

A cry for release from lust..

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Just random thoughts about sexuality and fantasies that spring from my mind.. this is only the beginning. I apparently have a lot to say on said topic ... :D



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oftentimes i walk this earth, subliminally aware of my insignificance, yet hopeful that my life will leave ripples in this ocean of doubt we call the cosmos.

Sex seems to dominate the foreground and background of my mind in all its complications and simplicity.

Sex addict? Or just an honest person? You tell me. Where from spring these desires that wipe blank the other aspirations of my mind and

of my body? Would it not be a better world where one can indulge and indulge and indulge and indulge?

if human beings were meant to be monogamous, would not one penis fit one vagina? one pair of lips be molded indubitably to cleave to another pair? one mans hips and pelvis fit snug between the thighs of one woman? pressing questions all.

Power has been categorized into numerous outlets. Sexuality definitely forms a part of it. Is it not human to want to have Sex Power instead of Sex Appeal? How far down this perilous road will we walk? Desire is indeed the folly of most human beings. We want. Why cant we have?

Let me explain the kind of power I want. I want to be able to look into a woman's eyes. Allow her to fall into the depths of my raging soul. Engulf her in the torrid fantasies my mind creates. Yet where do these fantasies spring from? In particular my sexual fantasies. Where from comes the desire to gently spank a well rounded bottom, in a sexy recreation of corporal punishment?

Why punishment?! What sins committed or imagined possess me to want to spank the flawless, soft, smooth skin of a beautiful woman's buttocks and then gently lave her with my tongue to atone for the atrocity?

What self-incrimination cause some women to burst asunder into sexual excitement when they get spanked? I write this sans research. The psychology of sexuality has no doubt been explored by countless practitioners of the abstract art we call psychology. But in all honesty, is not my mind unique in every facet? Can you really compare the thoughts, longings and strange sexual desires that spring forth from every human mind?

I regret the fact that I was exposed to sexuality that was not my own at a young age. Would it not have been so much sweeter an experience to find out first hand that there are women who enjoy the hot, pulsing splashes of a lovers sperm on their faces than to see it in pornography? See it depicted in a humiliating and male-pleasure oriented manner? When it could be so much more...

Would it not have been a sexual high point to discover women who savor the taste of this ultimate proof of their desirability warm and wet upon their eager, soft tongues? Tongues which can be stimulated in so many countless ways its exhausting to think of them all.

Where from flows the desire to please that well folded, impossibly intricate, intimate flesh that secretes the divine nectar my tongue craves? the fragrance that sends my senses reeling as I breathe it in? lips so close to lips... Release me from this lust. When I pass from this world. Release me. Until then I remain the willing captive and loving slave to the lust that erupts from my mind. Not my loins.

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