



poems / Seduction

In the world of steamy embraces, I'm all about those dates that set the room on fire. Our souls? They're like two magnets, pulling together in a clash of cravings that's hotter than hell. Talking fine wines is good and all, but damn, our connection's like a top-shelf whiskey, smooth and burnin' with an intensity that's off the charts.

Food's not just food, it's a freakin' banquet of indulgence, just like how we feast on each other's desires. We ain't playing coy with activities, nope, we're diving headfirst into fantasies that've been pent up for way too long. Sensuality ain't a whisper, it's a roar, tracing electric trails on skin, sparking fires that turn into blazes that can't be tamed.

Your touch? It's a wicked spell, a promise of wild pleasures that have me begging for more. Fingers tangled in hair, pulling just enough to send shivers down the spine, our lips meet in a kiss that's so deep, it's like we're sharing secrets through our tongues. And damn, your perfume mixed with the sweat, it's an aphrodisiac that's got me losing my mind.

We're not just talking, we're vibing, sharing thoughts that spark fires in places that go way beyond the obvious. Our gazes lock, and it's like the whole world disappears, leaving just us and our desires. In the hushed whispers of our words, we strip down our souls, laying bare every want and need, building a bond that's unbreakable.

Between tangled sheets and breathy gasps, we're painting our story on the canvas of passion. Bodies crashing together, skin against skin, leaving marks that tell tales of a journey wild and untamed. In the dim light, we become a symphony of moans and sighs, two bodies locked in a rhythm that's all about the here and now. This ain't just seduction; it's a contemporary masterpiece of raw, unfiltered passion.

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A Closed Mind

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