



THORN

an
erotic
halloween
poem

A.H. Scott



Thorn

Thorn in my side

Thorn in my pride

Thorn is that prick your desire wishes to hide

Thorne is his name

Sandra is his game

Rose colored glasses she wore intrigued him

He thought she was his easiest prey

Alas, hunter was the hunted

Thorne used his perfunctory lines with a smile

Sandra nodded and lulled him along for a while

He invited her to his castle up a hill a long mile

Black carriage had been traded for Jaguar of onyx

As they arrived inside the castle gates, he made an offer of an ancient tonic

Standing in the grand hall, Sandra gazed at a portrait upon the marble wall

Oil painting of a raven haired beauty with eyes of green captivated this guest

Sandra's brown hair was twisted in a luscious bun

Thorne appeared with two goblets and asked, "Want some?"

Liquid of amber swirled inside of silver, as he passed a drink to his attractive visitor

She sipped slowly and felt the room begin to spin

All he could do was grin

Goblet met floor, as Sandra was supported by Thorne

Carrying her up the grand staircase, she listlessly sighed

Barely any liquid was needed to ply

Into his bed chamber she was quickly taken

Sandra's satin dress with slit on one side, revealed a bare left thigh

It was removed by Thorne's skilled hands
Aroma of fragrant candles awakened this maiden beyond the hour
of midnight
Naked and confused, she didn't know what to do
She sat up and saw a sight that caused a pant
Thorne stood at the foot of the bed
He wore arousal and nothing else
Thorne set his sights on Sandra right then
Sandra was under a spell she had little control over
His hand reached out and she placed hers in it
Eyes locked in a waltz of wonder
Conquest would approach before dawn
Thorne descended and kissed from feet to forehead
Yet, he made certain stops along the way
Hands cupped ass and tongue probed pussy deeply
Sandra was in his arena and gave in completely
Weak in this man's presence, she sighed
Past pillows of joy, Thorne reached his destination
Her neck of powder white was inviting him for a nibble
Sandra giggled as his lips pecked and puckered
Closing her eyes, Thorne gave her a surprise
Teeth began to press harder against pulsating throat
As you read this poem, I wouldn't leave you on a sour note
Hunter became hunted as I previously wrote
Woman he thought was weak, had him in her sights for many a
day
Draining of fluid wasn't only Thorne's forte
Sandra was also an extractor in her own way
Catching her right eye was a glint of silver nearby
A flickering candle lit up the goblet on a table
She kept that info in the back of her mind
Thorne held off on his quest to partake of her life
Quickly, Sandra mounted him and started to grind
She'd been one of the few to amuse him over the centuries
Yet, he hadn't a clue the spell had been switched

Hunger was on both of their minds
His was color of tomato
Hers was color of potato
Feeling him about to pop, her body twitched and she slid off
Sandra grabbed goblet in one hand
Her quest was to drain this man
Not just once, but again and again
And, to think it wasn't his blood that made this man
Thorne existed in a tornado of inebriation and exhaustion from
Sandra's being
Drenched in sweat, a fever of fantasy overtook them
Silver held several streams and drips of Thorne's essence
One hour before dawn, Sandra filled it to the brim
Thorne's bloodline had been traced back to Eden
And, his seed was what Sandra's clan had been needin'
Spent beyond his usual way, Thorne hadn't a word to say
Nodding and toasting this moment of success, Sandra placed
goblet to lips and swallowed Eden's best
Not a drop was wasted, as Sandra consumed his pride
Now, Thorne's true power she held inside
Rose colored glasses have their place
But, Thorne never looked beyond a pretty face
Castle may have made him think he was steel
Alas, Sandra proved she had the real will
Thorne was defanged conqueror
Yet, she was a woman with hidden skill
All along Thorne thought everything went his way
But, Sandra knew different
Player's been played..

A.H. Scott
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HAPPY HALLOWEEN TO ONE AND ALL

&

ENJOY THE TREATS THAT LIFE BRINGS YOU

A.H. Scott

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