doubt outlast me, so I made it my duty to recognize all of your purple zones. When we sleep together, soon we nudge each other awake. (Hands evolved to manipulate tools – your hands and my tool!) I rub your conscious self from your backside to your breasts to your silky muff, and ever happily, plumb the vaginal rugae in you, my bedfellow Rati. Let us return to our other sexual escapades. You beseech me to pet you all over, little by little, so at last you quiver between your strong, accommodating thighs. (If the brain is the greatest sex organ, you must be a genius!) I always get stiff when thinking about your private instincts emerging. Your squeaky-clean, fourfold labia swallowed my florid tower persistently. I was so enlightened, that I asked you to squat upon me. You looked very happy, as if you were riding a pony. Your bouncing brought me ever closer to you, closer and closer … oh God! I love Dawn so much; I love Dawn now, during the day, at night, inside and outside! She fits me as if we existed to climax eternally! I will share my flesh and its outcome with hers. God’s love knows Dawn too. Your juices nourish my sexual mucosa from the urethral meatus on down; I return them like all of my discharges ever. The last time I coupled with you, we first met with our eyes – they could not lie. Do you ever sense tightness in your panties when we see each other alone? You make such a great mate. I value women of your wisdom, endurance, and integrity. May you and your truly dedicated husband enjoy many good years together, considering your one most rewarding outcome – your daughter (and her continuing successes). I need your experienced opinion to obtain a part-time position at what I might be best: a companion to an elderly person. Once I get over my initial hurdles, I hope to catch up, stand up, open up, and keep up with you!

Three’s a charm, Dawn,

But two’s company! The other places where I would rather be: greeting you at my front door or meeting you alone in the office. You discern much more about men than I know about women. I do believe that a woman’s world is more one of feelings, with which I have been taught to express and interact. However, a wise woman like you can read me almost instantly, knowing my intentions. I love writing to you because I hope you will return my affection and maintain our relationship. Women are becoming more and more powerful – which, I say, is about time! The gentler sex is quite capable of expressing herself. You have found the best combination: a good husband’s practical and spiritual relationship and a quality daughter with great potential. I would not assume otherwise. I just ask you to communicate with me, to express your heart to me. I may have been too forward in previous emails, but please tell me if you like what I write to you, or should I slow down? I wish I could improve your situation on the job, but God Himself is working on it with us. I have been waiting the usual week to unloose (or is that all my life?). Help me with a story, joke, or observation, all “Gold mine for Dawn.” Mirror a selfie to me. Say a prayer for me too. Here and now, you have your faith. I need your love. I have written, literally, over 145,000 words of love letters to you. I have a great imagination, driven in part by my libido. I sit here creating stories drawn from our days together. Your needs and true concerns come first, but we two arrive soon after. May I have this dance? Will we ever complete each other? ~Leon

Tight, Dawn,

I want to be right for you, Dawn. You are so much better than I am. I will do my best tomorrow at S.R. I was so inept on our phone call tonight. I desired but failed to talk my finest with you. I love you very much (see all these pages!), as you love me. Sometimes I just don’t know what to say. You knew what to do, to pray. I used to talk to God when I was closer to Him: when I had quit drugs; when I had symptoms of mental illness; when I was alone, and when my parents were suffering (I praise Dawn’s help!). Since then, I lost my gainful job and took medicines that gave me kidney disease – then transient dementia – leaving me with bipolar depression. I still thank and believe in God overall, as well as people like you and X. You three, with a few resources, have helped others and given me honest relief. If I am to care for anyone, it is to us mortals during our lifetimes, with His help. I am glad to contribute to your security. I feel great when we squeeze, like a very deep massage. I share your flesh, muscle, bones, breath, brain, endorphins, water, circulation, and blood in such a clinch. I remember us being close in peak moments. We feel no shame from the great scratching I gave you, just hope that it will return on my next time there. Just a tiny globule of your saliva remains in my mind and the corner of my mouth. Your tresses are fiery, fragrant, lengthy, and rippled. Your cheeks are soft like the day you were born. When I see your image, it looks familiar, hardworking, and motherly. Your smile lights up your entire face. What little make-up you wear reflects a joyous outlook. You have proved yourself skilled, devoted, and intelligent. You deserve many rewards for your kindness to my Mom, the other residents, and S.R. in general. Dawn merits goodwill and a cheer near to herself (i.e., from Leon). I am blessed to know a special few like you who reach out “Above and Beyond the Call of Duty” to others. I talk to you and God with my voice; they had gained lately since I have been delusional. Do you think this obsessive (“manic”) writing could be due to my latest mental illness? More than almost anything, I want us always to be on good terms, inspired by you. I seek for you to tease me, flirt with me, master me, need me, counsel me, and share our peaks with personal contact. Please celebrate my elation for you by flashing your florid, voluptuous bosoms and rolling their wide eyes at me. You know where and when we have enough privacy to do so. Don’t feel obliged – you are quite worthy – you’d just be more revealing! Think of all the words (over 137,000) I have written to you over the last two years. Did you receive your Neutrogena yet? I liked working with M. You were at least that serene (and responsible) at her age. She emigrated from a foreign country worked an uncertain job, spoke an exotic tongue, adopted a strange culture, and learned whom to trust. Does she sound familiar? Good immigrants work much harder than the majority of locals, who are spoiled (e.g., Trump). In the U.S., one must avoid the money trap. Use money efficiently; that is, wisely, with value. Money can buy many things, including a bunch of trouble. I respect your needs, and I am glad to balance them with your efforts. If we ever find ourselves lounging together, let us do so with God’s blessing.

Time, Dawn,

It’s our time, let’s make time. Now and then, I tempt us, and sometimes I get a great reward. The last occasion I made love to you was in the shower, doing my best to think of your wet hair on those steady shoulders. Your pliable breasts, keystone pubes, and revealing mons shone down on your umber skin and joyful face. Effortless; how else do I describe the feeling you know all too well? Lungs expanding, I closed my eyes, my lingam and heart beat in unison within my lover’s very private embrace. I am thankful that you allow me this pleasure so I can raise to you my gratitude. You mount me Indian style as I inseminate your yoni anew. I harden to you and potently spritz my elixir far within your godly, soft tissue. All this I can sense blindly – how I picture you bathing with me, where we cleanse our cover of skin with warm suds. Tonight, our major bonus is not physical, but dreamlike. We float through the aether – free, and much at peace. Would we understand each other better if we stayed united? I pray for us to exchange exhilaration, the relief that all lovers can avail. Our liquefaction spreads inside and about our genitals, as I imagine you while rinsing us. “Om!” you chant, “Om!” Our sex organs had developed considerably, yet you happily fit mine (again turgid) on your tongue. How upbeat our movements pull and stretch and reach, your taste buds still milking my lust for you. Dawn, when I studied your face today, you were exceedingly beautiful. At least I can show my appreciation for you standing before me – by sitting on the edge of my tub and savoring your curly-haired vitals with my palate. Some say such sex tastes like fish, but your taste is like a lick of mild, though a bit metallic, yogurt. Everywhere I sample your body is a delicacy to me. May I indulge the tops of your protruding mamillae? It is controversial to some whether women can achieve climax just by massaging their nipples (we guys can certainly relate to self-stimulation, though). Everything about your breasts shouts attraction. I saw yours bounce at S.R., busting from your bra like Juggernauts, and once, your bottom springing (I accepted what you could not control). I know you work so hard all day, and you deserve respect – which makes you more gorgeous all over. Hugging you, chatting with you, and writing about you are satisfactory compensation. I have tried to define our boundaries so we regard ourselves appropriately. These emails, which you might fantasize about, express my passion for you. The peace I experience in my shower waits for you too. God made us to enjoy each other; you labor so hard with great care for your family, while I fight serious mental illnesses, cheer our work with the elders, and appreciate your housework. Your sweat is pheromonal; I adore it. To think I sleep with an Indian lady; that we dream all night together! Inhale my fruity esters, dear Dawn. Humans do not have the sense for the heat of musk, so science says. Your aroma does not so much seduce, but says to me privately “Hold me boldly,” “Pet her sweater”, “Bore my core,” or “Well sung to my tongue”. Intercourse with you always outdoes itself; while we mingle, your body amazes me. 55? Try 25. Gently I lay you down on a folded towel to secure our bed from a levee breach. You relate this to your ”best time,” allowing me to emulate a flood of multifold male contractions. As loyal porpoises swim smoothly back and forth, my cetacean lingam dives effortlessly into you – opening, conforming, and mating my dearest. Invite my warmth nightly. Your figure entrances us two, Dawn. I call you “Heavenly Angel.”

Toasting Dawn

Sun-starved skies are like a storm,

The season’s darkness mutes their rays;

We hug each other, keeping warm,

And kiss as one for many days.

Good Dawnlight, you whom God did knit

From southern Asia’s finest silk

I love you more than golden writ

Or even Paradise’s milk.

How can I stir your mind at night

To best recall our touch at morn?

Our summer wishes seem just right

While winter’s couplings two adorn.

If you remember, as you rise,

This lasting page I pen for you,

Not a blink between our eyes

But love expressed we know is true.

Outstanding Dawn: I pray that others regard you with peace and joy. Your work, home, friends, and community excel because of you. Leon cheers you, wishing to accompany you soon. Breathe.

Together, Dawn,

Wouldn’t it be easy to call each other and meet at my house, to talk and relax and watch TV? We could snuggle, depending on the weather, and hold each other tight. You may wish to share tales there and find out more about what we have in common. We could discuss our concerns or pleasant ideas. Our fondling starts warm and soft, reaching your chesty cleft – mammillae’s challenge to indoor mountaineers. Intense kissing led simply to dualistic oral sex. As your gentle face reaches my glutted genitals, I fantasize about what is to be. I will be glad to apply my lingual yoni massage to the point of your orgasm. May I see your body in all of its elegance, spread out on our bed? You know how desirable your carnal secret is to this man, as a rare bird flies united with his mate. The Viagra I took an hour ago lifts both of our primal desires. My first gift to you upon waking was a sloppy slurp, searching our tender mouths and moving down to augment your aforementioned mammae – so very supple and beautiful that I had to delay there. Next, to your honeypot, with mystic lips pursuing my face. Your exotic taste is like fresh-poached salmon with a drop of lemon; whose secretions I swallowed. When I parted your labia, a considerable clitoris stood up, which my lingua surely bathed in your vaginal mucus. Dawn! As we move together, I offer my heart to your shrine. Please be gentle as you take me with your tongue since I want our encore to play far within your tract of liquefaction. When you stand up, facing me on my knees, your form’s dark aura truly amazes me. Rediscovering you, I see the places I had visited, each with its own curiosity. I welcome you back to our bed, and after I stroke your face and hair, we roll into untamed positions of elation. My enhancement glides gladly over your vestibule and falls into its reward. We linked and lunged without concern for the time, and as your ovulation had been, my sex reflex was balanced at the crown, dovetailing you as my heightening lingam beheld true temptation. All along, I was having the extended opportunity of my life, when we arrived at our moment of truth. My bulbous base had pounced upon your cushy, ready wedge. All my pumping pulses resounded in concert; surely the dreamiest, steamiest, gleamin’ semen we would ever launch from our haunches. More vacuum, Dawn, more! You churned my whipping cream but held fast to the plunger. Blush met blush, from face to chest to genitalia, all witnessed in our lover’s eyes. We were like inventors of vibrators, full-length ceiling mirrors, or the development of photographic pornography in the late 1800s – even like the creation of Viagra a century later (and soon, I hope, an effective pill for a woman’s enhancement). Sexual devices deserve further exploration. My member glistened, and as if chuckling upon exit, had happily graced you inside and out. Our singular, shared flesh – yes, our entire identities – were inseparable. At sunrise, we stretched our backs like well-pleased tigers. Love to Dawn, from Leon!

Touch Dawn,

I just imagined you. Do you feel similarly? When I touch my testes (which are fairly large), they are pliant and somewhat untethered. They are also rather delicate. When I get out of my car, I sometimes sit on one. They are so darn potent, providing 100,000,000 sperm every day: 12 times the population of New York City! I would rather make love to you here than roll with someone saucy from “The Big Apple.” New Yorkers might never sleep, but we have more desirable dreams than they do. Carefully pinching my scrotum (sack) suggests your outer labia (but the latter had not caught two supple sex organs descending!). Testicles keep a temperature about three degrees lower than a man’s viscera. That is why, if I soaked my balls in warm water for a while, they distend to cool (and invite your careful caresses!). Males have to watch out not to get hit in this region because such is known for incapacitating pain. You may have tried to roll them in your mouth or hand, although their sensuality does not quite rival that of the upright lingam. You may remember the perineum, mine beneath my scrotum, or yours, beneath your labia and above the anus (as the TV commercial states.) When this wilderness is thoroughly clean, one’s stroking there might prove particularly stimulating. (Recall, female organs evolved many sexual structures similar to those of a male.) When a man produces sperm (and in turn, much semen) he is often very eager to ejaculate his pent-up fluid (over two teaspoons, “10cc,” as the musical group’s title infers). The more his penis is excited, the closer he comes to satisfaction. Some men describe the wait for coitus as painful. This is no excuse for rape; our bodies live for love, and whenever we have the opportunity, Dawn, our love is what I would like us to share. I had mentioned before that my testicles are homologous to your ovaries. May I explore your yoni and vulva in my nearby bed, as you may my male gonads? You tempt me to exchange our mouths to root completely your pigmented, wide-eyed, disks. There I gulp to excite your erotic breasts and then nip your labia one more time. I will pleasure you orally for however long you might enjoy. Your pubes look so delectable, waiting for a mating. We will give each other an upsurge from our flesh that we find in a 69. Of course, you are quite skilled at delighting a man, certainly this one. Rarely had I lain with a woman so beautiful, moving ever so gracefully toward copulation. (I thank God for His bringing you around the world for these moments. We are not perfect, just perfect for each other.) The blue pill I took holds firm; we move nearer to fulfilling ourselves, nearer to our eventual heights. My hands and toes clench while my lumbar vertebrae thrust forward, projecting heated headings of cellular plasm enthusiastically and rhythmically. Within you, both of us sense the amazement of our act, relating throughout our bodies evermore. We and our deeds never get old. Thanks to sildenafil, I was able to recoup my erection, and thanks to her, Dawn showed me what more love she had inside, and how I might further her lust. Her gaze pleaded, locked eyes, and spurred us on. I went back down to her tepid hothouse, tasting all of her treats imbued with my flow and her enduring interior. I was reassured when I closed my eyes, still able to see her manifestation. Her contours were of Goya’s Maja; her eroticism was raw. She radiates warmth and feeling but knows when to tease naively yet project sophistication. Even with clothes, she moves as if without. More passion, more potion, more portion, more potency, she entreats. Hours of our possession fill my bedroom. I know it is Dawn when hard-earned happiness permeates all around us. Many religions tell of a beautiful garden in the afterlife, where I hope to care for and make lasting love to her.

Tough love, Dawn,

I loved bragging about our history to the residents today because my heartfelt compliments were all true. I was filled with the Spirit; much of it yours and that of the church ladies. When I looked into your eyes later, I saw “tough love.” Toughness is how you make it through the day with little sleep but are so kind that you read my letters. Toughness is supporting your family often by yourself but letting me help. Toughness is tolerating some ignorant and lazy “coworkers.” Toughness is living your sense of ethics. You may be the ablest person I know. I am not exaggerating. Otherwise, your sweater today was aphrodisiacal. You are beautiful to me for every moment I can be closer to you. You are the missing piece to my puzzle; we fit one another. That is another quality about you. You accept me without compromising yourself, which keeps me honest. My attraction shows I would sleep with you. Your dedication to your family is so great you would never risk them or your job. Your job description includes Director, Administrator, charge nurse, recreational manager, maintenance worker, custodian…you get it, a Renaissance woman. Sometimes when the mood is right, read my letters, relax, take a bubble bath, and shine your South Sea pearl!

Dawn, I think of us hiking, lost in a blizzard. The only way to survive is to dig a cave in the snow, join our sleeping bags, and undress to share bodily warmth. How ironic; we have to live, yet our civilization tells us to act with modesty. After a few minutes, some body parts are not frigid, but completely and comfortably rigid! We wrap tightly around each other in the most protective position – missionary. It did not take a physicist to figure out this is also the result of two healthy bodies so intimate, drawn to delight through necessity. I started slowly – with your consent. My only reaction to your legs perched back was to push myself inside you and gradually give up my store of fluids, dousing your mild vitals. We seemed like so many Indian couples depicted openly on temples of old – feeling the nights of our hidden skin and massaging flesh-on-flesh. (We agreed in the coming days that such pleasure was an ultimate life experience for us.) I wanted to be with you always, facing together, reaching our cores, and sharing our hearts. The storm stopped, but you and I created more liquid sunshine!

Dawn, you are so tough that your sense of duty overwhelms most personal concerns. See whether there is a remedy to your situation. It is your twenty-two years of care, your very work ethic, and your fear for family and the residents that S.R. uses against your raise. Those years drive me to help you, even for a few hours per week. Thank God you came into my life – who knows where we will go from here? How would we live without you, we who love you, and pray for your health? Anger is proper when others abandon their responsibilities. Sex is a fruition for the good from the “real” world to Paradise. We are in love, and fiery as a fever down below.

Traveling Dawn,

Did you know that I have journeyed many thousands of miles? I have been to Canada, Mexico, Honduras, England, Spain (from where I saw Africa), Austria, Germany (from where I saw Italy), Lichtenstein, Switzerland, France, Luxemburg, the Netherlands, Monaco, and, of course, the United States. Recent air sickness has kept me from traveling with you. When my family and I went to Cozumel, Mexico, I experienced my only motion sickness while flying (I was eight then), until recently. The runway there was dirt, and the terminal, a thatched hut. Nearing our house, I saw a white cross next to the road. I was told that a drunk driver had killed a bicycling boy of my age there. We stayed just down the beach from El Presidente’s vacation home. My father “knew some people.” (I discovered in his later years that my father was the most respectable member of our family.) We enjoyed servants cooking “papas fritas” (fried potatoes), huevos rancheros, and gazpacho (a cold vegetable soup). My brother and I snorkeled in the azure water and walked on the white beach. My father took pictures of a wonderful woman in a bikini. (Lately, I found the photographs!) The city of Cozumel smelled of tortillas – I can still savor them. Walls around houses were set with broken glass. On the mainland, in the state of Yucatan, we visited the ancient city of Chichen-Itza. I climbed a sacrificial temple where victims, with their hearts cut out, were rolled down the steep stairs. Nearby was a large limestone sinkhole, used by the Mayans as a sacrificial well, into which gored bodies were tossed. We took a “second class” bus to Merida. As I looked for my seat, I noticed women protectively nursing their babies for the ride. I heard squealing below; next, I saw a half-dozen pigs herded into the luggage hold! When we arrived in Mexico City, a boy my age asked if I would like my shoes shined for a peso (8 cents then). My father prepared to take a picture of us. The shoeshine boy said that would be another peso. What a capitalist! I think of him to this day: “There but by the grace of God go I.” Later we visited the Penitenciario where the inmates sold “homemade” items like double hammocks. We bought two. Called Matramonios, skilled convicts wove them for use by married couples. I cannot stand swinging in them for more than an hour. My family – Dad, Mom, my brother, and I – next saw the world’s then-largest mural, of the university UNAM Biblioteca (Library) Central, a great example of modern art. The peak social event of our stay was to visit the U.S. Deputy Chief of Mission. You may have guessed: formal clothes, teatime, and kids out of sight. Remember my face, Dawn; I am with you now. Leon loves you. I will see you soon to help you. I hope you enjoyed my (factual) story!

