

Heart and Soul

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The feelings that the right man can invoke in his woman

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You You bury deep into my soul, to that secret spot that craves being wanted. You make that twisted place, that wants to fight and rail against being taken and fucked, curl up and mewl in wanton need. I shed my inhibitions for you. Spread my thighs wide for you, dare you, tease you. Make me yours. Drive every thought but those of you, from my mind. Do you understand what this does to a woman? What you do to me? The sound of your voice whispering in my ear has me craving the darkest of fantasies. Reaching out, desperate, for all that I could be while in your arms. I want to fuck. Now. Hard. Harder. As fucking hard as bones and flesh can withstand. Back arched, drenched in sweat fists entangled. Bodies joined, rigid steel engulfed in liquid heat. I want you inside of me. Your fever, your passion, and your wicked, sinful lust. I want to be wild, to roar out my need To soar under the guiding touch of your fingers. I need to be the woman who captures you, Heart and Soul