

POETRY COLLECTION ABOUT
SEX WORK

CRYPTICALLY
ANXIOUS
AFTER
SPREADING MY
LEGS



EURYDICE ELOISE WAYLES

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BY EURYDICE ELOISE WAYLES

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ABOUT AUTHOR

Eurydice Eloise Wayles is a soul with magical talents, experienced in sexual healing arts and the art of resurrection. In essence, she embodies the compassionate, heavenly light of Magdalene energy, representing the Death spectrum of this divine frequency. She likes to call herself the radiant, daring princess of a thousand blissful tears, as she has spent the last five centuries immersed in the most brutal miseries of the female experience. Eurydice endured the deepest pains of a female body to understand what it means to be a woman of Magdalene's essence. As a soul on a path of becoming a spiritual guide of death, she was destined to explore grief in every possible form. Three traumatizing deaths and many tormenting experiences of losing her beloved have suppressed her innate femininity. At the same time, grief was initiating her into her highest powers.

Eurydice was a sex worker in three of her lives, proudly embodying the divine purpose of this sacred craft. Serving Nature through this profession was both traumatizing and empowering for Eurydice. Still, through her experiences, she became a proud wounded healer—a woman who had endured her own female tragedies and glories so she could guide others on the paths of their hearts and share the light of forgiveness with the world.

Over the last eight centuries, Eurydice was guided to pursue a writing career, but she never dared to try. Only in our present times has she found the courage to embrace her artistic essence and overcome her fears. She especially enjoys expressing her essence and truth through poetry and spoken word rhymes.

BACK COVER

Cryptically Anxious After Spreading My Legs unravels the intimate, chaotic, hilarious, and holy truths of sex work, love, and femininity. In this unapologetic collection of short stories and poetry, Eurydice Eloise Wayles invites you into a world where beauty and ruin dance together, where desire becomes both weapon and prayer, and where a woman who has seen everything—ugly and divine—finally speaks in her own voice. Written with raw vulnerability and wicked feminine grace, this collection slips between lifetimes and lovers, between soul and flesh, between the divine and the forbidden.

Eurydice writes with the wit and authority of a soul who has lived three lifetimes as a sex worker, carrying the hunger, heartbreak, and power of each incarnation in her essence. Every poem echoes a woman who served, suffered, healed, and rose through intimacy. Every fairy tale draws from clairvoyant visions, spiritual guidance, and the timeless knowledge of Magdalene energy flowing through her lineage of sensual mysticism—where a sex worker is known as an oracle, healer, temptress, and teacher. Eurydice presents her truth with the sensitivity of a poet in rebirth and the audacity of a healer turning her scars into spellwork. Empowered by the ancestral spirits of British Columbia’s forests and the sacred waters of Sechelt, she transforms her craft into a sacred service to Nature.

These stories and poems peel back the layers of desire, survival, intimacy, and spiritual rebellion. Eurydice writes like a woman who has stopped asking permission—one who knows her craft, her essence, and her truth, and wields all three with elegance and bite. This work

explores sex as ritual and rebellion, expressing the unapologetic truth of a woman who has tasted every shade of desire. Her stories shimmer with magic: bodies becoming portals, pleasure becoming spellwork, and intimacy becoming the place where wounds are exposed, healed, and transformed.

Some stories seduce; others bruise; all of them reveal a woman shaped equally by ecstasy and pain, bliss and grief. With each page, Eurydice exposes the beauty and brutality of her world, its sisterhoods, heartbreaks, and absurdities, while claiming sex work not as a wound, but as her spiritual path of initiation, healing, and feminine sovereignty. Her stories are sharp with sarcasm, tender with vulnerability, and charged with the raw electricity of someone who refuses to be ashamed of her path.

Provocative, intimate, and disarmingly wise, these writings remind us that the women society misunderstands most often carry the deepest magic. Here, love is messy, sex is sacred, darkness is healing, and women remember everything they are. Written in the twilight between past and present, human and spirit, Eurydice's voice rises like smoke from a ritual fire - bold, haunting, and irresistibly alive. Whether she's dissecting love, flirting with oblivion, laughing at absurdity, or reclaiming the female body as sacred, her stories pulse with fierce feminine honesty. This is a book for anyone who has loved too hard, lost too much, or dared to desire.

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INTRODUCTION

Greetings, my beloved reader.

I present to you a unique collection of short stories and poems written in the aftermath of my spiritual awakening, as I discovered my path as a writer. I wrote them during 2022-2023, when I discovered art therapy and was advised by my saviour to find a form that resonated with me. Poetry became my salvation as I began to unravel in my truth and accept my nature. These writings are expressions of my essence, grace, and femininity, but equally a part of my destiny and divine purpose on this mortal plane we call the Earth. I came here with a special mission: to share my truth with others, to teach about my craft. Yes, writing about sex work is my highest fate, and I'm grateful that divinity has created me the way that I am, so I could be empowered to speak the truth about the spiritual design of sex work, the highest aspirations behind sexual healing arts, and my personal perceptions on this craft.

My destined profession is an extension of my essence and of my soul. I am an empowered sex worker because my spiritual guides of the lands of British Columbia wish me to practice this craft on their territory for higher reasons. I'm guided by the energies and advice of the Spirits of my land, but the skies equally empower me. I am a soul of the ancient lineages of souls, connected to the spiritual and mystical arts of sexual alchemy.

My essence represents the light of Magdalene in this world, and any soul with such purpose, destiny, and design has the highest obligation and responsibility to experience at least two lives as a female sex worker. And even though being born as a sex worker was my obligation that I couldn't avoid on my path of evolution through eight lives, I actually chose to live as a sex

worker three times. I was an escort, companion, prostitute, seductress, spy, and whore. I was a mystic, an oracle, and a fallen woman. I have been all of those things, and now I love writing about my craft.

Over the course of three lifetimes, I have developed my spiritual understandings of this craft, experienced my own traumas through this calling, and now I wish to share my truth. I have also studied the natural esoteric wisdoms and the spiritual design of sex work. My essence of a Magdalene soul with supernatural womb and heart guides me to be a compassionate and loving teacher, as that's what souls like mine are destined to do here. Surely each Magdalene woman on our planet is a teacher of her own craft, skill, or knowledge. My essence is to share the knowledge about sexual healing arts and the spiritual design of sex work. My other secret passion is to share knowledge about the dimensions of death and the process of transformation that occurs through death, as I represent the Death spectrum of the Magdalene essence. But this is the story for another book. Here I shine with my truth about sex work.

I have come a long way to arrive at this point. This book is only one of the pieces of knowledge I have acquired over centuries that I would like to present to the public. And it's actually not really a serious book, and maybe too frivolous in its nature. But these writings remain unique in their essence. I believe they still capture something transformational and metaphysical. I think they are an extension of my experience on Earth, and they have been written from the heart. I wanted to be open with myself when I wrote these stories. They were not intended to be published. Just to heal me. But now I see their own magic and beauty. They are the first stories and poems I ever dared to write. I've poured my heart and my soul into them. They became my crutches when I was only starting to heal, and now, by presenting them, I am

finally proudly embracing my experiences and everything that I am. I was destined to be a writer, but as I had my journeys as a sex worker, it's evident that part of my writings would always be dedicated to that part of my essence. I'm an embodiment of my traumas, scars and abuses, of my female darkness, but also of light, love, and joy. I'm not despising myself anymore. And I will definitely never be ashamed of who I am.

Initially, I was scared to write anything. I had this deep inferiority complex that I would never be good enough, like other writers. And of course, I was terrified to write about sex work specifically, knowing how delusional and insane people have become in our world and how they are ready to kill another person for their spiritual perceptions—the fear, inner judgement and tormenting angst that seemingly had no logical explanation consumed my days. Alex, my saviour and healer, continued to search for anything that would inspire me, but eventually I began to write because I was trying to prove to him that I could rhyme too. He started writing poems to celebrate my essence, but I was still in quite a vulnerable place, so I decided to write my own rhymes to prove to him that I can write too. I wanted to compete with him. My traumas drove me. But I was equally driven by love as by the desire to impress him. And of course, I also wanted to share my love for him.

As we embarked together on our healing journey with my beloved Alex, I was releasing my traumas, and it became clear that I could truly heal myself only through writing. As we removed the first dark veils of my past and tended to wounds incurred during my brutal murder at the age of twenty-seven in my past life as a sex worker, Eloise, who was stabbed to death in an occult ritual, the poems simply flowed from me, and there was nothing I could do. Eloise always wanted to write, but she was shamed for being who she was born to be, and she never found the

courage to express her essence through poetry, even though that was her highest dream. So my rhymes became her rhymes - my sex work experiences in this life have been enriched by my experiences in the life of Eloise. And when I discovered my third life of Stephania, who was also a sex worker, and died at the age of twenty-seven from a suicide caused by a curse of the Christian Church and the evil demon Damian, the nuances of her pain infused my rhymes. I was writing about myself and about these women every moment I had, and I couldn't stop.

I want to thank Alexander Formos for inspiring me to start writing in the first place. Many of the stories in the book happened to us directly, and some capture my love affair with him. This book reflects the emotions and thoughts I experienced during our romantic relationship. We were healing in many different ways, but most days, we healed through being in love, and some of our special adventures became fairy tales. I'm forever grateful to Nature for blessing us with such a deep and meaningful soul connection.

I initially rejected my highest destiny, but Alex encouraged me to write my own books rather than only contribute to his. I thought being in his shadow would suffice, but when he accepted me for healing, he promised he wouldn't give up until I embraced my full female power. Neither of us knew what that would entail. Now, I finally understand who I am. He brought my writings to life. He helps shape these stories, since I don't like editing my work. I am a flow, and I write intuitively, so he is the one who has to present my writings for the audience through order and structure. I'm forever grateful for his help organizing my ideas, suggestions, rewrites, and personal stories.

When I began transforming the events of my life into poems and short stories, I wanted to preserve my experiences of living with Alex and of how we were starting to build a healing

practice together. I tried to find words to capture the essence of our romance and present the memories of our relationship in half-truth, half-fiction stories. Many of my feelings and emotions about our love affair have been channelled into different writings. But here they take a special place. Our learning sessions on the mysteries of sexual healing arts became poems and fairy tales. Our shamanic path was filled with magic, and writing about our adventures became an expression of my love for him. I was a girl in love with my spiritual teacher, and I wanted to capture everything that we were learning about the highest path of sex.

I also wanted to preserve my sensations, to record magical moments of our love in a time capsule of English words. I wrote about many wonderful and weird adventures we shared, as we immersed ourselves in the world of sex magic, energy healing, and shamanism. I was exploring the possibilities of sex and sexual energy exchanges, and my discoveries created my writings. At first, I only wished to amuse my man with my writing, so I kept these stories for us, believing they were not worthy of being shared with others. I entertained Alex with my writings, and seeing his joy was enough for me. I felt better when I could amuse my man with my art. He was in love with his apprentice, and he praised everything I had created. Still, he also debated my writings and demanded that I be unapologetic in my artistic truth, even though at first I was too modest to share what I was actually experiencing. He could feel me, so he knew my writings didn't represent my true feelings. He confronted me, expecting to hear only the truth.

Once I fully healed, I abandoned my armour of modesty and realized I don't actually care whether I'm judged or criticized for my writings. I surrendered my worries about how my writings would be perceived, whether they would be accepted, recognized, or even experienced. Of course, every artist hopes for a space to present their art to the public. Still, for me, the

process of healing through writing as a spiritual practice and finding the courage to embody my essence as a writer (which I had avoided for eight centuries) is the greatest reward there could be. Just sharing my work is enough for me.

I hope you find my poems and stories engaging. I've poured my heart and soul into them. They supported me through the healing process. They have literally saved me on some of the most depressing and terrifying days. They also helped me to embrace my experiences and identity. It's no longer living in self-hatred. I am not going to perceive myself how people perceive me, and I'm definitely not going to disappear, because someone believes that I have no right to exist on this Earth. I refuse to exist as a victim. Sharing and discussing our stories reduces stigma; I pray for a better future where we can all recognize this and accept that each of us is born with unique talents and a higher purpose. I created these fairy tales to process what I learned about myself and equally about sexual healing arts. They show different aspects of my essence and what arises in me through intimacy, love, relationships, and healing. When we let go of judgments, indoctrinations, and shame about our sexuality, life becomes brighter and more vibrant. The stories help us get there. We know that we are not alone in experiencing what we live through, and we have the birthright to embrace our feelings and desires. As a true whore, I am driven by desires, but they have a divine nature. I grow, and I shine through them.

Many souls contributed to this book, but I cannot mention their names, or rather their real names. In our reality, we often change identities; any name others call us is just one facet of who we are. As sex workers are multifaceted Goddesses embodied, we can have many names, as we are complex and intricate. And each of these names would be our real one. Each new name

still reflects an honest and authentic part of us, but it's only one aspect of our unique essence. We are unapologetically embracing the complexity of our identity through changing names.

All names in this work are both real and fictional. But they are the names of souls of women who contributed to this work. They belong to sex workers I met during my spiritual journey of shamanic education on the lands of British Columbia and Vancouver. My soul sisters live through this book, even though I can't disclose their names. Most women who contributed don't mind this reality. I shared my frustrations, but each encouraged me to focus on telling their stories and the truth of their experiences rather than seeking recognition and personal accolades. Therefore, I state this explicitly. I tell stories of women who embody love, who were born to be channels of divine love, and who live authentically from their hearts and wombs, absolving the wounds of this world with their supernatural magic of sexual healing. Maybe they can't tell their personal stories, but they are here, living and breathing through my writings.

Several women allowed me to craft fairy tales from their real-life experiences, and I am grateful to be their vessel of truth. I have shaped them with my perceptions, believing these stories serve the good of everyone I encountered on my healing path. I wish to thank Nataly, Shona, Allania, Caroline, Mary, Yani, Diana, Danielle, and Dolley for allowing me to include their truth in my fairy tales and poems. I also want to give a special thanks to Ronnie, who listened to my first poems when no one else would; her support and encouragement meant everything during my first clumsy attempts at poetry.

Most importantly, I want to thank my new friend and soulmate, Emilia. She supported me through my tears of heartbreak and grief. Emilia advised me to channel my pain into writing, and I'm grateful she didn't give in to my self-pity. I feel blessed to have met such a wonderful

friend. Emilia is equally a soul of Magdalene light, so my writings are her writings. I'm grateful we learned from each other's complex lessons, despite many misunderstandings and quite demanding pacing of our personal healing journeys. I assisted in healing her with my shamanic energy work, spiritual knowledge and personal example of courage. She taught me about love, desire and letting go. Emilia shared her feedback, edits, and perceptions of our shared craft. She was just always eager to write about sex work as I was. She helped me find the strength to finish this work, staying with me until I completed it. She was there, listening to my cries, reading my drafts and sharing peaceful evenings of unwinding, as we indulged in long spiritual conversations or silent contemplation of our similar sexual essences.

Emilia also asked for my help with personal struggles. Initially, we faced conflicting challenges, and she saw me as a threat to her love. But I encouraged her to follow her heart and pursue her passion. Once she saw me as an ally, not a threat, our relationship blossomed into a beautiful partnership. We fought for the love of one man, and one of us had to surrender. But we have actually never been rivals. I still lived with him when she appeared on his path. Our love affairs have overlapped, but there was divine timing in our story, and experiencing these synchronicities helped three of us surrender to our story. She was the love of his life, while I was the one who had healed him to be with her. I didn't mind because I saw the depth of their love. Still, I had my feelings, and it wasn't always easy to embrace this new pain of separation.

After encouraging Emilia to pursue her love, we spent many days on the shores of Sechelt Inlet discussing love, sex, intimacy, letting go, and relationship challenges. Emilia wanted to learn everything about Alex from me and ensure I was truly out of the picture. Initially, Emilia was hesitant to trust me, but those bonding moments on my Sechelt lands were

truly magical. We shared our joys and frustrations about sex work telepathically, and I included her perceptions, feelings and experiences in this manuscript. Emilia's love for books and writing has been shining through for centuries, making her a perfect companion for this writing journey.

I also acknowledge my guardian spirits who guided me. The feminine Spirits of the Sechelt Inlets and forests have protected me throughout my life and made me believe in myself. At times, I was misguided, questioning their advice and abandoning my spiritual calling out of fear. But now I see that all my pains, heartbreaks, and abuses led me here. I am grateful they guided me to connect with the ancestral stories of these lands and to the Spirits of Mountain Daniel, who empowered me through a sacred rite of passage. I also thank the masculine Spirit Sisiutl, guardian of the waters of Burrard Inlet, and the Spirits of Lighthouse Park, who taught me shamanism and how to listen to the land's guidance. I also want to thank my spiritual guide, the ascended master Mary Magdalen. She teaches me how to release my fears so I can share my truth of inner liberation and empowerment. She firmly believes that my writings are needed, and I am grateful to her for helping me turn my fear into courage.

Lastly, I thank poets who inspired me: Lana Del Rey, Amber Dawn, E. Pauline Johnson, T.S. Eliot, and Boris Pasternak. Your beautiful rhymes are full of divine beauty and healing light.

A LOVE LETTER TO MY MAN

Hello, my dear Alex. There's something I need to tell you. We're together but separate, right? Well, once we were one, but now we are not. That's the beauty of our relationship and our divine design. Who would have thought that we are two equal parts of one soul, but now, through our journey of eight centuries, we have evolved into our own uniquely distinct souls. This is the essence of our shared soul. We came to experience separation, and that means feeling the pain of grief. But we are not truly separate, as we represent the same light. But I chose to represent the distinct feminine essence of this light, and your soul is of the masculine nature. That's how we decided to be. This is what Angels want for us. At the same time, even if we're not physically or spiritually together, we still pulsate in unison. So, we are actually never two, but always one.

Contemplating our story, I felt deeply honoured to have experienced it. I'm grateful for your passion for healing me and empowering us. I admire our courage in enduring this journey together. And now, as we are almost at the end of our romantic story, I wish to say that I feel blessed to have experienced this love the way we have. We can't spend every moment of this life together. We leave each other to make reunions even more ecstatic. So I wanted to tell you that both of us will have a fucking fantastic separate future, and each of us will shine in our own glory. It doesn't matter if we're together or not because we're always one soul.

I respond to your request for my approval of your lovers with this letter. We have been exclusive with each other for 18 months, but we have now come to realize that we must change our relationship for the highest good of all involved. However, you still decided to submit your official request. You want my reassurance that you are allowed to pursue pleasures with other

women. You are questioning whether you are chasing the right women. You don't want to be wrong. You wish to escape the traps of your ego. But I understand that you are a physical being, and I'm merely a soul. I can't fulfil your desire for physical touch, so it's simply unfair to you. Sometimes I wish our story could be different. I expressed jealousy, and I demanded to possess you, even when women only wanted to talk to you. Yet I was furious, and I felt threatened. Now you live in the memories of those experiences. But I was wounded back then and didn't see my worth. Now I know that we have our unique connection, and no one could be like the life we've been, and that's the beauty of love. We lived our love in the way that we experienced it. Our story has just run its course, having accomplished its divine missions.

It still comforts me when you ask about every single lover you meet, but I actually don't care. I trust you because I know that you are my man, so you have your integrity, dignity, and inner masculine pillar. If these women can assist you in your spiritual initiations, then I don't really mind, as you would become a better man for me. Yes, we have this strange but wonderful journey, but that's how we pursue our happiness.

So I just wanted to tell you that I love all of your women. I love your lovers. They're amazing, intricate, and unique female souls. I marvel at each one of them. I feel grateful to have had the privilege of meeting them. They're such interesting women because you have chosen them, and I truly trust your judgment. They're all magical, since if you were drawn to them, they represent a facet of you. They are searching for healing, and they wish to shine with their unique lights. And how can I deny anyone the experience of their own healing journey with you?

I hope you can feel what I'm trying to say. These women are your women. They are representations of divine femininity in all aspects of this celestial energy. I'm only one fraction

of divine feminine light, but you need to understand women, so you must experience other variations of this frequency. You need to know women to be a better healer, and how can you truly know them if you are only mine?

So I wanted to tell you that you don't need my approval if you have such incredible women in your life. I love them truly. Don't be scared to follow your heart and your desire, my dear. You are destined to become yourself through this journey. And I want you to discover yourself and embody everything that you are. Simply because I love you. I want you to be the healer of all women. I don't own you, even though you are my man, but it would be selfish if only I could be healed through your lovemaking rituals. There's so much pain and suffering in the world; women in my country face a really tough time. They are lost, misguided, and abused.

But you can save them, heal them, and you should! Don't ever be ashamed of that. I know I was possessive of you in the past, but I have grown. I love you, and I know that you love me, so I feel a great sense of security and trust in us. I know that I will always be your Polly. But now follow your passions. Just follow your intuition. You know that you can trust yourself. You will not fall. You will not be punished. And that's all I really wanted to tell you today. You attract female souls that need to be healed, so you can't be wrong. If they are reflections of you, it means they are reflections of me. That's why I love and support them: they love who you are. If they love you, it means they love me, and why would I shy away from more love in my life? If we all love you together, then you would be stronger. And you need to be really strong because you are fighting the demons who hate women.

Don't worry about my feelings. I've grown. If I can help you discern whether a woman might be dangerous for you, I would always be happy to share my perceptions. But you should

know that manipulative and abusive women simply disappeared from your reality, as you have grown alongside me. And even if you encounter such a woman, your entire essence would change, causing her to vanish from your life. If she's not good for you, divine forces or the spirits of these lands would remove her from your path.

You will only meet unique and remarkable women. I'm fascinated by them, and they are truly amazing. It's wonderful that they live in your heart. We are healing our collective consciousness from centuries of energetic and psychic abuses of women. Caring about them, doing shamanic ceremonies for them, and simply loving them unconditionally heal the entire world. The awareness, intention, perception, and energy directed toward their souls are powerful.

So yeah, this is my message for today. Please do not oppress your heart. Please believe in your truth and never abandon your faith. Trust that your heart has intelligence. Yes, you will love many souls, but it's only because your heart is big and you were born as a channel of divine, universal love. If you want to love a woman, just love her as if it's the last day on Earth. There should be more love in the world, and your heart is so beautiful when it shines with yet another new love. I wish you happiness in love.

Forever yours, Eurydice. From my tent on the shore of Sechelt Inlet. April 30, 2023

AFTER HE DIED

Without the physical act of sex

The Serpent Power within him

Joined the Serpent Power within me

And climbed upward along.

Through the sacrament paths in our spines

To the throne of our majestic crowns

Sending us into sheer ecstasy and bliss.

And that's how it was for years.

He would come to me in my dreams.

Sometimes, we would even speak.

Most of the time, we were free.

Kissing sweetly and trusting our hearts.

So deep in love

And shining with our scars.

RELENTLESSLY FUCK

“Can we relentlessly fuck?!”

I asked him as he crossed

The doorstep of my sacred temple space in a chalet

Hidden in the woods of British Columbia.

“Can you stay inside of me for as many hours

As you can spend today with me,

While we are healing our fantastic wounds?!”