Trix, Dawn,

A friend felt that I could use a little pick-me-up, so she introduced me to a dominatrix, Dawn. After an initial consultation, Dawn suggested to me that we roleplay personality types. Initially, I (a voyeur), was to watch you from outside of my bedroom window as you combed out your hair, adjusted your breasts, and finally, removed every article of clothing – comparable to a mistress caught unawares. You saw me outdoors and teased me, lying on my bed, showing yourself full frontal with a crimson crotch, and gratifying until your vulva breathed like a marathoner. When next you let me in (that is, into the house), you were still naked and all too willing to punish the exposed “Peeping Tom.” Upon stripping, I asked you to repeat your “open thighs” role. You seized me with your legs and refused to let go until our lively lingam-yoni coupling gave forth my fluid humor innermost to your flared flesh. We ended up bounding from each other (off of her kissers, breasts, stomach, montes pubis, thighs, and labia), thus purposed for maximum access. My lustrous jets soaked your hot viscera until you shivered from excitement – semen readily spilled from your lady parts. Dawn, when you are nude, you show godly perfection! Your various shades of black-brown, tan-tawny, purple-pubic, and pink-passage had enticed me, then drawn me in. I am glad you are a well-kept secret – stay with me for an extended night! I wake in the morning hard from a dream all about you. Better the real you than narcissism. Trumpeting politicians show ego quid pro quo (tit-for-tat), demanding “Hold my election!”. You sarcastically pretend to fawn as I preen myself in the mirror. (Look in it closely, though – we are worth each other’s respect.) My submission now reveals our skin’s fine hairs and goose flesh intermingled. Every sperm within my testicles cried out to be let go. Our genitals hovered in suspense; highly anticipatory, yet barely separated – we maintained this martyrdom for many minutes. Our blood boiled and our limbs quivered until, furthermore, my erection parted your part. We rolled in our roles and into sloppy-sounding applause, with its given exudate visible from without. I found my ride to be a bucking bronco. No doubt, you had studied some of the facially psychosexual spots of brain sensation: eyes, tongue, lips, and nose (not to mention hands and fingertips) topping the touchiest body areas. You tease, but with the ultimate aim of our ecstasy. I gasped with your every touch, trying to control the inevitable. Because I now loved you, I was more than happy to accept the rapport of your pudenda alit upon my mouth. Its lingua wavered rapidly there – until you shook with overwhelming revelation and a cry of “Veni, vidi, vici!” You won the natural pride rushing from my lingam. We petted side-by-side in the afterglow of daylight. Dawn, in life you seem more submissive outwardly but dominant within, while I am avoidant both ways. Making like a Marine sergeant, you barked, “Leon, I can’t see myself in your boots’ shine! Do you call this bed made? Bounce a quarter from it!” In time and peace, your inner voice has come to mean great devotion and success. I await your urgent, idyllic breath to rise from your lips into splendidly staring, wiggling, double-D fatties. You have the hot blood that can dominate when needed. Leon sublimates his concerns to support and respect you. You know much about many things – like the sheets and blankets in my room, which you so diligently folded and readied. I gaze upon your rare form, a goal so attractive. Does God envision us fleshing as one body? Our hug last week was like an MRI. I still can sense your fluids, brain, glands, organs, muscles, flesh, and other soft-to-tense tissues. I envisage your daily ablutions, readying yourself by anointing your pure contours that bear the be-all of all being. God blesses Dawn, all she cares for, and her proven devotion to His Spirit.

Trustworthy Dawn,

I respect your judgment. I certainly do not blame you if you are irritated with me. I will try to avoid giving any advice on your business. I will honor and love to share Saturday and Wednesday afternoons with you. Call any day except Sunday, any time before 7 pm.

The Miss India competition approached the talent phase. One entrant, Dawn, surprised everyone. She chose a member of the audience, Leon, who with the thousands present, had all been asked to write a sentence on a card. She asked him to concentrate on an image of his card. His eyes widened as he fixated on her voluptuous shape. Dawn hesitated, guessing “This hot night in India?” Leon said, “Er – wow, you’re right; I had chosen the sweltering weather this evening!” The emcee projected to the attendees Leon’s answer on the card. The audience broke into applause when tonight’s judges agreed. Next was to award the winner. Remember, men perspire, and ladies glow. You had shone above them all, emanating more light than any other contestant. “The winning Miss India is…Dawn!” Not only did you get the crown, but also you showed all who saw you that you are a winner. If you want a victor on your team, choose Dawn. If you want the job done right, ask Dawn. I want a rare beauty for all time – I favor Dawn! Oddly, she waded past the throng, crown in hand, and beckoned I come. “You speak English well,” I said. “And am I a psychic too, Leon?” she chuckled; “How did you like my swimsuit phase? It is my birthday,” she suggested, “Thus, today is our national Holiday. We should go for a swim,” she winked. After you met your social obligations (which seemed endless), we caught a cab whose driver gossiped, “You two should get married.” You explained one requirement of the contest: that you remain single (as I must for my health insurance). We left the cabbie with a generous tip once we found the hotel. The swimming pool, reserved for Miss India, was on the roof. I blushed and admitted, “I have no bathing suit.” “To honor my birthday and our anniversary, we will both wear birthday suits” you gleamed. Aside from a soft patch of fur for privacy, you lay bare your aroused and arising, daring, God-given flesh. “Ladies first,” I invited. “Either as two we jump many times in the pool, or likewise as one,” Dawn titillated. Anticipating mating, we sang to each other: “I will always love you!” While treading water, we boasted, yet bested, our intimate history. You capably fit your yoni like a smooth love glove around my erotically charged muscles. What a godsend you are! I grasped your waist as our forms met recurrently together, your femininity onto my masculinity. Moving toward the shallow end, we kicked as exuberantly as otters. Water slows coitus to an exquisite ride, like floating in amniotic fluid. I had waited all my life for you, but only the past month to retain my semen. Today, we expel copiously in our privacy while I stand and hold you, whose adiposity floats familiarly within our great cloud of milt. As in American football, hers was both a tight end and a wide receiver. Our fluids stirred like the primordial soup during the origin of life, a great time to become a creature. You are the hope of the world, Miss India, a beautiful best buddy, my fantasy, and reality!

200, Dawn,

You lay on the couch beside me, one hand concealed under my waistband. Now, this is what I call living! With fine health, I wish both of us (and my pets?) to surpass 100 years. As we lay, our lips moved together with contented smacking. I could see your reverent eyes closed and praying for us. One great gift from God was for each other, to live every day unitedly. “Making out” does not nearly describe the joyous communication we experience when exchanging the zest of our warm breath mingling mouthwards with mucosal saliva. Life had been linked for billions of years to prepare for and achieve our purpose today. I sensed that our orality would move to the parts below. We learned to suck on each other’s tongues as if they had told us how. You asked me where in the house we might feel most comfortable. “Follow the sun beam” I invited. Either you’re ticklish or you thought it funny to drop my pants just then. I reached up your back to undo your bra. When uncovered, your beautiful breasts, purposefully made to attract my heart, shook my totality. I didn’t know whether to stare back to seriously follow the bouncing balls. To progress to the recumbent position, I asked that we return to Eden. Dawn, recall that all we do completes the ancient reflex: one of devotion, play, and love; a perfect fit. That which we write, which we fantasize about, which we share – for which we live – climaxes in a blessed union. Anything awesome I now experience best happens with you. I want to honor you, His angel. We will soon achieve the favorite poses you invite upon our bed. I tenderly take your hand and lead you atop our mattress. You are the nature of Paradise, innocent yet aware, one of pure Heaven. Your wishing yoni will call for my lingam after my tongue speaks to your yonilinga, a talkative friend outsized for glossal intercourse. I will hum an ancient song upon this jewel. I accept my pleasuring you to be my duty, delight, and our continuing deal. You are fair, pristine, honorable – a witness to our truth. You sup upon my gushing, fluent, creative wellspring where you fit its spits in a thousand ways. Since I can’t count so far, take me into your welcome – beyond infinity! I learned from you that there is our outcome (thanks to God), in which we can share the cosmic act. Skin-to-skin, muscle-to-muscle, fat-to-fat, delight-to-delight, I need not tell you what you already grasp. Respect your husband most, but please remember me into the years. I prize you mentioning my door key with a grateful laugh. The many stories which I tell of us I hope you enjoy reading for all time. I will never tire of you, Dawn; just turn over! Keep this passion and position for me. Fickle parts of you relax, tighten, relax and tighten, relieving our entire anatomy with a shifting shutter. Your buttery diet reveals us and revels in us, vigorously gripping, loosening, and wiggling our secrets. These words, when realized, relive many of our experiences from saliva to sweat to semen to blood to vaginal transudate to total takeover by us living massagers.

Type, Dawn,

You are my type. Typing to me is one of the greatest feelings you can give me. I see you reading my email, holding tight. The day and its work have faded away, and now you have some alone time to check your inbox. Emotionally, you hope Leon has written to you; what will he send you this time? Does your privacy allow you to stay in touch with him, to read his mind, to wonder what he is doing? Maybe you haven’t had a chance to do your evening chores; please finish them and then read this. Meditate to let your tension flow out. Do you ever consider why God gave us courtship? I hope you have prospered by knowing me as I have from you. While I type, I view your summer clothes and your smiling complexion. (The heat here doesn’t compare to that of India. The only way to keep cool there is by sweaty hugging! Haha. Bodies are about at 98.6 F, versus humid Indian air, sometimes more than 115 F!) Only half of the air conditioning at S.R. is working. All S.R. residents need are elevators and A/C. What do you think about the rumor of Bingo usually at 3 pm on Saturdays? Yea! I will be glad to meet K. at 2 pm this Saturday. Have you had any leads for jobs outside of S.R.? A. was great, and orthopedics is above average, but the rest of S.R. rates poorly versus most other nursing facilities. We know there is still some quality here, or we wouldn’t have stayed for 22 years. I trust your concerns along with mine. Our decades have paid off with friendliness and compassion. All I have given you is yours; I trust you will invest it well. I see that typing on your smartphone is difficult. I just sit at my desk and tap out on a keyboard while remembering you. Writing to each other is greatly romantic; we do communicate love!

Some hot summer night you summon me to share my air conditioning. I nervously wait for you to arrive; then I spot your headlights. It must be a humid 100 degrees out there. You disembark from your car – in your pajamas! I carefully wrap my arm around you; you’re so wet with sweat I shiver when we squeeze the steam out of us. We are two of the world’s billions who sent an email this night and are blessed to connect tangibly with each other. Inside, I surprised you by lifting your top and asking for your salt licks. Dawn, I sample your armpits to cool you off and taste your sweat from our kiss, my tongue having spread to groom your underarm. Cherish my lingual skills with each of your breasts bulging and sporting a plentiful choochee on top. I further satisfy myself by drawing upon those paps. Your nipples stood up far enough for you yourself to lap them. The house’s chill gave them an inviting resiliency. Dawn, when I meet you like this (with me tugging down your pajama bottoms), I have a great yen to perform oral sex on your growing garden. As my lips smacked, sipped, and guzzled on your yonilinga (your “vagina-penis”), you curled back on the couch, inviting “More love in me, more love!” Your hirsute groin showed more light toffee than even your chest had. We soon introduced Mr. Lingam to Ms. Yoni; what a strange, protruding, intruding, raw feeling with them playing together! Insatiable, they glided organically upon each other, slipping all afternoon until Dawn’s organ music sent Leon into a joyful outburst of paroxysms – as they did Dawn herself – then Leon and Dawn unitedly – until they rested for the moment, entwined.

U2, Dawn,

I feel like a man, a man without you, though. How would you approach me if you wanted to know me better? The ways you always do; pick me out from the crowd, accomplish our formalities, then anticipate bold, bodily contact. I love talking to you, Dawn, and translating the language of each so the other may understand. At least I can peck your soft cheek, and even your hair or neck. Instead of touching like statues when we hug, we are communicating friendship, fleshly, front-to-front, in a very dear, intimate, and almost inseparable pose. Our bold custom allows this: every outward female part of you pressing closely my corresponding male parts.

When 1950s youth attended a dance, like when a boys’ high school visited a girls’ high school, the chaperones would make certain that portions of a boy did not touch those of his girl partner – sometimes using a horizontal ruler as a partition. Plenty of years later, the high school boys might make out with the girls (and vice versa) if his hands were restricted to her shoulders and above. The latter 1960s had established a completely new ethic. Recently, The Post included a front-page **exposé** mentioning my junior high school; how two guys would invite several girls into the woods (where I used to smoke pot) for oral sex. I mention this because of how ignorant I had been of my peers’ sexual behavior until I was 38 years of age, when L. led me to bed. You did the right thing by marrying; especially, to a respectable and loving man. I pray for you two and your daughter to thrive in the competitive climate of Washington. Solace is only part of why I seek to be linked with you. Even when standing, clutching, kissing cheek and hair, hands “proper,” and lightly clothed, my chest knows your real, rounded breasts. Your embrace resounds throughout my body. Is it strange that I can picture your face, imagine sucking your luscious lips with mine, exploring together mouths with our most skilled lingua, and thirstily chasing our saliva? Combing and brushing sensitize our hair roots, inhalations thirstily nurse necks, ribs lead me to your nourishing glands, fingertips tweak your meaty pacifiers, lips seal areolae with kisses, mons rebound from our constant knocking, and all senses gathered guide us to coitus. We lead to my dark and your inner, darker thighs and smell the musky, aroused aroma from the others’ pubes. I slip my fingers toward your strange vulva, pucker all of your tasty pudenda, and rock the rhythm emerging from your womanly clitoris as well. It’s no wonder that we inflate my willing lingam by viewing the mucosa with my one-eyed penile meatus and that of your vulvar features. I dive with my quick, soft yet plunging glans to send ripples of delight throughout your viscera and your inner wholeness. We both alight in Nirvana, our ejaculate cycling through my male parts and brimming from your yoni like a flash flood, lasting like a longing for liberty. Dawn and Leon awaken, linked for life and beyond. Any pain we feel is not so much from exertion, but a yearning to complete each other again. Dawn is an Indian beauty who surpasses almost all other women in faith, passion, kindness, dedication, truth, friendship, motherhood, and hard work. Some gifts to her from me are my world, my loyalty, my knowledge, and my love; we connect intellectually, physically, emotionally, socially, humanely, and spiritually, ad infinitum. God blesses Dawn; I pray that She protects Dawn and her family through Her divinity.

Unbelievable Dawn,

I loved our hug today. Indeed, I could still be hugging you now. It’s funny how we fit together, how your brain, bareness, breath, blood, and bones match mine. We often wonder the same: will we entertain intercourse tonight? Will I wait for you or deliver myself, reminiscing upon our rendezvous? Sometimes those memories work out with very pleasant pumping accompanying our veiled vitality and deepest desires. I still recall the time I held the shower upon myself, boosting my nerves, wondering about your beautiful handiwork – further and further until something within me heatedly burst. You were there with me as I lifted you in the shower, whereof my 10,000 climaxes, this one drove our heart and our passion most. I melt and waver from the exertion of holding you up in a vertical, mutual wrap. Even after a dozen climactic breaths, I am still culminating, feeling your muscle’s grip. We succulently kiss each other, pleased yet ready for another go, your flickering eyes and soft moans in agreement. After a minute, I see you reenter the bathroom, exhibiting your cutout attire (with nurturing nipples and a welcoming womb) which tempts me sorely. Licking your lascivious lingerie and perusing your plentiful, plump privates took turns toying with my tumid tower. We watched them quickly smooth a wrinkly scrotum and prepuce to timeless tautness! Like the convoluted cerebrum, the feminine flourish is a masterwork of God and evolution, and here she is, an elegant eyeful! I never knew we could undergo so much partnership together, Dawn. Look closely into your lover’s eyes; you can see the nature of all your relations; emotional, romantic, loving, cerebral, echoing, potential, familial, mystical, practical, universal, dark, and more – try it! After my lingam – up and abundant – reached your innermost, I realized that we were one and the same: from honor to our attraction, our excitement, our humanity, our swell, our flow, ourselves, and our existence. I tasted you with the very tongue that drives you crazy. I showed you my thanks by lapping you for a nonstop, hours-long “meaty” vegetarian repast. I scan your body for your comely countenance and curves, mucosal muscles, and tempting tissues. You bless me to caress your recess while knowing of us in bliss, a whole entertaining performance revealing and deep-seated. My entire body undulates at the possibility of our union, that you would gladly and ecstatically accept my blood and likewise ejaculate, then settle with me (until we enthusiastically perform again). Yes, you are very pretty outside and I wish to sense your center, but it is your heart, mind, empathy, life, love, dance, and your concern – your total psyche, spirit, and the meaning of love shared – which turn me on most. You have read that the eyes are the windows to the soul. We have the chance to link brains, our greatest sex organs, guiding us past the skies. The female and the male selves we match will tell us how to seek joy, serve each other, and know when we are falling in love. At any time, we can write, call, or meet. See the Bingo players – how many of them yearn for another? You and I play our own game, one that starts with trust and then adds 22 years of cooperation, while others come and go. Will I ever romance you? Dawn, do you think we both expect similarly for our eventual affair? Let us speak quietly and kindly, face-to-face. We touch, blush unashamedly, follow our natural complexions with our eyes, and explore that greatest living bareness and overall sensor, the phenomenon named skin, ours so in touch. All we need to start with is your lovely, enthusiastic dermis reciprocating rapidly upon mine. Even our dreams of climax pale to all of our continuing life experiences combined, contemplated, completed, and continued.

