They ask me to be patient.

My raging boner rings loud in the moment. I stew in all the ways you are ready for me.

They ask me to be patient.

I am so wrapped up in my arrival and all the ways you convey yes!

They ask me to be patient.

I consentually mount you full of my desire. I start to reflect on the word patient.

They ask me to be patient, in such a way that my toxic masculinity glows.

I sink into myself, timid, frustration, vulnerable.

I begin to explore me and ask that you be patient.