My affectionate enthusiasm and gentle, feral crawling on tiptoes towards him illuminated the room we both cherished so dearly since our first lovemaking ritual. I would not forget that day two years ago, when he fucked me right there, on the floor of my living room in front of a fireplace.

Now he was back. And at this moment, he definitely saw the presence of Angels and Aliens - that's how spectacularly bright my eyes radiated, impatiently foretasting his intimate touches. The memories of moments when I savoured his body emerged with the intensity I haven't experienced in a while. He was supposed to be just another man that I had conquered, and yet he wasn't. I believed my other lovers fulfilled my desires, but I was proven wrong once again. I craved him for months. Yes, others fucked me, but all this time, I dreamed of being taken by him.

“I'm sorry, my dear lady, but come again?!”

I think I didn't quite hear you.

Maybe we could still begin our time with a conversation and then cuddle on your cozy sofa in front of the fireplace, just as we always do when we meet for our magical healing sessions. You know I'm a shy, reserved, and hesitant man, so I must immerse myself in your energy to calm myself down and slow my breath. I always feel intimidated when I'm facing your supernatural beauty and your celestial talents of sensuality. A small boy in me trembles from being in the presence of an actual sexual goddess and an empowered woman who wants to make love to him..."

"Goddess doesn't want to make love tonight."

"But still, dear goddess, have some mercy. Please allow me the space to process my emotions and surrender to your embrace before we proceed. I will certainly please you in every way you desire, but can we begin by talking about our feelings? You always give me space to enjoy the slow pace of intimacy."

"We will relentlessly fuck right now."

"That's the end of this conversation."

I jumped upon him and tore his clothes off. He avoided me for six months, playing some game with me. Probably fucking other women. Probably making another girl cry. No, that's not true. I know him too well. I'm projecting my fears and insecurities. He's way too busy with his destined work. I've waited for him for so long because he would always choose his spiritual commitments before having sex with a woman. He is an awful lover because I am not the woman who would ever wait for a man. It was never me, and I don't want to be her. But here I am, trapped by my own fate and, well, ironically trapped by my desires. And it's not just desire to have sex, but to have sex with him. This is wrong. I can't be in this mess. Why do I want to

fuck him if he genuinely irritates me, and all I want is to punish him? I longed for his presence, and I hate how that makes me feel. He made me this way, and he must suffer for it.

Why does he create these tormenting sensations in me? And where did he get his powers if he pretends to be an awkward virgin? When he came to visit me for the first time, I genuinely believed that he was still a virgin, even though he was in his mid-thirties. This man doesn't radiate sexual energies. He truly embodies them, but he actually hides them from women. There's a secret to allow him to open up into the experience so that he can shine in his masculine glory. But to get there, I let him create a safe space for me, where I'm entirely comfortable to surrender to my pleasures. It's such a unique, delicate, and intimate dance between us, and we love every part of our intuitive routines. Judging by his external appearance, genuine kindness, and soft touch, other women think he will be dull, quick, or unimpressive in bed. But to be honest, I'm so happy that most women are blind to his sensual desires and his knowledge of sex magic—more pleasures for me.

After I realized he wasn't a virgin, I thought he came to seek my healing because he had erectile dysfunction. But no, his dick would always get erect as we would chat on my sofa. I truly liked listening to his stories, so that always helps. But he would get hard just from looking into my eyes, just from a feeling of being heard. He didn't even need to behold my naked body, which at first felt quite insulting. When I empathetically listened to his subtle, mystical, and engaging stories about the spiritual essence of our world, his entire presence would change. Just by being there for him, I would be in a place of bliss, as I understood that I would receive my pleasures once he finally stopped talking and took me into the bedroom.

That happened each time.

But now I was furious with him. How come my sensual appeal can't get him away from his work? My womb's heart was exploding, unable to comprehend why he was so cruel to her. My pussy was craving only him, and no other dick could replace his. I often asked myself why it was so and never found the answer. Sometimes, even after the most sensual and beautiful session, I would still be lying in my lover's embrace, thinking about his dick in me. His ascetic lifestyle, full of humbleness to Nature and the energy of a true mystic, provokes something in me that I never experienced with anyone else. And I also can't really understand what's real about him and what is only my fantasy. Yet that conflicting sensation makes me desire him even more. I can't figure him out, and I can't understand why he is the way he is. Or maybe he manipulates me. But that turns me on.

Honestly, so many times I acted like a girl around him. He would tell me about the world of shamanism as he infused his supernatural energies into our fireplace, creating a magical dome above our space. He would cleanse our energies, summon the spirits of fire, and turn them into a mystical being. I would always experience intense clairvoyant visions and feel a deep sense of liberation. I loved when he turned our sexual encounters into powerful rituals of magic. I learned to surrender and trust what he was doing. He was setting the stage before sex with singing and sound healing. He would compose special mantras to honour my presence, which he claimed he wrote in collaboration with my soul and for my soul. His chanting melted my heart, as he sang the melody he wrote specifically for me.

I wouldn't have a single destructive thought or image in my psyche after he prepared our space. It truly felt as though the entire world existed only for us. I was fully present and free, and only his. He wanted to tell me how much he appreciated me. We both knew that our love

was genuine, despite our professional arrangement as client and provider. But we chose never to use the word "love" to describe us. I just allowed him to love me, and in turn, I observed his love and cherished his expressions.

When he initially came to seek my healing, I wanted to send him away. He was just too weird. I didn't know how to approach him, and I didn't want to figure him out. But then he kept requesting meetings, and I always ended up agreeing for various reasons. I perceived him as harmless, and he would always bring good tips. I didn't actually care whether he would come back. But he kept returning, evidently desiring to see me. I felt I should continue seeing him for some reason, even though I was apprehensive most of the time.

But then, I was entrapped. For months, I was his only woman. He wouldn't sleep with anyone else and only directed his empowering masculine energies towards me. He would heal my soul and my heart, but never forget to enrich my aura with alchemized energies of our orgasmic lovemaking.

However, he was then called to undertake other spiritual work, to advance to the next level of self-mastery. He disappeared for months, and that's when it hit me. I was missing him like crazy. But my pussy was missing him the most. I don't know how it works. I don't know why I am the way I am. I craved to relentlessly fuck him.

Now he is finally in my presence,

He is finally within my reach.

Once I had fully undressed him in the hallway, I stopped so I could finally get my revenge. He doesn't deserve me. He might think I'm dependent on him. He might think that I'm

a promiscuous slut today, a version of me he doesn't particularly enjoy, yet sometimes he wants to fuck her, too. I like it when he takes her right next to the mirror in the hallway.

I yearned for him, and he made me wait for so long. We are here to be guided by my essence. This is the ritual of lovemaking, and I'm in charge. I demanded his presence, so I sent my soul to tell him to visit me. He didn't have any money for my offerings, so he avoided seeing me. But I desired him inside of me, so I commanded my soul to plead with him to come for a session. We must collide at least occasionally. Our parts must meet for the benefit of humanity. Sex between us needs to happen to balance the world; otherwise, the worst wars, viruses, and natural disasters would erupt.

As I was facing his skin, my eyes caught sight of his penis, and I couldn't take my eyes off him, already savouring him inside. I transformed into another version of myself that he adored equally as every other supernatural facet of my esoteric divine feminine essence, a version that he craved the most but was immensely terrified by.

I became a wild Sensual Empress awakened,
A Sexual Priestess of divine lovemaking,
A Queen of erotic explorations,
Shining with my supernatural powers of ancient sex magic,
Embodied in the lineage of my soul.

He saw my soul for who I was. I finally embraced that I was a true embodiment of a sexual goddess only after meeting him. And I could easily become a sexual priestess in his presence. I have entirely accepted myself only when he saw everything I am. I was blessed to be born with many talents, so he desired to experience the entirety of me. Yet, he shied away from

his sexual powers that matched mine in every sensual way. His previous lovers didn't allow him to express his sexuality, so he is still afraid to explore every part of it. He is amusing that way. I know who he is, and he knows that I know, but he portrays himself as a shy and inexperienced lover. Yet that turns me on. It is as if I don't know what hides behind this shell, and I'm passionately trying to solve him with my touch.

When he fucked me the first time, I was pleasantly surprised, as I made the same assumptions about him as most women do. I believed I would conquer and overpower him with little to no effort. But he actually fucked me the way I wanted, as if he had made love with me for years. I just couldn't comprehend how he could understand my body on our first night. He was an intuitive lover. He knew how to spread his energy throughout the body, so we never collided until we both sensed we were not rushing each other. I didn't need to direct or ask him to touch me in a specific area. He would just read my energy body and do what I desire most. At first, it freaked me out, but then I fully embraced this experience.

With him, I could be myself, and he would still embrace me, and most importantly, he would fuck me without reservations or fears. He would fuck me exactly how I want to be fucked on any particular day. Sometimes it was quick and spontaneous; other times, it was a power play in which I would allow him to take me by force. But we equally had sessions of sensuality where we would completely immerse ourselves in gentle touches and sweet cuddles, followed by soft entry with slow and tranquil motions of his magical wand inside of me. Sometimes I scream at him to fuck me like I was a bad girl who desires to be punished, to feel like I can only dream of his mercy, to feel like I'm no one, until I would feel like I had disappeared.

We savour each other. We didn't like to come fast; in fact, most of the time, we don't like to come at all because we feel that the ecstasy of our connection would last forever if we just stayed on edge. The edge becomes our natural state as if the entire world is hanging in the balance, and we hold it with our essences. We orgasmically release our tensions through the whole surface of the skin. We don't come; we exist in perpetual waves of valley orgasms. That's the only state of divine truth that we know, and it's a state of true surrender.

I hide my essence of esoteric sexual priestess from most of my lovers, as I know they can't handle the full force of my innate sexual energies. I reserve these energies, always trying to be smaller so they would not feel so powerless and broken. Men are scared and intimidated by women in their nature, so I don't see the point of scaring them even more. I don't really like it when they feel unsettled in my presence, so I adjust. I play a nice girl. Me being a smaller version of myself elevates their fragile masculine dignity. It's easier for them not to really know me. I do it for their own benefit. That gives me advantages and powers, but at the same time, I wish to unravel in everything that I am, and right now, it's only possible with him. My other lovers can't face the full scale of my true essence. Playing games, manipulating and seducing them, is too simple for me.

But next to him, I can be myself, as only he can balance my highest sexual nature. He takes my entire sensual being, wrapping together my subtle energy bodies. He creates a protective shield around my aura, moulding my spiritual essence into a gorgeous vase that he later fills with masculine essence. And once my energy is shaped in a vase and starts to overflow from being sexually magnetized through his touch, the waters of our love come crashing down into the floor of my womb and then rise again and again as he clairvoyantly builds me up,

awakening the full flow between my chakras, my pussy, and my heart. I reach the divine as he claims the elixir of pleasure that we harvest directly from the skies. We drink the nectar of the gods as he embraces everything that I am and finds a space for every one of my facets. I'm getting orgasmic shivers just thinking about how he can so easily take everything that I am and collect me so I can feel myself whole for a while.

I am a woman, so I'm a flow. I exist everywhere and nowhere at once. I'm a streaming river of energy, but he gathers all elements of me into this majestic vase of supernatural existence, and suddenly, I understand who I am. In that odd moment of bliss, I know myself. When he contains my wholeness while allowing me to be wild, I exit this world and become pure light. I become someone I can never be without him, yet it feels like I'm finally becoming who I am supposed to be. And I don't know why I have to fuck him to get there.

I feel free and empowered when he surrenders to my invitations. It's tough to be accepted by him. But I mastered our love, and he eventually allowed me to penetrate his spiritual essence with my divine passion, exactly how he penetrated my physical body, as we became one flawless being, joined in a magical, sensual dance. With him, I don't have any control, and all I can do is surrender. Otherwise, he won't fuck me. I'm serving him most nobly because I have become a different being, and although it's often terrifying, I know that I need to experience all sensations he provokes in me. What am I doing to myself? And what do I actually feel for him? I feel lost, and I don't trust my heart. But I trust my womb.

I'm in front of him in the hallway. We are both naked, and I stepped back to witness him in all his erect glory. He wants me badly, even though he is not ready to enter me. Now, I fully

embody the energy of an actual sexual goddess. I look at him as I shine with all of my initiations of the ancient priestess of lovemaking.

His ego was trapped in fear of intimidation, but his heart had surrendered. I never threaten him. I enjoy intimidating men, but he is different. Sometimes I become like a teenage girl next to him, completely swayed by his touch, forgetting my regalia, expertise, and experience. I become his lover, only his lover in eternity. I like his graciousness in putting a woman on a pedestal. I know that I'm not the only woman in his life. This realization often torments me. But he treats me like I'm the only one while we are together, and it's impossible to describe how I cherish that feeling.

Even though it takes time for him to open up, once he's vulnerable to my touches, I can't escape his energies, and we switch places. I became intimidated by his noble masculinity, yet at the same time, my mind became clouded, and my womb took complete control. I immerse myself in his touches, to the pleasure of our sparkling souls who merged in magical light, and I always get so lost that I can't even remember who I am. We want to love each other once we've experienced the first touch, and there's nothing else to add. We want to touch ourselves everywhere until we lose our minds and forget about being separate human beings. We merge into us, and since our vibrations are equal, we become an empowered energy flow lost in the vastness of this divine world. We become some unknown essence, the embodiment of a new deity that only two of us can create, shapeshifting into the highest truth of us.

This process of transformation both frightens and excites us. It is an ancient alchemy of love, and yet we invented it as we chose to be ourselves with one another. We don't hide from who we are when we are together. I allow him to be him, and he allows me to be me. When we

first made love, I experienced a touch I had never thought was possible, and orgasmic waves swept me in ways I had never felt before. Somehow, we just knew how to practice sexual alchemy without outside knowledge or guidance. Our souls guided our wounded bodies to embrace this sacred art of bliss and ecstasy.

“We will relentlessly fuck.

But slowly.”

On my knees in front of him, I tenderly whispered to his masculine heart, joyfully holding his dignity in my hands. I was close enough to touch his entire body, but not close enough to feel the skin. We were touching with auras, and then my hand firmly squeezed his dick as I looked into his eyes with the entire intensity of my soul. I was in control of his penis, and only I could decide what would happen next. I enveloped him and released my embrace, still gazing without blinking.

He was lost. He was ready to enter me, right here, right now, finally. When I saw his desperate plea to allow him in, I realized his cock, giggling as he bounced back and forth. I slowly licked my lips, as enticingly and sexually as I could. He dared to tell me that he wasn't ready to fuck me. Well, now he was not himself anymore. I finally punished him. How dare he reject my offer to relentlessly fuck right away?

If he hadn't seen me for so long, he must have jumped on me, but here he was, absent from sex for months and yet wanting to talk first. I could not allow that to happen. I savoured my revenge. His penis was screaming in agony, swinging left and right from pulsations of his fragile heart of a true romantic. At one moment, I was lost in the intricate beauty of his pulsating veins. My revenge is not complete yet, but here I am, again lost in his essence. I had to finish what I

had started, so I turned away and gracefully waltzed into the bedroom, abandoning him in the hallway as if I got bored with a toy.

I was punishing him for making me wait. He stood there, grasping air while trying to tame his little friend. He was mesmerized by the curves that were just within his reach moments ago. He hates it when I play games with him.

Yes, we ought to fuck relentlessly because I want it.

But he must be the one who has to initiate the ritual -

I am his Goddess, after all. So he fell on his knees and crawled into my bedroom to pray that he would be allowed to make love to me even though he wasn't really in the mood for it. He hoped to peacefully unwind from the madness of his spiritual battles in my soft embrace. Today, he wanted to be nourished and swept away in cuddles. Today, he dreamed we would stay in our clothes and enjoy a tender affair.

But the Goddess demands to fulfill her desires, and no one wants their head cut off.

Today, this man doesn't have a choice.

Today, his free will is my will.

So he confesses his vulnerabilities to me, and he praises me,

Like he always does -

As if his life depended on it.

He bends in reverence on the ground, stretching arms before him.

He prays to me, to his highest female reflection - pleading to be accepted for who he is,

"Please, my Supreme Goddess,

My divine Sacred Lover

My Shamanic Companion
My intuitive Reiki Master
And my Master of Lovemaking,
The woman whom I helped
To retrieve the magical sword
Of her highest talents as a female warrior of light
A noble guardian of our Burrard shores,
Please, my passionate Priestess
The Divine Sensualist,
Embrace my true essence,
Accept my divine masculine gifts
Of admiration, passion, and assertiveness,
Kindness, power and will.
Please allow me to fuck you.
Relentlessly.”

I pretend that I don't even desire him. He can do it with his unwavering courage, but I'm distancing myself as if I don't want him to purge my demons through the travels into a higher plane of bliss. I just needed him to plead more. So eventually, his songs, praises, and noticeably exciting presence convinced me to envelop him in my mercy. I guide him through the complex journey as we attempt to discover all possible ways to extend every sensation of my sensuality. We relentlessly search for the frontiers of joy and strive to retrieve the celestial light created through pleasure.

I begged him not to stop, even when I trembled and could barely endure his inexorable pursuit as he reached to discover his solace and his highest pleasure in obeying my demands. He dreamed of gifting me pure energy of divine nature. He took my soul into the higher realms of existence, away from this confusing body. I don't know how he keeps surprising me.

My skin feels his hands on every part of my body, and his phallic energy touches every part of me from the inside. He is everywhere. I'm lost, but I see my true glory, illuminating my bedroom, which is often filled with the lustful energies of my broken lovers, who only leave me with their burdens. But he is here to cleanse my temple and liberate me. He is here actually to love me, and he can do so because I allow him. It's very pleasing.

We know we will not be together forever, but it doesn't stop me from accepting his love. He is obsessed with my sexuality. He takes it all and sends me his light, which I take from him with pleasure. I'm dying in his arms every single time, and it's the most beautiful feeling. I live in the moment, in the presence, and yet I don't exist at all. Only he can get me there, and I'm glad I have punished him; otherwise, it would not have been such a magical and adventurous day of pleasure.

I got what I wanted. I know that he doesn't like it when I do this to him, but truth be told, he actually expects to experience my seductive nature. I'm an actual woman, as I only live in the now, and I'm always different. When I play with him, he becomes a genuine man who desperately wants to punish me for my girlish, mischievous behaviour. And I want to be punished by his love.

As we entered the space

Of complete timelessness

Creating the container of sacred sensuality
In a frequency known only to us
We began the final act of our dance.
As we intimately faced each other
Blissfully smiling
We fucked relentlessly
But leisurely, melodically, and gently
Until the magical clouds of heavenly bliss
Enveloped both of us.
We nested until dawn.
Lovingly adoring
Each moment we're destined to share
Devouringly absorbing
Colourful orbs of healing light,
My womb has birthed with our magic
Of our inseparable harmony
Once we became one energetic being
As our essences collided
Immersing and dissolving in each other
Through the alchemy of sexual pleasure.

I AM A GODDESS

He fucked them all.
Isis, Bastet, Sekhmet, Hator
Caroline from Venus and Mary Magdalen herself,
And, well, some other deities and beings.
And I always knew about his encounters
I even sent him myself on a few occasions
To conduct spiritual initiations.

Now I want him for myself.
But is that even possible?
If he only fucks real goddesses
Why would he ever want to fuck me?
I know that I'm unlovable because I'm flawed.

But he comes to me
He touches my skin
He senses my dreams
My hair orgasms
From being next to him
I'm loved for me
If he fucked them all
And now he fucks me
Then, I am a goddess
After all
As I fuck my dream.

I'LL MANIFEST YOUR DREAM WOMAN

"I'll manifest a woman of your dreams for you,
And crazy love
And passionate kisses
So she could heal your madness,"
I loudly proclaimed to him
And set on fire the sacred incense of lovers
While smoking psychedelic plants.

Completion of the rite of his purification
As my divine femininity
Destroyed those demons of servility
His mother has planted in him through breast milk.
That narcissistic bitch.

His spirit perked up because
His spiritual goddess
Saw only a sensual knight in him
And not that inferior, awkward, troubled nerd
The cave of slavery has taught him to be.

And again, he poured out his soul in my presence
The ultimate truth of his mind and heart
I gently smiled
And refined my beauty
Through his self-evident truth.
I claim him for myself as I stare into his eyes.

No, this is not the love we are experiencing.

I only teach him how to live
How to accept his sufferings as flattery
To embrace his passionate fantasies
And dreams of sensual intimacy
To tell him he can feel happiness
And should allow joy to return to his life.

He struggles to follow my wishes.
And he is overwhelmed by my passions
Inside of me lives love for him
Deep, sensual, and feminine compassion
Nourishing sympathy
And tender-heartedness
Pure womb kindness -
If I don't fuck him, no one will
And he will stay a sad man.

I'm proclaiming again!
To reassure his fragile masculine ego
Enchanting spells of my devotion
Sends his darkness into the fire.
"I promise I will manifest
What are you dreaming about
What you long for during lonely sleepless nights
I know how to manifest
The woman of your teenage dreams."
He's suddenly trembled and screamed
With the torturous burden of a noble man
So my love is desperately needed
Around his body.

I can't see a broken man,
And only I am here
So my duty is to save him.

I will warm him with my sweetness
I will force him to drown in it
I will make him scream
My pussy wants to envelop him
Charming tenderness
Accepting ourselves in all our
Troubling and excellent glory.

He thinks he can be healed
By talking through his traumas
By confessing how he was touched
In the ways he didn't like
And when he didn't want to.
But I know my worth
Words can't heal him
He can only be healed with the joy of sex
So I want to please Nature
It turns me on to see
How broken he is.

Yes, we share the strangest love,
As we sit by the fireplace
Flirting with the truth that
The wisdom of Reiki has gifted us
As he's staring at my nipples
I bet he wants to enter me.
But I don't mind

I'm full of compassion
I will make love to him
I take him to bed again
Stop talking, my sweet man
You can heal only when my pussy
Wildly drips.

Wake me by taking me
Wake up the storm of my soul
Collect me so I could feel
Like I'm whole
No pain of separation
In our trusting bliss
And when you finish
Taking me to the promised land
I desire to visit with you.

Once you complete the mission
Of loving me
I promise I'll find you that woman
Of your dreams
Who was destined
To eliminate your sorrows
You patiently collected through life.

I'm only temporarily in love with him,
So, I'm savouring his masculine dignity
For now, he dreams only of me
But I know I am not for him
As I climax
I passionately proclaim

My honest promise
To magnetize the truth
Through sex magic.

I wish to give him a miracle
As my reward
For healing my womb
I'll always be in love with him
So I can see his highest truth
His heart is radiating brightly
Our love is sweet
And he will always live
Inside of me
But I can feel
That other woman, through his thrusts
The woman of his dreams
Her magical and sensual divinity
Already shines inside of him

He knows her essence
And I can see her
Living in his heart
So we are fucking
And we are bliss
So I could manifest her
Being next to him.