Understood, Dawn,

I request you have fun tomorrow, Thursday, as you have on special days previously when off of work. See yourself getting a massage. Roll your eyes easily, growl aloud, stretch your muscles, feel relief, and inhale freely. You have the prayer, breath, blood, brawn, and vision to relax. You have been waiting for over twenty years, so go for it! Dawn; am I just a privileged white boy who sees love in you? Am I chasing windmills in seeking to relate to you? I do love you, Dawn, and wish we could date. Ours is one of the most durable relationships I have ever had. Did you know that most of those graduating from college in the U.S. are women? I pray our next vice president is both. She will close the gap between men’s and women’s pay. You are great at your job; if only your employers would acknowledge it financially. Try finding out the salaries for people who have been working at S.R. for over twenty years, at equivalent jobs, with promotions and benefits, and if they also have to perform another person’s job. You are more in charge than most managers at S.R. I see your face, one of a kind, smiling yet concerned, youthful yet reserved – and not to forget – of gorgeous tan, a Punjabi beauty, offset with wavy, long, black hair. You realize your beauty worldwide. You succeeded despite even more discrimination overseas against women than in the U.S. All you are asking for is fair wages requisite to your work history and present abilities. Do you have any concerns about house repairs? Look ahead. If you wish, get multiple estimates from me. Your husband knows who can change your auto oil, where to get maintenance, and when. Dawn, are you able to send me your picture so that I can keep close? You have touched my house magnificently. I see that you have worked to clean with great care. I highly regard your presence here. S. learns well from you, in many ways beyond those of cleaning; now she is a professional software engineer! What you need is reviewed in my descriptions here of the outstanding you. Do you think your schedule will open up enough to neaten my home again? I accept to retain you. Words are funny things; there are only so many in the English language. I have memories of repeating the same words in writing to you because you are described by all the best terms (here, 157,000+) of romance in our history and throughout the world. You often think, feel, and act toward me without words but with your affection. Dawn, we are here. Let us do our best to meet each other at S.R. this Saturday. I ask you to call me before Bingo. You are a miracle; if only elders’ families could see your faithful work throughout the year! I am a witness to a significant but important portion of your job. You should receive a large trophy (a 24k gold bar, say) at the “volunteer” dinner, for donations you give to the poor, and about the selfless, expert, tireless, and overtime work you do! Understand, Dawn; I want you in my dreams every night. When I was in school, jeans were popular; I can still see the way they rode female hips. Your “pinkish-purple, pinched portal” must be stunning! Better yet, I would fully embrace you and enjoin its comfort. I ask God that I never betray your marriage, but that I can enjoy a full friendship with you, however, wherever and whenever acceptable. By now you know I will go almost anywhere with you! Stay healthy; I believe you will thrive for a long time. You understand our closeness and true joy. May your life be rewarding, lasting, and always godly with your sleek sheen and smooth silkiness too. Love2U, Leon.

Underwater Dawn,

Floating in amniotic fluid relates to the act of a “marine creature.” Dawn and I float similarly in a big pool, touching each other, with all adult functions. Think of us living submerged; getting all of our nutrients, cushioning, water, and oxygen there. We adapt to the aqua as sealife does. We hug, share cells, relate, and in many ways, are an individual. We can care for one another. We could be traveling in outer space or deep seas. Our brain function is indeed greater than that of two normal humans, and we survive as well as a most sturdy tardigrade (“water bear”). However, our ability to engage in sexual intercourse is unequaled. Dawn and I personally lubricate for endurance so we can make love (yes, love) for years at a time. We not only reciprocate copious quantities of my semen and sperm, your mucus and ova – but our gametes exist almost eternally. We are essentially immortal. Pleasure is unlimited, in quantity and quality. Dawn and I, coupled erotically, feel a significant release and ideal enjoyment between our sex organs. In such situations, my heart thrills – as does hers – and both of us experience active peace. Here I try to know her as she knows me; more than just an experiment, but as continuously climaxing beings. I take hold of her as she does me, thereby reaching union. Dawn, even if we were not perfect, we would still adore each other. If we happened to float and bump together, exchanging neither seed nor egg, it would still be most wonderful. Even if we were just a lingam, pelaka, a yonilinga, or a yoni, we would rejoice. Most of all, among all the words, I would ask us to dance now as one. We lay at the dawn of life, like a primitive amniotic sac. There we are now – in vital viscosity; for determining sex; from gametes propelling; between correlative couplings; within which life lasts. I rebound with you – I glimpse your skin swimming, I hear your votive voice, I inhale your bubbling breath, and I taste your liquid state. We propel juice onto our lover’s most reactive area of skin, besting the greatest frenzy of any being. Transport our waters to the seas of exoplanets, to the farthest trace of fluid. We, adults, match intercourse completely, the ultimate gratification next to God. I so much appreciate rediscovering our sensational quasi-cetacean pudenda, as you bring my liquid life to interflow every passion ever bursting, our loving rewards praying to delight. Truly, our copious consummations are the most ecstatic events of our lives. Holding you tightly, pressing your body, and squeezing into your anatomy enrapture us to appreciate the aim of life. Back scratching is sensuous, but better with a hug. Hugs are better in private. Whispering to one’s confidant is like licking their ear. Sharing gourmet food anticipates our nourishment and comfort. Glimpsing flesh is essentially touching it. Sensing your world is as good as realizing it. Dawn herself is a rousing beauty; her, I kiss enchantedly. She gives me the best, real privilege of tasting lively performances upon undersea mountaintops. I love you, Dawn, and always will. You are such a great lady. I want to make love to you in so many different ways. I will help you to the deserved freedoms men have and receive, yet even more. I know God views you well, and wills the best to good people like you who trust in Her. She is serious about your marriage and only dissolves such a bond with divorce or death, but you are essentially happy. Take the opportunity to talk with your mate about your sanctified matrimony.

Unique Dawn,

You and I spend some quality time thinking about each other, some of which we have never conveyed. When your name appears on my “call waiting,” I hope we have time for a conversation like our last one. Not only did we have a great turn-on chat, but also you offered to cleanse my inner sanctum, my bedroom. Your email for my birthday was wonderful and heartfelt. I can’t help but see you near me. The Hitachi “Magic Wand” plays a great part when I picture you. I plug it in, turn it on, then think of you engulfing my inflow, your thighs riding my pudendal arteries while I stand. It is a very effective tool [but a water shock hazard!] at times besting actual coitus! (Better yet, order the Lelo Sona for women.) Unplugged, I will take you to the indoor downpour of my meditation. I wonder whether you have the solo time to burgeon with me. You know all of your sweet spots that you first explored as a teenager. Now you adjust your hand mirror to admire those genitals that God gave you and make men melt. You adjust your pectorals, musing about the rare hand that has touched those pendulous orbs. In your early 50s, you noted menopause. God favors you as most honorable; He has given you natural birth control. Men can father children into their 80s, but genetic disorders become more common over time. If I am “well hung,” it is due to my swaying testes, which seem to function very well. I believe in your cinnamon tan while guessing your areolae to be a shade of tasty milk chocolate. I call your physique “toned” (like mine was when I was in shape). Remembering you and other fine females, noting every proportion, I get pleasure and passion when I am “alone.” I prefer to wait for you, on the off-chance you would be willing. Do men annoy you with come-ons? You play by the rules: in the sacred, marriage, dignity, looks, dress, speech, body, ethics, behavior, society, and duty – that is, a great role model for S. Let us join in the common interests of our friendship. I think about your beauty to inspire my daydreams and fantasies overall. I want to understand you from all perspectives. You realize that the libido to mate must link to love, living, kindness, support, and long-term reward. Waiting to merge upon meeting last Wednesday, we willingly pressed together. I cannot say enough that such bold hugging is somewhat like us copulating. It has prepared me for the eventuality if we were to pair off. Steam my shower, heat my hot tub, rush my rain, and towel my toy, you best of womankind! My mate, picture us joined in the flesh – timeless – just as we are standing here.

United, Dawn,

I decided to try out naturism, so I joined the society and later entered the changing room. It was near the end of the day, but I wanted to “see the sights.” What I did not know was that the grounds were closing, so after a long shower and some laxity, I found the exit from the grounds secured. Darn! Would I have to dress again? I attempted to reach the front desk where I had stored my clothes, but that door stuck tight too. I banged on it, to no avail. There arose concern from a shower stall. “Who’s there?” a woman’s voice asked. “I think we’re locked in,” I responded. “Don’t you know this is the women’s undressing room?” she wavered. This may be a nudist colony, but bathroom habits separate. “I can’t spend the night without urinating, here it goes,” I expressed. I looked up to see her staring at my muscle; as I was bashful, I spilled urine all over the toilet. “You have a perfect penis,” she said shyly, “Not that I have a lot of experience.” “I’ve got to pee too,” she blurted, straddling the porcelain. It was then she chose to introduce herself, “I’m Dawn, and you?” “I’m Leon,” I related. “Let’s make the best of spending tonight together.” I sat down on a wooden bench and sighed. You sat next to me and put your arm around my shoulder. I felt your skin’s wet warmth and now noticed the form of a spirited, young woman. I encouraged you to dance with me in our natural state; our movements were like a prelude to sex. Rule #1: There must be no sex in a nudist colony. It was then that I appreciated I was more a man with carnal desires than a nudist. For instance, Dawn was about my height, and her mouth fit neatly with mine. A harmony of tongues, lips, salivary glands, soft velum, and cheek mucosae came into play with oral behavior. Looking into Dawn’s eyes was like sharing a secret; if I looked with care, I understood her private affairs. Her hair was raven; a secretive, jet-black curtain. These protective tresses (similar in color to her pubic hair) fell across her chestnut shoulders. Her plentiful nipples rubbed mine vestigial. (Did I perk hers directly, or did she buff her thighs together to accentuate her abundance?) The bench afforded us a playground. While I tasted Dawn’s upper body, she kept saying “Ooooh!” and “Thank you!” I accompanied this with a manual massage of her fat, muscles, sensitive spots, and most of all, her occasional expression of pure joy. There were only secondary erogenous zones up here, so I will tell the tale of the yoni and the lingam. We were naked, confined, isolated, weirded – even ashamed – but having the time of our lives! You knelt on the toweled seat, projecting pudenda as I stood behind (and surely my projection stood from eyeing your behind!). While you twerked rearward and I accompanied, we could feel the other’s flesh requiting and bedewing our own. We will always remember your welcome wound and my soothing, spouting salve – so primal, tempting, soaking, and warm – while vigorously back and forth and around we rocked. Dawn’s canal yawned. When I got far in, her yoni skillfully attended to my lingam, her inner arousal jerking me moreover. My hips were pumping like I was donating to a sperm whale bank! In our dream, I extended completely within you while you opened up still further, shaking like a fig leaf. God knows how long our intimacy lasted before I felt the undeniable upwelling of insemination from my teeming semen up my shaft, and into depths defying even a gynecologist. You existed within there, made from the best of polished, coral-colored organs, insistently and spankingly bounding from my lap. Our rear rhythm kept pace while your mellow vaginal sphincter squeezed out this couple’s continuous contribution, baiting both beloveds. Dawn, for your peak I could use my hand, my tongue – or our shower! A bed of towels cushioned your backside and my knees. I peeked down to our receiver, your vulva, and where water splashed about it like liquid lust. Your wondrous introitus reinforced our fantasy by recalling the gore of menses, accentuating yet diluting the water’s flow. My hemorrhage of semen gladly mixed with your period. You lay in the spray with its rousing stream guided at your lengthy yonilinga, my fingers fluttering, fruitfully fanning the fevered flow. Amazingly, my erection still stood and stayed as your privates shook, in the “ball-me,” steamy stream. Dawn, my babe below beheld brawn, fit to your fat, a sight of skin, slime, seed, and salt. Your body worked muscles ruled by feminine instinct, and your breasts still flourished since first blush. We pressed tight, shifting our smooches to express pubes alike two inhaling faces. Our juncture celebrated a glaring gasket between sexes that ruled rowdy, risque reproduction itself. We rested as our best ooze washed down the drain and the water’s echo lulled both of us to sleep.

Universal Dawn,

Rest your tired feet, Dawn! If you would prefer I knead your bodily tissues, climb atop my trusty mattress. Whether or not you would like to talk is up to you. I only want you to be comfortable. I start with a scalp massage, much as if I were washing your hair. Its silky strands protect you from the Indian sun like a parasol. You lie on your stomach. I stroke your ears softly like they overhear a butterfly. I flex their cartilage as if nipping at them. Meanwhile, you sighed, hummed, and moaned. I could see a smile grow on your face. Your deep breathing showed me your relaxation. On your neck, under your skull, is an indentation where my thumbs readily fit. I will manipulate it to satisfy you, but not so much as to put you to sleep. “Om!” was all you said. Removing your clothes made me want to bare myself with you. Nevertheless, I gave you a deep massage on your back, arms, hands, digits, glutes, thighs, feet, calves, delts, and pecs. I articulated your joints to provide you with more relief. I love you, Dawn; you are so beautiful! Let me scratch your back, one of many bonding experiences Indian women give to an intimate (as they taught me). When you rolled over for more touch, all conventions were off. I thanked God for our mutual joy. Your body exuded pungent aphrodisia. Unconsciously, my kisser met your labia – my face met your maxima and minima, that is. You cried, “Keep us up!” You had ordered the all-day massage. We performed like coed wrestlers grappling with the frame of the other, but we were the only beholders. (You said it would be all right if we didn’t go all the way, though we were already actively at it.) Your pubes tastefully spread, kissing this guy’s works as we squirmed and shook in bed. The male orgasm is physical and intense for most – yet women can transcend its power with endearing endurance and emotional enthusiasm. I face your mammoth cave with its most slippery stalactite as I examine and polish it, never-ending. I press my opening act, witnessing us there while you unfolded. I worship every flex your womanhood sends me. I can’t keep from lapping you again; here you must be comfortably tight – my lingua gently stretches the extent of your abdominal skin. We reposition so we might pleasure each other in oral unison. Big Red Riding Hood has unhooded! Dawn, you scent like viscous flesh, like the promising deep, like a fine meal, like lively seafood, like a musk deer, and like a woman’s tantalizing sex. I observe “ladies first.” You sit on the bed’s edge and swathe your legs around my head. My breath and tongue flutter into you, wavering your sensitivity. I energize myself with yoni empathy to give your birth canal even more sensation. You know I will stimulate you all day. I feel your nervous reflex prompt with every heartbeat. After linking to a whole-body, timeless orgasm, your robust vagina was still impassioned to slip upon my smooth, sanguine, spilling snake, so purging primordial protoplasm playfully. I love our contact, transfixed at the bed, hinting at honey, horniness, hardiness, and health! Dawn & Leon

Up, Dawn,

…is where you take me, the way I feel about you, and how we spend tonight. You and S. just left for the dentist. Did you remember to brush your purple tongue? Say the longest hug we’ve had is a half-minute. Can you imagine us bonding all night unclothed? Or me delivering my snug, easing, but bare boosting below to anoint all of your vital viscera? Your housedress was pretty, but you are surely prettier underneath. You are as fresh as you are enraptured. Anyway, your jeans are just the right size: tight all around, but easy to slide off. I always get reassurance from a touch of your breast. When we are alone, I will give you a bonus prize. (Can you drive without S. along as a chaperone?) Just think of us “shaking a tower” together. We would wash each other, covering completely all regions of our skin. Then, by chance, you reach a place on my circumcised foreskin that I call the male clitoris (just beneath the frenulum), giving me immediate pleasure. My penis gladly elongates. Searching, we trade sweet spots, a sensation connected everywhere within. We two stepped out of the tub, bound jointly like wrapped with soapy vines, ready for the next effort. I am strong enough to carry you over the bathroom threshold. Giving me superhuman strength was our mutual magic, with which we would now mate. Without you taking a step, I place you at the bedside. We let my fully laden scrotum bounce against your perineum like pendula counting our tender moments. My length challenged your growing sheath as I poled my organ amidst yours (which indulgence no doubt increased your ever-present arousal fluid). We tried every which way to commingle our flesh; this brings us back to our story. Our action had crinkled the bed sheets and linen, wet and needing a washing. You had been reluctant to let go of me while my virility had glided into your fertility. Our tropical zones contested with a carnal kiss. We two had a network of corresponding sensory neurons where they counted most. Arrays of nerves fanned out, leading reflexive signals to our spinal cords and back, along with some very happy voluntary impulses to the brain. There you were, Dawn, in my hug (when we embrace in the office, your chino’s fly is less than an inch from mine), shameless and nearing our pudenda. One caressed the other in welcome heat. Your clitoral hood and my trim male prepuce rode on the swell of their partner, so much so that you gasped at my phallus and applied it vigorously upon your pinky of excess. At the time, we chose this mode of lovemaking over the regular yoni rubdown. I got so hard that my blood vessels were nearly bursting out of my taut, see-through sausage! Your vulva was a work of fine art, grooved and as daring as God made it. Its lemonlikeness realized greater union as I compressed and your introitus encompassed. I watch you, Dawn; your overriding joy embodies our greatest sexual exploits. After my mouth led my taste buds once more to conquer your grasping “lickety-split,” you yanked my corona handily and expertly to witness this man’s overwhelming blood surge. Your empathy caused my penile conduit to straighten, outdoing its past growth with every volley, making me more man with each tug between your insistent thumb and forefinger. I let out a growl and great stores of semen flew up and glommed onto my bedroom wall; no doubt, al dente! As you chortled, you garnered this liquidy dough boldly and bodily to prime your canal. On any day, under your dress is the ultimate beauty that I will ever worship. Take us together, however I please you. Dawn, reach out and capture me as you will, for our love lives seek peaking.

Urge gent, Dawn,

I proved to myself that I need you. With most self-stimuli that I try, I come up lacking. I require your enveloping kisses and calm voice. I just considered placing our palms against each other, like two mimes shouting for relief, having found one of the most sensitive and functional places on their bodies. Not everybody can wait for a scratch on the back or a kneading neck massage, though. If we were partners, we would merely phone each other to see what’s up and drive on over. You and I are wishful people, but not naïve. Our love and your beauty are true to us. If only you could steady my shaking grip, you might help me attain wellness from the charity of your heart. I would be more than glad to give you a hand. Does our friendship stretch more than high school BFFs (with some benefits included?), or would you like to chance a lover who has had no coitus in the past two years? There is so much on the news about sexual abuse at work. Trust me, as I have trusted you for 23 years. You are my volunteer proofreader. What I give you remains a gift. X.’s sister will finally be leaving for her husband this weekend. E. would be much happier without dementia and him. You are relatively perfect. I’d like to have a picture of you, but you probably think it would compromise you. The best I can do is to get nearest you when we are together, or practice visualizations when we plan for a slurpy kiss at home. Remember, you are welcome here anytime; just call upon me with your luscious smooches. The eyes of one take in those of the other. Next, our succulent osculations explore our mouths; soon, you squeeze so strongly it makes me stand tall. This is where you stroke my fly to jog my neural network. You strip in turn while we knead knowingly. The human sensation is mostly frontal, while massage includes the posterior more. We spend the next hour competing to evoke the greatest moans from each other. Your back is well-muscled, as are your neck, arms, stomach, butt, legs, and birth canal. Such brawn squirms, and your breath snorts with delight as I gladly cause your pubes to tense. Your heart patters when I rub your temples, and throbs when I near your genitals. My manly pill serves to make my strangeness rise steadily for another inch or two. I acquiesce to accept your manipulation, crossed between a professional masseuse and a lover. My penile parts trap blood in their tissues, outdoing a lustful limit and wagging a happy tail. You took the initiative and clambered over me, your destination readily agreeing with mine. Slowly you grazed your protruding lady phallus by lowering your labia, then hovered over it with a juicy appeal. Deliberately you dropped, clutched my erection inside you, and just as quickly drew your muscle up – much like riding a carousel. My instinct was to follow your lead to maximum bliss. You looked so jolly when bouncing your derriere from my lap! Let us affirm our orgasms, tingling throughout our bodily fluids! Our insight focused on streamlined mucosa with tunneling interior vaginal ribs and a harmonious sphincter – then we blacked out, although still in love. Aroused, we wake wearing a warm array of semen and mucus, my lotion and your tan. I love the unusually potent, responsive, and alternating suction of the vacuum primed between us, leaving us with blood-red, flaccid pudenda. We will recall this ritual for all our lives, my bronze beach babe. Our lubricated linkage lunges amid some awesome, sloppy gap slapping!

