

First Served

*an erotic fiction in
the first-person plural.*

We're cuddling
for warmth after
his car breaks
down on the way
out. With the
snow, close
enough to feel

each other's heartbeats. Hear each
other's breaths. So it's

basically

impossible for him not
to get hard. But I won't
let him get embarrassed
by his share in the

pleasure, — try to be
there, when he's feeling
most tender,

and make him
live for
that feeling.

I want his cock in the crease of my hip. I want to wrap my leg
around his. I do it. Blissful heat through cotton against jean.

We've been fondling
the edges of our
frames, giggling

and cooing to each other.

Our lips are inches
apart

and we can feel
the other's breath.

And we're egging

