All I Want Is Sex

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Being a friend

https://www.lushstories.com/stories/love-poems/all-i-want-is-sex.aspx

" All I want is sex," she said.

To get her naked body in bed;

I only think with my little head.

There are other things to talk of instead.

It started out with passion and lust

On an adult sex site; that’s normal, I trust.

But treating each other with respect is a must

Or else this relationship is for sure a bust.

She lives east and I live west,

Balancing families and jobs, and Lush is the quest.

Finding time for each other is truly a test,

For an hour or two a day at best.

I arrive online hard with a drip,

My tool in hand and a good strong grip.

She wants to watch TV or plan a trip,

Or exchange recipes and my hand starts to slip.

On Lush all day, she chats with her friends;

Some sexy chat, that’s usually how it ends.

But I come on, a different message she sends:

“It’s late.. I’m tired.. but we’re still friends.”

I’ve figured out she doesn’t really want to talk.

She sees me as just ears, nose, eyes and mouth on a cock.

I hop on my balls instead of walk.

Not a whole person, just a ball and cock dock.

She forgot the hours and hours of her life we explored,

Her childhood, her travels, her passions and more.

We spoke of her dreams both now and before,

A lot of private history for a little head to keep stored.

Somehow, I know when she’s happy or sad,

I know when she laughs, her anger turns into glad.

How is that possible? Is there a brain in my nads?

Hmmmm... maybe we do talk and I’m not that bad.

Then again, maybe the sex is too good,

Making her want it more than she should.

I know there are others she’d fuck if she could.

I told her all along that I understood.

"All I want is sex," is what she said.

Passion for me is apparently dead.

I’ll never ever lay with her in her bed.

She’s moved onto others she prefers instead.

So, back in my pants I’ve stuffed the little guy.

I don’t bring him out often, he’s really quite shy.

Something about her made me want to try.

As I closed him up, he quipped, “What a fool am I.”