Us, Dawn,

Enjoy my home, which you have thought so much about. My heart races when you open my door. You compliment my yard despite its needing cultivation. Would you like to work on some basic landscaping with me? Later, my windows will need cleaning. As we step into my backyard, we pull close together and wantonly make out. I like the taste of the homemade veggie dish you had for lunch! Out of my neighbor’s view, I loosen your belt and slip a hand down your slacks to your tangle. Now our pulse pounds between my fingers and your yoni. We two can barely stand, as our exciting handiwork causes us to sway, sliding wildly. Once, I saw your shoulder bared, but today we will combine the response of tingling skin with all our clothes shed. Pressed up against you, I feel your cardiac response throbbing ever faster, emboldened first by my restless squeezes, and next by my soft mouth honoring fleshy familiars. As if you swallowed my body, you took me unawares, finding ourselves in bed – your eyes closed, your palpitating pectorals blossoming, and your dusky, burgundy inner thighs exposing our sensual tract, ever so touchable. You know I love to share with you the extensive thrills you give me. Dawn, I dream of you, knees flexing, breasts animated, and you rebounding from my groin ever faster, as I will yours. Before we peak, I lift you and carry you through the back doorway. I could see your restless face brighten on the way to our mattress. Ours was such a strange feeling; removing attire revealed our peaceful humanity but also our rowdy sex act. My eyes quickly centered on you, still steamy and revving up your Volvo. At the moment, inset between her cheeks, her man’s prize compelled to rise beyond hers. We will shudder from the peak that controls our entire selves. He will never know giving birth, or the ecstasy of the female orgasm – yet he can do his best to encourage the latter! My shaver saw us depilated. My index finger signed to me your intensity by your grip, your zeal by your pull. Soon we would overflow from these coming attractions. I was speaking two tongues: my promises to you, and fun cunnilingus. I centered on freeing your innervated yonilinga, which had connections throughout the female (and male) bodies. You, a nymph bounding like a goddess, enjoyed our acts in the grotto. This was my time for a ride. I found myself far enough in to enjoy the blood warmth feeding your passage and attempted to ply your pudenda to take in an endless course of belly jelly. Then, like a hungry whale, your vagina ingested my pinniped, swallowing and motivating its hydrodynamic shape. Feeling your grind compelled me to plunge and slip steadily inward, eventually proffering nearly twenty pulses of my joyful upsurges. I felt so peaceful covering you as our figures dovetailed in our personal, heavenly workout. I looked deeply into your wide, serious eyes and will reminisce about that moment always. Our purple love lifts me further – but with it a momentary desire to hold back – until goaded by your female archetypes to prove my lust. We had a lot of natural jelly left to fill and thrill your sushi roll. Both of us had moved to avoid the wet spot, but my semen and your mucus kept pouring onto the sheets. Recall my organ wrapped (and rapt) at the edge of the bed, so roused that the sheen of us both knew our frolicking, rollicking, fertile depths. We play to stay. I wish to know you, Dawn, beautiful the world over and over all the worlds beyond.

Valued Dawn,

Some people claim to have hundreds of friends on the Internet. You know, in reality, one might have several true friends and diverse close relatives. In my last three jobs, I have made a dozen casual friends (especially you). One was my housemate, L., and later, my girlfriend, X. I met L., X., and other folks at a support group on mental health, which was vital for me. I think one must begin work by trusting their management. S.R. might not be such a place.

Dawn showed well in ball sports while growing up. In high school and college, she revealed expertise in volleyball: serve, pass, set, attack, and kill. You were on a state volleyball team and trying out for the Olympics. Tonight’s sport had a crowd of over a thousand in attendance. You were the first to serve. The fans watched you, as they did all during the game. Every time you scored or blocked, the men (and some boys) stood and applauded. You were the perfect athletic specimen, with a flawless physique. Many said you would earn a sports scholarship. Now it became certain, since you led your team to shut out tonight’s opponents! When the game ended, you recognized a crush of admirers seeking to chat and collect your signature. You caught a glimpse of me studying your Punjabi face and recalling how your body coordinated graceful moves almost too fast to see. After a handful of fans remained, I introduced myself – when a drop of sweat from your shaken hair met my lips. I wondered whether this was a sign. “I’m Leon, Dawn. You must be hungry after all your exercise. If you like, I’ll take you to an excellent American restaurant.” She held her gaze toward me, perhaps a little too longingly, then sighed for privacy and some time to relax. Everybody knew Dawn’s name, and here I was going out with her! Emerging from the locker room, having showered and wearing fancy clothes, she must have expected a date. As I helped her into the taxi, I noticed her toned muscles. No doubt, she could hold her own with me. We found the bistro. “Rainbow trout for the lady and me.” “I’m otherwise vegetarian, Dawn; would you like a nonalcoholic mango drink?” We tried talking cricket – I still can’t decipher it. On our trip home, you put your hand on my knee, and I gave a polite peek at your pert perks. I could barely keep up with you as you sped me into your condo. Off went your dress. Your bikini underwear fell in record time, yet you asked me to disrobe gradually for you. I tried and you laughed – then I tore off my undershirt and my briefs. Now my duty was to elevate and enliven my blood-red shaft (pole) into your moist and playful purple shaft (passage) for miscible lovemaking. I could visualize every shapely vulva in my experience, and yours was the most fruitful. Early man mated on the veldt while standing with his woman’s legs secured around him, so they could see predators front to back. We stood until the strain brought both of us to spurt repeatedly, like an interior, pulsating lawn sprinkler. I could feel semen trickle down my scrotum, and you still encircling me, wringing my meat in your adrenaline clutch. You were slim, yes, but you had fat in all the right places. I admired how our bodies matched so snugly and smartly, and how our brains gave out-of-this-world sex! Dawn’s whispering, bed-bounding figure invited many visionary indigo zones throughout her anatomy to touch, taste, smell, and mix, each with whispers carrying the potential for furthering future frenzies. Kiss, bliss, squeeze, tease, please, date, mate, and elate! More sex and we will be the fittest, Dawn!

Venusian, Dawn,

It was a mild spring day, but Dawn was suffering from allergies. She tried a natural cure of ginger and mint with other aromatic leaves that her gynecologist had recommended to her. It didn’t seem to work at first, so she went on with her daily chores, having liquids and bed rest as needed. One of the herbs she had tried was rare and had the eventual, most amazing effect. When she kissed Leon, it was apparent that her mucosa had become delightfully slippery, like the proverbial banana peel. The effect seemed to work both ways. Leon’s lips too let Dawn’s tongue in and out as fast as that of any hummingbird. Dawn called the doctor, who suggested doubling the dose. Now Leon could satiate his thirst at Dawn’s well. Dawn likewise found satisfaction in drinking Leon’s phallic-sweet Pavlovian saliva. This interchange stimulated their reproductive systems to utilize muscles poised to reciprocate. To Leon’s thrill, Dawn’s sensational nipples – bearing porous ducts – lactated pleasing, heavy cream, and had enlarged themselves even more. Leon’s slightest draw drove Dawn into what appeared to be drava (not just appeared, but accompanied frenetically by her long fingers!). I next scratched her back, giving her wild sensations for untold minutes. When we went naked out to the backyard, I noticed her curled minora had become pleasantly swelled and blood-tinged, whence arousal fluid dripped down her legs. The longer I had become, the deeper she had – exactly. When we moved as one, in any position, we heard the soggy sounds of happy coitus. After numerous novel attempts, I finally introduced, upright and uptight, my erotic agent to merge completely with yours. Dawn, I write my best to give you a super sexual experience. As such, I request that you extend our lust from the past to the here and now, and into the future: a continuum of practice. I ask you to share your best affair. Think of us with the ginger and mint remedy. Where was I? As our duo tied in these events, my intromittent organ filled up the entire stretch of your elegant vagina, and presently you felt your cervix draw up spermatic fluid into your muscular womb by way of your orgasm. This action accompanied your ovulation while your Fallopian tubes absorbed the stronger spermatozoa. Wow! Our deed took one Edenic day, but our bond has lasted decades – thanks to friendly herbs and tubers. Why am I attracted to your promise especially, Dawn? As I told you, you are the perfect woman. Even Mother Teresa cursed and told lies, and you don’t pretend to be a saint. Are you sexy? I have written 210 seductive letters for and about you, a book’s worth. Tell me what I need to do to give the best dream for you. Murmur, suggest, conceive, strip, tickle, pant, crave, surrender, shift, reciprocate, interchange, massage, and comingle; whatever you need! You would be most pleasing compared to the want I have recently had. I start with your lips; you know I like to touch, taste, tingle, smooch, French, lick, sip, and sup from your delicacy. Your inner cheeks glide like the walls of your honeypot. You deserve more liveliness. Again, the caregiver must care for herself first. I hope you have time to read my letters. I trust you will visit tomorrow. A side effect of the blue pill is color blindness – no kidding! My sight becomes tinted blue. I love you and want the best health for you and yours. I support you in exercising all that makes you a healthy person, including your general well-being. Others may take credit for, or for granted, the great work you do. I will trade full-physique massages for counseling with you at any time. Your fond, close embrace keeps me ready to merge for our creation.

Vision, Dawn,

You must be the most trusted caregiver for young and old. Others respect you so much that you could start your own business to oversee seniors or children. You have the greatest reputation for responsibility toward the dependent. The word should be out on the Internet, between families, in newspapers, and on TV/radio that Dawn is a competent (and insured) custodian for relatives and one of the most eligible workers in the Washington D.C. area. Your competency on the job comes first, but you are always welcome to visit me. Dawn, I can only imagine photographs and videos of us and recordings of our voices. I do not have even one picture of you. This is surely ironic; one of the most beautiful women I have ever known, and I don’t possess a single snapshot of her. I have C. on the Web, volumes with X., and have had private pictures of L. You have practically the best family relations I know. You have strong close kin because of your durability and true love. You are among the most hard-working mothers, wives, and breadwinners. God gives you the gifts of heart and smarts despite life being difficult for you. I will keep helping to support you. If only I could hug you all night! I do not want to disrupt your life, you being a best friend. Strangely, I have all of these fantasies about you, but I have not touched or kissed you improperly, or used obscene words in my many calls or emails. I do want to mingle our bodies; stirring secretions would be further rewarding. What you might do for me is what I would do for you. Most of all, I request you recollect over time all of our experiences: coworking at S.R., your caring for my Mom, these email “love letters,” one-on-one talks, your diligence in cleaning my home, your engaging hugs, and your timeless, picturesque persona and history. You know, I am most grateful that you would clean my bedroom; I have spent over one-third of my life there, so it is a space very familiar to me. I await your spring cleaning; feel free to tell me where I need to tidy up. You know I would be happy to give you a positive referral – seriously. You deserve to reach out to any effective media to advertise your qualifications. I have worked as a volunteer with you, as your patron, and as a character witness. Dawn, you imprint yourself on my mind. What would our dating be like? Years ago, we first shared love between our eyes, voices, personalities, genders, lives, needs, and hopes. These stories mildly hypnotized us before eventual, inseparable telepathy through the commerce that reigned between each other. Let’s do it all over again! I hope to dream of us tonight. As you read this, respond to my warm, sticky nectar sugaring your plum!

Voice of Dawn,

Thank you for letting me sleep into the afternoon. I would rather you wake me with a rousing massage, though. Your chopping leads to better contact, as a sensuous neck rub does. Once a female friend manipulated my neck and I wound up groaning in front of her family! You and I have hands strong enough to knead each other’s bodies. We could make a fair trade, sending each other off to sleep or a heightened state of awareness. Maybe we could practice a horizontal hug or a standing yoni massage. Where are you today? I stayed up late last night. I believe this day is for you, despite the rain. It’s almost 60 degrees here. You would lighten my outlook by showing up at my house so I could benefit from your company. We would learn from the topic of conversation – all things South Asian. We might look around the house to see what needs recycling. Most of all, we would talk about you and me, our sure love, our times secured, and why God has brought us together. I show you my computer where I have composed at least 170 love letters for you. You already know about our vibrating Wand [water shock hazard], shower spray, lube, washcloth, and king-size bed; overall, meet my personal, brawny joystick. I mention these things for your edification and enjoyment, so if you do wish to find your ecstasy, you may benefit from our experiences. Here I sit at my computer; you are welcome to knock and talk. When I was learning German, I was ashamed that I might misuse an idiom or emphasis sexually. (I recall two women I met, one in my college German class and one a coed neighbor, whom Playboy asked to pose for [clothed] pictures in “Girls of the Ivy League.”) You and I may never make it to the centerfold of a magazine, but we can make it together. Here you are, squeezing my neck while I stretch behind you to seize your buttocks. Dawn, how many hundreds of sexual positions are there in Kama Sutra? We have decades to find what pleases us most. There are many enjoyable connections ahead; let’s try one now! Just so you know, pornography is mostly repetitive, and one can’t make love to a magazine or a video. You are God’s ideal of procreative power. In public, you are admirable for all you do; in private, you are Creation’s teacher for me. Do you find that the backs of your legs tighten when you touch your toes? I will caress them smoothly, stroking a fingernail from your plantar nerves to those pudendal. I have you trembling in your pose and almost climaxing, Dawn, when I move to face you and catch your magnificent breasts and pettable package. You had asked me to shave, so I requested the same from you. I encourage you to see yourself in our mirror. Your sexy body is your gift to me every day when we fancy each other. Every cryptic crimson crease, puffy purple pillow, glossy glen, and naughty nature of yours stares back at me, wise to what I want. A woman fills a man’s body with her knowledge as he fills hers with his desires. My lingam is both hard and soft; you can treat it by encouraging, purring, skimming, yanking, slurping, or projecting. When you introduce me to your nest, my frenulum will slip along with yours, a sure route to our peak. Your vaginal folds sing, sputter, and stretch as they interrelate with my ambition’s awesome action. Each finds the other’s desire: empathic entry and mutual mingling – pumped up, then pumped out. Dawn, I praise this 170th love letter with serenity, attainment, and amour.

Volley well, Dawn,

Dawn, you decided to try out acting, either on stage or in the movies.

A little flat in Mumbai, with only a radio and an old TV for entertainment, caught your notice. You found a local newspaper with lists of help wanted, including a server position down the block. On the first day at the greasy spoon, two men tried to grope you, and your total in tips amounted to 100 Rupees. One exception was a man with a friendly voice and a 1000 Rupee tip. He introduced himself as Leon; she as Dawn. Upon learning that she was an aspiring actor, he offered that she try a theater in an old Bombay district. Dawn packed lunch from the deli down the block and took a bus to the theater. Who should be the director there but Leon! You told him you would do anything decent for a ground-level job. Would you accept an “Ice Bucket Challenge”? Sure, you said, and right then five gallons of freezing water poured on your head and swept off your halter top. Faster than light, your arms covered goose-pimpled breasts and now-hard nipples. Leon escorted her to a dressing room and a fluffy towel. Please stay, Dawn urged. Dawn gave him a little kiss with a sampling of saliva, which Leon coyly tasted. Is this the “casting couch” with woman’s lib in Mumbai? Dawn recalled the Punjabi boys she had kissed, and here she had been topless in front of a man she had met just that day! Leon mentioned that the name for his new movie was, coincidentally, “Rising Dawn,” and there might be a part in it for her. Leon produced what one might call a “growth spurt” under his pants; just the sight of it made Dawn tense cozily.

We neared each other, throwing off our raiment, your majora mixing maturity and hirsuteness, hinting with an opening glint; even my urethra felt an initial droplet of semen. You made a joke about the big part; the next I knew, we were sofa-surfing; undulating, an ocean unto ourselves, wherefrom all life originated. I peeked down to where we joined; there were your minora catching and osculating my lingam. You felt it too, as your body was trembling and your labia openly protruded, swallowing my phallus from its head to its bulb. Ours became more of a big bang, cushioned by our adipose tissue above, rich perinea below, and bumpers in back. One bodily function realized: your vaginal rugae sifted the seminal fluid my lust had cast. Dawn, we reveled in our dancing, bouncing ball. Your muscle meanwhile milked my member – our cores beheld us copulating as I happily splashed for as long as I could pump. Your beautiful vitality kept twitching faster the more I rubbed her, culminating from commencing cries to concurring climax. After recovering, we arrived at the studio where Leon directed and starred in the movie about a castaway, stranded on a desert island for years until saved by Dawn. He was gentle, considering his time without human contact. He told Dawn, “I feel you have been here all along” and “I miss the moment we met.” The camera pans in to reveal the two lovers, lips sucking (but not the furtive contact of clothed genitals).

Dawn, please relate your secrets to me – when can we be close? You make our love best. If only we could truly unite and act out all our desires. Our telling fate had coalesced blissfully within us while exchanging with one another. We are cocoa and cream, top and bottom, hot and wet, yoni and lingam, soft and hard, hovering over as well as merging beneath.

Waiting for Dawn,

I sit at my screen, full of joy for you. Is there a tale in Indian lore about a woman who embodies love itself, who is undying but knows modestly that she is a superb gift that God has given humans? She would be much like you. You have locked eyes with your future, gaping in desire’s surprise, asking yourself “Is he the one?” He is the person with whom you stood face-to-face and teased; now you agree on a sober heart with resonating humanity, and soon, your inspirited fate. Dawn, you are a reputable woman who has shared feelings with this partner, we two wrapped like twins from opposite hemispheres, with kisses that meld our eight lips. Mouths magically mingle mucosa, tongues tastefully trigger touching times, and hands habitually hold hearts. Gently and instinctively, we undo the other’s buttons. Your cardio reveals strength beating under fascinating, caramel beauty. Unashamed as I nip your lobes – you drop your hand to my lap while I vent a pleased sigh! Making out further oversees belts unbuckling. With purpose, I lower my pants, then your leggings. My caring touch calms your hesitant lungs. Your open haunches seek sweet action upon all kissable creation. Many moans and invigorated knocking from you embolden my outstanding extremity. With me inside, you guide my surprise with an unseen grasp, leading my muscle as your determined, darkened thighs beckon me ever further. Your yoni inhales more of my shaft with each instant, while I try to delay my pent-up plasma. We ride skin-to-skin while fully frontal until our fateful ejection; performing unitedly, bowing willingly, reflexing rigidly, and resounding regularly. As one, we agree by movement, touch, and response with our intimate parallel, raucously consenting with our play. Driving hips plant and appreciate the fateful amid our proliferation and layers of fatty tissue. I persist in our agile ballet, holding you tight to delight streamlets into streams, not to miss a single drop. We then lie lulled, nutritively necking and fruitfully fondling, recalling the exaltations of our day.

