

Desperate Is The Night

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Desperate is the lonely night.

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Darkness falls to emptiness. The light is growing dim. My mind will soon be on call. With thoughts that are so grim. All alone in the night. My bed does feel so big. Trying to get some warmth. Through my memories I dig. Searching through out the past. Revisiting every fantasy. Kinky and very steamy. All the men that did thrill me. Sexy and oh so hot. Every single meeting. Men from every walk of life. And some of them were cheating. I used them each and every one. Took exactly what I wanted. Drove them all completely crazy. All my skills I flaunted. It was so very easy. To make them feel so good. Understand all their needs. Better than anyone else could. Now all that is left. Are my dreams at night. My fantasy men have disappeared. They are all out of sight. Time is ticking slowly. As I lay rolling around in bed. With all the men from my past. Dancing through my head. Yes I am all alone. And it really is not right To be so lonely and so cold. Yes desperate is the night.