

The Bureden (Revised)

By : Tyrell82

At times my deepest and darkest thoughts arise. I allow them to consume me and I bring them to ink. I ask that I'm not judged on my content for I am a faithful man but on the material. ENJOY! My Burden. TRUE STORY. Summary: A night of passion that becomes a burden.

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The Bureden

MY BURDEN

WRITTEN BY

TYRELL MOLSON

I have been told a quote from time to time, and in fact the quote is very trueâ Idol mind is the devils playgroundâ . Even though it isnâ t scripture it is a true fact in deedâ ! I sit here in bed next to my wife, denied of her love once again. My mind canâ t help but to drift off. I wish it were a fantasy then maybe I wouldnâ t feel so convicted. It is a time of my past when I was a reckless young manâ !

It was a summer night at a cheap motel 6. The window was open; a soft breeze came by a time or two. Wine and Victoria secret perfume was the smell that consumed the room followed by laughs, giggles of affection, tender smiles, and seductive gestures. It was supposed to be two friends catching up, having a heart to heart but once the wine was open this heart to heart had become a loverâ s reunion. Her blue eyes stared into mine, a innocent face with hidden motives. I knew what was to come from this and I allowed, hell I welcomed it. A burden had risen in me, conviction that became almost unbearable to avoid. But I continued on anyway, sipping on my glass of wine, indulging in her sweet seduction... Wine and seduction, the two work hand and hand like husband and wife but she and I were neither. Turning my attention to her eyes once again I was quickly spell bound, wrapped into her seduction. The burden numbed, my thoughts were now consumed by the sound of her voice.

â Come on â she said in a sweet and low tone, seduction filled her eyes like water to a cup. She gripped onto my shorts, unbuttoning them, removing my bottoms. Before I knew it I was on top of her, her milky white skin rubbed against mine. Our bodies spoke to each other. Being fully naked there were no lies told just the truth. Lips to lips, eyes to eyes we were completely expose not even a royal secret could be with held. Rhythm and soft melodies blurred from the boom box that set on the dresser â SET YOU FREEâ by Kem but as our bodies start to interact I could no longer hear the rhythm or the sound of Kemâ s melodious tone just her as she moaned sweetly in my ear. Her body grooved with mine, we were one on the same accord, seeking the same goalâ !

The room went silent for a moment it felt like hours, another woman came to mind. It felt like she was in the room with us, watching. Anger glare through her eyes, hate pierced her lips. She was disappointed with me this should be her and it should beâ ! I had to get her out of my head so I became angry with her for being there, for denying me and pushing me to doing such a thing, even though she wasnâ t my wife yet I was burdened but I didnâ t want to be burdened any longer. So I thrust myself hard in her not to the point of pain but control then again and finally I was back in the room, back being consumed by the moment at hand. When the moans and music came back into focus five songs had pasted her moans had become a distant sound of exhaustion I had missed two grand finales of her climaxingâ !

I rolled off her. Slowly I returned to my glass of wine. The burden swelled even greater in me. Sorrow and regret filled my eyes. She seductively embraced me from behind. â Was that not great?â she whispered. I turned to her and formed a half of smile on my face then released a lie from my lips â It was the bestâ I uttered looking her directly in the eyes. She returned lying on her back, feel greatly satisfied. I turned away as my face grieved. The room went silent as the lights dimmed the sounds of Kemâ s â How did you find your way back in my lifeâ ended the night. I laid burden with a woman I didnâ t loveâ !

THE END

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