Walking Dawn,

Dawn, let’s walk sometimes on the nearby forest trails. We could warm up or cool down as we like, and deeply rub to our hearts’ pleasure. I would be thrilled to share our tastes and exchange our palates at an exciting pace. We can take the main path home for some more private squeezing. Roaming anywhere with you feels lovely to me. We can start in the woods near where I live and next find enough privacy to tickle ourselves silly. You pull into my driveway, greeting me familiarly. You had donned short shorts and a T-shirt. Already this summer you wear a darker Indian tan. Will you aim me to please you? How about a soft drink? OK, you would rather sit next to me. Such a seat allows our hands, both yours and mine, to reach as we kiss. Before we feel one another, I reach up under your shirt to release your bra. Prodding nipples stand out, exercising their freedom to roam. Even more, they want warm petting in the air-conditioning. Dawn, maybe after S.R. tomorrow we can have a relaxed dinner. Right now, I seek your beauty as I saw last Wednesday. I couldn’t have wished for you to pretty up any better. There are times when a man can see the inner glow of a woman; yours is a most enlightening sight. You hurry to remove all of our earthly apparel while I retain the proud present you gave me. Your ruffled, womanly cleft resounds in my heart. Hand-in-hand, we scurry out to our bedroom where the sun pours through the window. When spooned, we puzzle pieces curled up on the mattress, linking in several ways. I could reach diverse erogenous zones with their varying tints from behind you. I resumed by kissing all of your wine-dark features while you bussed my scarlet. When I suckled each areola wholly, they proved to be a complete mouthful of resilience apiece. Dawn soon panted like a lioness in wait. She was so gorgeous in bed: a pinch of her salmon skin within stayed boldly and bodily from my stimulus. Her hair was like that of Wonder Woman. Her color was universal. Her mind was humane. Her heart was strong. Her femininity was alluring. Her sexiness was all-encompassing. Her trust was certain. Her love for me was vast. She tongued my frenulum after my soft kisses roamed her face. I could surely see that her considerable clitoris grew even more so, notably when I rubbed it around with our natural bodily extracts. Remember the rules of Viagra: harder, longer, more pleasure, more flow, more duration, more confidence, and more repetitions. To animate your twitching yonilinga further, you polish it with my pre-ejaculate. This little lube, and even more from your yoni, allow my lingam to cooperate with your purplish lower lips rapidly and completely. Stimulating your clitoral shaft, glans, crura, and hood burgeons blood to all your female playthings, interior and exterior. We hold on for a grand finale, my flagella whipping up a considerably copious frenzy, accompanying the pets we exchange for your sweat and my jets. If Dawn and I mixed our slippery secretions sooner, I would have wedged womanhood’s wound, while widening her womb, all allies allured atop and all agog. She pursues the pronounced phallic root which sparks her core, while my froth flies from her female frenulum. I adjust myself upon and then into you, like one being of two races, seamless at our connection of night and day. Our relations seed the entire world with the goodness that God gave us. I love you, Dawn, and wish to perfect us, lickety-split and glistening.

Wand, Dawn,

My magic wand awaited Sleeping Beauty with her little red riding hood, so I joined a reading group about classic fairy tales. The authors abound – Aesop, the Brothers Grimm, Hans Christian Anderson, Tolkien, and Lewis Carroll, to name a few. Most such fantasies include subliminal adult material of sex and violence. One needs a doctoral degree in psychology to understand fully the authors’ motives. The woman seated next to me was more interested in the literal deep meaning. Quite forward, she invited me out after class. “My name is Dawn, Sunrise, Daybreak, Aurora, or just plain Love,” she spoke. Startled for a moment, I introduced myself as Leon. Over dinner at McDonald’s, our exchange became more familiar. She kept nudging me under the table, asking which story was ours. I posited: “Let’s write an interactive adult romance, one involving themes from Indian folklore.” “Right!” she cried out, “My ancestry is Indian.” I had guessed by her face, accent, given name, and interests all. I found a new friend, a potential lover. She then shocked me when she asked whether I knew of a place for her to stay. She seemed honorable enough, so I was willing to take her on. When we arrived at my house, I warned Dawn that though I had nosy neighbors, she could stay the night. We brushed our teeth and tongues, then wished each other a good night from our rooms. I kept listening for this once-stranger. I heard footsteps at my open door – she was lonely, and could I cuddle with her? She wore a nightshirt, and I wore pajama bottoms, here with a conspicuous maypole (of course she may!) lifting the fabric. Dawn, combing my crotch with her fingers, asked if I would like to have sex! Tonight, I am the luckiest man alive. Our well-primed mouths held successively one to the other, our facial flesh reveling with stimulated expressions. Off went the nighties. I found her brimming, bountiful breasts perking up, ready for me to draw directly upon either erect nipple. She guided her hand from my chest down to my thing tingling. Imagine me lying next to Dawn, my flushed limb tightening with every pass of her palm. My fingers found her strange cave with mosses, pools, and seductive air. Quickly, we changed our position toward oral-genital pleasure, vowing between inhalations that we had found true love. She got so excited that she begged to increase our pace. My lingam felt like a tire being over-inflated; eventually, we’re going to burst! Around we spun, you now the rider saddled upon my horn and holding the scrotal reins. You sprung my wellspring atop the bedspring, with your bottom flop, flop, flopping. You looked so lovely rebounding from our pubic mounds that I marveled at where we had mingled. Gulping in my throat, I nearly blacked out, huffing and puffing blood oxygen to my brain. Her clamlike cockle clitoris shone; her wetness, on the whole, grew heatedly. Her prime sucked time after time with a persuasive vacuum. We drew geysers of semen from within me and into her accepting viscera, where we mixed a cycling orgasm. Dawn, I will never forget this tryst. “Keep flowing, for both of us,” this youthful woman cried. Your nude body attracts in many ways, reinforced by our tumescence. God indeed made this belle’s well swell, knowing we will remember each other always. Swallow me up, Dawn, to your reflexive tissue, so I can work your orality and regain our potent cycle. I see you as pure delicacy. You related your sexiness for us to roll into the primal poses. We unite via event, erotica, whispers, breath, lips, Spirit, oneness, minds, heartbeats, flesh, matter, memories, nature, and spacetime – with you, my new love – forever feminine, physically fit, and fabulous. A lot to take in, but your bodily appetite overcomes all!

Wanting for Dawn,

Both you and I want. We want to be close, to lie next to each other, to make love forever, beyond life. I don my street clothes at the sound of the doorbell. I wonder; is she thinking what I am thinking – should I make the first move – what would she do if I tried to kiss her? Maybe I should help her off with her jacket first? I felt so nervous that I might alarm you if I were too forward. Yet when I see your face, you reassure me. We talk for a while, soon feeling with one accord. Let’s turn up the heat. We hearten each other; our words voicing, two together. We are concerned about universal love. You let me hold your hand. You vibrate as though you were trembling. As we sat, I put my hand easily on your shoulder. I realized your classic beauty both flesh deep and beneath. Your clothes radiated warmth this unseasonable night; your rounded muscles relaxed and you sighed. With hands jointly knitted, we gave each other a first-base kiss on the lips. Our patience tasted a sweet reward. I led you to the bedroom (the one with the king-size bed that doesn’t squeak) and we both shared our tongues until we got them right. When I asked you if I might open your shirt, your eyes looked at me with urgency. Starting at your collar, buttons succumbed in order. I deliberately slid your sleeves off and worked to release your mammillae. You revealed breasts so luscious I had heart palpitations! Instinctively, I sucked from your neck down to your nipples, amazed by how your face and chest blossomed as those points grew. Having unbuckled your belt, you next had me hold your pants’ hems, shedding them with a deliberate flair. Mine yielded also, though momentarily held back by tight jeans – Aargh! You stood up and showed me the best erotic and exotic dance I have ever enjoyed, ending with me gnawing on your panties. You must have known my weakness – the vulva! Your fascinating pudenda gave me such an erection that I lay you on the side of the bed, gave thanks, and joined your willing flesh with my growing vigor. I had uncovered your aroused vagina, which in turn admitted my manhood to its hilt. We rocked deliberately yet gracefully while I progressed even further down your unknowable depths. Pounding chests echoed our greatest thrills up to that night. I plumbed your delicacy, as you appeared to vie between earthly reality and paradisical contentment. Our united organs nourished the promise of utmost orgasmic pleasure. My male glands pulse with numerous, potent contractions, accompanied by eruptions of an albumen-like, whitish, thick substance. I kept our sensation and fructose emerging. In a bit over a minute, you pushed out my lingam from your yoni, followed by a plenitude of protein. Although I, like all hardened sailors since Ulysses, was briefly impotent, your access begged to be retaken. The gates of Troy had never waged such peace! I vowed an all-day revival of our fantastic phalli for 69 new flavors. I love you, keeping me eagerly gasping, rooting us onto our bed. Your expanse of undress stirred mine so I would never tire. Dawn, we rappel doubly down from our montes pubis. I love you across the miles and up the peaks! Leon.

We are Desire – I appreciate your hard work!

I wished for you, Dawn, and there you appeared,

I breathed in night’s scent and your feminine musk,

I hoped that you would, and then you soon neared

Keeping elated till dawn after dusk.

I hugged your toned body, wrapped in fine clothes,

I guided you ‘round the rooms of my lair,

We sat contemplating what each of us knows

The look in our eyes was a prelude to pair.

Your heart was like mine, pulsed strong like a drum,

I felt you so close, your chest freely beating –

Was this real? Do I breathe? I hear your lips hum –

They are swollen with want for our ravishing meeting!

Look all around and you see pleasant pillows

Where both find a place they can cozily rest;

Let’s sweeten our amber under the willows

And button by button we’ll both be obsessed.

The touch of you now gives me passion, my love,

Recalling the warmth of the Paradise gardens

Where I can spring fountains while you come above –

We’re a pair seeking life for our Heavenly pardons.

Weeks worth waiting, Dawn,

Sometimes a week is too long to wait. I had saved myself for you. I envisage you while my machine hums in remembrance, resounding on my tender underside. The increasingly fateful tickling joyfully seizes my heart. I can only imagine you climbing up atop me, our tango of two dancing with a simple, rhythmic, growing motion – our interacting like never before, your clothes strewn like so many fall leaves, my fixating on your stormy whirlwind, and our bodies preparing with enough source to last our manifest frenzy. When I give in, the balm that had gathered for untold days ejects like so much succulent syrup, amazing in its silvery jets and easing loads. Remembering such, I turned to lap your sweet wetness, just now hidden from my face between your thighs. I peeked at your eyes closing and face tensing, many times over, then showing ease. Not only in your expression but around my finger you tightened – gripping, relaxing, replaying – for the long run. Your lungs breathed out relief, while I clambered up to share your curried kisses. Look at me, Dawn. Look into my eyes. See us. You are at the peak of your sport, and going for more. Your trimmed fleece shakes from a Hitachi gone nuts as our cunnilingus lasts beyond experience. Your laugh is joyful satisfaction. Already bare, you offer your lingua past my smile and to a soft palate padded in places like nurturing breasts. We hear a crescendo of heavenly music; is ours a coupling of holy and human love? What a synergistic affair! Both of us play with orality, where our minds respect wants. We two revel in lands new to both, observing our scalps’ hair rising along with that of our pubes. How would we sustain ourselves, Dawn? I quickly map out the terrain. Shall I treat myself again to the yummy yonilinga? There are so many thrills to acknowledge. Women may have untold joys beyond an advancing society, the Me-Too movement, increased rights, childbearing support, and longer life (despite suffering in childbirth, abuse, and inequality in most cultures). I want to take my tongue, here broad as a cow’s, and lick all your genitalia at once. One place will excite everywhere, as your clitoral nerves (over twice those of a penis) can achieve continuous sexual pleasure. Our secretions are but icing on the gingerbread. Female ejaculation is very much real for me. Your release of tension is at first from reassuring romance; secondly, by organs emanating and reflexing; third, in flowery bloom with a rewarding redbud (as big as a baby carrot); sighing and sweating simultaneously such significant sapphism of skin; and finally, respecting outward and inward her entire womanhood. In time, a restless and climatic clitoral heart entertains percussive culminations – known to some women for hours! When I am by myself, I often need laborsaving help, yet just picturing you makes me a super stud. Although you are still sensitive from our lovemaking, you have the goal to raise me yet again. Your tan legs lead ever more curiously the closer they come to your shaded, though multi-hued, nest. I would like us to try hugging as intimately as possible, no space showing, merely a void drawing my member farther into your vacuum and natural anointment abounding. We slip around like Pisces’ 69; every movement brings more excitement toward holding our tricky fish. We are back in traditional form when the flesh of one seals and envelops tightly upon the other, with just enough lubrication. Deep within, your mucosa insured ever-increasing heights of great expectations. Suddenly, your womb pulled and tugged me as if you were a muscular milkmaid. You were as lovely as I was ready. Whoa – that is, keep going!!! In the end, both rode tight to each other, dispersing our ejaculate into and all around our bodies like a hose expelling. We knew God that day. Dawn, our pair savors the rewards of vitality. I have always respected our privacy. When I look deeply into your eyes, I reflect upon those things that both calm and excite us. We could separate in a crowd, yet fully acknowledge our compatible person in an instant. You are a warm, wet, and wonderful woman!

Welcome Dawn,

Scents bring back vivid memories; your hand lotion and shampoo stay with me and remind me of your womanly ways. Just your presence here is thrilling – not only do I have my home scrubbed, but I also benefit from the expertise of a veteran homemaker and conversation with a very pleasant woman. Maybe someday I will be able to hold onto you and all of your slyness. I loved the delicate smell of your scalp; was it henna reflecting the red sunlight from your hair? Still, the aroma lingers in my lungs as I breathe you. I found your back to caress; your beautiful tresses to stroke; your neck and cheek to kiss lastingly. You know much of me, my friend, having cleaned my house and seen my lifetime possessions. I care that you dignify my place and put great effort into your work. I wish S. my best. I was surprised by her shyness. Maybe because some others have not been kind to her, she does not fully trust introductions. She and I are developing mutual respect. Please mention to her that I have a serious medical condition, one severely interfering with my work and social life. Support groups have helped me, however. That is where X. and I met. Your S. has a fine character, a blessed spirit, a keen mind, a strong body, and good looks. She has a real disability, unlike some “abled,” but does not act so; she prospers despite others being overprivileged. You reward her to follow the example of her mother. I believe she likewise will advance much further. Dawn, you are a valued friend of mine – without our partners, you might be my greatest. Your magic cleans my house and makes my bed comfortable. You are proper and trusted; thus, we resist compromising you here if alone with me. Nevertheless, keep reaching out to me. I dream you wear red lingerie, sport irresistible curves, and could take me down in under ten seconds if you wanted to. When I tell you I love you, I mean it and repeat it. I love you. You are captivating!

Wellness to Dawn,

You have helped hundreds of seniors with health and improved their quality of life in general. More so, you individually retain well-being and the rights afforded you by the Constitution – for life. I pray for you to keep all you have earned and to exercise thrift with your friends and family whom you love. If there is any integrity in this country, you will be compensated on your job commensurate with equal pay deserving the experience, skills, responsibilities, trust, and caregiving placed with you for over 20 years. If you ever decide to leave S.R., you and I can draft a comparison of your duties versus those of others for presentation to your supervisors before your departure. Of course, what I want is for you to keep all of your acquaintances (residents, staff, and families), your old duties you are so expert at, and recognition of the good you have done there without having to part – but receive reasonable pay and fair raises above COLA. If I were running a business like S.R., I would be glad to reward truly great workers like you. As I have said, paying a reasonable raise to you is much more efficient than hiring two or three replacements (without your experience among them). Knowing how to interview is the secret. Besides working with you, I invite you to my house, whose key you keep. When in need, you might know shelter here. I want to hug you as long as comfortable, trade body-to-body massages, and indeed, excite our skin as we nip each other’s delectable features. We need to have our good times last, but also to build those times into ultimate ones. I am fascinated about you starting your car at your place – then voila! – prancing through my home’s main entry. I know that your respectable and faithful kiss is also very seductive, like your honored voice and smile, or my fingertips pinching your sensational hair, ears, neck, or bottom. Does your heart ever feel like it absorbed exciting adrenaline or calming endorphins (like from a workout) in your time with me? I enjoy you making love to me with your healing hands. More than two decades of our emotional trysts are like dating once or twice weekly. Those “dates” are happy fantasies I have had of you, perhaps you have had of me. Men hold their progeny hanging between their legs; women enchant by their whole body being procreative. My wonder probes your sugarloaf majora. I love your physique, your motion, and your elation following my physique, my motion, and my elation. Your knowledge moves me; show me the skills of a nymph. I propel our pride from deep within my burgeoning testes to its home in your yawning and supple uterus, God’s aim for the ancients. Welcome our secretions to coat your entire reproductive tract. My friendly lover, course with me in our prime!