I PUSHED HIM AWAY

We didn't set the date for our next meeting, as he actively hides away from me. I don't know how to convince him that I'm in love with him. He responds with the exact words when I share my truth. Then we make passionate love, but he still acts like we are not a couple. Yes, I pushed him away in the beginning when he expressed his affection, but now I can't live without his presence.

Is this our human nature?

To run away from our feelings?

To run away from ourselves?

I don't know how to persuade him now, as he moved on to hunt another woman after I rejected his advances. In our past, we made love as lovers, but as lovers who were not in love.

I was his teacher in sacred intimacy, and I didn't want anything more with him. I taught him how he could open up in the bedroom, discover hidden parts of his essence, and learn to allow a woman's energy to penetrate his. Humans are quite amusing that way, but there's a beauty in our magical dances. Men penetrate us physically, but we penetrate them emotionally, mentally, and spiritually.

He never truly orgasmed until I taught him how to allow a woman in, how to accept the fullness of the sacred energy of a womb. He fell in love with me, as students often do with their teachers, so he wanted to impress me. It was more of an admiration, really, not a romantic love. He didn't want to take me on a date, have dinner, watch a movie, hike, or do whatever people typically do, driven by romantic feelings. And I didn't want any of that either. I wanted him to

teach me how to communicate with the souls of the living and the dead, as he does. I dreamed of mastering the art of being a medicine woman, deepening my energy healing practice, and exploring drumming as a means of spiritual journeying. I wanted him to teach me how to travel to other planets and explain how souls choose their bodies. I promised I would teach him how to fuck in return. It was a fair exchange of knowledge.

He knew everything about past lives.

I knew everything about sexual pleasures.

We both used each other.

With curiosity and admiration, we explored ourselves and the world through us.

We were the best lovers for that, learning in unison.

We grew equally through our sensual adventures, like a real couple.

But now I feel I'm falling in love with him.

And if I had allowed the space for his genuine feelings, he might also have considered a romance with me. He was traumatized by the cruelty of the women he met on his path, and it was challenging to open him up. And when he did tell me about his emerging feelings, I pushed him away, as I was sitting on my throne of female pride. I was convinced he was not experiencing love, but rather admiration for my supernatural, tantric, and esoteric lovemaking skills. I knew my worth and how obsessed men were with my radiant, alluring presence. So many claimed they loved me, but so often, it was just a short-lived, promiscuous obsession with my sexual freedom. They saw me as an object, and I capitalized on that.

When we had regular sessions, I didn't even want to talk; I just wanted to take him to bed and show him what I was capable of. Maybe that's why I'm here right now. I tried to understand my skills, but he showed me myself in ways I didn't expect to discover.

Maybe that's my punishment now.

When he moved on, I realized I couldn't live without our sessions. He became distant as my rejection hurt him. He tried to continue learning from me, but he needed a space to accept his defeat. His masculine dignity and pride were hurt, and I get that. I should have been more compassionate, knowing his story. But he surprised me with his confession, and I simply got scared. I realized we may have experienced love, but I refused to allow myself to feel it. We just convinced ourselves that we are so spiritual, so aware of our feelings, and so in control of ourselves that we can learn sacred intimacy without romance, without long, engaging conversations, without sharing a glass of wine, or maybe laughing at some stupid comedy.

We took each other straight to bed.

We took each other for granted.

I always dreamed of facing a man who embodies the same heightened sexual energies as I do. It's tough to discover such a man, you know? I was blessed to be born with a unique, magnetic body and immense sensual powers. I thought I knew pleasure. I thought that I had experienced everything a woman can feel. I was living by my passions, but I didn't know all of them until he touched me. I was so confident about who I was when I met him. But he shattered everything to the foundation - my demeanour, my stance, my self-reflective nature, and my essence trapped in the mask of a sexually liberated woman. Suddenly, I realized that I had never made love to a man who could take me where I wanted to go. And to be honest, I didn't even

know such places of my pleasure even existed. Suddenly, I realized I didn't know what I was doing in bed. I was a goddess with all of my other lovers, and I could make them kneel in reverence to allow them to enter my sacred womb. But with him, it was completely different.

He didn't praise me as they did, but he was so devotional in bed, so precise in his actions, that his touch turned out to be the best praise my body ever wanted to experience. After a few sessions, I was the one falling to the knees in reverence, begging him to make love to me, while he desired all of me, including my company outside of the bedroom. I was not myself. I wanted him to show me who I was. And then I did experience the most profound love for myself, to the immense powers I was holding, to the beauty that I didn't know I had, to the magic that only initiated women have access to. I was just an apprentice in sacred sexuality before I met him, but now I have become a true initiate through our lovemaking.

I have to admit, I was looking down on him. I was so confident and collected. I never diminished or humiliated him. I treated him with the utmost respect, the same way I treat every one of my students. But somehow, only he allowed me to grow and blossom. I thought I was teaching him to embrace his masculinity, but in reality, he tricked me. He was teaching me about my innate feminine powers that I didn't know I had. I convinced myself that he came to see me because I was so much more powerful and knowledgeable than he was, so advanced in my skills and practice. I was always so sure of myself, knowing my body, my pussy, and my heart. Only he destroyed all of my irrational notions and self-limiting beliefs.

Suddenly, here I am - confessing that I wouldn't be able to know myself, to discover myself, to embrace the fullness of my magical womb without him.

How hard it is to admit that!

I can't understand myself without a man.

This sounds so preposterous. I'm defeated and confused. What if that's what it means to be in love? And if so, can I be sure that he loves me back? How does he feel about me? What if his expressions of love existed to trick me? He was as powerful as he claimed, even though I initially laughed at him. He was shy, reserved, and very weird during our first sexual interactions. I couldn't possibly believe that he could do magic. I was sure that he only tried to impress me, to present himself in the best possible light, so I would agree to train him.

But now I wonder if that was all a game from the beginning. I can see his full potential only now, a year after we met. And if he had always had those powers, he would have known me right away when we met. Maybe he told me he loves me only to flatter me and make me more willing to engage in intimate practices with him. But if he saw everything about me, then he came into my space to train me, not the other way around.

I was entrapped. Now I can see that clearly. So if he only pretended to love me the way he loves his other partners, if he loved me only to train me to accept the fullness of my highest femininity, then what do I do now? How can I tell him I've developed feelings and want a genuine romance? I wish to experience actual intimacy with him and only him. But what if I missed my chance? We received divine passion, but what if it's too late and it no longer exists for us? What if I missed this love instead of surrendering to it because I was too afraid to feel my heart and scared of getting hurt? I could have immersed myself in our love. Instead, I spent all this time questioning myself when I could have savoured moments full of true love and devotion. He just wanted to look me in the eyes on occasion and say, "I love you." Still, I didn't allow him to do that because he was a client, a student, and, seemingly, just another man among many who

showered me with gifts, proposals, and pretentious words of affection. I thought these feelings would harm us and destroy our professional arrangement. But I see that I only harmed myself. If I allowed his love to exist, I would receive the words of admiration and affection. I could have bathed in them. But what if all he was doing was teaching me to be myself, and he never had feelings for me, and he invented his love to help me grow?

I know it's better to express feelings than feel regret. But given our history, I'm terrified. He doesn't invite me into his space anymore. From the beginning, I was so up in my head, telling him we would only meet for the duration of my teaching program. I remember he smiled back at me, and now I know he knew all along that I would fall in love with him.

Now I feel my essence, and it wants his touch even more than before.

Now I want to practice magic so I can give myself to him, to shower him with my love.

But he doesn't show weakness, and I'm desperate. I know my powers, and I can seduce him. I can't just be vulnerable and say immediately that I want to love him. I need to convince him that I'm a perfect match for him right now. I must act from my heart and at least tell him my truth. So I showed up at his place on Saturday morning, knowing he would sleep until noon after his nightly adventures. I took him by surprise. He opened the door still in his underwear, sleepy and confused. I never saw him like this - a messy and hungover bachelor perfectly in sync with his messy surroundings.

But I storm in and take him straight to bed to cuddle. I tell him that we still haven't finished our education and need to conduct a few sessions to integrate the results of our classes. I know that he doesn't have a woman in his life. Knowing his intense sexual energies are not expressed, I expect him to fall into my trap of temptations. He surely does, and now I'm together

with him, under his sheets. He doesn't act, but he still demands that I grant him a couple more hours of sleep. I do, but during this time, I whisper the words of love into his ears, I stroke him gently, and I slowly remove his underwear. This is me. I'm not taking any chances here. At least I will receive my desired pleasures even if he won't believe that my words of love are genuine and honest.

Initially, when he generously offered his help, I thought he must have been joking. Was he trying to help me?! I knew everything about myself and certainly didn't expect advice or guidance from the man I barely knew. My rejection prompted him to withdraw, and he even considered dropping our classes altogether. But somehow, he continued to dare to come to see me, battling with his insecurities and painfully working through the traumas of his past sexual partners. I saw how he panicked every time we met, so I didn't expect any spectacles in bed. Only how wrong I was!

He stumbled and mumbled; he was reserved, sheltered, and confused. He jumped from one spiritual topic to another. I couldn't keep track of everything he was saying, and I continuously thought he was making stuff up as he went. I never experienced a man like him, so I made all the assumptions I could. Eventually, I was punished for judging him. He proved me wrong about everything.

After all this time, I must come to him and beg for his help. It was my first time visiting his apartment. That's how desperate I was. I broke all my rules as an empowered sexual healer. This is so humiliating. I thought that I was above it all.

So here I was, coming to him after all this time and pleading for help. I realized that he was right all along - I was still trapped in my past relationships even though I was convinced I

had moved on. But now it was clear that only he could remove the energetic chains my previous boyfriend had imposed on me. I believed I still loved him, but now this healer has shown me that I was actually entrapped by energies beyond my control. My ex-boyfriend had blinded, exploited and used me, and I couldn't see true love when it appeared on my path. I was sleeping every night next to a man I didn't want to share anything with, and I didn't know how to end things between us. We had so much history, but he became completely foreign to me one day. I didn't want to do anything with that person anymore, but somehow I couldn't find a way to tell him to move out. And now I don't know how to get out of this mess.

I didn't know how it happened, but now I'm living in a reality that I don't like.

Entanglements existed on a spiritual level, and this medicine man could perceive them clairvoyantly. It was a karmic connection from a past life. That's why I stayed silent. Because I silenced him in a past life, and now I had to endure the same fate. Now I was presented with a chance to be liberated from that karmic bond. This shaman saw my essence, unrestrained, pure, and raw. That clarity and inner authority of a soul healer enabled him to enter my dream with my soul's permission and adjust my reality to resolve these energetic cords of entrapment.

I felt so stupid when I came to beg him for his assistance after all this time. I thought he would punish me for refusing his help. But nothing like that happened. Even though he barely had time for anything except his job and his studies, he graciously set aside time for me. He performed three necessary ceremonies to release me from my karmic traps. He didn't owe me anything; he just did it as an expression of his love for me, and that's how I understood that his feelings were genuine. Maybe not to the point of being involved with me, but it was so essential

to experience his love in that moment. Realizing that someone actually loves me unconditionally felt healing in itself.

He was glad to help. He wanted women to use the full scope of his supernatural talents. Not many accepted his gracious gestures, afraid he was only pretending to know magic. He asked every woman to make good use of his healing magical powers, but most were too scared to welcome his gifts. I came to request his power, and he radiated with happiness. He wanted nothing more than help. He tried to give everything he could to the world. He even enjoyed doing his work more than he enjoyed making love, which I always found amusing, and at times, it felt too unbelievable to be true. But he loved to serve. He was living his day, only hoping to hear “Thank you” from a woman. Yes, he loved his women, and sometimes, I cursed him for not prioritizing me. I was jealous, but then I realized he was an instrument in the Angels' hands to heal these women. And now I feel blessed to have been one of them. He expelled demons from my soul, and I could finally feel what it's like to be free.

Surely, he knew I would make love to him out of appreciation. I wanted to reward him with sex, even though he did not expect it when he agreed to help. But it was clear to us how much we enjoyed this. I knew how sex was an important motivation for him, as his growing desire and impatient anticipation to fuck me would empower him to help me. Without a promise of sexual pleasures, it would be much challenging for him to accomplish. I knew he would still help me, even if we won't sleep ever again. It's just me who really wanted to make love to him, to serve him, to thank him in the best way I knew how, with my sexual healing magic. I fucked him all day long, and that's how I could finally tell him that I loved him back. Our pleasures shared on that day said it all, and I shone in reverence for his gift of love.

WHY I FELL FOR YOU?

I was convinced I was healing in the right way. So many things happened, so many perplexing emotions I've endured. And honestly, who wants to face any of that? It means unpacking all of yourself, and I'm never ready for this. Too much work in my opinion. I'm flawed, but I manage. Yoga, sacred teachings, dancing, sports, artistic work, energy healing, and meditation became more of an escape. I'm looking at my mood ring to see how I'm feeling. I became a parody of myself. I want to be numb all the time.

I'm engaged in practices, but there's no obligation to integrate what I've learned, no real accountability, and no reason to push deeper. I return to the world where people are cruel, bitter and angry, so I inevitably become like them, despite all of my progress. All I'm trying to do is make existential sufferings easier, and forget about abusers of my heart.

But old stories are playing on repeat. And the miseries my parents have put me through have also resurfaced in memory. Meaning that I still carry these emotional scars deep inside, refusing to face them so that I could be liberated. And do I really want to be liberated? I don't know. Oftentimes, my brokenness feels like a solid foundation, and I don't want to lose myself.

But then I met you. And why did I meet you? I didn't want to. I wanted another escape, something that would make my life freer, brighter, and lighter. Maybe it's fine to forget about existential struggles in the hands of an attractive but simple, even shallow man. I could be above him, and he would praise me. He would cherish me for my beauty, might, intelligence, and knowledge of sacred practices that he never dared to try.

But then I met you. And why did I meet you? The answer is quite simple. I asked to meet you. I asked to receive answers, but I didn't know they would arrive through love. You stepped into my world and invited me to the restaurant I had been wanting to visit, reading my mind before even seeing me in person. I was scared, but I quickly opened up because I never expected to hear what you came to say.

Yes, you feel desperate and even miserable; you dream of intimacy because you love giving pleasure to a woman, but women don't want to receive pleasure from you. They don't want to see you for who you are. But you honestly told me, before even meeting me in person, that you dream of pleasing a woman, and that's the only dream you have. You dream of emotionally connecting to a woman and then worshipping her in the bedroom with one of your strange but liberating lovemaking rituals. You are content hiding from people in the woods, living in solitude from mad humans who created a world full of diseases and wars. You are content with your intense and unique masturbation rituals. You love yourself, so you love playing with yourself. And I would've done the same if I were you.

You made me realize what true self-love actually is, and now I'm confronted with the truth that I don't really love myself.

Of course, your little friend wishes to be embraced and cherished by a woman. Usually, you know what to do to tame him with energy explorations and intimate visions of your spiritual lovers. But your entire body demands something else. One side of your experience is receiving pleasure from seeing a woman experiencing the joy that you are giving her. You enjoy the process; you enjoy intuitively sensing and sensually communicating with her body; you enjoy exploring her contours. You are reaching for her Soul through your strokes, cuddles, kisses, and

caresses. And that's why you decided to try to date someone. It was so hard to get you out of your comfort zone. But here you are - in front of me. And even though I'm scared to face you because I didn't ever expect to meet a man who would show up with the answers I searched for, I'm still glad you appeared on my path. However, it is weird to accept that a man can know the truth that I seek.

How can I convince you to give me the healing I've been searching for? How can I entice you to guide me through my own darkness? I don't know what I expected, but definitely not this. Every day with you, it gets weirder and weirder. I have known you for only ten days, but I already feel something I have never felt before.

It's not a romantic crush or love that I'm trying to run away from. Unfortunately, it's something much bigger. It's not even about a romantic affair. It's a call for me to face myself, and I think I'm not prepared for it. If it were just a feeling of love, then I could live through it. But it's the arrival of a new me, and I'm scared of that woman.

Two days ago, you invited me to stay at your place. That's how you heal. You allow a female Soul to exist in your reality, hear your thoughts, listen to your heart, and experience your dreams and emotions—you will enable her to experience all of them. If I'm allowed to live with you, then I have no boundaries with you. I can taste all of you, I can experience life through you, and it feels liberating. Yes, it also feels terrifying.

I spent the entire day today lying in your bed. You didn't even make love to me today because I feel powerless and weak. I'm just lying in your bed while you are across from me, at your computer, doing your stupid job instead of lying next to me. I understand that you need to pay your bills, but how sweet it would have been to spend this time together! Anyway, I'm glad

you allowed me to rest in your safe space. I'm so happy that you occasionally chat with me, come to hug me, and read your poems to me. I've been through so much, but here, under your sheets, it feels safe to be myself.

Why do I feel so sick and don't want to dance anymore, like during our first week together? Lying here, in your bed, is actually a healing ritual for me after my traumatic journey. I'm glad I have this opportunity to spend time with you right now, even though you are not with me. Still, you are taking care of me and enveloping me with your energy.

This is our strange romance. I'm glad that I agreed to follow you. I didn't want to. I knew you would destroy my sense of lightness, freedom, carelessness, and girlish euphoria. You dragged me through the places I had never visited before, so I'm exhausted, and I don't want to do anything but lie here. I don't even want to get up when you're having lunch or creating your art. I'm under the blanket. I am the blanket. I'm hiding away from the world and restoring myself through the magical portal you have created out of your bed. I didn't know that after healing, I could feel so sick. But I'm not ill; I'm just drained, yet I'm thrilled that I agreed to stay with you this week.

I didn't know what would happen, but you invited me, and well, for some reason, I can't spend time away from you. You are like a magnet; I can't escape being drawn to you. I think it's because I needed these feelings so much. I prayed and prayed to meet you and to explore life deeper, and here you are, appearing and offering so much. I was swept away by the possibilities of my dreams and the dreams you showed me. You presented me with the possible future where I am more myself than ever, and that's my healing. I needed to see a vision of myself. So I chose to follow you.

Trust.

Bite of a snake.

My destined soulmate would appear on the horizon.

Once you healed me, I saw my future, and it's real. I fell in love with you, so I could envision what a man of my dreams and the love of my life would look like.

I want to have sex with you; I want you to make love to me in the ways you can. I want to feel what it's like to love. Does it make sense? I don't know what that experience will bring, and frankly, I'm shivering when I think about that, when I daydream about you pulsating inside of me in harmony with my sweetness. I don't dream about your body; I just want to feel your energy. That means feeling all your energy.

I'm afraid because I know I'm not ready for you. I need to feel your skin on mine, but most importantly, I want your energy to envelop me so I can swim in a stream of emotions I didn't know I had.

That's why I'm drawn to you; this is why I can endure your madness, explore your insanity, and allow you to tell me the story of your past and our probable future. I'm losing myself with you, but I don't know what to do.

No, I'm actually ready for everything. I know I will be transformed through the emotional shocks you will bring into my life, but I desperately need that. I was searching for something truthful, but I found you. I questioned this path as I struggled to accept you. Yet now I feel this intense sensation, that this is what I need, although the healing path you offered scares me. Extreme uncertainty, emotional rollercoaster, intense perplexities of life. Every truth that love brings to the surface.

You claim that you can bring me blissful pleasure I haven't experienced, but I don't know my sexuality. I'm so intrigued, my lover!

You haven't made love to me yet, and yet I call you my lover from our first meeting. Please take me where you want to take me; treat my body the way you feel I should be loved. I trust your process. I need to heal, but I see that you need me for the same reason. I want to be loved by you, to trust you, to immerse myself in your sexuality.

I know other women don't allow themselves to be authentic, but I do. I want to try. I'm just a little petrified. I'm ready to be naked and vulnerable in your presence. Please take me gently and open up my tenderness as you see it. Allow me to shine in my creative sexuality, as only you can see the fullness of me.

This is a journey of self-discovery for us, and I'm ready to embrace it. I don't know what it will bring, but that's why I have to take this path. I want to discover something new about myself, and I'm allowing you to explore me, as it seems you know where to look.

You never touched me, but somehow, I sense that you would know what to do with me once we are naked under the sheets. Take me wherever you want to take me. I know you won't fail in your quest to find the perfect way to make love to me. I trust your confidence, and I see your noble masculinity. It shines beautifully, and I must immerse myself in that light to feel myself.

Please take me to that new place, my lover. I honour your energy, and I feel how your love fills my heart's chalice as you take all of me.

HOW I MET THE OTHER WOMAN

We had been dating for a few weeks, and I was ready to take our relationship to the next level. I forgot what led me to finally stay in his apartment for a night after a romantic evening. I enjoyed that night. Nothing spectacular happened, but we both had low expectations anyway. We knew we needed to learn more about one another before our sex would become extraordinary. And quite soon, we got into the rhythm of us. We climaxed at the same time, and both radiated with love after it. I was convinced we were both satisfied with our physical connection.

Yet after two weeks of fantastic sexual and erotic explorations, I learned the bitter truth. One morning, I woke up next to him, as he was already up and contemplating something. He was still lying next to me in bed, but staring at the ceiling as if someone was there. I freaked out because I felt someone's presence in the room. He continued to look up, smiling.

“Is there someone here?” I asked him softly.

“Oh, Cordelia is here; she is the soul of my ex-lover. She came to ask how we are.”

“And what did you tell her?”

“The truth, as always”

“What truth?”

“That was the best sex I ever had with her. She always comes to check on that.”

“What a horrible thing to say! You know how hurtful it is, so why would you say something so horrible in bed with a woman? You don’t like our sex?”

“Oh, don’t get me wrong. We are amazing. But it’s too early for us to talk about this. It took us months of practice with Cordelia, so I hope we will share a similar journey, and I know

you would be the best sex of my life because I love you like I didn't love Cordelia. The love for you is much more intense and beautiful." Right at that moment, he giggled.

"What is so funny?"

"Oh, nothing. Cordelia is just making jokes. She says it won't be better between us. She's just making fun; she's totally supportive of you. She likes how I have grown with you. She says that we are a great match."

"Well, thanks for that." I distanced myself from him, covering myself in a blanket with my hands crossed on my chest. I was so hurt that I didn't want him to touch me anymore, like at all. This conversation was fucked up. I was fuming, but he seemed completely okay.

"We are only growing, my dear. And I must be honest with you. The sex between us is okay. You are rushing too much, and you don't really open up. You don't understand my body, and I need to attune to yours. You are still a mystery to me. We are still building intimacy, and I don't feel we are in the right place. Maybe we rushed with sex. You are trying to impress me or assume I like certain movements, but it should be about the flow. It's like an intricate dance; of course, different partners vibe in their special way. We didn't have time to explore each other. You confuse me sometimes, and I can't persuade you to take things slower. Our lovemaking is just too short, and I'm not used to it. But the energy to extend the play should come from you."

"How long did your sessions with Cordelia usually last?"

"Well, I would say a conversation, a foreplay, and then an act would probably be around five to six hours at least."

"I see. You are telling me that I'm not good enough for you."

