

Jean-Rock Le Blanc

Nancy - Anglais



She is Pure... She is Virgin...

I got up early this morning
I am preparing a gargantuan breakfast
I sit and when I look out by the window
A beautiful panorama is offered to me
There are there to make something very fertile imagination...

She is Beautiful, She is Pure
She is white, She is clean
The aroma, the scent that emerges is romantic
She is sweet, She is there begging to be taken
Do I surrender to these sweet invitations morning...

She is Pure, She is Virgin
She is of immeasurable beauty
I want to play with her, to take her in my hands
I feel like to suck her, to feel her wetness in my mouth
Will she be a big disenchantment to me if I wake up...

I see myself in Magog on the lakeside
A small country road passing by the wood cabin
The trees are so striking with magnificence, that
She is there, Sensual, Pure, Inviting to perfection, I surrender
I will have to accept that the consequences so brutal...

Your long arms caressing the wind
A sensual gesture that intoxicates me
Telling me the sweet comfort of your sweet presence
So sitting on the Rock, deposits the idem in these trees
Thy whiteness alone has been able to awaken in me
the morning voyeur who marvels...

I'm tempted to take her in my hands
I feel like to feel her at the scope to my mouth
I look outside, the impulses rise, effectively, she is there

She's there waiting, there is the aroma of morning enchanted
What can I do to her she will be so fragile to me touching her...

The coffee squirts her sweet nectar blackened by boiling water
The eggs are frying in the pan, the toast pop out of the toaster and proud to
participate in this tangle

I'm so happy that I thought Sunday as her rests me this morning
In this winter of a weekday morning, however, it is nice
She is so beautiful that for the respected, I clothe in white...

I see myself in the countryside surrounded by wood cabin
Occasionally a car passes leaving behind her a rut
I hear the lapping of the water simmering in passing cars
They are bent on her, I want to save her, of an end so obvious
What can I do for her, she so fragile at contact of my hands...

Until she became fluent with herself
I suck all that sweet sources that emerges
What can I do more I am only a man after all
Is it possible for me to save her from certain doom
I'm not God I can not adjust her tragic fate wanting...

I am only a man awaking
Who yet in front her impotence
That affects me excited this winter morning
I know, even in this day of week yet
She is affecting me to the point I am disturbed...

I would love to be able to save her
From the Human as we are, in this destructive morning
I am not all that time it would be necessary for me to her
I wish I could caress her, suck her, lick her, take her
But I would have loved to provide so enjoy her so fragile...

I feeling her in this winter morning
Still more selfish in front of her purity
That fragility between my hands are getting so wet
This moisture, to my lips, I am to have great delight,
Ah, the snow snowed in this winter morning...

Arrival Incredible

It's been nearly two weeks since I went in search of the Enchanted Goddess,
I am limited in my weapon from the Conqueror,
She gave me an appointment for this week-end...

It has been over ten days sparkling heart is in pain,
It was broken by waiting for his beloved heart,
She gave him an appointment...

I am waiting, but why?
What am I thinking for her arrival?
A knight must dress with an armor!

Friday evening already... I look out the window,
I'm looking forward... I am expecting her arrival,
I dressed, for a Knight, in my armor all rusted...

She arrives, she is there, I see her,
She leaves her little car in the parking lot,
All outside lights are lit for her arrival!

s e n s a l i t é s e x e
I am going outside wearing my armor,
I am presenting myself to her,
Hi "O" you, "O" my Queen...

I knelt and made the appropriate salute from a good Knight
I am getting up, here and now, my coat is half-open,
Suggesting some ideas looking through my ceremonial costume.

I am wearing a long black coat,
And a pair of black cowboy boots,
White jersey down just a little below the sex that is in its position.

I stretch, as a winner, both arms raised in the air,
My coat gapes the pleasure just more widely,
Leaving to see my tools through my ceremonial costume...

The jersey is raised revealing to my interlocutor,
All my assets are here, resting... Needless to say,
She is very shy, she is telling me... « Really »... You are...

As I am naked under my sweater,
You can see my weapon of seduction,
Facing the brightness of the lighting « SPOTS » street lighting due to night
in our cities on the southern shore...
She gives up her luggage on the roadway,
At the sight of this show that is offered,
She is a tad jealous, unwilling to share...

She hastens to approach that no one else has access,
That is being a weapon worthy of a submarine flotation,
She spends her arm under the coat, and said to me « Big Fool »...

She kisses me, we enter the castle located behind,
We embraced for hours until early morning,
Satisfied and sated, we got up and went to lunch...

Good Saturday morning my Nancy Darling,
Your Valiant Knight in his Rusty Armor which is loosing up,
This long eventful night he has done kind of well...

Nancy, in your eyes, I can only see brightness,
On your face, it is the redness that appears first,
Could it be that the whole our exploits had requested...

Of your return Dear Nancy, I will be waiting impatiently,
Of your combined sensuality deploying energy tenderness,
Our sexuality sated we were entering our brilliant antics...