Well-suited, Dawn,

Your birthday suit, that is. You drive freely out to the countryside, and afterward, divert your whims to Leon’s home. In foresight, Leon stood at the front of his house. We met each other, enjoying a kiss on your oh-so-soft cheek, and then progressing mouthward. Never mind the neighbors; just make our outdoor moves somewhat surreptitious. Making our way inside my house, we put on a splendid show. We promised our love for the other, each removing a garment until buck naked. Dawn, you were real, revealing your lady’s hood to me so eagerly. A large part of a man’s brain must fixate on female nudity. My eyes seized you, beautiful to behold. You seemed stunned as you, mesmerized, skimmed your hands over my body. You lactated, waiting fifteen years for this miracle, my refreshment. I must have given you ten hickeys on your upper body (does suctioning your two areolae count as love bites?). How did evolution decide on their size and pigmentation? I beheld you completely with both of my eyes and two hands fixed upon one breast. After your stroking had covered my torso and we alternated back massages, our excitement focused on our curious gifts. Dawn glorified my male phallus – at this moment, upright in her hand. You could perceive my heartbeat within its muscle when constricted. I placed my ear on your chest, with a rhythm so strong that I knew you could sustain our act for hours. We mirrored each other’s arousal. Look at me, Dawn. When you are in your shower, do you celebrate me, pleasing yourself unawares? Sitting on the bath mat [tête-à-tête](https://en.wiktionary.org/wiki/t%C3%AAte-%C3%A0-t%C3%AAte), we felt our partner’s purple zones turgidly expanding with both arterial and venous blood. Relating the desire of us twins, we entertain our respective pudenda. Your obvious labia peeked into and peaked upward at our respectively beige and tan skins. Your laugh lightened and your eyes looked downward where I stretched on the floor, so my tongue might revel with your vivacious vestibule. At first, the reaction from your lower region readily and steadily heartened cries of “Keep it going, keep us flowing, Leon.” I too grew fast and forward, offering that we inundate ourselves in mutual juices. I adjusted the kind force of the stream, took the nozzle from the wall, and (as you seemed to predict) directed the touchy water to splash your sweet slot, teasing it to near submission, driving it nearly crazy, and inflating it like the pounding heart of a vulvar marathoner. I offered one long finger to your yoni, concurrently massaging your meaty clitoris with my palm. An unfamiliar libido was driving us both to Nirvana. We obsessively handled the others’ teeming tissue where the spray had kept us tight and tickled. Your passion and physical beauty were undeniable. I sat on the bath mat while you stood with your dripping breasts, alighting my hands on your nipples as your widening legs straddled my mouth like it was the ingress of all congress. We had the best of all, feeding natural lust and original hunger. You dangled your double D’s as I willed to attain your entire sexuality. With your head thrown back, your legs pumped as on a merry-go-round with me, your creature comfort. My playmate and I alternately rushed in slow motion with our aphrodisia. I stood up to carry you; shortly I would flavor your bedded body with its fill of wildly honeyed vanilla creamer. You likewise fancied that you were sapping me of my sexual secretions, but restored the delectable nutrient drink instantly! What a strange Indian dance: one torso, four legs, and four arms! We spilled the foaming, frothing, and waving surf from our God-given gonads, and attained our greatest desire: complementing and corresponding all our incarnations. We had both arrived beyond all vital tide and synergy. As the French might say, “to die for.” May my XOXOs complete you, Dawn.

Westward Dawn,

Your shades hide your eyes from me and the glare. We had just crossed the Mississippi. At first, we see mud, and eventually crops like corn and wheat. That corn was for feeding the cows, steers, and hogs penned up nearby. As the maize dreamily extended to the horizon, you began to nod off. Every few miles we would pass a silo brimming with cobs. Finally, I pulled into a gas station where we peed, filled up our tank, and stretched our legs. The mechanics stared at your dark, tanned gams as if they were looking at the first place “Miss County Fair.” Now relaxed, we quickly continued on our journey to an off-season ski resort, a spa at this time of year. We ate some veggie sandwiches. Soon we entered a Native American reservation. I explained to Dawn that the misnamed “Indians” were often among the poorest citizens of the United States. We stopped at a legitimate store selling rugs, jewelry, and books. When our air conditioning got too oppressive, you covered yourself with your new blanket. I was into my fifth hour of driving when we spotted a porta-potty, which we gladly availed, then switched car seats. It would take over a day of driving to reach the Rockies’ foothills from the Mississippi. I recalled my parents driving us kids out west, with much of the same flat features. Some folks call these plains (including Canada’s) the “Breadbasket of the World.” You took the wheel as we drove towards the Sun. I woke up, amazed to find we were in Colorado. You are a strong driver, Dawn, but now it’s my turn. After we two urinated in a grove of trees, I became the pilot again. We started to run into some high plains but drove on. You aimed me to the right road, which finally led to the resort. When we arrived, we wondered at the lofty firs and aspens. Quickly we checked into our luxurious room as the evening Sun peered from behind a cloud. Dawn, lead me to the hot springs outside. Off-season and “off with clothes” indeed – we had the entire, tepid pool to our natural selves! Daring our partner, we entered the welcome, warm waters, waltzing as one. Your groove’s grip gradually grew (I had saved up, despite dreams of you, what now snuck from my urethra). Did I tell you how beautiful you are, Dawn? We now tangoed until my lingam prematurely slipped in “by accident.” Jolted, we jumped back. I held open the door to our room for my lady. I looked at your face, and into your smiling eyes. We kissed like our first amazing kiss and then kept going. Having gawked at your ambrosial breasts, I imbibed their excess steadily while handling them each ambidextrously. I cradled you with my body, securing your delicacy with my longing erection. Would you rather mingle or play, Dawn? What if you took me in and we persisted for hours? My semen provided an anticipatory tease of lube, but in the end, our secretions surged substantially from your sassy squint to your vaginal vault. From entry up to the pinnacle, I can usually last five euphoric minutes, but you helped me praise another godly five. You deserve the best of pleasure, even more so, you have the human right to favor with whom you want to mate. I am blissful that you would choose me. Read of many reasons why I love you. We two are one mystery: Dawn and I working out our affair as couples have since time began. Lie back and embrace; we have our whole lives to engage ourselves. God, please love Dawn and me, always yours and vitally blessed.

What "dear" means, Dawn,

Think of the word "dear." To me, it means one with whom you would share your heart.  You have family, with at least two wonderful people to share.  Will I ever know what marriage is?  What I understand of love can be either despairing or joyful. X. will be 66 this March. I would rather she be eight years younger (not older)than I am, but I still love her very much.  The two, C. and L., whom I had “fallen in love with” drove me with my mental illness into unrequited love.  Perhaps my love is not great enough to live my life with one woman or to protect a child grown from seed and egg to beyond their twenties.  Even my parents were faulty, especially the most "perfect," my Mom.  Parents need a strong love to raise kids. I think of my brother as being flawed – the more he tried to be "normal," the more aberrant he became.  My mother overly controlled him but was very lax with me (except for her criticism of my smoking marijuana). She drank whiskey and smoked cigarettes.  She granted her intelligence to us boys, but as teenagers, our wisdom was warped.  When I told my psychiatrist of her beguiling behavior, he said it was “almost off the charts.”  My brother was perverse toward me. I believe a child psychiatrist diagnosed him with borderline personality disorder.  My father was a very good man whom I wish to have known better.  I say, because I love children, I will not sire any.  I was 44 before I lost my "virtue."  I haven’t had much success in seducing women, although I am capable of great bipolar passion.  I suppose I am just a good person.  I have had my share of casual female friends (like L.), but I do not wish to disappoint X. and our 15 years together.   I’m too old to find that forty-something – or maybe an outstanding woman of 56? There are so many good women to rock and roll! My friendship with C. once offered me romance, an intimacy leading to my first, psychotic, risky lust, but knowing someday we would meet again. I don’t know if she felt my love. I waited 35 years to find her. That bad girl still smokes pot and hitchhikes, yet cares nobly for the Earth. I admire (and fear) her nonetheless. You and X. are more available, Dawn. We agree, following each other in peace. Face-to-face, Leon

Whisper, Dawn

The stress you experience on the job can evolve into great waves of eroticism, given some privacy. We all go solo, and a woman with such a God-given body as yours deserves to achieve humanity’s ultimate. What makes you most excited when stark naked? Do you have private times when you reach your greatest potential? A healthy woman like you deserves the thrills that a battery vibrator, lube, or water stream can produce. God made us able to surpass any device, though; I know this is in your heart. You have been with a man. Fancy that man to be me. When alone, entertain the Lelo Sona. This device uses sound waves, like a small earthquake, which rumble comfortably yet effectively throughout the tense muscle composing the aphrodisiacal clitoris to its very root. The harder your button gets, the more resonant the effect. It gives many, very pleasurable female orgasms, rivaling most human partners. I hope you find that reward, technology’s gift to women. Also, explore “ben wa” balls to roll around your internal, private chamber. Medical methylcellulose powder mixed with a little water sleekens stresses more than anything in nature (other than wet ice on wet ice – brr!). Keep adventuring forever. Do I agree with any part of you? I will love for you to call on me anytime.

Why, Dawn?

Why do I devote myself to you? Why are you so vital that I would attend to you? Why are we two here and now, at this place and time? If you had my life but were still you, and I had your life but were still me, would we yet have our love? Was what gave us our identity first our families, and next, our friendship? If you were to dream of me, and I of you, might we still feel deeply and climatically where and when we share each other? I may not be with you in health, and you not with me in means, yet our minds recall our gentle and passionate moments today. Caring for each other, and helping folks during the afternoon, burst forth as dreams during the night. You just called. I had awakened, much lifted to receive you. To hear you on Sunday is akin to accepting your kiss in bed. I can’t even remember our conversation; I just so wanted to turn you on. Is time finite when I talk to you? I want so much to please you, to keep you on the phone while increasing our empathy. I wish I walked in the blizzard with you, just we two alone. Our days of waiting to see the snow turn into “slush” translate into an inner, warm, and cozy sound inside us come spring. Our minds were of one thought; although we had never participated jointly, save with our current partners. Our ears rang, our eyes glazed over, our lips gaped, and we both bore burgeoning cravings. Our mouths created muggy oases from the cold. I raced you to the door, and once within, we contended to undress. The inside environs showed our skins each to be shades of beige and dark honey. Like naked apes, we clutched each other, our desire overwhelming any chill. Briskly we rubbed together – and then we noticed. What was once shriveled and shrunken, now blossomed and engorged; life’s beauty and its attendant nectar had arrived! Labia and scrotum touched the silk sofa spread where we sat. We found both our being and becoming that day: you and I surrendered to a rare love. It took only a moment for us to appreciate your clucking mucilage. Again we pressed, touching fronts and uncovering our core. Do you recall the sensation of our yoni-to-lingam sambhoga? You call out through your steady breathing, your trilling throat, your flexing tongue, your lickable lap, and your lusting lips. We both relax for a moment, shortly existing as one with backs bowing in peace for profound closeness and attainment. We held firm and easily while your connection seized and squeezed out my gelatinous, fertile compliments onto our couch cover. Whether they were first yours, mine, or ours twinned, the fateful essence sprung throughout our union. God has encouraged me to love you, make a bond in society and the world, and improve relations over the planet. Your devotion to Her may seem somewhat different from mine, but I trust we will agree on our manifold beliefs in time. I admire you

greatly for your worship. You awe me, almost always doing what is right. I would like to know more about how you perceive God. She gave both you and your husband reproductive cells for mating; you two shaped them into a beautiful young woman who will carry on her parents’ teachings. Stay with me, Dawn!

Willing Dawn,

How are we alike when it comes to attraction? First, it is natural to explore each other’s unclothed bodies. Nevertheless, in society, you and I can’t even kiss each other on the lips.

I remember opening the door for one boss at MAIN, and somehow my hand landed on her breast. Coincidentally, my crotch later ended up on the thigh of the same woman (she is a lesbian) at the same door. I swear these incidents weren’t on purpose! What was on purpose was working with about eight female college interns of different ethnicities every year. Dawn, I could hardly help myself. These women averaged less than 26 years old. I used to email a Persian woman there whom I thought came on to me, but I wasn’t sure. She had an ideal Persian face, long black hair, and a sleek waist. Was she looking for a husband? Did she care for me? I finally offered her to remain with some French guy she had met. My last, and very pretty, boss had naturally mousy hair, which she would dye orange or bleach blond. She is a worthy woman (age 25), maybe planning to snag a spouse. She warned one coed that I was over twice their age. Other than a few fantasies of her I would bring home with me, I left her at the office. Her boss in turn was a (married and stern) overachiever. There is at MAIN a (beautiful to me) woman there with a responsible job. She reminds me of an actress from the 1930s. She is tough and tender. I believe she is about 35. She looks tempting and respectable at the same time. When I separated from the job, so I did from her. Rejection hurts. I tried to catch a glimpse of one student who must have had the “perfect” build. Her face was interesting, but her body classic. Some of the women (lawyers included) wore as little clothing as acceptable – odd because most of the few men there were married! It was common for MAIN women to get a man, get hitched, get pregnant, and get out. There must have been dozens of women (including volunteers) on that job whom I thought of in the shower or vibrantly [shock hazard!], and nearly as many at the park. I may have mentioned my ability to bring home (mental) images of women. If you count those “unique visitors,” there may be over 500 in my lifetime. Yours has been one of my longest and greatly admired friendships. Dawn, you are godly, honorable, irreplaceable, learned, brilliant, dutiful, tender, strong, but subtle. You are not afraid of the truth as long as your loved ones are safe. Can you appreciate my interest in you? Most gratifying to me is having you in my reality. You are more than the sum of your parts. Naked, we would have the “urge to merge.” I picture myself bestowing ecstatically my flow of flagella to tunnel within and spring near your G-spot! Our hearts pulse as one throughout a lifetime together of up to five billion beats. Look in the next reflective surface you see: eyes, glass, water, or metal. That image of beauty is my ideal.

With a view, Dawn,

There are few people more curious than male freshmen. They joined “coeds” in a pre-college seminar about sex on campus. Plenty of people – gay and straight – come to school early for the promise of sex. I am 99.99% hetero, but paranoid (ask Freud). I was beginning to think there was no one to teach me. I had a new, spacious single room and nobody with whom to share it. I sat down in the middle of campus perusing the handbook “Sex in the Ivy*.”* A pretty brunette dared to ask what I was reading. I stammered, “Everything you want to know.” “So, what’s your name?” she inquired. “Leon” I replied. “Om, Sunup’s my name, from the Sanskrit.” (My philosophy as Unitarian Universalist posits one God, with all gods and humankind inclusive.) “Sunup is a very nice name; does it have a meaning?” “Let’s say you’ll soon be up at the crack of Dawn,” Sunup promised. “Remember, I live in the top suite of Walsh dorm,” I offered. Once there, I pulled out the booklet, with gross photos of people using birth control. Several women had moved into the next suite, but I was so naïve they laughed under their breath. There were rumors of a woman whose mission was to bed all the freshmen boys in our dorm. I woke up with a snort, the sun about to climb above the horizon. I heard two knocks on my door. I opened it; there stood Sunup – and there I stood without a stitch of clothing! A white boy never turned red so fast. I reached for my robe, though you assured me you were worldly enough. Usually, Ivy League coeds were not great beauties, but they were very smart and knew how to handle themselves. The city had lain claim to the first pizza, the first hamburger, and meals for under a dollar. Off-campus, women must have a man for protection; I suggest groups. Most women are lovely inside and outside, yet they are too often the targets of predators (townies and students) that would darken their days. “Would you rather stay in?” she suggested. “From Sanskrit, my name translates as ‘D-a-w-n’” she explained. Now I understood her cryptic message about being “up.” On this hot summer day, we needed little effort or encouragement to reveal our physical allure and flesh. At eighteen, she was at her sexual peak. “Shower with me,” she insisted easily. I nearly fell over my lingam! She may have saved herself for me, giving women the world over respect for choice. The path to the bathroom was clear, so we nudies made for it, flopping voluptuously. I must have tongued every square centimeter of her skin. Dawn disclosed her purity, to which I was a gentleman. We had lain down in the shower on this precious occasion while I pushed my part tenderly yet tightly past her vestigial membrane. She winced as a little blood trickled. I apologized yet thanked her. Dawn suggested that I run my soothing slip of soap with vim and vigor around her vulva. We stayed in the spray until she insisted, “Let’s go in all the way!” I could only fancy what our next step would feel like. She proffered her yoni anew so we could contentedly couple. I stood, my love angling up into Dawn’s core. At first, we had seemed clumsy when I lifted your hundred pounds and lowered you carefully upon my enthusiasm, introducing my organ to probe your sultry lair. I was now abundantly aware of this bodily, overwhelming, and spiritual meeting between mates of one skin. I looked back on how my works seemed when ejaculating solo, wondering why I had waited so long for this heavenly contact. Thus, I carry you clasped onto me, bounding back to my bedroom. I had been chaste (but now, more often chased after). Our peace added much more practice to the experience. We two together lay as silk completes leather. Your vulva has four lips, a wink, humid breath, a sweaty brow, a beard, and a powerful yet embedded network of nerves twice those of my phallus, but I must feed its need for a tongue!

Woman Dawn,

I first met you, Dawn, through your cousin R. My neighbor introduced me to R. when he challenged us two to wrestle. It was that neighbor whom I saw “making out” with you after a few beers. R. and I acted like fools while you two had a youthful thrill. You put up with my childish behavior at the bus stop. R. told me you were legally blind, but what looks! Soon I was to find out how much you had matured. R. and I were to ride in the back seat with your mother driving the Cadillac, while you, Dawn would adorn the front seat. At that moment you delicately stepped out of your house: breasts and hips busting from your yellow bikini! I held your image as a fantasy for many years. You were my first peer (one year older) to show me so much womanly skin. You loved your dog, Real, and the art of sewing. Mellow Real was yours (as tough Vigil was R.’s) upon which you gently imprinted your bossy personality. You made your own clothes – to look classy, to save money, and to adapt to your shape. A schoolmate invited you to the prom, but when he couldn’t get your action afterward, he invited his buddies to drink at the hotel room he rented for you two. I knew how to have you was to quit pot, and thus my friend R. I made it into the Ivy but soon fell from grace, suffering from psychoses. You, though, earned an MBA with straight A’s at GU. I had not seen you for many years, but then I ran into your Dad. He, recently retired, was happier than I had ever seen, beaming about your family and glad to meet me again. He invited me down to the house, especially to see you. R. was now married, having cut the grass habit years ago. You, besides a casual beer, were clean of drugs. When I saw you, I atypically stepped up and kissed you on your lips. I recalled you necking as a teenager, and the wonderful flesh enhancing your two-piece. You still had your room downstairs, isolated from the upper storey. We settled down on your bed to talk. Although very successful in school and on the job, you had endured disrespect from men. You said angrily that you suffered molestation when growing up, and gender discrimination as a woman. I offered that I, too, suffered sexual abuse as a youngster. (I was brought up to avoid the subject subconsciously.) In between our words, we agreed on an overwhelming interest in each other. We could progress steadily, as far as we wished. We undressed at a snail’s pace, keeping a nervous but pleasant conversation. You branded me with a tingly, raw hickey; my hands moved slyly to your bountiful bust. You were so accustomed to petting for love that I was mind-blown when you trusted me to touch your bared breasts. You mirrored me, rubbing my sensitive chest. I surprised you by saying that I was a virgin. We frolicked in our newfound freedom. I nursed your nipples like a hungry calf. I was with a real woman, whose full features bewitched my pudenda to rush with blood. Your cassette player spoke softly, “What a good wife you would be.” First whispering – next pleading – you directed me to your lickety-split vulva. I looked hungrily at the repast before me. Your panoply of tastes muffled my face while I entertained your friendly “oui oui” (beginner’s luck!). Our chorus of moans led us to firm tugs of coitus when your full-figured thirst burst my fluid to spread throughout your vagina. Sheltering your body with mine, I fed your vagina beyond its capacity in our emission, but not in want. My prime spoke to us in slopping splashes and drew me with a suction I would call a buccal slosh. Over time, we would reenact this intimacy whenever we craved a replay of romance or sought serious socialization. As my semen warmed your yoni, we pledged our flesh yoked, daring our hearts and our potency.