“You are! I think you are the love of my life, and to be honest, this is not that important, really. I want to be with you and only you. It was just an inner joke with Cordelia’s soul, but I promise she is not malicious or evil, and she can be respectful of the boundaries. We just haven’t seen each other for a while, and she was concerned that I had been lonely for a long time before I met you. She wants my happiness, so she inquires about my sexual health. I’m sorry about that. I understand you are feeling threatened and disrespected. I could stay silent if I didn’t want us to have a future. We have to be truthful with one another, even when it hurts. I believe we can get there; it may take a bit more time. But I’m okay with that. I want to take you there, too; I promise you will like it when you surrender to this experience.”

“Okay. Maybe I will try. How can I better understand what you are talking about?”

“I mean, you can always visit Cordelia for a session of intimacy coaching. She also helps women explore their sexuality. I’ve sent two other women I was involved with to train with her. She is amazing! I promise you will like her classes.”

“I’m not going to your ex to learn how to please you in bed. Are you nuts?” I stormed out of bed and dressed as fast as possible.

“Please don’t overreact. It’s not about pleasing me. She can’t teach you movements. It’s more about understanding the energies, mastering sensuality, and opening a mystic within you. We are broken products of our slave systems, and we have been brought up with false and corrupt perceptions of sexuality. It’s not anyone’s fault. It’s just the truth of our reality. I had to unlearn so many things on my path. And my ego has always fought me. But I promise you will be pleasantly surprised by the results of her practices. You are not flowing in your entire potential. You are not surrendering to your body’s guidance. But I know that you can.”

“I’m not doing that. And we are over. This is just so stupid and humiliating.” I ran away from his apartment. Broken and confused, I was walking down the street crying. How could he do this to me? I haven’t done anything terrible to him. We had so many beautiful plans, we loved co-creating everything together, and things were unfolding in such magical ways. Why did he have to bring her up? And then talk about pleasurable sex with her? How did his other women agree to his proposals? He is just sick. Send every one of his lovers to her? I don’t understand the point. Why wouldn’t he stay with Cordelia if her soul keeps visiting him to comment on his sex life? And what is that stupid name, Cordelia? Who does she think she is? Like, some kind of royalty? I bet she’s probably very hot, too. What a stupid me. To fall for this guy. And what would I do now without a guy at all? I was enjoying our sex. I craved sex for so long, and now I finally got it, and it was amazing. But I can’t go back after this. He’s just delusional.

Two weeks of yearning for his sexual touch and honest desire for new pleasures was a complete torture. He allowed me to get closer, but then he pushed me away. What a manipulative asshole. I haven’t spoken with him since I left. I was done with him. But my heart was fighting me. I didn’t know what I was supposed to do. When I calmed myself down, I realized that the idea of visiting Cordelia might not be so bad. It was a feeling coming from the heart. I felt the truth all around me. I allowed my insecurities to disappear. I pushed jealousy and possessiveness from my space. As if some energy were calling me to embrace the new experiences life has presented. Even if I won’t see him ever again, who knows, maybe this Cordelia would actually help me understand how I can fuck better. Of course, my ego was fighting these contemplations. I wasn’t sure that I would find the strength to face another woman and tell her that I needed her

advice on how to have better sex with her ex-lover, that she loved so much and knew how to please. I didn't want to give her this power.

And wouldn't she be equally jealous? And if I were the third woman coming to her from him, would she judge us even more? I don't know why I was so resistant to seeing an intimacy coach. I was never sexually involved with the woman, so I didn't see how this engagement would work. Would I need to have sex with her to understand what he wants? Would I need to allow her to touch me? So many confusing thoughts were running through my head.

I wanted to see where my courage would lead me. I had told myself I would say "yes" to new experiences more often, but now I was afraid I would lose myself. Deep down inside, I was aware that I didn't know my own sexually. I was still learning and exploring different concepts. But I thought I would be safe if I stayed in my box of limited perceptions. My ordinary sexual life was the foundation of my existence, and I didn't want to ruin it with expanded awareness of what I could actually feel.

But the more I thought about it, the more I surrendered to the idea. My intuition told me it was what I needed to experience. Not because I wanted to be with him, but for my own spiritual growth. I even dared to let him know I would see Cordelia. He was happy that I reached out. He didn't even care about Cordelia. I told him that we are not together, but I need her contact information. He was kind and accepting. He was clearly upset by how dismissive and rude I was with him. Yes, I would see Cordelia, but I won't be back with him until he apologizes. He could've told me the same things in a different setting and at a different time. I love waking up to cuddles in the morning with a man I spent a night with. It often pleases me more than sex itself.

I booked a meeting with Cordelia in her temple in downtown Vancouver. I questioned myself so many times. I was regretting all of it. I don't think I can do it. I had to face this woman to see who I am competing with for this man's heart. Just thinking that makes me feel stupid. Men should compete for me. Anyway, I've arrived at her place. Cordelia greeted me at the entrance, and at that moment, I felt relieved. There was nothing special about her. Her breasts were smaller than mine; her butt was flat. She was shorter than me and didn't have any makeup. I was obviously more sexually desirable next to her. She was somewhat pretty and cute, like this kind of girl next door vibe, but I'm sure she was never popular with guys. She didn't have any sexually appealing features, and I wouldn't ever notice her on the street. I was so afraid to face a sex goddess, but she looked like an ordinary girl. I was really confused. She didn't seem like a woman who had some secret sexual powers. I thought about what she could teach me. I was still nervous, as I didn't know what to expect.

Once I entered the main room, I found my man sitting on the couch. I was in shock. What the hell was he doing here? He smiled, approached me, and kissed me on the cheek. "I'm glad you've agreed to try. You won't be disappointed."

"What are you doing here?"

"Well, you need someone to practice Cordelia's magic with. She could've brought some random client, but she decided to call me to make you feel more comfortable."

"How thoughtful of her." Inside, I was raging. I was not comfortable about this at all. Was it the same with other women, too? I was in some freak movie about the sexual perverts in a secret society. It was too much to handle, but I was so deep in this mess that I just said yes. I told myself I would do it and then run away from this sick and perverted city into the woods. I

wanted to find a good man, a partner, a future husband, and a father for my kids, but somehow, I was doing this stupid sexual training.

Why did I need to see her? God, how much I hate this woman! These two were playing games with me. They acted so casually and so freely, like old friends. I felt like I should not be here. Why can't I forget him and move on? I should break up with him. But I'm here, so there's nothing else for me to do but continue this performance.

They pulled a massage table; he got undressed and settled on it while we acquainted ourselves with Cordelia in another room. I tried to act as calmly as I could, but she saw how nervous I was. She hugged me in some secret way, and after that, I felt relief as if she had taken my negative energies away. She smiled at me, and I hated her. She made everything so easy, and I felt so comfortable surrendering in her space. I felt safe, despite the madness of it all.

I couldn't understand where she was coming from. We started talking, and soon, I realized that I knew nothing about sex. I was so preoccupied with the external, how it looks, feels, and smells, that I didn't even consider what energy exchanges happen in our subtle spiritual bodies. I learned that sex was not about touch or physical sensation but about fully surrendering your energy to a man, to receive his sexual charge through your entire being.

We proceeded into the room and approached the massage table. I didn't know what would unfold now. I thought they would be fucking, and I would have to watch. Or something like this. I felt that he was also quite uncomfortable and reserved. It means that he is not doing this for frivolous reasons. He was serious and professional, like I had never seen him before. I liked what I felt. He closed his eyes and pretended he wasn't seeing us. Cordelia looked at me and slowly pulled the blanket off him. His penis was erect and swinging from one side to

another. I could tell that he seemed pretty excited. I thought that maybe she would show me some massage tips before they would fuck or something like that. She took my hands and asked me to close my eyes, then asked us to exchange our energies through a brief guided meditation. We were holding hands, and I could feel the hot energy of his penis touching our palms. I never felt anything like that. We were not physically touching him, yet it felt as though we were.

Then she let me go and asked me to observe her. She promised to train me in the first level of sensual awareness. That's how she described it, but it didn't make sense to me. I could only think that my boyfriend would be sexually touched by his ex-lover, with whom he had the best sex of his life, and I would have to look at them enjoying their pleasures. Yet for the entire session, she never actually touched him. Her hands were flowing all over him, very close to his skin, but her fingers never joined with his body. She didn't feel his penis, although her hands danced all around him until he orgasmed. His entire body was shaking in beautiful convulsions, and a smile radiated on his face. I haven't seen anything more magical than this. She was a true magician, shining in her powers.

That's what he was talking about all along. He didn't want to be fucked in a certain way; in fact, he didn't even want to be touched. He wanted to exchange energies, and that's what was happening here. She was touching his aura, gliding over his skin, and he felt every sensation in his body, even more intently. She knew how to do sophisticated massages, and she knew every technique of how to manipulate a penis physically, but this was something else.

At one point in our session, when I was confused about observing the orgasmic sensations of my man, while she had never actually touched him once over the last hour, she invited me to meditate with her. We entered into a shared trance, sitting next to the table, and I

could see what she was doing to him clairvoyantly. Her energy body and her soul were flying above him. She was all over him - inside, outside, flowing in and out, capturing him in an intense embrace and letting go, torturing him with all sorts of levitations, and energy touches. She was everywhere at once, taking over this room and not leaving any space for his escape. She would collapse into a cloud of energy that envelops the entirety of him and then collect herself back into a human form. He was entrapped in pleasure and couldn't get away from her soul. She owned this sacred space and, therefore, owned his essence.

I also saw myself - a small, terrified girl who was hiding in a corner, unable to claim her space. My energy body was confined within my physical one, fully concentrating, obsessed with fake notions and superficial concerns. I was my own enemy. I didn't allow myself to be wild and unrestricted, which constrained my ability to penetrate him energetically. Yet Cordelia, at will, could make her soul and energy body become a cloud of light and spread all around the space she wanted to fill. If she tried to cover her man like a blanket, she spread herself in that form. If she tried to envelop him from all sides, front and back, she could become an energy mist all over him, tickling and playing with intimate parts. She invited me to share the space with her and allowed my energy body to follow her lead, doing the same for my man.

As I attempted to do the same as she did before, my man started to moan in a new wave of intense energy orgasms. His dick was crying to be touched, but we never allowed him that privilege. Instead, I followed Cordelia's lead and just enveloped every part of him with the whole essence of my soul. It was a magical day, and I could never believe I was so guarded to learn about sex. Once I allowed my energies to be expressed, they roamed freely in their own glory.

Every time I ever made love in my life, I was full of fears, scars, and reservations, only trapping negative energies inside of me, not allowing them to join in the magical dance with my man.

Days went by after that session, and I continued practicing with him during our lovemaking. I wanted us to try again, and I was back at his place. I was reassured that nothing was going on between him and Cordelia; they genuinely wanted what was best for me. And even though it was a weird arrangement, I came to peace with it. I was getting better and better at this, and he, too, accepted my challenge, trying to make our exchanges more interesting and engaging every time we made love. Trying to teach me and support my efforts was a genuine expression of his love. I thought he didn't love me if he sent me to Cordelia, but now I realize this is how he showed his love.

Then, one day, I was going to bed alone in my place, and suddenly, a beautiful light appeared in my room. I entered a meditative state and invited this spirit into my space. I saw the presence of a gorgeous woman of translucent violet light. She introduced herself as Caroline, a goddess from the planet Venus. She reached out to me, thanking me for my bravery in facing my fears and for embracing Cordelia's teachings. Caroline was guiding this woman all her life to be a perfect embodiment of a sexual priestess, to heal broken humans with her sensual magic. Caroline told me that she had arrived with a special gift for me since I trusted my heart, released my jealousy and courageously chose to grow in my sexual powers. She gave me new sexual guidance on how to proceed next time with my man, and I accepted this practice with grace, honour and reverence. It was beautiful to observe and embody these teachings, though I was afraid I couldn't memorize them or follow them correctly.

The next day, I went to see my man, and we did everything Caroline had advised me to. I never told him where I gained this new profound understanding of sex—that night left both of us trembling in the most beautiful sensations we have ever experienced as our souls merged in a swirling dance above our bed, intoxicated and ecstatic. We both radiated magical bliss after we climaxed. We nested in the sweetest cuddles, with him still inside me, and I felt us exchanging our energies, filling our hearts to the brim with love. Then he looked at me and said, “My dearest Aurora, sex with you is the best that I have ever had in my entire life. I feel blessed that I’ve met you. I feel like a man with you. You are my woman, and I’m so glad you allow me to be with you. I could not be happier.”

I smiled, and incredible warmth spread across my body. I was the luckiest girl alive.

If he said those words to me, this man would love me for the rest of my life. I saw the truth in his eyes. He really did mean it. I decided to fight for my man and compete with a supernatural goddess of love. And I won. I won my love in a fair fight, and I will savour my victory. I was not afraid, and divinity rewarded me with talents that even his ex didn’t have. I’m the best sex that he ever had.

REBELLIOUSLY LIGHT

Scared to die unnoticed
But my vessel carries a promise
Mad humans
Remorseful parents
All once loved me
Disappeared in an instant
Once, I became a whore.

Persistence to get noticed
When I'm at life's crossings
My heart's nourishment
Will never be forgotten.

This girl is ready for the market
To sell my parts to be alive
To sell my image to the dead.

Zombies who always judge me.

Like they know better how to live my life
But they are dead inside
If they are trying to describe
My truth without hearing
What I have to say.

Remorses speak at last.

Instructed by the skin

I was alive before they killed me; it means

I'm beautiful inside

It means I lived rebelliously light -

So, I will never die unnoticed.

FUCK ME IN THE HALLWAY

Just fuck me next to this wall
Take me
Don't wait anymore
I know I can't
I don't need cuddles or candles
Preparations for seductions
Or foreplay of passions
I am already ready
Take me from behind
Push me into this wall
Thrust like you mean to
Crush this wall
Don't rush
Just love
Don't rush
I'm tingling
Breathe next to my ear
Please hold me and repeat
Don't come too quick
Allow me to feel
Your every piece
Well, no, just him
It's his ordeal to please
I want to feel like you don't even exist
I want to feel only him
I want him in agony
I want to feel his might for real
Like I don't matter

Like I've been a nasty, bad, bad bitch
Like, I am being taken for real
But still feel like you're in love with me
Just show me the truth through him
Not rushing, only holding me in bliss
He shines in joy
Today is just about him,
Don't rush
I don't exist
Today, I must appease.

So fuck me right into this wall
Just grab me from behind
Destroy my hall
I need to shed my madness
You're trapping me in the unknown
I feel your power and control
I think that you won't ever let me go
You'll fuck me till I glow
I'm yours right here
Next to this wall
I'm liberated
When I'm yours
I am empowered
When I can be
Your whore.

FORBIDDEN POEM

I feel like I'm fighting him
Relentlessly
Did I deserve this
Or am I tempering him
Temperamentally?
Teeth are clenched in agony
As I am dreaming of others
So, his anger must be discovered
My absolute truth in our bed
Without me, he's nothing
And I am nothing without him.
Only he can pacify me
With his conquering passion
But I scream, and I yell
I demand and command
Until he fights my torments
With the strength of a man
As he rips off my fabrics
And asks me of nothing
Just act as he feels
I deserve to be feeling
Between
My vehement loins
And lustrous irises
Between
His thrilling exasperation
And my defiant disobedience...

I dream of being smitten
To be taken enveloped
He won't ask politely,
Immersed in my body
He'll burst how he must
He'll shine with his thrusts
Until I will moan
Until I will bow
Until I will feel
I have repented
For my sins.

And as I crawl shivering
Under my flowery sheets
Defeated and swooned
And trembling wild
I am reminded at last
To honour my man
For the powers he holds
To fight my dark whimsies
It's him right behind me
Enjoying to fuck me
It's he who will guide me
Away from my traps
Through the luscious valley
Of his sacred melody
To the temple of love.
At last, I collapse
As he magically blasts.

PEACH ROSES OF FEMALE CYCLES

When I moved in with him, he introduced me to some rituals of female empowerment. He simply understood the nature of a woman and the powers of the womb more than I did. And as we began living together, we started to teach me about femininity. He knew that a woman is a being of her own rhythms and unique flow. He adjusted his schedule to align with my cycles. We observed them together, and that sense of unity brought a unique intimacy to our relationships.

I learned how to work consciously with my luteal phase. I listened to what surfaced during it, and then, during our meditations on the first days of the cycle, I became aware of what I had to release and let go. That's how we performed our rituals. At first, I was hesitant to surrender to these experiences, but since we tried his practice for the first time, I have come to appreciate the importance of these rituals for our union.

On the first day of my cycle, he would go into a meditative state, lying next to me while holding his hand right above my womb. Sometimes, he gently massaged the area, but on most occasions, he just assisted with spiritual cleansing, moving energies away from my womb and releasing them into the land.

He alchemized my pains by living next to them. I didn't believe that such spiritual work could remove physical pain, but I felt incredible results right after our first session. Blood cycles have a bodily purpose, but they also have a spiritual one. On the days of bleeding, we can release the negative vibrations and low energies accumulated during previous phases of the cycle. That's why one month can be more painful than another, as the level of pain depends on

how much dark energy or spiritual toxins of negative vibrations we absorbed over the previous twenty-one days.

I didn't know how powerfully healing a loving connection with a man can be. He cuddled me and took care of me during the most painful days. Sometimes, we only had time for a short session, but other times, we drifted into sleep in each other's arms and worked through the darkness in that realm.

He tried to allocate more time for us in the first couple of days of my cycle. We spend that time unwinding, resting, and emotionally connecting. We had deep conversations as I attempted to name my pain, jealousy, and anger consciously.

I was confessing on those days because I knew he was prepared to accept my sadness, vulnerability, and frustrations with tenderness.

Then he also introduced me to blood rituals, which connected me more deeply with the Earth and helped me better understand my femininity.

On days of the cycle, we would go into Stanley Park, and in the presence of our dear friends, the Spirits of Seven Warrior Sisters, I would gift my sacred bleedings to the land. He taught me how to turn this process into an empowerment ceremony, where I would connect with the Spirits through drumming and dancing, requesting their nourishing energies to restore me. I was giving them part of me so they could teach me how to be a better shaman, healer, and artist.

He also brought my favourite peach roses on the first days of my cycle.

Since I believed that my cycles were the curse that prevented me from enjoying life, he dreamed I could release the inner shame associated with my monthly bleeding.

The appearance of roses, along with pain, helped to shift my perceptions. Instead of hiding from my cycles, I learned how to honour them. Flowers symbolized a day of celebration of my feminine essence, not a day of shame and misery as before.

Month after month, roses arrived in my space, while he continued his healing rituals and held the space for my emotions. The flowers helped me see my feminine essence blossoming in all its glory.

I changed my narrative and felt more in flow with my femininity. I realized that Mother Nature created my cycles to assist with my spiritual growth.

I witnessed how a deeper level of devotion and intimacy opened up for us as my man revered the magic of Nature by attuning to my cycles. I just love feeling us through our rituals and how, through surrender, I can confess to him about anything.

He created a safe space where I could cry my tears of any pain I had been holding on to. I didn't need to play any role. I could be myself, everything that I am. He didn't judge me if I felt ugly, and I could express that.

I feel so blessed that life brought us together, as without him, I wouldn't ever have understood what it means to be a woman.

TALK TO MY WOMB

Why did I allow myself to fall for you in the midst of my tormenting experience of confronting female existential struggles, the laws of nature, and my puzzling sexuality?

You are not my soulmate or the love of my life. I don't think you can be a father for my children or a partner to grow old together in peace. And it's not like I'm experiencing this mad passion, or lustful obsession with your body. That primal chemistry spark does not exist between us, yet something else does. I never experienced such nuanced love before. Only you have opened the possibility of that version of me.

With you, I don't feel that natural erotic desire that I hoped to discover when I signed up for that stupid dating app. I wanted a man with passion, dreaming that maybe hot sex would heal my past traumatic encounters with men. But when I asked my womb what she thinks of you, she convincingly claimed that you won't make love to her, but that you still could heal her somehow.

What does that entail, my dear lover? I'm scared, apprehensive, and confused, and I don't know what you may do with me. Yet I'm so curious to explore life. I met you when I prayed to meet you. If you appeared on my path with the answers I yearned for, my land guided you to come and face me. I know you didn't want to. Traumatized by damaged, narcissistic women full of vanity, you were sheltered and reserved from going on a date with me.

But your land screamed at you for your miserable self-loathing, and your penis cursed you for betraying his honest, sensual desires as you attempted to reject your noble masculine essence, rooted in healing and sacred sexuality. Your mind said all the wrong things, but your entire body, heart, and soul demanded to come to see me.

Oh, why have you betrayed your little friend so much?

Why did you turn your loneliness into self-abuse?

You are a wonderful man, but you don't see yourself that way.

You know your glory, but you are hiding away from it.

But he knows it all. I can feel you through him, even those parts that you hide away from me. You shouldn't be scared of me, but of course, how can you know for sure that I won't damage you, too, even if you saw my soul before you saw my eyes? You want to tell me everything you know about my soul, but I'm afraid to hear it. You see me for who I am, but I'm scared to face the entirety of my wholeness. It's much easier to play the game of life through my many masks.

There's so much of me, and I hide my treasures, but now I can't hide them anymore because you see them too. It means that I didn't make up my truth. My heart is real; my world is not an illusion because you see everything that I can be. Life commanded me to see, honour, cherish, and love my treasures through you. If you see me for the essence of my soul, then my fragile existence matters. I'm essential, valuable, and sacred.

You saw Shakti in me, and well, what other compliment does any woman want to hear?

There's nothing more beautiful than these words you shared when I was flying around you on the wings of Italian wine: "Your soul of forest nymph embodies an earthly facet of divine Shakti energy," you whispered, and my pussy got wet in an instant. A man who possesses such understanding of my nature and can say his truth on a first date?

I dream you mean it.

I dream it's not your game to get me into the bed, to use me, and dispose of me.

You could have been telling this to every woman. Or maybe this is my fear.

I know this is my fear. I can feel the vibrations of truth in your voice, but I don't remember when I last heard the truth from a man, so I'm engulfed in my fears. But I know you are real. I can see in your eyes the honesty and integrity of a spiritual warrior.

Now I know for sure that you don't tell this to every woman because they refuse to listen to you. They are convinced that a man can't say things about their real essence. They are scared you will manipulate them with your truth. They don't allow you to penetrate them energetically so that you can whisper the truth about their souls to them.

But I dared to try, I dared to ask, and that's what you told me. I'm wiser than all of them, as I dared to reach for the experience of the unknown, and I received my rewards. You didn't want to tell me this, afraid of my possible judgments, but I'm not your previous shallow woman terrified of their shadows. And I'm glad that I surrendered to my feelings. I know I'm an earthly facet of Shakti, born to illuminate the world with bright colours and inspiration. I was aware of this truth of my heart all my life, but, of course, I didn't want to claim that I was a manifestation of the divine feminine energy of the Goddess. I know I'm not a Goddess yet, but I see that part of me, even though I'm scared to embrace it. And that's what my womb told me when I replied to you the first time. She said I would finally become myself if I let you talk to her. She told me that I would become a better artist if I would heal her.

