

Little Writer Boy
or
My Sex-Drive in Hyper-Drive

He is gorgeous. Consisting of long fingers, sharp features framed by fuck-me-in-the-back-of-a-library glasses and a five-day scruff that screams of sleepless nights filled with academic exploration. One perfectly sculpted hand slowly raised, more in contemplation than in answer.

If he could read my dirty thoughts how would his face transform? He might furrow his brows in disgust, or more likely, he would be shocked into silence, an embarrassed pink flushing his cheeks. Oh, but just maybe his eyes would narrow in delicious intent, his mouth a crooked grin, a promise to devour.

Perhaps he would scribble a word or two, capturing me on paper as I attempt to capture my fantasy of him.

Little writer boy... Young man... Touch me, take me, turn to me to satisfy your needs. Fuck me in the bathroom stall of your inner eye. Write me into your stories as a siren or a dream.

Then go home to your girlfriend. Let her touch your hair, kiss your lips, and love you. Let her take your fuck-me glasses from the ridge of your nose, look into those deep intelligent eyes, and then tell her that you love her.

Don't look at me. I can't take it. Do you see my overwhelming desire for you painted on my face? Can you tell how bad I want you? I can barely breathe. Your presence assaults my senses.

He laughs and stretches. → *His face cracks when he laughs, sunshine escaping through every crevice.*

The nerves in my body are expanding, pushing out, an explosion only barely contained by my skin. The effort of containment leaving me shaking. I can't keep it in... I know it flows out of me, evident in posture and expression.

I fight to keep my eyes from him as he catches me looking. My hand caressing any part of this world it can reach, my teeth biting into my lower lip, my body shaking with barely suppressed energy. I can't control them, these things that are supposed to be part of me.

His brows furrow as he tries to decode the signals, refusing to understand what seems painfully obvious. Or perhaps he doesn't even see me, his brow furrowed in thought as he follows the class discussion. My inner universe of longing so far from his own he could not see it, even if he cared to. Which is worse? Him realizing my improper desire and reacting in disgust? [yes] Or myself as a sexual creature so far from his mind he doesn't even see me? [YES]

STOP
YOU NEED TO STOP

I NEED TO STOP

Body, are you not mine? Mind, do you not belong to me? So stop. Don't imprison me in this rush of hormones. We should pay attention... Now is a bad time... He is the wrong person...

We can't have him, so please, stop feeling.