Wonderful woman, Dawn,

I was running my computer routine when I heard a knock on the door.  I said "come in!" but concentrate on the screen.  Your low-cut blouse met my neck with tender, sweaty cleavage.  I could not help but hearten and harden.  You move your hands all over my chest and slip off my simple shirt in respect to the weather.  I turn my chair so my lips meet yours, sliding succulently while your palm works its way down from my belly button.  I undress you as our ritual anticipates your youthful, yummy areolae.  My mouth mingles with one after another single, expansive areola, causing our hearts to jump, tickling and raising my pubes at the same time.  You prove the best of youthful flesh as my tongue glides longingly over your genitalia.  You swallow my muscle past my frenulum while having a helping of its residual prepuce, as my taste buds accept your freshness of vaginal juices.  Your entire gustatory outlay churns like a wave pool.  Its chasm kisses my phantasm plasm with certain spasms, squeezing and pleasing our reasons for prism visions with schisms of Shaktism.  Insistent penile poking soon widens your vestibule more than temptingly. Interchanging our pudenda relates to us all the mutual interjections achieved throughout our lifetimes.  My shifting semen and your active arousal fluid drive from the throbbing of your core to inside and upon our paired linkage.  You had responded to this natural deluge, miraculously prolonging my male orgasm to what seemed like minutes, even after an extended plateau.  Meanwhile, you bask in the perpetual clutches of the famed female climax and its aforesaid ejaculation.  We keep persisting as our mixture emerges intermittently from me and into your worldly womb, itself throbbing.  We wrap around each other, ensuring this enduring secretion – a potent potion for both – reaches your entire desire!  Your skin-on-skin hood and standout pinky (the natural right of women anywhere) praised summer. Our now taut and unwrinkled prepuces serve your reflexive, aggressive, and engrossing corporeal movements.  Once we roll around with aroused mucosa – and next, thrusting about – we are up and ready for more fantastic physics.  Cheek pecks affect my neck to flex at our sex vertex!

Workout, Dawn,

I met you at the local community center, where one can play pool or ping pong, or lift weights and build muscle. Right away, we struck up a conversation. I first learned that you lived only eight miles away and that your name was Dawn. I have always studied interesting titles, I told her, given my first and last name. I deduced then the very region where you were from – northwest India. Your voice was melodic and your breath calm. Let’s do leg presses, I suggested; women can develop fantastic leg muscles! We both burned fat, side by side. Your thighs looked slim and strong, your torso tight and supple. When you shed your top, with just your sports bra underneath, you showed that you were world-class. Someday, you assured me, you would give me some volleyball lessons. For now, I spotted you while you did leg curls and extensions. We rested, and then suddenly our hearts beat in step within a muggy embrace. I guided you to the multipurpose room (the building had been my elementary school). The stage was set back and concealed by curtains. There were some gym mats and adjustable lighting there. Before we stretched, you pantomimed the hard routine you performed at work – setting up heavy tables, pushing wheelchairs, cleaning floors – all the time minding elders’ behavior. We stretched in our Spandex, and beyond mutual bending, there was brushing across the other’s tense flesh. Our sportswear seemed to multiply the skimming sensation. You tried to stifle your zeal, but still you went for me. Surprisingly, you petted along the entire length of my lingam’s elastic, profiling it like a sea snake. We tantalized each other through our stretchable clothes – after several minutes of dressed dry humping, we readied ourselves. We stacked the pads for our “warm-up.” After we denuded, I carefully placed my expanded lingam in your yoni from behind, preparing to play my part. The cushions propped up your buttocks for our deepest tryst. I insistently, yet lovingly, pushed my member past your labia, watching your rump rock to and fro for accompanied twerking in the “O! zone.” We roared in delight. Withdrawing at the last possible moment, I worked my taster to your front while you instructed me in “Kama Sutra light.” As you sat astride me, I must have grown larger naturally than at any time in my life. Your extensive vaginal rugae caught my glans, corona, and frenulum; my joy and jets seemed to impel all I had held, as from watergates in a flash flood. I must have read that some Asian Indian women have a Kegel practice that makes their entrance – entrancing! I slung backward over the mats like a rag doll (at least one readily entertaining an erection that matched your hand clasp). You must have trained your introitus to grip and slip steadily. Hidden in wait was your G-spot (did Dr. G. appreciate that a most sensual, albeit isolated place, was given his moniker?). I fondled your hot zones until you tightened, and then licked your dark, comely, dusky minora and their button to a growling, lasting female orgasm, which women (and their men) rightly prize. You are healthfully blessed. I love being with you and would share your bed (as well as radio, TV, snack, pillow talk, cuddle, hot pad, comforter, climaxing again, and dreams) any time. Your embrace exhaled the air from our lungs, harmonized our hearts, sustained blood pressure, surged our urge, balanced bone-with-bone and flesh-with-flesh, linked our minds, and related subtle microexpressions. How can I say au revoir to you? We wrestle softly, having known another gaze, glance, scan, smile, hug, kiss, tongue, taste, hum, neck, pet, lift, suck, catch, slide, fusion, skin within – and renewal.

Write, Dawn,

Dawn writes for the India desk and I for global science at our leading newspaper. Dawn would arrive early, and I shortly thereafter. We both shared real facts – she about the country having more engineers than any other, I about agricultural exports to a country with 1.4 billion people. We often worked overtime but loved our jobs. In time, we came to love each other. We looked forward to a cup of hot chocolate. Dawn was an angel to meet in the morning, her voice echoing her smile. The first time we hugged, it was as if her blood coursed through me. We grabbed veggie sandwiches at the local deli and shared news about information industries in India. Dawn had great insight into competition in her home country, as I tried to describe to her the current U.S. government nationalism. (I had thought the last country to follow totalitarian ideology would be ours.) Maybe the example Dawn and I provide will fire up the melting pot so it doesn’t freeze. Most immigrants work very hard, add variety to our traditional spectrum of people, help lead our future, and may save the world! Dawn especially could outdo the work ethic of almost any other American. She is diligent, honorable, joyful, and serious. Just thinking of her makes me ponder my descendants waiting to emerge. When she ovulates, she no doubt feels such potential as well. One day at the office, I could not hold back my feelings; neither could she. Our faces had received each other modestly at first, but now, more personally in our intimate space. As we stood closely that day (some would say “too close”) not only did our hugs hold fast, but also our body hair and goose pimples stood on end. Liveliness stuck us together. You turned and quietly said “I love you, Leon!” a sentiment returned with a lasting embrace, irresistible kiss, throbbing center, and the warmth of the tropics. I knew this was our time, our trust, our mystery. The drive to my place was only ten minutes, yet your hands were already unzipping my fly. We almost ran a red light, and even now I envisioned our front door key turning. “Stay with me, Dawn” I urged as we pulled into the drive. Indeed, we had undressed by the time we found the “playroom.” I didn’t even know how many intimate partners you counted, if any. You said “I’ve been saving up for this,” as you withdrew an immaculate condom from your purse. Seeing your favor got me harder than I had been in decades, with no small help from the Viagra I had ingested at work. (Dawn, will we ever express our love beyond our work and your chaperone?) Remember, you are Venus, she who is a goddess of love, whose very sight can draw out my seed. This was no one-night-stand; we trusted each other implicitly. We French-kissed like second dates. Next, my two clasping hands could grasp only one breast at a time. When we rolled over, our two-tone skins would cling, but slip where they counted. You are so beautiful, my Indian lover. The joints of my elbows fit those of your knees, and our genitals strangely yet effectively link with those of the other. There we rocked contentedly; at first unhurried, then quickening as the minutes and terms of endearment flew by. The conversation consisted of tentative touches, tongue kisses, deep gazes, exhaled vapor, suckling breasts, and the dream otherwise connecting you and me. If you had been a virgin, your prime felt most pure, yet when willed, most wild. Our united nervous network prepares for orgasm. Natural ritual, reflexed in our current course, plunged me into your stunning secret. Over one thousand times our cardio beat, consenting love. Your lust muscles then slid with calming arousal fluid, though your vaginal sphincter gripped at vital times. Our perfectly coinciding anatomies – our whole meaning – combined our existence into one coasting, alternating self. Your vulva matched my mouth like it was gasping heavily for my penis and our lungs burning for each other. Please accept my up-to-date cocktail of plasmatic amour, Dawn!

You know, Dawn,

It was a normal day at Bingo, but so good to see the lovely K. Although she can handle herself, she seems shy – perhaps because of her natural modesty. I must admit she is more than attractive, especially in her 40s with adult kids. However, it was you, Dawn, who crept up to me and glided your hands all over my T-shirt. There you, being a skilled mender, were making love to my heart, lungs, nerves, and ribs. I next empathized with your face and voice, almost as if they were from my first love. Your pajamas reminded me to call you to an early bedtime. I cared so much about our communication in the elevator that I almost forgot your bonus. Still, I planted a smooch on your cheek. (Is it true that kissing began in India?) I imagine us, stranded on the lift, passing the time by “sucking face.” I stroke your bottom at the same time you, squinting, strum upon my jeans’ zipper. I wonder if you admired my deed when you glanced toward my muscle, then bending denim. At that moment, our skin blushed, with the blood of Eros ruling our bodies. Our longing hurried us to my car, and soon to commerce. On the way home, you loosened your bra, flashing your hefty, nourishing, rich lobes. I had to drive at a crawl as I admired your gift. I had already mapped out my route when my house came into sight. We made our way as far as the silk rug, where I laid you down lightly. You agreed by shedding your gossamer clothes; I had discarded my pants, which flew away like a kite in the wind. Ascertain my manly monolith by pulling down these jockey shorts, Dawn. If my thing gleamed akin to yours, your lower cleavage shone like a beacon. Not only was its cleft open, but it invited me to wedge widely the very ruffle of reproduction. At this point, my manhood hooked in and up, as on my knees I entered you kindly, much like your promise of the mutual wrap that started our sexploit. We polished each other’s teeth with the muscles in our mouths before we slinked across the carpet. Your labia made out with me like our earlier French kiss. Our joyful expressions asked us to join as opposites. Next, having shaken up to the point of uncorking, we spun a careful half-turn lest I spurt forth too quickly. We entertained each other’s bits: darting them while engorging life with a soul kiss. Dawn, the perfect you entice the perfect me. As I lap your pudenda you lose yourself, journeying back and forth near the realm of climax. It seems my sky-blue pill enlarged me to your delight. You indicate that we attempt the lotus-coitus pose, giving us an easy approach for both yoni and lingam. The mere sight of your introitus’ invitation advanced my point of being and becoming. From missionary to Kama-curious, we created a seal we would never break. I ensured that the action of my insistent corona squeegeed mucus and semen throughout your canal. We review our climactic histories: first, kindest, longest time, quickest, strangest, most athletic, most in sync, most comforting, greatest fantasy, most romantic, best overall, most positions, strongest love, greatest tumidity – all from us two. Dawn, my entire brain exhilarates across our neural net, but particularly throughout our pudendal nerves. Your face acknowledged our whole physique rumbling as if our biofluids had incited innumerable orgasms within. Your mind coordinated these with a mixture of erotic memories, 300 love letters in all. We stand swelled, raised, inseparable, and anointed again! Holding secure, yet jiggling throughout, we thank God for our oneness.

You sing to me, Dawn,

Your presence brought me from sad to glad. I say a prayer for you, lifting Katherine and the whole Bingo group. Yours was a radical idea; 16 out of 17 stayed! Not only the biggest but also one of the most successful groups I’ve ever had. Your love beams to me even now. Your skilled hands give miraculous healing. With the kindness of your spirit, you forgave my initial sullenness. Then, your touch on my shoulder made me so happy I found myself in spirited euphoria! God has given you challenges, but most of all, He has given you people who truly love and help you. I am still riding the high you gave me; I feel as if you are next to me even now. Dawn, please tell me about your best experience of falling in love. Your stroking my arm in the office made me rush so I wanted that evermore. You are better than blue vision in any aspect of our relationship! You woke me up with your massage; you know I can still sense it in my muscles. If you do leave S.R., make sure you have all possibilities covered. Do you have anybody besides me with whom to confide? If you ever need me to write a reference for you, I am good for it. Thank God that my Mom had a caring few like you, K., Wanda, Memuna, Vicki, and Sam. Hearing you talk about my mother brings her back to me, even for a few minutes. I can see her sitting in her wheelchair, observing more than participating. You are a gold mine of memories for me. She was a tough woman, and she knew whom to trust, even with dementia. I hope to volunteer with K. this weekend; she is another confidant when it comes to S.R. I learned from listening to Ms. H. after the game. She is an amazing survivor! She is quite open about her medical conditions, and her near-death coma. You agree that she has a great attitude. I trust that her family cherishes her; certainly, the residents and recreational assistants do. At over 80 and with serious infirmities, she is a very classy and youthful lady. Dawn, I would like to give you a back massage and cover your face with kisses to revive the feeling on your lips. If you were here, I would swivel my chair so you could sit on my aroused lap and I make love to your breasts. There we find comfort, with me embracing your body along with satisfied sighing that lifts both of us. You deserve the best of love; I only wish you and I were deep in it together, today. From my chair, we walk hand-in-hand to the queen bed. There I lower your pants and panties to sow the land of Utopia. God, help me give Dawn the yoni tasting of much elation. She turns me on for memory’s sake, performing unforgettable acrobatics. I only need her to sheathe my saber in her shifting smoothness. Her soft vulva, already sweet with dew, awakens from beneath her. She widens with pleasure as my every entry reveals another shudder. Dawn, take in my lingam and wash it as a waterfall would. While we woo, your yoni yanks me inside you, then wrings my rich, raw root anew. Our tightness inspires and engorges your wine-dark lady bits. I love you, Dawn! Our anatomy has evolved to give us success with every movement. We share the plentiful source, while steadily pushing and tugging – eventually marking the bed wet with great success. At midnight, my clock and cock are up and at it again, for all lovers. Dawn, you are so pretty sitting atop me as we join naked laps like soaking sponges. Keep bouncing with eyes shut, head back, and mammae resiliently outward! Arc your lumbar backbone for my maximum penetration. You touch me every day, which most companions rarely attempt in their lives. Your vulnerability reconciles all my spermatozoa to cry out for your skin-clad splendor!

You, Dawn,

I am wanting to write about you, Dawn. I have described your body, my attraction toward it, my desire to sleep with you, how much I enjoy working with you, the great feeling of hugging you, how enraptured you are when you pray to God, how I would like to share my flow with yours, indeed to respect your privacy, to love the moral you, to admire your work ethic, your kindness toward elders, your achievement of job honors (at least) three times, your tolerance of supervisors, your outstanding beauty, our great communication, your kindness – yes, love – for me, your fantastic ability to clean with pride and happiness, your great motherhood to a young woman brought up right, your abilities far surpassing your salary, your experience in India, speaking at least three languages, graduating from college, befriending me in deeply meaningful ways, your trustworthiness, your support to your husband, your choice of that good man, the upkeep of your house, your healthful shopping, your ability to handle stress, your honest expression, your gracious acceptance of my gifts, my gracious gifts from you, your understanding of my obsession with you, your persistence to do at least three jobs at once at S.R., your pure-fastidious personal hygiene, your great taste in clothes, your kind laugh at my letters, your intuition of men like me, your admirable survival in many places, your encouragement of Bingo games and many other pastimes, your fantastic duties with the calendar, birthdays and decorations, your diligence at keeping the recreation database and evaluations, picking up where the cleaning crew had missed, feeding the neediest residents(!), interacting with the nursing staff for the health of the old folks, providing gifts and candy for Bingo players from your own funds, proving (gracefully) to God your love for Him, talking to me when you need a confidant, your healing touch, your example of showing life is valuable, your insight into these love letters, your appreciation that I believe you are an angel, wondering how we would be in marriage, believing what kissing you would be like (a fresh vegetable garden after a light spring rain), how our spirit is the same, whether we will meet each other in Heaven, how many lives you have saved at S.R., how many residents there have really loved you, how we will care for each other if we become ill, insuring S. finishes her studies and gets the best job possible, her finding a kind man to share life with, your healing your husband wholly, you and I sharing lunch and your pictures one day, my dreaming of you day and night, your finding an answer to these letters for me, your busting-out earthly beauty as great as flesh can be, your brain and body being those of a genius, you holding true to God more than I can, my hoping to meet together at S.R. at least twice a week, anticipating that I will see you for cleaning next week, trusting your car carries on, and honoring you for considering me. I love you so much tonight, Dawn. May God protect you and your loved ones, showing us Heaven on Earth. Enjoy our true passion for each other and find our peace in lovemaking everlasting – our best, deepest, and complete cleaving together!

Your turn, Dawn,

I love your social call, Dawn! Quickly, to the playroom! You pirouette once you are inside my door, promising a fancy outfit to delight. Under your trench coat, you reveal a fashionable, plunging neckline. No wonder there are so many Indian men appreciating such beauty as yours. We sit down on my loveseat when I notice a wardrobe malfunction. From my angle and scrutiny, I could see a wide, palpable circle topped with an attractive, fibrous tidbit. You must have known what I was occupied with, because this marvelous point quickly stood up, enhancing your entire attire. Your gift was to take my hand and clasp it to such undeniable softness! You parted the slit of your dress until it vented your pubic hair – which, for a dare, you had dyed fire-red. Slipping out of your gown and twirling lifted your breasts as if they were weightless on a roller coaster ride. My lust sprung forth in appreciation. You were to tease me even more, unbuttoning my shirt with a pass of your hand, and nearly upending me when wresting off my loose trousers. I had only my underpants to hide my pride – and you, tigress, made that all too obvious. We lost control while permitting each other to exchange hands, as we two shook as if our privates were wild. I contested your mouth with mine, coming out from my spout in a shout. We frantically struggled with our tongues, as if we were competing for a salivary orgasm. After we soothed that appetite, my face moved down to those healthful, prominent mammae. Drawing on there tightly, I considered you were lactating with resilient nipples that satisfied my hunger for custard with vanilla, close to the aroma of a secreting breast. Meanwhile, as equals, we rode faster and faster on our sex cycle. Your body has so much amazing tenderness that my trusty, tell-tale tail begged for you to entertain me – to inflate its expanse, and to wag a happy exclamation mark! I introduce your yonilinga to that lingam, your urethra to mine, your labia to my scrotum, your ovaries to my testes, and the bait for all intercourse – pink to purple – the squinting, lone yoni. (I use civil terms in my emails to you in respect of your femininity. Calm words pacify men and promote knowledge of human sexuality. Coarse words are by their nature reactionary – and very often demeaning and threatening, especially to women. I love you, Dawn, and here protect you from such abuse.) The vagina and penis are compatible with the yin and yang of sex, which prefer dually united, sexual, elated, and caring contact. I feast quietly on your banquet while adjusting myself for your subtly sour treat of texture like a mollusk. You snort playfully as my glans grazes the responsive parts near your vestibule. The slime of your gap allows me swift and immediate entrance. I am firm to the point where the skin of my shaft reveals blood vessels throughout. My whole organ would soon bind to your viscera and every touch drives me deeper and more confidently inside you. We waltzed back and forth, my muscle pushing at first an inch, but soon augmenting to nearly half a foot. Our faces showed readiness to ride hard, to fill your loving cup over the top. Your expression – modest eyes searching for my heart – guided me into the nuances of our relationship. Your whole body animated, then gravitated, drawing me towards the womb by our big bang’s black hole. I would have thought you were spellbound if not for the enthusiastic fluctuations of your anatomy overall. With low, contented moans and an angelic, dancing wing beat, you bathe me with the internal female “sweat” so thrilling to both. Our secure hearts kept up entranced thrumming the whole night over. We are here, now, together, and forever! Wrap your limbs around me where I flourish in you, where ambrosial extracts flow from my fruits to celebrate, and your sensational budding grows a great root. Realize that the cuneiform vulva outdoes my male manifestation and suckles it in a frenzy like its very tissue was fighting for breath.