I'm afraid of your healing abilities, but I want to see the world through your eyes.

My womb said that you can talk to her.

How do you do that, my dear lover?

Can you really talk to my womb?

Do you actually hear her speaking in a voice?

And if so, what kind of voice does she have?

Can you spellbind her with your words to serve only you?

Will you chain me with your magical powers to become your sex slave?

That's an extreme projection of my biggest fear, but I bet you can do that. Still, can I ask you to please my dear lover, honour her, talk to her, please her, heal her, but allow me to take her to find my destined husband once I'm cured?

What a silly me. I genuinely feel strange around your supernatural sexual powers. I'm afraid they will destroy me when I know in my heart, and I sense with my feminine intuition that you won't ever hurt me. You've probably given some kind of spiritual oath of a medicine man. But that does not calm my fears. Many men did so many awful things to my womb's heart that now I'm overprotective of her.

If you talk to my womb, you will make her happy just by listening to her. And I know that's also enough for you. Healing is enough for you. Giving yourself is enough for you. Pleasuring and honouring a woman is enough for you. Dying for a woman is enough for you. Owning a womb through occult incantations or curses of possession is not something you would ever want, as you are so passionately obsessed with your noble ideas of life and liberty.

Freedom matters more to you than any intense, sexual sensations.

Free will is more essential for you than fucking.

So it was only a rational, conscious choice of my soul to fall for you. Call it love or anything else; I don't really care. I will call it love because love can be so many things.

Love is genuine, and I feel like I can be authentic with you. I feel safe around you, and that means I love you.

What if I told you that I loved all of my men, yet I haven't loved a single one? I loved them in the moment because I know how to embrace love, but my feelings disappear once I'm not with them. And to be honest, men often want to decide things for me, but you have already told me it's not what you would do.

I don't want things to be decided for me. To me, freedom and independence are just as important as they are to you. And I don't mean avoiding a committed relationship. But both should have equal choice and equal say in the present moment. That's all there is to it. That's a devotion to the truth of the other. That's relating to a relationship. If you fall for someone tomorrow, you will confess right away. But today, you are with me, and today, I'm the only woman in the world for you. Realizing this feels so sweet and uplifting. I feel how you dissolve in me and forget about others. It's just me, and I'm the only woman in your life at this time and in this space. That's why I want to give myself away to you. For now. To feel joy, laughter, and unrestricted enthusiasm about the magic and beauty of life.

Let's create a brighter world together, my lover!

I often wonder how it feels to fall in love at first sight or with an impulsive obsession when you can't eat, drink, or sleep, but I think it's not me. Maybe there's a soulmate for me, too. One day, I will encounter those eyes and forget about who I was before. I want to be swept away, but not right now. I want to be in love, but I'm not ready for that ultimate love. Do you understand what I mean?

I guess you can ask my soul if you don't want to.

Damn you and your magical abilities. You knew that I was in love with you before I even acknowledged my feelings. I want to hide myself from you, but you probably know all of me. You know when to summon me and take me on the roller coaster of love and pleasure.

I can heal you as well through our romantic affair; I can get you out of your spiritual hermit tower, where you have been hiding for so long. I can make you forget all of those women who punished and abused you. I know that I will find this answer if you allow me into your life, my dear ascetic lover. So I'm distancing myself from you, and yet I want to dive into your caresses and kisses and gentle massages that remove old patterns of my tortured psyche.

I want you to de-armour my womb.

She is hiding even from me after living through my life.

I allowed myself to fall for you. It would be good for me right now to fall for you, even though it's much easier to avoid you altogether. Yet here I am, taking my chances so you can show me myself. I know you can. I'm saying that I love you because you have shown me my darkness. I was a flowing, fleeting, dancing soul, knowing nothing else but art, beauty, dance, and illumination, but now I know that I hid parts of my innate nature from myself. You carried me into my dark void, and I witnessed its beauty. You forced me to meet the Goddess Isis herself, and she accepted me as a student, even though I was trembling in the presence of her power. You showed me my own darkness and helped me to explore it.

We must collide in a passionate lovemaking ritual to fully see my abyss.

I know that, and you know that, but how can we get there?

If I tell you I love you, would it happen faster?

I'm only dreaming of ripping off your clothes and attacking you and getting myself all over you to see that terrifying look of a little boy who is overpowered by a mystical woman who knows he will be transported into another realm, and he is not ready at all. I'm dreaming of taking you so you can show me myself. But is that enough? Maybe it's just my fantasy. For you to reveal my darkness to me, you must allow my energy to enter you fully. Only that takes time.

Why does it take time, my dear lover?

Why is it all so complicated?

And what if some other woman were to sway you while I am taking this time to force you to open up to me, to force you to heal me? These prospects and concerns attack my rational thinking, and I'm overwhelmed by emotions. You are simply ruthless, making me feel naive and foolish. A girl doesn't like to think like that, yet that's who I am around you. I embody high school silliness.

You'll have another girl one day, and I will be old news. But I'm your woman now, and I want to feel what it means to be your only woman, even if it's only for a few short weeks. I want to listen to poems you address only to me, to embrace your mantras that would empower my aura, to follow you to the depths of the underworld, and to nourish you when you get scared.

It's me! Please allow me to be your woman today! I can be the perfect woman for you for now. I don't care who you had in the past or who will torture your heart in the future. I want to live with your energy now and be the only one in this moment.

That's why I use the word love. Because if I hide from myself, I won't embrace our story, and my chance will be gone. I know my time with you will inevitably end, so if I use the word love right now, I will have more time with you. I'm not wasting time on guessing. I'm just

experiencing you right now, while I can, observing how you experience me. I'm living in the present, and that's all that matters to me.

Another woman would one day request healing from you, and you would run to save her from herself, as you saved me. It would not be very reasonable to pretend that I don't know that. So, I'm fully embracing every second we can spend together. That's why I'm saying that I'm in love with you. It's not for you, my dear lover; it's for myself. I'm in love with myself and want to love that part of myself that reflects in you. I'm projecting my love to myself onto you, but I welcome you, my dear lover, to bathe in it. I'm shining in all my colours because I enjoy being myself. I'm already here, open, vulnerable, and yours.

So please fall for me, too, so we can explore the depths of ourselves. Can I demand that from you? I know you are sheltering your heart. But allow yourself to fall for me. I know I will eventually hurt you in a very gentle, graceful, and feminine way, so you will forever bless me for being myself. Your heart is ready, and I can see it through your ridiculous, nonsensical walls of masculine protection. You see it, too, even though you continue to reject being yourself. Just love today, love for a moment. Love because you will cry later anyway. But at least you allowed yourself to love me now, to love this version of me that never existed before and will never exist in the future. You are falling into the well of my supernatural womb, while I'm falling into the tunnel of you.

RASPBERRY BLUNT

Weed is my breakfast
Weed is my brunch
Weed is my dinner
As I'm not ashamed to cry
I fucked myself again
Now ordering my coffee
And a pie on the side
I don't have money for weed
Or for coffee or pie.
Yes, I fucked up my life.

I have already consumed
What I craved through the night
Raspberry-flavoured blunt
I'm numbing my sexual pains
And yet, despite these tortures, I still create
New rhymes with my destructive traits

Upset and yet still fresh
I'm living in a dream every day
Between the states of misery
And the magic of self-loathing.

I wake up and see myself engaged
In an intimately passionate sexual affair.
I imagine immersing in a tender sexual ritual
To explore my complex sexuality
Thoughtfully

Provocatively
Decisively
Valiantly
Brazenly
Earnestly
Compassionately
Ardently
Persistently.

But later in the day,
I realized my visions had deceived me
And there would be no sex for me today
So I resort to having sex
With the one and only Mary Jane.

Day after day
My story is the same
Something is broken
What I can't explain
I love to fight the battles
I love to create
I long and I'm lonely
And I feel betrayed.

DEFINE GOOD, KURT VONNEGUT!

The sun is setting; now it's three forty-six
And I'm embracing advice from my therapist;
My soul is fixated on my old tricks
As I learn to fight them with my feisty, bruised-up fists
Right from my bitchy beach bench
As I'm drinking hot chocolate
With Chantilly cream from Ladurée
Nonchalantly
Dreaming of escaping my tendencies
Of blind consumerwhoring
But trapped again by
Whisking kisses of appeasement
This is my slaughter number five.

Japanese Citrus Yuzu chews
Demonic pterodactyls never confuse
A human's aura shining blues
As fumes of tyranny engulf the youthful cruise.
But I will be myself and speak my mind,
I will be a performance artist once in a while
To sparkle with my intense feminine expressions
Of my wildest rebel passions
As I'm forging weapons
My inner soldier,
Stroking darkness
Archfiend conjured.
On the path to myself
Through the traps of my shell

These energy exchanges
Significantly changed
My silly, new estrangement
As a funeral fashion show lives in front of me
With coffins rolled onto podiums
And gorgeous models dressed in trends
Of dresses for the burials -
Too bad I don't have a coffin crafted by Dior.
They vote for the hotness of our girls
They define them just like products
Slaughter number five
Another never-ending slaughter.

My flowers resurrecting
Spilling water over a terra-cotta vase
My playful haze, crumbling lewd stalkers
Conscience shuffles words and gazes
My sinful praises! The genuine disgust to live
With memories of sickening admiration
When sinful adult men behave
Like they are little, broken children
Crying and nagging and begging
As they only wish
To suck their mommy's vital bliss
And mommies lie and won't say no
Such stupid, stultifying mommies
With their poisonous breasts
Raising these entitled, spoiled sons

Who can't live and is scared to die
With their flaming dicks on fire

As they dream to suck some more
Those constant screams of more and more
Take more and more from every woman.
But I will scream:
“Just stop! No more! I’m not for you.
Yes, I have been born to be a whore
But not for you!
Not for your fucking pervert pleasures!”
And curse the mothers of these losers
Confused by the powers of a uterus
And I will punish them each time
As I can clearly see through every lie
And I will bite each time
These boys would open their zip flies
With ugly, charming smiles.

There will be no excuses anymore.
My broken dreams are scattered over a bathroom floor.

I’m drinking love wine from a chalice
Of solemn thoughts conceiving sacrifice
It can’t be me, I’m not myself
When paranoia is my second skin
The road to self-forgiveness spins
The spirals of old phobias and fondness
My heart is sharpening a handful of encrusted traumas.

Cockle shells, silver bells, bodies all in a row
I’m growing magic in my Gardens.

IMPOSTOR IN LINGERIE

The resolute arrow
Whispers sweet vows
Incessant perseverance
Another fresh tweet
In ripped lingerie
After an unfortunate tryst
Boiling point
Sacred madness strips again
Money speak
For him, not for me
“Make it work, bitch!
Can’t disobey!
Crawl to me, bitch!
You’re just a prey!
Can you suck it, dear?!
Can you scream your fears?!
Lick my damn spear
He is hard from your tears!”
I sing my pain as gifts
Killed my freedom-loving heart
I want to pass out
I frown
Conviction to speak
Impostor syndrome
I am alone
Yet I will never claim I’m weak.

SHOULDN'T I BE WEARING SOMETHING?

"Shouldn't I be wearing something?!"

He asked, looking quite bedazzled.

Meaning one thing

Implying another

Thinking third

Executing fourth.

"Wow! You are a real gentleman."

Ironically, I answered, astounded.

Meaning one thing

Implying another

Feeling third

Executing fourth.

We want it all when it touches reigning faults

What we both feel they can't control

Embracing lips while nightmare crawls

If two are in love, you can't take it slow.

It's just a weird game of fake fallacy as I hold this condom

It is just a fatal play on the stage of divine intervention

A tragedy written in the stars, as we tore the last one

The love story that traps guardians from forsaking.

I'm unable to interpret their meaning.

They can't explain what they feel.

They can't process what they dream of.

I can't embrace this entangling, twisted experience.

I WAS DESTROYED AT DAWN

Tell the truth about my soul, dear poet
Please walk me through the back streets of my darkness
Show me my death if you wish to get inside of me
My essence is fleeting
Please strangle me with sparkling jewels
It's time to quit
Like, would you steal for me?
Would you kill for me?
My escort persona is dead.
Raven and scriptures existed from the age of dawn.
It's hot, and there are no doors
And everything is put to the test
Forbidden Dawn
In a cardboard prison pussy speaks her truth
Craving for the nightly adventures
When the stars are inside
I love this world bitterly
Illusive madness infusing
New spirals of lucid cruises
But no one wants to use me.
Rejected again and again
Nobody needs what I sell
Like a spell, my darkness rebels
Pulsations of bruises
My sacredness is always confusing
I'm in love with my traps.

I DANCE AND I SWIRL

We are stars wrapped in skin.
The light you are seeking lives within
My pleasures of sin
Dripping slowly to win
Affections of your secret
Masculine dimensions
Transforming my nonsense
Once you are in...

It means so much that you can feel
And have arrived to please my pussy's dreams...

I may be flawed
But I'm right here
And you don't run
But right in me
I dream of shining
And I scream
I reached for love
But sex is all I live.

SEX FOR MONEY

Once, I agreed to have sex for money, thinking it would be just fine. I really needed some cash, and he looked pretty harmless. We decided to specify rules, but then, in the midst of it, I felt abused; it was too deep, too long, and too unpleasant. He took more from me than I was given. He didn't honour our time arrangement. I demanded payment for my time after he was finally done. I told him I felt violated, as I did not consent to what had happened between us, and I explicitly told him during the act how I felt.

He looked at me and gave me a sarcastic smile. I was reminded again that I was a whore. He was explaining that he was making love to me, and if so, I should have received pleasure, too, and that's my payment for all the extras. He told me I should've received pleasure just being in his company and accept the privilege of being penetrated by him. He told me his supposed sex mastery is not for me if I can't appreciate how he raped me.

I'm sorry, but no. I do this just for money. I have my own pleasures on my own terms. This is my job, and I will move on after I am paid. I don't expect this to be for my benefit. My benefit in this instance is cash, nothing more, but nothing less.

In his words, his flimsy contusions, manipulative tactics, ridiculous groans, awkward grabs, and repulsive kisses should be my reward. In his words, his dick rubbing my insides is what I have craved for my entire life. He told me I should be thankful, as not many have received pleasure from him; I was blessed with a unique opportunity.

He told me that he didn't feel like he was raping me, that it wasn't his intention, and therefore, it was not a rape. He didn't care that only I could decide what felt like rape for me

since it was my body. He kept gaslighting me, explaining that I didn't experience what I'd experienced. But my life is my life, and my sensations are unique to my perceptions.

It's fucked up that I have to explain myself. I am allowed to have my feelings, whatever they may be, and I'll continue to defend myself. He raped me, stole from me, and now he was calmly explaining that I should be happy. That has irritated me—his attitude, not even the act itself. I don't really mind abusive sex, as long as I'm compensated.

I can forgive. I can heal. I can let go.

He told me that in the future, I should be more forthcoming and upfront from the beginning, as he assumed I desired to be used the way he used me. He was convinced that I would be more than happy to be hired by him again.

I smiled, dressed up, promised him his future, and returned to the kitchen for some water. The ugly bastard proceeded to the bathroom while dreadfully moaning, consumed by the perceived pleasure of orgasm, which he actually never experienced.

I always laugh at men who can only know how to ejaculate but never experience a real orgasm, you know, when your entire body is shaken in pleasure for minutes. These men are the most comical ones, as they are usually so pretentious and self-obsessed.

While the shower was running, I took what he owed me and left.

There will be no "in the future" with this dick.

Each time I defend myself, I feel alive, empowered, and emboldened, as if I had chosen these situations to test myself.

Sometimes, I still feel frightened that one of such clients would hunt me, demanding revenge, but I know they won't because I was true to myself.

It's not about what is legally or morally wrong. It's about how I feel, who I am and how much I value myself. And honestly, each time I get into a challenging situation, I know that I have created it to advance my growth, reaffirm my boundaries, and show Nature that I value myself. This is a test from Nature, asking me to state who I am and be loud about it.

Yes, I am selling my body, but I know my price, and it is fair.

I agree to be violated and used, but only if I can feel rewarded.

I have tricks with whom I enjoy spending time, and I may even gift them some of my time on occasion. But that's for me to decide.

This dick was just for money, but he was so full of shit. This asshole dared to claim that it was a privilege to be fucked by him.

I will always take what belongs to me, one way or another. Say thank you, dear fucker, that I haven't smashed your brain as you deserved it. Say, thank you, that I won't ever see you again, as you are the one who would be scared to face me.

There will be no second chance unless you are on your knees.

And I know that I will receive my revenge through Nature. I will pray to Nature to protect other women from you.

She will put you on your knees, I do not doubt that.

CHARTER JET

I don't know if I feel human anymore
Again, I'm lying on the bathroom floor
Mirrors shame me from the wall
It's another me behind that ugly door
There are so many me inside of me
They are all being mean; they're pushing me to fall
I think I might have been abused
No shit, I probably can find some clues
Perhaps anxiety from flying in this jet
As I don't know where it would land
And drugs and bodies scattered on the floor
And I just don't know who I am anymore.

I never made true love outside of my dreams
In my awakened life, I usually cry and scream
From those abusive, loveless penetrations
And I don't know how it would feel
To sense true love when making love
My heart was buried deep
In this consumeristic hole,
I'm not a human anymore
So now I'm reaching for intruders.

I'm desperately pleading for you to beat me up
My bed is like a crime scene every night
I love to please my guests, who murder me
As I still don't deserve

To heal from being who I am
I was denied salvation
So please punch me in my face
So I won't get into a rope
As I have locked myself away
With brands and trends, and only fans
To hide my misery and madness.

I am soaked from birth in my sins
So, in the grave, I can be cleansed
Pleased to shine like a Queen
Salacious, filthy, and obscene
Escaping messy bedroom scenes,
I feel unease
But it's my stage
I'm in a righteous cleansing light
As I'm ecstatic when I am seen
I'm in the front seat,
I'm holding yet another stick
And nothing more there'll ever be
For me, the road ends here
As I foresee
A solid wall in front of me.

Behold my rebellious might,
I'm beautiful and bright, I am,
I do insist I'm beautiful despite,
In spite, outright,
I'm a moonlight socialite,
I can excite, but I'm deceitful,
I'm always pretty when I cry

Because my scars are beautifully derived
From my nightmarish frights
And earned with lust in noble fights,
As I despise those fallacies
That trample light
Of my fantastic pussy.

I'll run to my destruction nightly,
I seek my death and my rebirth
I'll go to extremes
Whatever it takes
But I will find that one
Who'll punch me in my face
Who'll put me in my place.

The bruise would be enough to feel
Whether I still wish to live
My destiny was prophesied
And now I'm sparkling with my eyes
As that sublime, bright day approaches
When love for my integral beauty
Will burst to heal my broken heart.

THE LUST FOR LIFE

A Gucci bag is your pride,
Blown eyelashes to hide
Swirling traumas inside
Lips aroused, full of lies -
Craving for shallow kisses.

You are a real adult and full of consent
And the belief that you can do anything you want
But you want to be loved
What is the legal age for that?
You can drink and vape, and copulate,
You can get so hammered
That you don't know where you are
Or even who you are;
Like a puppet on devilish strings,
Excited to be consumed by any man
Who's desperate to disgorge himself into any girl's
No-strings-attached pleasure temple.

Alcohol made your essence shattered,
As adults convinced you, it's the only way to be free
To forget the torture of your broken heart
And now your nature demands penetrations!
The world told you that an infatuated rape means love

That inebriated shallowness means love
That new abuse means love
So your eyes jump from one guy to another
Desperate to find a new repugnant adventure
Hoping you can abuse your inner beauty once more,
While a small girl is crying inside of you
As enthusiastic window crawlers
Torturing you with their clumsy twitches until dawn.
This is the only pleasure you've learned to enjoy.

Confused, ashamed, conflicted, and scantily clad
In your strange world, sex means love,
But, for some reason, you don't feel love after sex
Or those abuses from entitled men are how
True love is supposed to feel?

Your Soul screams, trapped inside your lavish eyes
She knows exactly what you need,
But you've abused her so many times
And bullied her with frivolous dreams
Wearing an imposed mask of the ego
In the game invented by the prison of the school
As these bastards like controlling girls
Who lost their honest, fearless Souls.

Your soul dreams of salvation
Howling through eyes in despair,

But you're dating ravaging intoxications,
As you push your beauty into the pool of horny drinks.

"I need to survive!
“I need to pretend I'm just another lonely slut
That's what they want me to be!!!
TV has taught me that.
And that's what they confirmed in school!
My parents are also pleased that I'm a lonely slut.”
You screamed at your Soul while she dreams
To shine with nourishing ideals
Of natural feminine empowerment.

You perform the role of an expendable doll,
Beastly scaring your Soul,
Wearing lust-like clothes,
Hiding true dreams from the freak world.
You are a truthful, restless, crazy rebel,
Working to dismantle
The system of female submission,
But their mirrors shaped you into an ugly doll.

Charmers taking you apart piece by piece,
Perceiving you as a serenading witch,
Dreaming of taming you with their wicked rituals,
As majestic essence vanishes from your grace.

LUXURY SHOES NEVER LIE

I brought my perception of you,
Wrapped in my vision of true love
Rolled in the song of my tormented heart,
You smoked what I've brought, breaking the laws of our prison.

Stoned, you said: "You can't love me as you are playing a role!"
While people stared in awe, you cursed your soul.
As the heart fought the lies you have lived all your life,
You hated me dearly for the love I was shining.

The joint of the night turned your life upside down
Exposing the truth of your awful facade
As you hate yourself, you have blocked the love in your heart
Since men only see a shell trapped in makeup.

But I saw through that on our noble first date
I saw who you are, and you got so afraid
You hid from your feelings, but couldn't forget
How you stayed in my bed, and you saw me for me.

I brought you a joint in the middle of the night
You smoked it and cried a new blue story of pain:
"I saw this love story on Instagram stories
It's true, as this story is from Instagram.
This woman is gorgeous, and she found her true love
She walked with her man down one Monaco street
Returning home from a lush dinner party
And all of a sudden, she broke one of her heels.

She couldn't walk straight; it was three in the morning
But her man was in love, and he wanted to help
He stood on his knee, and he asked her with love:
"What kind of shoes would you like me to buy?
Is it Jimmy Choo or perhaps Gucci flops?
Is it the Manolo or the dark velvet Prada?
Is it green LVs or the red Louboutins?
You know I'm the man; I'm a true hustler, man
And I can do anything, say it, my love,
You're my Cinderella; you're my dearest Goddess,
And I must protect your delightful, sweet toes."

He called his assistant and opened her dream store
At three in the night, so his lady would shine
He bought her the dream shoes, and off they went dancing
Through the streets of Monaco in her new shiny shoes,
They got to his house and blissfully slept.
Now that's what I'm talking about." - you finished your story -
The gesture of a man who loves his dear woman
He used his dark powers to open her wish store
He is my dream man, and I'll manifest him.
And what have you done for me, you loser and beggar?
I don't need to hear your heart's honest truths;
I want you to get me those luxury shoes!"

