

No Candles

Mr. Talley

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We Haven't Even Started Yet

(Song on original "No Candles" CD)

Imagining my baby....
Standing here....complimented by a breeze....selfless scent....
sundresses..
Felt...molded over everything that my baby possesses....
Tip of my tongue....catching strawberry juices....creating the sweetest smell...
Crossed in...nothing more satisfying than the last breath of an orgasmic exhale....
The thought of laying next to you...suddenly it's all clear....
How could I even consider being anything other...than what's needed right
now...And right here....
...candle-lit...here she is....my angel....thighs to the side....
Endless slow kisses...Begging a warm tongue to ease inside....
Hmm...I can do better than that....a selfless taste that could only assume....
That right here....and right now.....I'm about to kiss a rose in full bloom...

Tongue twisted....slow moans....and a warm...warm breath...
...extended...making love to the back of my tongue....till there's no moisture left...
Tip...sliding in...on the inhale...twisted ...pulling on the exhale...
Bottom lip gently massaging...out of control gripping the bedrail....
Thick...strong circles...just when you'd think it's about end...
No love....back arched a little....I'm goin there again....and again...and again...
So guide me up...lips slightly parted....and just let it slllllliide...
Like a snake in the grass....right here....*whisperin*...still begging for my angel to
ease it inside...
mmm....watching you....sucking my fingertips.....can't believe we haven't just
met...and that....I'm just now imagining you twisting the hell out of me.....
thinking...*damn*....
....and we haven't even started yet....

MrTalley

Intro Waking Up To Ten Thousand Degrees

There is nothing like waking to a new day, and me sharing with someone special who I adore. A day of newness and a fresh beginning with the sun awakening our senses. It is a beautiful day with the flowers blooming, birds chirping, and a cool breeze flowing through the windows. These images are calming our minds and connecting our thoughts as we gaze into each other's eyes. I am starting a new morning and waking up to someone so special to me. A morning that is so unique, it is an experience that I have never encountered before today. It is the type of morning that could make a blind man see and a crippled man walk because he is so overwhelmed with love.

I like the way that he holds, kisses, and strokes me while telling me how beautiful I am to him. There is something about the way that he embraces my body and takes me to a place that is timeless. When he walks into a room his smile can light it up, and his heart can melt away any dark cloud. Whenever we are together, there are no distractions or interruptions. It is just the two of us feasting off of each other. I am in tune with this man's deepest thoughts and he deserves the very best because that is what he always gives to me. This morning I am waking up next to him and it feels like a dream, but when I touch him I realize that he is real.

This morning waking up beside him aroused feelings and emotions that I didn't know could exist. The way that he makes me feel and cares for me, I now know that he is someone special and I want him to stay.

Sunshine

Wake up To Ten Thousand Degrees

(song featured on upcoming album N.E.E.D.)

FIRST?..

I want to thank You for waking me...I mean...I know you didn't have too...
I've fallen short a few...and may have disappointed you...but I'm here because of
you...so I'm thanking you...shoo...I'm even sorry for all the little things that I mite
do...and for last night?...well...

"good morning baby" (sunshine)

mmm...well .I'm sorry for that too...

Waking up to 10 thousand degrees has a brotha tossin unexplainably....even I can
see.

Laying here next to ME....she?...well she deserves the best...but will settle for
payless..

And I'll give her nothing less than everything....simply because she asks for
nothing...

Countless ittie bitties...Under 10 thousand degrees mold everything perfectly...
because she's...right here

Softly awakening to ten thousand tea-lites...in a slow circular heat...that's just warm
enough to lace a lower back trace...and a trail that guides to a perfectly pink bubble
bath...where footsteps dance around ten thousand soft pedals...that spell your
name...you see?...everything in this room ..is created for you...not because I had
too...but the gift of waking next to your sensuality makes me want to....guide you
into ten thousand bubbles that mold you like a silk robe that caresses and hides...as
the hand begins to undress and slide deep down to the place where Oil of Olay
lays...shouldn't have dropped it there...soft kiss...traced caressing the outer
fold...and...taking the time to...stroke a smile...kinda makes you wanna...stay...and
ease in....and hold for a while because baby each time I kiss YOU?...I'm kissing my
cares away...you see...that's only way to start the day...mmm....just like that....you
have to know...if there's a way to stay and play...that's the first thing that comes...
first ring...is to my boss...and to tell him anything...

"I remember Office Play" (sunshine)

Me too, and It's strange because even the words that could impregnate this paper
from the pen...don't amend the how's or when I got here...but with you....this is where
I am...mentally it's where I live...like a city created by time...you see I find its
rhythm from eroticism

and rhyme...N.E.E.D...you see...necessary erotica exposes desires...

and .dayum I need you baby....

until I wake from retire.....to ten thousand degrees of fire...of every single thing I
N.E.E.D...

you see...breathes...right here in front of me...when it's right but so wrong...and it's
tight but still strong...a taste...that's long enough...sweet enough to let me hold
on...and at the same time?.

let go.. because...baby when I kiss you?...I'm kissing my cares
away...remember...that's the only way to start the day... right?

With a smile... You know?...kind of like...where Monday can tell Tuesday...that
Wednesday still owes Thursday a slow dance with Friday...on Saturday...and make
sure you wear that Sunday dress that will caress...and mold...as we dance...and
hold.....twistedto the rhythm of the city
but...baby .before I can even BEGIN to let the taste lead the mind...
and ten thousand tea-lites lead the blind....with legs slowly rockin...still beggin for a
sign.....confused images twist until the tangent is pleased.....and
waking up to a ten thousand degrees?. Well...if your not careful
it even... changes the way that you breathe....

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