Youthful Dawn,

You remember our love in gentle acts; soft touches strengthened with kindness; light humor and happiness spoken in poignant terms. It would be nice to see you again soon; maybe for a bite to eat? How is your family? I hope your situation continues to improve. Share the strength that many women seek in this world. More than a wish, I will be there for you when needed, A.S.A.P. I notice how much you care for elders; almost as much as for yourself, and very often, more. You know, God follows you around S.R. I will miss you next Saturday; though you always deserve a good timeout, you’d rather be working. Yesterday we paced our visit to the office just right. You were so caring to me, so attentive. The firmer you pressed me, the more stimulating your contact. Dawn’s love is a language in which one understands and thrives. Your speech is pure and your expressions are sincere. We communicate woman to man, with guidance and respect. You could use me, but that is not your way. God sees that I protect you, not abuse you. You taste, swallow, lick, speak, sing, eat, drink, breathe, clean, sign, interface, convey, chew, and kiss with your marvelous tongue; I would like to share these actions with you. It would be gratifying for us to have our smooching enhanced by letting our lips go untamed! (I am amazed by how your family has translated language, customs, materials, culture, morals, professions, religion, etc. from India. I suppose that S. is mostly American except when her mother decides otherwise.) My collection of your mild touches associates dreams and desires when I get home; can I last for another few days? I write to you here to delay immediate gratification. I sit on my computer chair, knowing that the taut feeling in my seat (my penile bulb, testes, scrotum, prostate gland, and perineum) could unloose at any moment. Fantasies now compete with our real possibilities later. Presently, I will let my lust type the keys.

I have thankfully accepted you as my surrogate this last half-year. I beseech you to imagine with me our first romantic experience. We knew fairly well how to kiss, but had to get it just right. There were details about where the brain, senses, breath, eyes, lips, tongue, cheeks, velum, ears, hair, scalp, temples, teeth, skull, nose, neck, throat, skin, sweat glands, viscera, and flesh fitted in, and how they related to sex. With practice and pleasure, we found an enjoyable bond of accessible caressing. My hands innately fell to your lively and outstanding mammae. Under your shirt was the land of the nipples, where I petted and sucked briskly. I wanted as much communication and feeling as possible out of our first shared experience. (I remember when a friend’s sister nursed her tiny, though concerned, daughter next to me. The mother proudly cared to share the moment.) The third base was next to natural like you warming fingers in your lap privately. Having found your magnanimous clitoris (which you tensed and eased, on and off, trilling and panting), I gathered your subtly tart honeydew onto my flavor buds. Lapping the essence upon your jewel, and encircling your thighs with my arms, I gave secure manual and oral pleasure as you wished. You told of my success with a chorus of heavenly harmonies. Dawn, I await you and a hopeful home run! I love the way God made you: mind, body, heart, lungs, face, hair, skin, paps, sensations, intuition, and genitalia. Seeing, touching, hearing, smelling, tasting, and insight gave me the vital, proud extension to bump your bottom, arousing your lap-gap nectar, richer than heavy cream on ambrosia.

Zest, Dawn,

When you squeezed me this afternoon, I realized what holding you in bed would feel like. However, you seemed sad, no doubt from the flu, overwork, and worrying about your family. I am glad we talked on the phone this week. I seek success for S.! She has had to grow up fast. I pray for her good health too, as I do for you and your husband. I was carrying groceries from the car and forgot I had not salted the icy passenger side of the driveway. I have fallen several times in as many years, but have not yet broken a bone. Watch out for the ice, particularly when the temperature varies between freezing (rain) and melting (ice)! Right now, I could do with a standing hug, as earlier I had frisked your flank from your shoulders to your hips. It was not so much a goodbye as a welcome. The elevator door was open and you still showed me your love. A woman fits the stance of a man, to meet him from eyes to mouth to chest to thighs to toes. One of the best moments of my day is your first clinch, usually from the side and expressing a reassuring bust. God looks at us and especially admires your care of the infirm, who you and I might be in a couple of decades. You have taught me how to protect the elderly. Again, I sense you bound up in my arms. Think of how much the residents love you. Many of them continue to be good citizens into senescence. Give me a call in the afternoon. We embody uninhibited affection in the lift. We feel the same way together: secure, equal, and adoring. To look at your face is to see innate honesty, concern, happiness, and passionate good, all in a human body. Hormones and desires build up inside me, wanting more of your tight, though alternating, grip. You have taken me on as you would a “twin” cousin. Remember this: even if most people pass you by, God is patiently waiting for your prayer. He knows I would like you to climb bare-skinned into my bed. Then you can tell me about your day and the love you found in it. I respond with an inhalation, then roll to brace myself over so much comely potential. You reach down to find me ready for your warm, wet, winking welcome. We undulate, shifting bodies while you project your dark meat skyward. My lifted lingam reaches below your midnight pubic hair, below your ostentatious clitoris, below your urethra, only to slip into that yoni-heaven we both have waited for. You respire (“spirare” in Latin means to breathe, as in “spirit”) deeply and easily. I watch your ribs raising and lowering double time to my accelerated thrusting. We both drive our core to tingle more with each salvo, for us to find our simple yet serious relationship. With your organ daring my entrance, I look down at its plum-hued lining kissing our seal of intercourse, where two contrasting skins have so much in common. I think of your beauty in my bed as I, like a rajah, sink amid your cushions – I dwell with a revelation! We milked our affection, hopes, and motions while our joyous consummation comes closer to us as beings, as beloved, and as our bliss. Dawn, please feel cozy stirring your yearning yonilinga to sleep well in our resolution afterward. I gave you a mushy kiss; next, we squirm – acting, reacting, and reenacting. I remember that morning when you first lit my sensational flame with a shocking oneness until the spark of our night still smoldered. Our life forces agree aloud with amorous yowls, following an entangled transcendence with blood-bound desires, feeling like fizzing cascades of effervescence!

Zine clean, Dawn

Dawn spoke furtively, in her Brooklyn accent, that some of her intimates were going to the university mixer. Joining her, I walked toward the music, feeling louder as we approached. Tonight the dining hall, transformed into a dance floor, would host women from UConn. My friendly college coed braved the crushing tunes, which I found so loud as to animate my feet. I tried to hear her, more or less my date. Students were there to socialize, listen to music, get drunk on beer, or, with swagger, hit on potential partners. I shouted and signaled to Dawn that we hang out beyond the ear-splitting electronics. To discern her better, I placed my hand on her shoulder. It was then that a static sensation from our clothes passed through the two of us, sparking our mouths with tender tinder. Weeks before, she had asked a couple of us guys to her dorm room for a dubious double date. These women looked so aggressive that this virgin didn’t know where to start – but today she and her fuzzy sweater were all of the advances I would need. Other dancers admired us like romantic role models by picking up a partner. I kissed mine on the ear as we scurried back to our dorm. She was both brainy and racy, I learned, speeding us on our way. We were both sophomores – she was a little depressed, and I wanted one more comfort before I left school for good. We turned to speak, but our suction led to our kisses. We had prepared by brushing tongues this night, only to enhance our blushing cheeks. In the middle of the campus, we wrapped around each other, oblivious to what other voices might say. Her breasts pointed out with satisfaction, her hips rubbed me as if she might orgasm in her panties – it was almost like we were making love in the open! We knew by instinct that our best experiences lay ahead. Our mutual scents guided us to our staircase, then to my bedroom. We locked eyes as best we could while disrobing, our flesh first flexing floppily for firming. In those days erections were instantaneous, first for my penis, next for her rings of color. We both breathed out like fire from a dragon. Our jeans bared excitedly, their legs still keeping time to the band. Dawn lay back on the edge of the bed. Her pubes appeared to waver; she surely spoiled my hot rod! Her vagina yawned like it hunted a Blood Moon. She must have saved it to rock with one man that night! First, for her thirst, she glanced at and hummed upon the tip of my softest genital structure, my glans – then my sturdy shaft – next gargling my entire penis in her throat as best she could. My oral cavity celebrated her considerable areolae, each a mouthful at a time. This act colored her body even more than stimulating her yoni did. Before we tallied up the score, we closed our eyes and made out deeply. Oh, Dawn, let’s assume the position! Stretched out on my mattress, she caressed my lingam, one that would not give in – until now! We cleaved with a single push into her wide wild world. Arousal fluid (vaginal transudate) seeped at our junction. Counting our pumps, my trigger built up liquid potential until our dream came true – filling the expanse of your birth canal with my lingam and several substantial spouts of semen. This titillation caused you to woo with a womanly watershed stretching up and down your spine, even more with us two still rocking and rolling to the night’s good vibrations. Laid back with soixante-neuf, I tasted you transfixed and touched your tumid tissue until we both dilated with delight, disseminating Dawn’s dreams of dissertation degree by degree.

Zone, Dawn,

Dawn, you are beautiful! Not just in looks, but as a creation by God. Are you aware of what you carry? Your pectorals enrapture me, either leaping or lax while you move about the room. Your smile, which I value highly against my depression, adorns you. Release my tension, Dawn. Be with me here at my keyboard, as I tap with deft digits to send my pent-up passes to you. You translate between the Lookout room, your home, and my playroom – which is most familiar? Did you know that dust in our houses is mostly from dead skin cells and mites (tiny creatures that live on the roots of our facial hair!)? Ashes to ashes, dust to dust. Thus, I have touched your skin thousands of times in my own home! Let us revel in live skin, yours either smooth and calming, or undulating and expressive. When you see your nature in a “looking glass,” you notice the likeness of a great, yet modest person. Your cheeks nurture our necking. In our cores, we’re more like the torrid tropics. I have said a whisper is like a tickling tongue on the ear. My look in your eyes honors many years of friendship and your excellent trust in me. Trust is not easy to earn; cheating is not easy to forgive. When I find you holding me – when I perceive you to your center – it does not take much insight to appreciate our Edenic selves. Your face indeed is an extension of your neck, which in turn grows from your bosom. Your body on the whole is as nourishing as your breasts. Similarly, for your mons pubis, labia, and vagina:the first cushioning, the next luring, and the last*,* angelic. As a married woman, you still allow yourself fantasies. When you stare at my zipper, I am not as quick as my teenage self was – but if I may, will longingly relate my great attraction, inside and outside, for you. I thank you for enabling the powers of my Sildenafil. I am also happy for you that you found many years ago a good man to love, to marry, and with whom to bear a child who is respectable and miraculous herself. I am grateful that you appreciate our Pyaar, and follow my writing with such concern. We not only think alike, but we move in peace, connected. We combine times both have had, making a photographic memory of images, and drawing on dear, youthful feelings. As adults, we have grown and reinforced our joy with that of our only lovers. You are a woman like few others. Your virginal qualities and strength in sensual knowledge dedicate to you as God’s greatest genetic gift: your family. I notice our hugs are like a passionate passage into our past. Whenever you are lonely, recognize that you are Hers: strong and true. To shake your precious skin reminds me of those same qualities resonating within your vitals. We push our blood from wherever we squeeze into our more carnal regions. Our places of intimacy are special to us, having grown cherished over time. Your face is completely kissable. Tell yourself how much you love me (you rarely tell a lie) and realize I will dream of you very soon – as real as our friendly, kind interactions, and as curious as the confluence of our contentment together.

Zzz…Dawn,

I woke up with a start – was my cat snoring so loudly? Kitty, stop breathing in my ear. Then, instead of fur, I felt skin. I rubbed my sleepy eyes; when alert, I saw my tousled pal, Dawn! She looked as if she had been in a windstorm. Then I remembered our evening activities before I passed out – did we arrive a total of four, or five times? Your beautiful mane covered the shoulders of us both, much like a blanket. Your insistent kissing led everywhere, especially upon and between my own lips, and within your pores, both warm and cool. At the start, I remember you giving my scrotum and the goods within a suctioned tongue bath, causing my lingam to rise like an overstuffed wurst. You, a woman of experience, then challenged me: my giving glans turned beet red as your mouth belayed your way down my shaft. You knew the frenulum, what some liken to the string of a musical instrument, here more like a grand organ! There, the underside of my penis thrills when stroked up and down, up and down. Once the lingam erects, it becomes even touchier. You had taken advantage of this reaction, moving from your kisser to tongue to cheeks to soft velum, all upon the head of my fleshy kazoo. I frantically gripped the bed, as you bobbed faster and faster, eventually saucing my love apple. You held my sack in your hand, calmly yanking it, and drew a timely fingernail along my perineum. My whole anatomy lifted from our cushion and at its apex squeezed the fruits of your skilled labors. Stretching my engorged muscle, you managed to make me spit out over 20 ccs of bounding passion. Our feat did not stop there; within ten minutes, another originated (in your honor) from my urethra and spilled down your hand. You greedily drank the plasma dripping from our clutch. You had been such a turn-on that I had to reciprocate our duties. Your glutes mooned over my face to reveal a perfect vulva, smelling of labrose love and spicy sex. With these riches of pudenda, I manfully mouthed your mons. Now it was time for my talented taster to lick along your piquant and gleaming minora. Your obvious midi-member, the yonilinga, almost overcome by my orality, stood up proudly for all women. No doubt, it signaled her buddy, the yoni, to send dripping slime, mixing with blood, mucus, sweat, tears, urine, saliva, milk, and semen. Our very earthquake would impel your vulva to gasp with twitching muscle, looking much the same as a face puffing and out of breath. I aimed to satisfy all of your genitalia; even more, to give you a touted body orgasm. For the next two hours, I petted, tickled, licked, showered, battery-vibrated, and thrust all of your fitting intimate parts, exchanging as you were eager (and with your affirmation) for more vitalizing. Your suckable, porous nipples enlarged like titillated sea sponges as I licked your armpits; when I caressed your areolae (one even wider than this adult’s gaping mouth) your whole crotch tightened; your mouth moved madly over mine; your flesh shivered with its bumps and fine hair standing on end (which I stroked and stoked). Back at your yoni, we were testing our shifting shafts, inward and outward. Picture us: having awakened, my singular lingam would ply your plentiful portions altogether with more generous ejaculations and manic sensations for us mates. We resounded when waves of pleasure loosened around us – markedly while reciprocal massages found the other’s organs. We closed our eyes and sampled the scented bounty of sweet, sweated sheets. Bound in unison, we flew into the night, our hearts fulfilled, and the coupling of every intimacy performed. Tomorrow we would grasp and gasp for our togetherness restfully awakened.

In our beginning, Dawn,

I lie here, alone in bed. Blood-red light, reminiscent of a nude sunrise, filters into my room. Its rays beam upon my wall; it is then that the shadow of the ghost raises its crown, lifts my linen, and floats closer and closer toward our recreation. Aside from the head on my shoulders, that of my acorn will grace a creamy whiteness beneath my billowing sheets. I gird myself for exquisite orality. The hiss therein recalled a party of two: me, and a lady named Dawn, whom I met the night before at a support group. This forward woman I could grasp more than see. I perceive her tongue, which just hours before had attained me in near entirety, preceded by her full lips traversing my tingling, tubular tool. She spun her gape around my pole only to land her labia smack upon my smug smile. She remained anonymous until presenting that tastiest carnal kisser in my gustatory memory. This was surely my Dawn; I feasted at her service and revered her rich ruby which flashed lustily in the early morning light. There arose slurps, as from imbibing mild lemonade, perking me awake to emulate my everlasting pursuit of soothing the wounded wedge. I make out with her fruitfully nourishing gap as I had the face I could not yet see. “Dawn, I witness your pudenda bemused at and stunned by evolution’s entire urge. I have enough virility to pacify both of us.” This proposition only manages to put Dawn’s body into sexual overdrive. Continuous coitus creates a zoomorphic “beast with two backs,” as Shakespeare was wont to say (apparently, he was unfamiliar with the “doggy style.”) Dawn moved with a feral expression, eventually overlaying every stretch of my exterior with hers. Soon my taste test agrees with her organic tang completely. She allows me the satisfaction of arousing her purple labia to shudder heatedly. Then there is the siren’s song of her beauty: her skilled, tender wiles, and our hard alliance stirring yoni and yonilinga. “Leon,” spoke she, “apply your trembling hand to my delicacy.” Dawn’s shape excelled; not only was she at the height of attraction but also her intense quivering held the promise of mutual orgasm. I slurp her vestibule where I engage in every kind of loosening and tautening – off and on. There I spark her golden pearl circuit. Spread eagle, she exposes a lustrous clitoris to transform her pinkish burrow into awestruck deep violet within. We slow into an upbeat rhythm when you bade “Please mount my breasts.” Dawn, I love your perky, perfect living botas and their nectar. Your chest makes love to my lingam with the passion and skill of a true athlete. Adipose delicacy, having a muscular massage, caused us to groan and roll with crazed abandon. Your saliva, your lactation, your arousal fluid, and your vaginal mucus all provoked me to beg for more. Dawn ordered firmly: “In!” Submitting – barely and entirely – our shared shafts pumped protoplasm past the procreant portal where we work our whoopee. Your keen jewel and my yielding chisel alternately reveal our glinting, mounting treasures. All senses occupy the depths of your wilds. Eyes roll up and flutter; ears ring and hearken; mouth readies flesh and hunger; aroma savors a feast upon your palatable wedge (reminiscent of cultured sourdough bread). Our brains rush together coursing hearts and bursting lungs. Our pulse expands every alveolus; our breath feeds all our blood. One strumming, ribbed birth canal, one ramming yet caring lingam – and overall, vastly enduring ejaculations mate us like lupi. God appreciates all, guiding our truth in this consummate act. We humans delight, transforming mere daily tension into a transcendent experience, evolving from the smallest microbe to two sexual creatures dancing reborn. Dawn, I ponder on your silky, sable, kissable crotch; therein we found the rush of joy’s coy toy, reveling at our core for every knock at your door.

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