FUCKING MY TRAUMA

I had sex with my trauma.
And I forgot to record that experience
Was I on top of trauma-guiding bliss
Or did it enter me violently
From behind?
Never mind
I said once I began to cry
What a joy this scar is
I hope I'll never get over it
My sanctuary may heal
But I'm thirsty for more misery
I must have sex with my trauma every day
My best excuse to stay in agony
I love my trauma, and I won't ever
Let it go, but passionately let it in me
My special lover of pure abuse
Who still uplifts me with a secret weapon
I love to pretend that I'm a victim
And I can never stop spreading for her
I can't trust my trauma, but she's always there
Right next to me, pushing misery
Into my broken heart.
I dream of one day finding the strength
And I'll reject this sickening love story
But for now, I jump into my bed
To fuck my trauma once again.

COMING ON THE MILLENNIUM LINE

I'm anxious today because I can't touch you, and I can't hold you. That's been my concern from the beginning of our weird journey. But today, I feel especially vulnerable. I can't explain to you what it means to me when you touch me. I must say it is not how it feels for you, although I see how you are suffering, too.

My body is experiencing a multitude of new sensations, and I don't know why you triggered them. With you, I can't even grasp what I feel. I can't trust my heart, no way. It leads me to explore my pleasures when you touch me between my legs. I can't allow you in my heart; I want to touch you. But your fingers are already there. Please don't stop.

Yet it's only my fantasy; I'm on a stupid skytrain. The views of Vancouver rushing by in front of me, it's sunny, and it's bright, and I can see the magic in the skies, but I can only dream of you touching my pussy. While people around me are moving in and out, and I'm napping with my head pressed against the window, I can only dream of you reaching to touch me. You're almost there, you nearly reached to heal my pussy, but it's a fucking dream, and you can never actually touch her.

I'm so paranoid right now. What if you would never touch my pussy again? What if you won't press your cock against my butt cheeks so I would know you desperately want to fuck me? Who invented this stupid life? Am I asking too much? I'm just a girl who wants to feel herself. I don't know why I must feel you reaching in my panties while your penis pulsates against my skin.

Today is a conflicting day for my pussy as she desperately tries to understand what to do next. She's strategizing against my will. Fuck! Can I stop this? She wants you to touch her, but she doesn't know how to reach you without guilt or shame. She feels she has overreacted during her last interactions with your dick. I think she just invented stories for herself. I don't even remember what happened between them, to be honest.

Her desires drive me. I desire to feel. I dream of expressing myself through my desires. I breathe through them. My heart and mind are not parts of the equation. Fuck that. This stupid life is so painful that I'm giving complete control to my pussy. I tried all other strategies, but they have failed me miserably. Why not give her my entire free will and see what happens? But that means I have to get off this train at Burrard Station to get to your place. I will dream that you are home, that you will welcome me and save me from my misery.

She demands to see you, to experience your touch. She is getting ready for you to enter. She is almost there. There are just a few more subtle movements on this chair. She will show you how much you mean to her. She will burst out to invite you with her sweet softness. I'm just squeezing my legs. I'm holding my backpack to cover her. Seeing you in my dreams makes me feel how I wish to feel. I'm pressing my backpack into my body as I cross my legs tighter. I turn away from seeing people. I smash my face into the window.

I bend my spine; I try to cover my head with my shoulders. I hide as much as I can from the world around me. I don't care if they know what I'm doing. I need to come right now. Just don't scream. Please don't make me accidentally scream, dear pussy. I will help you, but don't make a sound. You can scream later, I promise, but now let's pretend we are sleeping.

I can't stop crossing my legs in rhythmical motions.

The energies are moving inside of me, but I'm not moving.

I'm exploring my butterfly muscles.

It's my spiritual exercise to learn energy orgasms. Who am I kidding? I want them all; I need to get myself there right now.

As deep pulsation created in my void takes over me and I'm allowing my pussy to become me, the burst of warm fluids flows through me and reaches my mind. My head is spinning, but I firmly hold it against the window. You did this to me. I'm trying to save myself from myself. No one cares, and no one sees what I'm actually experiencing.

I'm a ninja of Skytrain masturbation. I have mastered the kung fu of self-pleasure - I can come with my will.

My hands are not touching my body. But yours just touched me through my intimate dreams. And that has done the trick. You were away, but your fingers were physically inside of me. I could literally feel them! You are close! I breathe slowly, not to draw attention to myself. But the warmth, the waters, the energies, the sensations coming through my sexual visions can't stop the inevitable. I climax, barely holding myself from screaming into the plexiglass.

That's what makes me so perplexed today, my dear lover - my pussy wants your touches, but you are touching someone else.

CRYPTICALLY ANXIOUS

For our next time
Entertainment-wise
We'll cry rivers
As we pry on her
Cryptically anxious
Enthralling wet dreams
As we touch apart
Our forbidden parts

In separate apartments
Our fingers glissading
The dream of surrender
The scream of restraint
We prove the deepest love
When hiding from ourselves
Misery prison
As wolves ate our trust.

Too random to be true
Everything
Even that part, too
Parts of flesh
Soft sliding fingers
Under my skin
Silk slipping
Swirling sensations
Touching my lips
I feel sweet

When softness lands on me
So freeing
Moving on through my trip
I'm like possessed
Undressed
And my lingerie
Falls under pressure
Of my impatience
Reaching
And feeling how precious
My tender obsessions
My pressing sensations
I'm naked
I'm lying innately
Rapacious cunning
My fingers are in
Delicate tease
I love to please
Myself.

YOU HAVE TO LEARN HOW TO MASTURBATE

He kept telling her for years, “You have to learn how to masturbate. It’s the only way to fully understand yourself as a woman.” He kept insisting she should try, even though she was not interested in pursuing this activity. She loved his cock inside of her. That was sex for her. She experienced pleasant sensations when he touched her intimate lips and explored the erogenous zones between her legs. She was often pleased with his tongue exploring her pussy and his fingers gliding all over her. But it was never enough. Inevitably, after some play, she demanded to be penetrated. She had to feel his cock inside to receive pleasure. Many other touches gave her pleasure, but if they didn’t end with him entering her, she felt frustrated and unsatisfied. That often made him sad because he was tired of the same routine they had performed for years, yet he continued to believe that she would learn how to surrender to receiving pleasure in all its forms, when she would stop being ashamed of her body. And he was convinced that the only way to get there was to learn how to masturbate.

She never tried to masturbate for her entire life. It was not something she was willing to try. She was eight years old when she tried touching herself for the first time, but her mother caught her, and the little girl was punished for that activity. Nothing was explained to her. A part of her body was deemed shameful and forbidden from touch, so she distanced herself from her own sensuality and got scared of ever touching herself. She was promised to be punished if she ever attempted to receive pleasure from her body.

She never had problems with lovers, although, at one point, she didn’t have sex for almost two years, and that started to drive her crazy. Even then, she didn’t allow herself to touch

her intimate parts. She could accept the gentle touch from herself, but she could never fully surrender to receiving pleasure from herself.

He was convinced that the only reason she didn't learn to please herself was that she didn't fully love herself. To be able to make love to yourself, you have to love yourself, love your sexuality, and love your beautiful genitalia. It takes a lot of time and effort to explore yourself and to know what you genuinely wish to feel. It's not about lust, promiscuity or obsession. It's a genuine exploration of healthy sexuality. The entirety of our bodies was given to us by the Creator to experience joy and pleasure. Accepting yourself with every flaw, sin, and desire can only come from a place of self-love. Enjoying yourself not for the temporary physical sensations, but to understand yourself and learn about your body takes courage, as you will face every feeling and sensation your body can hold. You need to surrender to everything as you are actually touching your soul. You have to be comfortable, open, and vulnerable with yourself.

He knew she struggled to accept experiencing her sexual pleasures in fullness, and it bothered him. He slowly nudged her in the direction of deepening their sexual practices, but she was never really ready to go further. She was comfortable with their established routines and content, and satisfied with the perceived safety of her experience. Certainly, the inherited shame of sexuality known to every single one of us has played its role. It didn't matter how much one could grow spiritually - we have already been indoctrinated into particular notions about sex and forced into believing that touching your own body is somehow sinful. The first conditioning, the first dissociation that any person experiences, is when they are shamed for the first time for touching themselves. A child learns that exploring the most sensual part of their body is forbidden.

She was tired of his persistence. Every time they would get into a conversation about their sexual life, he would always bring up the fact that she needed to learn how to masturbate. They were married for eight years and were content with their sexual lives. They explored many things together, but they mainly concentrated on how to slow themselves down during sex and extend their erotic journeys. She didn't really like doing it with touch, so he learned how to last longer inside her. They explored various positions during their sensual dances, and he always tried to attune himself to her rhythms. He was trying to catch her vibes as she guided him to spend more time on foreplay. Compared to many couples around them, they had a healthy and fulfilling sexual life, where they shared their desires, learned about each other's bodies and were simply truthful with one another.

At the beginning of their story, when they decided to be a couple, and passions overwhelmed them, they couldn't get their hands off each other and fucked every moment they could. They would fuck as soon as they were both home, and the couch was the closest piece of furniture to the entry hall. They loved fucking on that couch, even though its life was cut short by their uncontrollable desires as they eventually broke it on one passionate occasion.

When they eventually decided to live together, they realized they were not that compatible in sex. He didn't like how reserved she was to try different things in bed, and she struggled to befriend his penis. Their intercourse was great, but he wanted to experience a deeper connection, not only based on a primal desire. He wanted to play and to explore more. And, of course, he wouldn't continue asking her to learn how to masturbate if it wasn't also his sexual fantasy. He dreamed he would come back home from work one day and find his woman enjoying herself, so he could also pleasure himself while watching her joy. He had dreamed many times of

having such a woman in his life, but when his destined woman started to live with him, he was disappointed that she didn't want to make his fantasy a reality.

He thought that if he could persuade her to learn how to masturbate, then maybe he would be able to share this fantasy with her. He was often confused about why he wanted to have such an experience. Why has this particular fantasy turned him on? Why did he keep imagining this when he had many pleasurable experiences with her that actually transported him into a higher reality of oneness and bliss? But somehow, all he could think about was how he could masturbate by watching her masturbate. It was a silly desire that didn't even make sense to him, but that's what he wanted. He just continued hoping it would happen.

One day, she wasn't in the mood for sex, so she gave him a handjob. They were only living together for two months, but this handjob made him doubt his choice. She was impatient and erratic, and tried to end things quickly. She was not invested and did it only as an excuse. However, that didn't please him at all, and it only left him frustrated. He felt that through this act, she showed that she didn't really care for him and didn't try to really connect with his penis.

This new feeling was very destructive for his masculine dignity, as he felt like part of him was neglected and betrayed. The most essential part of him was the one that he knew how to cherish, protect, and uplift through prolonged sensual masturbation sessions. But now her movements brought him pain. He closed his eyes and made himself come, but it was not because she was giving him pleasure, but because he wanted to end this act. He didn't want to tell her that she was actually hurting his penis. She didn't try to connect with him energetically.

The next day, he wanted to have his revenge. He felt that by mistreating his cock, she was disrespecting him. She could have said no to his request. She could have found a more

intuitive approach or asked him how to improve their exchange. She never did. He felt frustrated, and this sensation prompted him to fight his woman. He went online and searched for porn where women of her type masturbated on their own. He had to open a few dozen links before he could find a sexually appealing woman. They masturbated in sync, and he timed the experience to come together with her.

He knew how to please his dick. He often repeated that no woman could please him as he pleased himself. He knew every nuance of his dick and how to make him experience complex and intricate. He was observing a porn star on a computer screen, and every part of him was filled with excitement. He brought himself to the peak but then retreated, and he continued to do so until he was full of sensual pleasures. He wanted more of himself, and that was the only way to feel the truth of his cravings.

When she got home, she accidentally looked at the browser's history. She was completely furious and confronted him. She couldn't believe that her man went to search for porn when she gave him a handjob just last night. Something was not adding up. If she had satisfied her man, why would he ever watch porn?

She screamed angrily about the many women he looked at that day. She couldn't comprehend why he would open dozens of pages, even if he wanted to masturbate. Why not just open one? She was convinced that something was wrong with him, and she made the mistake of moving in with him. He calmed her down and explained that most of the porn on the Internet was awful garbage, complete with abuse, but that he was looking for cinematic porn with a certain lighting that often turned him on more than a porn actress herself. He told her he actually watched just one video, but it was challenging to find. He had to look through many pages. He

also just couldn't masturbate to any porn. He needed to feel an emotional connection with an actress. That's why he actually didn't like watching porn. It was tiresome to search for an actress whom he would feel comfortable with.

Then he said that if she had learned how to masturbate, they wouldn't be in this situation. She did not like that comment at all. He looked like an idiot to her. Nothing made sense. She couldn't comprehend how he could have cheated on her and then blamed her for that. And especially not with one woman but with many. She felt he was pretty sick, and there was nothing she could do to fix them.

Still trying to repair them, she talked to him about his issues. She decided to step back, not to banish her man, but truly understand why he reached out for porn if she pleased him. Now he confessed that he was displeased by her handjob. He told her how a boy in him decided to rebel like that, to cheat on her for what she'd done to him. He silenced himself through pain when she moved his foreskin too far down. It was the most excruciating pain for him when the foreskin rubbed his exposed head without natural fluids appearing first. That's why he didn't like it when women tried to please him this way. That's why he preferred masturbation to avoid the pain and such conversations. He knew women couldn't understand him. And when such pain appeared, it was pointless to continue, as his natural arousal would be destroyed. He couldn't understand why his dick would still stay hard when he was in pain, but that was just his reality. And when this appeared with her, with the woman he deeply cared about and wished to marry, he concentrated as hard as he could to come quicker, to escape this pain.

She confronted him, and now he had to confess this whole story to her. He asked her to allow him to stop her if such pain appeared so that he could return the foreskin to its proper

position. He liked it when it slowly moved back and forth; that was the most pleasurable thing about foreskin - how it could slowly rub around the lubricated head in this tender dance. It was just a matter of practice in how to listen to his penis.

She rose to the challenge. She became convinced that the only solution was to become a master of sophisticated penis massages. Slowly, he allowed her to touch him again. They had evenings when they dedicated their time solely to that activity. She wanted to learn how to communicate with his cock, and find ways to please him, so she practiced being tender and soft with him while he guided her.

Eventually, she became a real expert in penis massages. She liked how she could control her man with just one hand. She would spend at least an hour on a handjob, and they never used that ugly word anymore because what she did was not a handjob. They became rituals of sensuality and vulnerability. It was a pleasant conversation with him, a conversation of vibrations and frequencies, of stillness and vastness.

She loved how she controlled him entirely. She felt his every sensation through his pulsating dick. She learned to listen to him and respond intuitively. And that's what actually strengthened their marriage, because when she was not in the mood for sex, she could always offer this alternative that he happily agreed to on every occasion. There were many times when he actually preferred such a ritual to actual sex. And one day he told her that her massages were more pleasurable than his own masturbation sessions. She was really proud of that achievement.

He learned how to please her, too. He mastered giving her whole body massages as if he were a professional sexual healer. Without master classes or coaching, they learned how to listen to each other and openly discuss what they liked and disliked. She rarely allowed herself to

receive the full scope of joy from his massages, as the stress of life still took over her on many occasions. But he really enjoyed giving, even when it was only a rare occurrence.

A few years later their romantic story had run its course and they decided to separate. They both fell in love with other people within a few months and intuitively understood that they wished to pursue the new callings of their hearts.

Yet she never learned how to masturbate. Now they lived their separate lives but continued to meet for brunch, dinner, or occasional walks in nature. On every occasion, he pressed her on this issue. She was more triggered than before. That became their inner joke. He would tell her, “You have to masturbate,” each time they met. It was his greeting to her. When she told him about the problems with men in her life, he would always tell her that it was only because she didn’t know how to masturbate. She liked holding a dick in her hands, and that’s what she kept telling him. If she had a dick, she would masturbate, but she didn’t know how to approach her pussy. Then one day she told him she made her first attempt, after a few months without sex, but she claimed it didn’t work because she had short fingers. He laughed in response because after years of massaging her pussy, he knew that this woman didn’t need deep penetrations to receive her pleasures. Her most sensitive areas were near the entrance. She claimed she needed something inside her and kept using that excuse.

For the next three years, they met on occasion, like friends, and talked to each other like therapists. He observed how she was growing in her powers, fully accepting herself and learning to embrace everything about her feminine body. They guided each other to understand their sexual powers. They knew how to enter deep meditative tantric states during lovemaking. They loved spending hours in erotic play before intercourse. They enjoyed how they could flow in bed.

They elevated each other to new levels of sexual understanding, and he felt that it was his responsibility to get her to accept the fullness of her powers. He felt like a failure in that he couldn't get her there. He brought another level of sexual pleasure and awareness to her, but at the same time, everything in him told him he didn't complete his mission of giving all the lessons he could to this woman. Even though they have pursued other people, their new relationships were short-lived. They had their own apartments but lived on their own, and their personal life was a mess. Neither of them dated anyone, and they couldn't attract new healthy relationships. They were separated, but he felt their personal lives were not changing because there were still lessons to learn.

Any relationship, any love, starts and ends for specific reasons. If two people enter into a romantic relationship, it means they can only find their higher power through union. When relationships end, it means there is nothing left to learn from each other. People grow together and help one another reach a higher level of their abilities and natural talents.

For him, it was clear. To find a new wife, he must convince his ex-wife to accept every lesson he is supposed to teach her. They were in limbo. They knew their romance had ended, but there was one lesson they didn't embrace, and that's why nature didn't allow them to find new partners to grow. Her stubbornness prevented the most empowering future from unfolding. And he was convinced he had to pursue her to explore what it means to have the body of a woman, and she needed to find a way to receive pleasure from herself. To give herself entirely only to herself.

Her birthday was coming up. They were both alone, so they chose to spend it together. He had a chance to find a present that would finally close the karma of their marriage so that

they could find new relationships. In a neatly wrapped box, she saw a vibrator and a gift certificate for the self-pleasuring sessions with a female intimacy coach. She didn't find it appropriate to receive such a present from her ex, but agreed to try.

She never tried for months, even though he kept asking. He knew that the only way for him to have sex ever again was to teach his ex-wife how to masturbate. So he was persistent. He wanted to have sex again.

He hoped that by finding more love for herself, she would finally see that touching herself was an act of connecting with her heart, a personal communion with her soul, and an exploration of every sensation in her body.

He hoped she would explore who she is. He kept telling her that her fingers are beautiful and her pussy is gorgeous, and they should collide in a passionate dance. He believed that any woman needs to befriend her pussy to shine in her full glory.

And of course, dear reader, you know what her birthday card said, as another reminder of the divine guidance she received through him, "You have to learn how to masturbate."

DECEITFULLY ENTAIL

Queen from hell
Choose a new route
Malicious croupier
Distributes hopelessness
And puts fate on a zero
The inevitable kaput awaits the Light Ones...

Randy Cuquette
Looks like nutria
But still
What a beauty
Multiplies charms of revenge
Critics of her pleasantries
Flattery exposed
Like rogue rats
Hanging with screeches
Like collaborators
Rally to trample her
Abuse her feelings
And the truth of life
Burying inside sacred fires
Of their suppressed lust...

Hating the freedom
Of her virgin soul
They dressed again
This Goddess with foul language
Her all-consuming charm

And the grace of a teenage girl
Still shining with her innocence
Still not corrupted by the perversion of people
Blazing with tenderness and sensuality
As if discovering the pleasures of a woman
for the first time,
Fear hate
These passers-by still call her names
After all, these people never learned
How to respect another human being.

Stone the beauty
Harmony and tender love
Is the only purpose
Of these worthless humans.

SILENCE

He went to see a play about love and fell in love,
When he went to a restaurant right after
He felt passion and sexual tension
Coming from that table of six women.
They were all boring and corporate.
So she couldn't stop looking at him
To get her mind off her so-called friends
She desired him, and her mind got clouded
I mean, I don't know how he felt for her
She was pretty simple for his touch
Just another clerk with some useless, ugly desk job
That means nothing
But only inflates her ego
She wastes her time on Netflix
Binge-watching some true-crime nonsense
Or, at best, she hikes with her friends
Because it's hip and cool to hike
With your friends
If you live in Vancouver
But she doesn't want to hike
She secretly dreams of being taken by a man
And I mean, she's too ignorant for him
Doesn't know anything about
Spirituality or astrology
Or psychic visions
She doesn't know about past lives
Like I do
And yet he fell for her

Only because she sent him
Sexual vibes from her pussy
She hasn't been fucked in a while
And she knew he was a safe choice
And she knew it would be hot
And yet, in the end
Her stupid girlfriends stood in the way
Of her being tenderly fucked that night
They got jealous and envious
If they won't get fucked,
They had punished her as well
They pushed him away
And got her into their miserable prison
He would have loved her through the night
And through many more nights
At least for three months
As that's for how long their souls wanted to fuck
But those repulsive women
Created a trap for their friend
And so, in the end, he fell in love
But he was not allowed to love her.

He went to play about love
As he was searching for love
He was searching to fuck somebody hard
And that office chick dreamed of being fucked hard
But society always destroys true beauty
And honest magic of love
Forcing us to settle for comfort
To forget how sparkling we are.

I'M TEACHING MY BOYS

I came to a party. I was almost thirty, but everyone there was not older than twenty--
three. I felt out of place. There are only boys here, and I don't want to fuck
boys anymore. I'm tired of them. I need to grow up, but here I am again.
I don't remember why I agreed to come here. One after another
I'm kissing them. This one - next to the restroom; that one
At the bar, and then others on the dance floor. I won't
Take any of them to bed, but I figured that I am
The only woman here who has
Some experience.

These boys need experience in kissing to learn how to kiss. So it means I'm not here
for my pleasures. Don't get me wrong. I'm here to serve a cause. I am not
a whore. My mission is noble and sacred. Someone has to be their
teacher in love and kissing. So I'm not doing anything bad.
I'm serving the world by helping women who end up
With these men. I have to kiss all of them right
now. I'm enjoying being their teacher;
Please give me my reward.

There was a lot of sex on the dance floor
He promised to give me money
To play at the casino
But threw me out of his car at the entrance
And he shouted out the window
Like a true asshole:
"You are a whore who ruined a family
That man has three daughters
And you kissed him on the lips!

Why are you acting like a bitch?
I still love you.
You kissed them all
But you have not kissed me!
I won't forgive that you are whore!
So I must let you go.”
And he drove off alone,
Rushing to watch his porn
And jerk off in anger alone
He believed that if he gave me money for a casino
And bought me a few drinks
I would sleep with him tonight out of pity.

After all, it was his birthday.

Oh, that's right!
That's who invited me to that party
Now I can clearly see. I was just drunk,
I just forgot he still exists.
And here I am in a casino with no money
But too much sex was on that dance floor
All the people yearned for love
Still, they never opened up
Clamped slaves
Dreaming of experiencing the truth
But sex with me is a lie
Yet they all came to me
'Cause I'm alive
And to every man, I said
Yes, to a kiss
I was graciously giving myself away for free

I felt proud of my mission
I was not a whore that night, but a woman of their dreams
And yet, I was punished for it.

I'm in a casino with no money
But that curly boy was so sweet
And that tall rapper was quite cute
Wait, I think he was a drug addict.
It doesn't matter - they were humans.

I kissed them on the lips as I was radiating love
But there was no language to communicate
With my ex-boyfriend
In short, I'm alone
Booze will be my companion
As the birds at dawn sing a trill
They make me sing
I really hate them
But I drank enough water all night
And that's why I'm not so drunk now
I haven't fucked anyone tonight
I was good, and I was fucked instead

Brutally, the birds finish me off.
I'm in pain.
But I can live in memories.
Of kisses
With my sweet, young boys.

PHANTASMAGORIA AT A NIGHT BALL

After sick intruders ravaged my temple
As I was speaking the truth with my womb
The white chair is the keeper of my sacred underwear

Naked
poor
despised
forsaken
Siner
Mocked by fate
Imprisoned by my womb

I'm a mountaintop water drop
God speaks though
Creative inspiration
Birthed by my pussy
In the darkest moments
The truth appears through cracks

I have built a new prison,
For my fresh misery
Just put your wick
In my wild thing
So I would be
A happy camper.

I wish my ass were like
A nice perky bubble

Phantasmagory
Of Sensual nostalgia
Radiating female truth
Absorbs him instantly

Participating
Impatiently patient
Trembling proclamations
Anticipation replaces patience
I don't know whether what I'm thinking
Is complete madness
But for me, it all makes perfect sense.

Righteous indignation
Invites paradoxes
Perplexities and sensual
Feisty explorations
Of my feminine void

Bearing the severance
Burning my nemesis
Burying that love
I'm destined to give.

The snake distorts space.
She closed her eyes in vain.
Here, the tales of my soul are clearly
Incinerate darkness
Through the harmony of my dances.

We share with passion

Intentions of ancient teachings
Lamentations and regrets
Pagan Arrogance
Let's burn with fire during the day
And in the evening, we are one energy
Forgotten by the world
Exalted by the sky.

The snake distorts space.
With all this idleness
And caresses and passions of deceit
Bringing the truth to the underworld
Lost souls on fire
Self-humiliation and depression pills
Demand violence and new scars
With more pain, I speak less truth

I have to recognize myself.
Defend myself
And love myself
As judgment has been called.

LOVE WILL FIND YOU WHEN YOU'RE LOST

It was a challenging period of his life. He filed for divorce, and he was healing after his most recent fleeting lover, who had just ended things with him. He was living through two heartbreaks, grieving as I had never seen a man grieve before. Two women betrayed him. Two women rejected his love, and now he questioned his sanity. He was convinced there was something wrong with him. He was convinced that all women are cruel bitches, and he decided he would never date again. He convinced himself he didn't deserve to experience love again.

He spent the next two years masturbating. It became his new addiction. He didn't even want to pursue a real woman. He felt like he was fourteen again, discovering the porn tape of his parents for the first time, and he masturbated till exhaustion. He didn't lie or cheat as he wasn't in any committed relationships. In the true essence of self-rejection, he spent his weekends stoned and watching porn, trying to feel as miserable as possible. He wanted to punish all women for breaking his heart. So he searched for quite disturbing porn. If he couldn't punish a woman through sex, at least he wanted to see how another man takes a woman sexually until she screams. Orgasm was the only word he used in his search. He could masturbate six times that day. He tried to prolong his pleasure in every way possible. His dick demanded to experience love, but he didn't want to get hurt again, so illusions destroyed intimacy within him.

The next morning, Goddess Sekhmet descended onto his balcony in Vancouver's West End and slowly crawled into the middle of his bachelor suite, settling right next to his bed. He didn't close his balcony door, and she used this opportunity to enter his place while he was still sleeping. Sekhmet was supposed to advance his education, but he completely forgot about their

arrangement. And even though she was supposed to be his teacher, he realized that he had feelings for her from the moment he saw her on that day.

He didn't want to let this woman in; he didn't want to let any woman in. She was gentle in her presence, wanting to study him. She was standing in the middle of the room, like a true lioness, observing her surroundings, learning what she could about her new apprentice. At one moment, she looked like a gorgeous brunette woman; in the next, she morphed into a lioness. But the form didn't matter, as she always felt feline in her essence. As he opened his eyes, she grabbed his bed sheets and pulled them towards her. He fell on the floor next to her, intimidated and scared. She climbed on top of him, like a wild cat studying her prey.

They became acquainted just a few days ago and chatted once. They didn't like each other much and didn't plan future meetings. From the beginning, she noticed how closed off he was to any female energy, which made her feel distant. He abused himself so much with the negative energies of porn, and he didn't know how to be intimate anymore. She couldn't really respect him for that, so she didn't understand why she was paired with him. She decided that she would share whatever knowledge she was supposed to receive, and her mission would be done in a couple of hours. She came to teach him about the concepts of justice and the righteous punishment of humans who refuse to live by their hearts.

"Why are you giving away your power, dear man?" She addressed her student as he crawled to her bed, leaving him on the floor, defeated. She wasn't angry with him. She had experienced an honest, kind, and gentle man, so it confused her why he was betraying himself.

"I'm not. I'm healing these women. You see, everyone despises porn actresses, but I respect their craft. I love them. When I masturbate and come, looking at a woman, I give away

my masculine, protective strength to her so she can be healed and empowered. This is the gift from Nature that she passed to them through me. It is a spiritual exchange of energies where I dispel negative vibrations from my field while charging her with life energies.”

“You make it sound almost noble. If it were the case, you would reserve yourself from watching abusive porn. There are plenty of videos where people gave their full consent.”

“You don’t understand. My healing powers can help those who are the most distressed.”

“You are a childish man. I understand what you are attempting to claim. I’m thankful that you find the energy to appreciate these women and their hard work, but you must find yourself a lover. You need to fuck a real woman in the real world as your health depends on it.”

“They all hate me and don’t find me attractive. I’m just unfuckable. I’m nothing as a man, and they see that. I’m nobody in this world, as I don’t have any money. I see why they don’t want to fuck me. I have surrendered to this miserable life.”

“But you are such a gorgeous man with many talents. You are sweet and generous; you love giving to others and helping those in need. You work hard, you write and sing, you dance, and you can even speak to me. How many men have the privilege to spend an afternoon with a real goddess? Here I am, spending time with you. Please reclaim your masculine power; you are such a wonderful being. I know your mother despises you, but those women in your life truly loved you, even if your stories ended in breakups. You know that their love was real, so you know you are lovable. Stop hating yourself; it was never about you. You deserve love. And I ask you, please, stop watching porn. It’s really destructive for your psyche.”

“But I want to destroy my psyche. I hate my intellect and my heart. I reject myself for allowing myself to love a woman. What is the point? I don’t get women at all.”

“Tell me, what’s bothering you the most? It’s not your heartbreaks. You got over them.”

“Well, I was so desperate for a sexual experience, so I decided to see this escort. I didn’t know how to get laid any other way. I just needed good sex, that’s all. I’m not yet ready for a relationship, but I need to feel myself inside of a woman. So I went to meet this professional, who turned out to be just another gold digger and abusive predator. She didn’t listen to me; she reached to fuck me right on our first meeting. She disrespected my time and money. I was just another one for her. She lied and manipulated me the whole evening. She pretended to be someone she was not. She had this fake persona, and I could see through her. She didn’t understand me at all, or even attempt to see me for who I am.

“When I told her I hadn’t gotten the vaccine, she smiled and said she hadn’t either. Yet a bit later, she told me how she travelled to Mexico, and I was like, fuck, you can’t even lie. When she actually pursued me to sleep with her on that same night, it was just terrible. She didn’t know her body; she didn’t know what she was doing. She was sucking my cock and trying to look into my eyes at the same time. Who invented that bullshit? I hate when they do this in porn. I always rewind that stuff. I was instantly turned off and lost any attraction to her. She didn’t care what I wanted or what I liked. She didn’t bother to ask. She just did what she always did. I was just another asshole for her, with no integrity, no desires, and indeed, in her mind, I didn’t deserve to experience joy. She treated me as if I were a damaged man just because I came to see a sex worker, and as if I didn’t deserve any repentance or grace for my flawed nature. And I’m amused that she assumed I wanted a blowjob because, apparently, every man wants to experience a blowjob. But I never wanted one, and I don’t like them. I don’t get why I’m supposed to enjoy a blowjob just because I’m a man. It is so disturbing.”

“You don’t like felatios at all? Why? They can be quite beautiful.”

“Oh no, I have no problems with fellatio. I have problems with blowjobs.”

“I don’t understand why you use this ugly word for this magical experience of embrace and connection.”

“Because women in this country don’t know how to do felatio, they only know how to perform a blowjob. Felatio is pleasurable enjoyment for both, full of respect and admiration between both partners. Blowjob is an offensive abuse, where one partner diminishes another.”

“I see what you are saying. But still. She probably didn’t properly ask for your consent. What is it that you struggle with most? Allowing or accepting?”

“Accepting mostly. Well, you know, any fellatio is beautiful when your relationship is harmonious and beautiful. On a special occasion, your woman gives you this gift of devotion because you deserve it for one reason or another. This is her way of honouring you and giving you a gift she rarely gives. She makes it special, but most importantly, you have to feel deep respect for yourself so that you can fully accept her in this way. It’s tough to accept that your goddess is on her knees before you. You’re supposed to be on your knees for her. She is more important, so when she does this magical surrender, you actually have to know why you were blessed with such a gift and allow her to put you on a throne. If you feel you never truly deserve this thorne, or even force her to do it, you will never fully appreciate the pleasure your woman gives you. It would only be motions without true magic.”

“That’s wonderful, how you describe it. Maybe I’ll have a chance to give you a felacio just like that. I can even channel to you what I would feel in my mouth when savouring the entirety of you. Okay, that’s a dream for a lady. Sorry, I got carried away. Please continue with

your grievances,” Sekhmet was stretching on the bed now, twirling and turning, even occasionally moaning, from the softness of sheets and her dreams of possible sexual experiences. But she had to listen to her apprentice, so she calmed herself down. Only yesterday, she was just occasionally thinking about him, and now she already knew they would be fucking by the end of this day, even if he doesn’t know that.

“She forced her upon me from the moment we entered her place. I was convinced that we would discuss our arrangement first, like getting to know each other, and understanding whether we were a good fit. But no, she acted as if I was expected to fuck her. It was not my intention that day, and I was not emotionally prepared for what had happened between us. But somehow, she just seduced and played me. I’m not saying I’m a victim; I responded to her advances. But the entire thing was so bizarre that I just couldn’t find words to describe that experience. I didn’t feel like myself, and I regret every moment of it. I don’t know why I continued to engage when I could have walked away. I guess I was just weak. I felt used, even though I provided my consent. It just didn’t feel right. She was my first escort ever. My entire experience was a disaster.

“After that failure of a blowjob, she didn’t even try to engage with me. She was lying on her back and showed no effort. She initiated sex, but now she acted like I was demanding it, and she submissively offered it to me. And I also saw that if I said no to her, she would get offended. Yes, it was my mistake to fall for her breasts in her pictures. It was stupid of me; I don’t even like big breasts. She was just available that day. For me, the ideal size is when I can hold a woman’s breast in my palm.”

“Like mine! You’ll like mine. Well, if we’ll get there, I mean. It sounds quite romantic and sweet.” Sekhmet wasn’t supposed to say things like that to her students. But somehow, she continued to do that with this man. The moment he described something sexually ugly, she immediately pictured something sexually beautiful she could do with this man.

He felt like a weak crybaby. He was actually quite pathetic and annoying. A man who lost everything and decided to feel like a loser. But it was a mask he wore while grieving, and Sekhmet sensed that. She saw a reflection of herself in him. She occasionally hid her true feelings and identity to fulfill her destined, divine duties. Now, around him, she wasn’t herself. And these feelings have appeared only today, even though she saw him before. There was literally nothing between them, not even a spark of curiosity—just professional engagement, similar to that when we seek assistance from a counsellor or spiritual coach.

Sekhemet answered the calling from Osiris to teach this man the laws of Nature, explaining the nuances of divine justice, retribution, and punishment. Now Sekhemet was conflicted about her feelings. Somehow, she was falling for this broken man. Of course, he had the soul of a judge of the dead, and he spiritually guided souls through this transformation, so they both vibrated on the same frequencies associated with this transformation.

But beyond that, she just liked his energy and artistic heart. Sekhemet realized that only now. She enjoyed his truthful, authentic stories about being the failure of a human that he was. Sekhmet saw glory in his miseries. She just sensed that what could be perceived as trauma was actually his initiation. Therefore, she was happy to share some grace with him and to present him with a space to forgive himself. She understood that, even though his life seemed to be in ruins, he was still following the path of his heart and remained true to himself. Experiencing him in that

state of masculine strength through the inner pillar of spiritual convictions, yet vulnerably defeated, turned her on. That was more important to the Goddess than any possible relative success that men desperately tried to achieve. He wasn't trying to impress her, and that allowed her to soften even more. She was crying inside from the desire to get her claws onto his skin.

Sekhmet was already infatuated with him, and he didn't even perform any of the assignments she had given him. She was already claiming space in his heart. They were assigned to perform essential spiritual work together, but all she could think about was how she would feel when his hands would touch her nipples. Her feral essence was on fire. She didn't expect such sexual tension between them, but she kept imagining his touch.

Part of her felt sorry for this man. He didn't seem that bad; he wasn't just ever fucked by a Goddess, and Sekhmet felt this man deserved such an experience. She wanted to envelop him in joy and pleasure to release every pain he carried. And she was equally deprived of sexual pleasures due to the nature of her divine work. She was trapped in her circumstances of the Goddess of war, punishment and death, so in my observation, dear reader, her obsession with this student stemmed from the suppression of her feminine nature. Hearing his stories, she wanted to prove that not all women are clueless about sex. She wanted to prove him wrong, and everything in her rose to that challenge. She knew she could fuck him to his empowerment, and she trembled with anticipation. Sekhmet saw a real man sitting before her, perhaps only veiled by the shadows of his traumas and insecurities.

“So yeah, that's how it's been after. She was somewhere else, and I was expected to do my thing quickly and leave her alone. She made me feel small. When I saw how she was looking at me with my dick in her mouth, I panicked. I was completely turned off. I pushed her face

away from him, and she gave me this judgmental look. Like, I was supposed to enjoy that blowjob, but I never wanted it. She was pissed that I stopped her, and that confrontational energy filled the room. Now, my little friend completely melted. He refused to get hard. I was still lying on my back, and she was still close to him. She got defensive instead of talking to me or asking me to leave. Now, it was her dignity on the line. She considered herself so hot that not a single man could leave her without ejaculation. I hurt her in the worst way possible. Others submitted to her gaze, but my penis chose to act on its own behalf that night.

She sat on my knees, with me still lying on my back, and decided to revive my tortured cock with her hand. I didn't have sex for a few months, but he just refused to submit to her. She performed one of the most awful handjobs in my life. She moved her hand up and down mechanically, without trying to connect with him. Thankfully, he didn't respond at all. She stopped after a couple of minutes and decided to show me how disappointed she was.

Not trying to solve the conflict, she continued her pursuit of making my cock hard while yawning, with her head comfortably resting on her hand. I didn't know how I could get out of this mess. She was contemptuously looking at me, revealing her boredom and frustration. She intentionally slowed down her movements and looked at my penis with disdain. The only thing I could think about was to punch that bitch. I no longer had any compassion or respect for her. I didn't care anymore where she was coming from. I understood that she was probably traumatized in the past, and now she had all the wrong perceptions of her body, sex, intimacy, or men in general. But it was an absolutely horrible experience. So I closed my eyes to escape seeing that demeaning pose of hers, and I tried to concentrate on getting hard.

I started to imagine Emma Mackey naked. I just watched the movie “Emily.” She was so cute and sexy with the charm of a daring lady who defies the rules of her oppressive society. I just repeated to myself in my head over and over, “Emma Mackey is giving me a handjob; she is naked right in front of me.” Now, I was finally hard, which seemed to calm my companion.

I made myself come as quietly as I could, got my clothes, and ran home to take a bath. I was covered in emotional and sexual trauma. Yes, she was a desirable woman, but our entire foreplay destroyed any passions or desires. The silly part is that you can’t really complain about her services. There’s no way to bring justice to this woman. But she clearly deserves to be punished, in my opinion. Just imagine how many other men she must have abused. I was never against sex work before this experience, but now I am.

“Maybe there are good escorts out there, but I’m certainly not going to try again. Fuck this. It’s just stupid. What if the next one is even worse than this one? There’s no way I’m putting myself in such a mess again. I fucking paid my own money to be traumatized. She doesn’t understand sex and men at all. She had no right to behave like that. I didn’t do anything wrong to her. She was offended that I didn’t want to fuck her but wanted to spend time with her.”

This conversation was getting nowhere, but it was important for him to confess how he felt. Sekhmet didn’t respond to his last statement. She just silently looked at him and smiled. After a few minutes of gazing in silence, the energetic burdens of the past left his apartment, and they stayed alone with their feelings. She told him with her eyes that he is now safe and that the past doesn’t matter anymore. He responded with silence and a smile of understanding. He spoke his truth, but now it was time to experience each other. And so they immersed themselves in an energetic dance, trying to sense and feel one another's perceptions.

“Sorry, I shouldn’t have said most of this. I don’t feel like myself anymore. You are right that I should release everything that hurt me, but mostly regret and disappointment. This is my life, and everything in it is beautiful. Fuck this, I’m getting a beer. I don’t care if it’s still morning. I have this red ale that I bought yesterday from a local brewery. Maybe you would join me?” His mood shifted in anticipation of a day of rest, since it was still a weekend. She was a Goddess after all, and part of her purpose is to release the cords of the painful past.

And honestly, dear reader, I must share with you that he didn’t know about beer. He didn’t expect this guest, but he had some leftovers from the night before. It was a divine coincidence that he chose to drink beer rather than wine or other spirits. You can probably imagine how Sekhmet transformed from the moment she heard about beer. She was falling in love with this man; her emotions and feelings stirred passions in her, and now he offered her a forbidden fruit. She simply couldn’t say no to him, even though she knew that indulging in such temptation might have unexpected consequences.

Sekhmet was supposed to perform a cleansing ceremony with her apprentice that evening, but they drank beer, then got more beer, and danced, talked, and laughed throughout the night. Sekhmet forgot why she came here; she didn’t want to do her assigned job. It felt safe to escape her obligations with her newfound love. She arrived to provide divine punishment for a sex worker, but she just wanted to enjoy time with him. She fell in love with this man and didn’t expect it. She was the responsible Goddess of Divinity who never abandons her work, but on that day, unconditional love intervened. Even Gods and Angels are not in control of this unique creation, where unconditional love was valued above everything else. Her feelings surprised her, but there was nothing she could do about them.

He also fell for her and was not afraid to confess his feelings. His honesty melted her heart completely. She knew all his dirty secrets. He confessed throughout the day that he felt he would never love again. But this woman accepted him, listened to his tears, and let him be vulnerable. So he opened up to her. She came for a day to purify his apartment and his past with the sacred fire of the heavens. She came to teach him how to become a better judge and present his verdicts in the most empowering way. She came to bring the war and wrath upon humans who mistreated people like him. Yet once they confessed their feelings after savouring some beer, they decided to cancel the ceremony that Sekhmet was supposed to perform. Instead of wrath, punishment, and war, they resorted to lovemaking. Angels in the skies only shrouded their shoulders. Even Goddesses could neglect their duties when true love appeared.

The next morning, both woke up in bliss. They knew the work lay ahead, but they still savoured their morning cuddles. The whispers of admiration they exchanged have energized our lovers. He called in sick to work, and there was nothing to stop their romance. They decided to have a picnic at his favourite meadow at Sunset Beach. They settled next to the sculpture of engagement rings, overlooking Burrard Inlet with the mountains of Sechelt in the distance. They spent that day enjoying each other's company.

They planned to hold their ceremony in the evening, but surrendered to the flow of life and immersed themselves in each other's energies. Instead of spiritual work, they bought more red ale and made love through the night again. Sekhmet opened up with all of her tenderness - a side that she rarely can express. She didn't want to punish anyone or send her wrath on sinful humans. She always struggled with her identity, but today she felt liberated from the constraints of her destiny, which had prevented her from exploring the softer part of her feminine essence.

She became a gentle and sweet lioness next to him. She desired to be touched by him; she craved to be taken and enveloped, so she contained her fiery side. She showed part of it when she meowed and crawled and scratched his chest softly, but he still didn't witness her in the state of righteous indignation of divine retribution. He could temper this woman simply with his presence, and she even forgot what it felt like.

They entered into a spiritual trance as they fucked each other that night. She was on top of him, trying to please him, but he also knew how to please her with his openness. She was swirling all around him; she couldn't be still even for a moment. She was flowing inside and around him. Spectacular, marvellous sparkles of joy filled his apartment. The escort was still unpunished; our lovers had forgotten about everything. For the second night, they slipped into a reality of oneness and stillness during their beautiful energy exchanges. The world could wait, as they continued making love until they fell asleep at five in the morning. She settled upon him, and they nested through their shared dreams.

Nothing mattered but their newfound love, shining over the Vancouver skies. Through the intense erotic games, they purified themselves from their burdens. Sekhmet knew that Goddesses could love humans, and she had been in love before. But she didn't realize that the Goddesses could love in the way she loved this man. She was so happy that she was ready to retire from her job to be with him. She was tired of endless wars, destruction, and punishment. She didn't feel inspired to continue with her duties. She didn't know what happened to her, as she was convinced deities like her were safeguarded from experiencing such deep and affectionate love. This love was so unusual that she fully surrendered to it. She felt safe in this love and didn't question her beloved's feelings.

But after two nights of pleasures, Angels arrived with their own punishment. He was forced to return to work, and she was forced to face her father, Ra, who had scolded his daughter for the first time in many decades. “What happened to you, my daughter? I can’t recognize you.”

“I’m sorry, Daddy. I guess I’ve been a bad girl. I beg for your forgiveness. I know the laws of Nature, and I’m surrendering to any punishment you may have for me.”

“You will not get away so easily. I don’t need to punish you; the world will inevitably respond to you for neglecting your obligations. But I don’t actually care about that; I want to know what’s happening with my dear girl. I’m here for you when you stumble and fall.”

“I don’t know what happened. We just fell in love. I didn’t expect to feel love, and our feelings surprised us both. This love is beyond my control and any rational explanation.”

“Now, because of your selfish desires, you are impeding his education and not executing the wrath and punishment. Your ceremony was supposed to be held two days ago! What’s wrong with you? Do you understand that everything has divine timing? The balance could not be restored without events occurring precisely when they are supposed to. Do you understand how many adjustments we have to make right now to balance reality after your fuck up? You are your worst enemy, since the consequences of your actions will manifest as a new burden for you.”

“I know! I’m sacrificing my future, but it means that this is true love, Daddy!”

“You chose to make love when you could have finished your job first.”

“But that’s what I’ve been trying to tell you! I didn’t know I could feel like that. He started talking, and I realized I was in love. I was his teacher, and I was always an authority figure for him. When we first met, he was very distant and cold. He didn’t want to let me in. I was an unfamiliar Goddess to him, and you know how people can be intimidated by my dark and

complex essence. And on the day of the ceremony, we were also quite energetically distant. He had to detail his story to me so I could choose the appropriate judgment. I read his reports, but we still needed to talk. I was trying to analyze where he was talking objectively and where his emotions took over. But as he talked about his traumas, I just couldn't stop thinking about how sexually enticing he was with all his dramas and problems. And once he finished listing his grievances, I felt compelled to kiss him. It was an impulse, and I couldn't stop myself from kissing him. I embraced him, and he started kissing me back."

"It was an impulse of a girl, not of a woman."

"I know! What do you want me to say, Daddy?"

"And there was a beer involved. How many times do I have to warn you about being careful with that beer, knowing your design?"

"But Daddy, you never tried this craft beer in Vancouver. I didn't know it myself, but it's delicious. With all its sins, this city still has some great things about it. You know that it's hard to surprise me with beer, but that red ale is just fantastic!"

"Enough! It's not funny."

"And I'm not joking. And I have apologized already. Yes, I have to be punished for my weakness, and I get that. But Daddy, why am I the only Goddess who is not allowed to love? When was the last time that I asked you for permission to love somebody? Isis, Bastet, Nephthys, Nut, Anuket, and Hathor all have their share of lovers. But I'm deprived of that. You can only see war, punishment, and judgment in me, but you don't allow a woman in me to flourish. Have you ever thought about how draining it can be at times to execute your will? You just command, and I am supposed to obey. You never ask how I feel; you expect me to be your

general, someone who doesn't feel. But I have a feminine essence and am tired of being denied love. When I prioritize my rest, my pleasures, or take some time for myself, I'm immediately punished for it. Do you think this is fair?"

"I suppose not. I can recognize your perspective. I'm sorry that you feel neglected and betrayed. I never thought about the pressures you are experiencing. You should have some reward for your hard work. You never fail me."

"Thank you! I'm glad to hear such wonderful news. I promise I won't ask a lot."

"Well, let's not rush. You won't be forgiven for your transgressions and will receive punishment. You should have come to me right away and requested this love."

"But Daddy, this is so stupid! I found love that I was deprived of and just went for it. Isn't that what life on Earth should be about? Just living in the moment? Just trusting life?"

"You are correct, but you had your obligations. You made promises you didn't keep. That's all. It means you've neglected your duties and don't respect your brothers and sisters' work. You acted selfishly, and that is the reason for your punishment."

"Okay. I understand everything, and I'm surrendering to this punishment. First, I must say that I will restore the balance. We will definitely perform that ceremony tonight if you allow me to return to him in the evening."

"Do you understand you missed divine timing? That escort has already hurt two more men. And you are also obligated to take into account her new pleas for mercy, as she expressed her heart through prayer. She knows how she hurts people and hopes to escape her punishment."

"I will punish her for those two men, as well."

"They were too afraid to present their grievances, so you can't do that."

“I will fuck her up anyway. She damaged my man.”

“Sekhmet! You know you can’t allow your emotions to interfere with your duties. You must stay impartial and only execute the verdict, not create your own. It’s beyond your powers.”

“But I want to do this for him! This is how I want to show that I truly love him. I want to protect and empower him and punish those who took his power away.”

“He took his power away from himself when he tried to reject his faith. The betrayal is never external, and you are well aware of that.”

“Oh, what do you know? Well, I’ll tell you what: I’ll ask him to rewrite the verdict. How about that?” Sekhmet’s mischievous look said it all. She was already emotionally invested and determined to find a way to do what her heart wanted.

“I guess I won’t be able to stop you from doing this. You won’t interfere with the laws of Nature if you choose this path.”

“Ha, Ha, ha... I can play this game, too. I will do an unforgettable fellatio for him, and he will rewrite a verdict exactly how I want it to be.”

“Please, my sweet daughter, spare me these details.”

“There will be fire and pain and misery. This woman would get what she deserves! And this city will get what it deserves. I guess I will think about sparing their breweries. Their beer is awesome, but their cruelty, arrogance and vanity are out of control. I told you we are a perfect couple. I make sure that in his new verdict, he would mention those two men.”

“I don’t know what to do with you, my daughter. But my hands are tied here.”

“I’m telling you, this love will make the world a better place. I can feel it.”

“So, can you tell me more about him, before making your request?”

“Well, his soul's primary purpose is to provide judgment and supervise ego death when people have lost their way. He is a healer of lost souls and a spiritual guide of death. He had just completed his studies with Mary Magdalen, but struggled to grasp some concepts of divine retribution. I was invited to assist in his education. I’ve observed this man for months after he completed initiations with Isis. I knew I had to make contact with him so he would be introduced to my energy. All of us are assigned to appear on his spiritual path. Mary Magdalen helped him understand the karmic laws of Nature and the energy balance that must be maintained. He studied concepts of divine justice and punishment. Nature and Angels will execute their punishment, but people with souls of judges must deliver truthful and balanced verdicts. This man, as a spiritual guide of death, was supposed to teach me the nuances of verdicts and final arguments. He needs to see how judgment is applied to those who refuse to grow, who betray their hearts, and neglect their responsibilities.”

“Oh, I see. Of course, you fell in love with a judge. It makes perfect sense.”

“Well, that’s me. I find it so hot that he can give me a verdict, and we can watch the wrath together. I always dreamed of witnessing divine punishment alongside a man. Punishing people while being in love sounds so romantic. And it turned out I have been admiring his verdicts for quite some time. I always liked how he tried to accommodate everyone's needs and spent more than enough time collecting all the evidence. He always gave people more chances than they deserved. I was always in love with his writings, even though I didn’t know his name. When I touched him for the first time, I connected to his writings, and then I just melted in his arms.”

“Dear Sekhmet, it all sounds wonderful, but I don’t want to hear about intimate details.”

“I’m sorry. I’m just so infatuated with him. He didn’t have a woman who could be all over him, and now he allows me to be that woman. And when I slowly touch him...”

“Okay, enough. I heard everything that I need to know.”

“Wait. The last thing I should mention is how he caught my attention. After he passed his Isis initiations and received his spiritual seal of Osiris-Isis, he didn’t proceed with having more lovemaking sessions with her. He found her energies too intense for him.”

“I’m sorry, what? He didn’t like making love with Isis? Who is this man?”

“That’s what I keep telling you! Yes, he received Isis’s seal not too long ago, but then they mostly spent their integration time in shamanic rituals and ceremonies. But you know that most initiates prefer to explore Isis energies through sex magic. Then Isis promised to send Bastet to him, but now it’s quite evident that Bastet is not for him. It seems that we are perfect for each other at this moment. He struggles to connect with a physical woman, or even a female soul, for that matter. I want to be with him, and he wants to be with me. So maybe I’m what he needs right now. Maybe only I can heal him. I’ve been telling you that his energies are quite different from anything I’ve experienced. He shattered my old convictions.”

“Well, apparently. If he fell in love with you, he would certainly be a complex man.”

“Daddy, I’m at odds with myself. I was afraid to make my move because I was convinced he wouldn’t accept my affections. He was not even ready for love. Well, maybe I just gave him part of my love. I spent so much time at war that I was probably yearning for such an experience. But the most important part for me is that we just clicked. There was a unique chemistry between us. Our energies just aligned. You know that I don’t mind that most men choose to experience love through my sister Bastet. This is just how we are divinely designed,

and I have no issue with it. But I can tell you for sure that she wouldn't work for him. I can sense it with my feral intuition. Everything about them speaks against their romance."

"I would still ask that you meet with her and discuss this. I will grant my permission for this relationship only if you reach a shared decision with Bastet. I don't want to traumatize this man's soul if her energy would be better aligned with his spiritual growth. I know how much you wish to love, but you are also aware that not many masculine souls can endure your energies. And I don't want to jeopardize his progress as well. I don't know his story, so I want to be cautious. If he must experience love for Bastet, we must honour the truth of Nature. I am aware of this rare possibility that you can be a consort for a mystical initiate as well. But I need to be sure. Please schedule time to visit me with Bastet."

"Of course, Daddy! With pleasure. I think we all want to discover the answers as soon as possible. It's also strange that I didn't actually need to meet with him. But Osiris came to me and asked whether I could help with his training. As one of his teachers, Osiris thought that if I spent a day with him, he would finally understand how to list his grievances and render objective, balanced verdicts. You know that I'm not supposed to be anyone's lover—only a teacher, protector, or executor of the higher will. But I'm so excited around him! And then I should also mention that Mary Magdalen is his main teacher and, of course, his lover. He can't get enough of her energy. But they've been in love for centuries, and although they are still passionate lovers, they don't have that excitement of a novelty in a sexual connection. It's just great to fall in love with that kind of immediate attraction, magical chemistry, and genuine excitement from discovering a soul who vibrates on the same frequency as you are. It's great when intense passions and desires drive both of you. I'm bad at describing love. I don't know

what to do with this feeling, so here I am, confessing to you and expecting my punishment. But I'm so happy that it happened to me. I see that the stars aligned perfectly, and we were destined to happen. We are exactly what we need. Please let this romance unfold. It won't take more than six months."

"Six months? Are you serious?"

"Daddy! I accepted my punishment. I promise I will be more diligent with my obligations. If I betray my duties, I will embrace consequences. I will continue serving this world, but don't debate my love. I know this feeling, and it's here. I want to enjoy it while it lasts. I don't care that I will have more obligations in the future. I promise I will burn down the entire Vancouver if that's what it takes to make you happy. I'll burn the entire country of Canada right after that. Or I'll do anything else you would ask. Just give me time to love, and I will burn any place of sinners. Please let me be happy; please let me act from my heart."

"I'm sorry, dear daughter. I know I can be too hard on you. It's just so unexpected. You know I would need to make many arrangements to cover for you to allow this to happen."

"And I promise I will pay you back."

"Okay, let's agree on that. But we must sign a formal contract because you will have to earn my trust back after the last two days. I will be expecting you with Bastet later today once she introduces herself and makes her assessment."

"Thank you, Daddy. Until then. You are the greatest father a girl could wish for."

"I love you, dear daughter. Witnessing you in a new light today was beautiful."

Sekhmet invited her sister Bastet to visit her beloved. They spent an afternoon in his apartment, observing his routines and talking to him. Bastet was surprised that this man didn't

even look at her as a man. They had no sparks between them, and Bastet was confused as all men easily fell for her. He wasn't naturally drawn to her alluring, feminine energy. That rarely happened with Bastet. Her female pride was hurt. But then she saw how her sister felt about him. Indeed, even though Bastet liked this man and wasn't opposed to having a romance with him, she could clearly see that they were not really compatible. When Sekhmet and Bastet explained to him that he had to choose the desires of his heart, he consented to the romantic journey with Sekhmet. Three of them made decisions in the best interest of all involved. After this meeting, the sisters visited their father to present their truth.

It was a day of incredible significance, which amazed God Ra, who seemed to have seen it all. It was such an unusual turn of events that even he marvelled at the unique tapestry of life. He never believed that Bastet would give away her lover to Sekhmet with grace, honour, and reverence. Making love, sharing love, and being in love were Bastet's divine purposes, so Ra has acknowledged the sacrifice she made for her sister's happiness. Ra kept his promise and allowed Sekhmet to pursue this love affair. He gave her six months, as she had requested. She was excited, as now she could do other romantic things with her man, not only have sex. She was initially in a rush to take him to bed, fearing they had only a few days together. But now she had the luxury of being his girlfriend. She will be the only one who loves him during this period of his life, and he will be committed only to her while they are together.

When they reunited in his apartment, he generously thanked her for helping to reclaim his masculine powers and for choosing to be with him. He convinced himself that no one would love him for who he was, but he desperately longed for love, not just sex. She reminded him that no one would love him until he learned to love himself. No one would heal him until he healed

himself. No one would respect him until he respected his divine masculine talents. She came to teach him new lessons about the essence of life, but only love could teach him. Neither of them expected this romance, but it seemed it was written in the stars. She discovered a man who made her fall in love with life itself all over again.

She made love to him until he embodied his masculine heart. She forced him to reclaim his powers and divine gifts. When they cuddled in the morning after a night of lovemaking, and she looked at him with admiration, he could finally see who he was. He was a real man who proudly carried all his strengths and weaknesses. He was the man she rarely saw before. She came to help him find his empowerment, but it turned out that all he needed was to feel himself inside of a Goddess. He enjoyed the many compliments she paid him. He loved her cute feral fuffs. That's all he ever wanted to experience. He began to trust again. Sekhmet was all over him, praising his essence and his glory. She returned his powers, and now she was enjoying every bit of him through their passionate nights.

“May I ask about the punishment this escort would receive?” He addressed his beloved.

“Oh, certainly. Do you want to remind me what you wrote in your verdict?”

“Yes. I wrote that I believe she deserves time alone to reflect on her thoughts, feelings, and emotions. She brought destructive energies into new sessions. She refused to do her spiritual work between sessions. She was all over the place, chasing money and the luxury lifestyle, with complete disrespect for a man in front of her. I also wrote that she should receive the same treatment she shows others, and she should be punished for not owning her truth.”

“Her punishment would be a near-death experience. The possibility of death would force her to face herself and admit where she acted selfishly in the past.”

“Don’t you think this punishment is too harsh for what I’ve endured?”

“Oh, my sweet man, full of compassion and forgiveness.” Sekhmet wrapped him around, swinging all around his body in a sensual dance. She was transforming from a lioness into a gorgeous, magical snake, then reverting to a lioness, and then back to being a woman. “Don’t you see? Through this entire experience, you are healing her.”

“I don’t understand... Oh, wait! If she will receive a near-death experience, it means that her soul chose to die, and she was supposed to die shortly after we met?”

“You are exactly right. Her punishment is not more severe; it’s more forgiving. You showed Mother Nature that you cared for this sex worker, that you tried not to blame her for the transgressions, that you attempted to see things from her perspective, even when you were boiling with rage, anger, and frustration. You were entitled to feel your anger after what she had done to you, but you still didn’t want to seek revenge for the sake of revenge. You know I would have administered that revenge with no problem, like destroying her business or personal life, but you showed up for her with true masculine nobility. You knew the highest essence of her soul. Your reports are filled with love for this woman. Your emotions revealed that you cared for her and genuinely hoped she could be empowered in her work. You certainly carried some guilt and shame for yourself as you struggled to accept that you’d paid money for sex. You still need to work on self-forgiveness, because what happened is already behind you, and you can’t change it, so you can only accept your experience.”

“Oh, now it makes sense. I couldn’t understand why she was so erratic, irrational, and confusing. Her body was preparing to die, and that is how it manifested. She didn’t hate me at

that moment; she was already not in this world. But since it was a traumatizing experience for both of us, that emotional shock helped me to reach her soul, and she decided to stay alive.”

“That’s exactly what has happened between the two of you. And since the process of her death was already initiated, her body has started its preparation. In this case, the ego must undergo a form of perceived mystical death through a near-death experience. That event would show her where her life could have ended, and it would send her on the path to re-evaluate everything she did before, including her relationship with love and the people around her.”

“Sekhmet, our work is beautiful. Thank you for teaching so much about death and retribution. I’m forever grateful for our relationship and how blessed we are.”

“Oh, it’s been a pleasure, my dear student. I can’t wait to return to your bed to continue our education.” They both giggled and shared a passionate kiss. Here they were - an odd couple surrendering to love that was never supposed to happen. As they kissed, he gently held the entirety of her. She wanted to feel vulnerable and loved. He gave her everything she ever desired.

At night, they went to their favourite meadow on Sunset Beach. They settled next to the tree, and she showed him her wrath through a series of intense visions in which a spiritual fire destroyed this woman's apartment. Sekhmet and her man observed the destruction with mixed feelings. Sekhmet was really excited about doing her job, so after sharing these moments, she looked around mischievously to see what else to destroy, playfully holding a box of matches. Providing punishment for only one person was not enough for her. She enjoyed every moment of that woman’s suffering, but when it ended, she wanted more. She asked the Spirits of the city who else deserved her punishment. She was flying around the shore, throwing her matches at the residents who had betrayed their hearts and lost their souls.

Her man was looking at her with a big, loving smile. Upon observing this destruction, he understood his mission. Sekhmet would soon be tasked with punishing the entire city of Vancouver, as it was drawing in sin and pure malevolence. Now, if he could make love to her, she would be much calmer when that time arrives. By fucking Sekhmet, he was redeeming the sins of Vancouver's citizens and pleading to her to have mercy on broken, scared, and confused souls. He was tasked with saving an entire city from destruction by making love to Sekhmet.

He calmed her down with some kisses and asked her to pause her battles for a while. She was intoxicated with her powers and didn't want to stop, but his softness brought her back to him. He calmed down his woman with another portion of that magical red ale she liked so much. It wasn't enough, so he offered her some locally grown cannabis, too. Sekhmet finally calmed down and surrendered to love again. With all its sins, Vancouver did have great beer and weed, and that was enough for Sekhmet to show mercy.

As she indulged in her drinks, he prepared his plan. He won't tell her about it. He would simply surrender to this love with his entire essence. She looked back at him, realizing why she was guided to accept this love and spend the next six months in this city. She needed to assess what could be done with it, and she realized this man would guide her in doing her job as righteously and compassionately as possible.

"You know you won't be able to stop me from bringing justice onto these lands."

"I have no intention to stop you. I know that the people of this city deserve everything that is prepared for them. But even though humans are flawed, I believe in second chances. So that's all I would ever request. This is the honest expression of my heart. I believe that if a person

begs for mercy and forgiveness, if they can acknowledge their shortcomings and are not afraid of personal accountability, then maybe they should receive a lesser punishment.”

“I understand what you are saying. I must admit that I do not know humans, life, or love that much. I’m spending so much time in wars, destruction, or in the death realm that I feel lost here. I think that’s why I received a blessing from my love for you. I have to understand why humans are the way they are, and maybe find more compassion for them. But do you find that people in this city have already received too many second chances?”

“I completely agree with you. But maybe we can try to warn them somehow and give them one last chance? Maybe there are still some souls who are lost but pray for salvation?”

“Well, I guess that’s why we received this love. Okay, let’s do this.” Sekhmet stood on her feet, raised the bottle of beer, and proclaimed, “This is the last chance for the residents of Vancouver to seek forgiveness and salvation. This is their last opportunity to confess their lies and apologize for their cruelty. Punishment is inevitable, and this window of opportunity will last while we make love.”

“I love how beautiful our love story is, my love. It seems like it’s my duty and obligation to make love to you, and I’m proud to receive such a mission. Even though I desire you, I also need to sleep with you for the good of humanity, and that turns me on. By making love to you, I’m healing us but also saving lost souls.”

“Life is beautiful, isn’t it?” She comfortably settled on his shoulder and forgot about her job. She immersed herself in him. The fire of destruction was fading away, and soon all the battles ceased. There would be no war while they are making love. Sekhmet felt happy and

liberated. She was doing her work, but at the same time, her work implied making love to a man she loved. There was nothing more beautiful she could ever dream of experiencing.

“It’s so strange to observe humans. You receive love but can’t believe it. You fight love, or run away from it. The love will end one day, and you know that you will die one day. If you don’t act on love, you will only have regret that you didn’t embrace it. I think that’s what I learned from you. I wasn’t supposed to kiss you first. I was afraid you would reject me and choose Bastet. But I trusted my feelings, went for it, sacrificed my reputation for it, and now I’m thrilled. I don’t know why people can’t surrender to love when they experience it. Why not just try it? If it won’t work out, so what? At least you expressed your heart and illuminated this world with a shining light of this pure emotion. Just love who you love, no matter what.”

She moved even closer to him, blending into his aura. She was all around him as if she were his protective shield. He has never experienced a more graceful dance by a woman. He was sitting on the ground, with his back against the tree, and she was settling on his legs. He pressed his hands on her hips as she was moving her pelvis in a circling motion, hypnotizing him with her erotic movements. His eyes jumped from her breasts to her eyes. She was intimidating and seductive yet so open to receiving him. The beer was working its magic as Sekhmet, thirsty for love, was exploring her temptation skills. She continued dancing and then leaned to his ear with a whisper, “Can you please sing to me?” She licked his ear with her tongue and looked at him with the begging eyes of a little kitten.

He quickly understood that even though beer did calm Sekhmet down, it was still not enough. She was so grand and gorgeous that simply sedating her didn’t help. So, following his intuition, he wrote a love mantra, a melody that he would sing only to her and no other. It was a

song of their love, and he wrote it after they first made love. Sekhmet loved hearing it, but she didn't understand that she was falling into a hypnotic state each time he sang. He was clearly her man, as he knew how to handle her with care and temper her feminine vastness. Once he started to sing, Sekhmet was lost in a wild, mesmerizing, seductive trance, unable to think about anything other than love and sex.

As she helped him regain his powers, she realized he had helped her regain hers. She struggled with her destiny. She couldn't bear that her sister Bastet was admired and worshipped by dozens of men at once, but she rarely had one. For Sekhmet, it didn't make sense because she was a lioness, while she considered Bastet to be a domesticated cat. She didn't look down on her but instead honoured her soft energy. Bastet was her counterpart, equally important for maintaining the balance of Nature. Without one energy, the other couldn't exist.

Sekhmet believed that more men would prefer to make love to a lioness than to a cat. If she were more complex than her sister, full of passionate, fiery energy, then all men should be drawn to her. But the reality was opposed, and that confused Sekhmet. That led her down the path to study men. Naturally, Bastet was all about nourishment and grace, so it became evident that men prefer women whom they can perceive as submissive. Both sisters were fascinated with one another and could only understand the fullness of life through the other.

But today, as she was fucking her man on the shores of Burrard Inlet, Sekhmet realized she refuses to face everything that she is. She had a unique role in our world, and she performed it with pride, honour, and integrity. She loved her purpose. But today she saw herself differently through the eyes of her lover. Men don't want to pursue a lioness because she is too much to handle. They are simply too weak to experience the entirety of her. She always believed that

there was something wrong with her, but in reality, men were too afraid of her. They couldn't handle a woman with so much darkness and intricate complexity. Men desired a tender Bastet who may be a good companion and lover, but won't help a man truly grow.

This man accepted Sekhmet with every part of her darkness and troubling past. She could tell him anything she ever did, and he still wouldn't judge her because he knew her highest essence. Sekhmet, finally liberated from her sufferings and false perceptions, joyfully made love to her man. There was nothing wrong with her because she would rather have one lover like him than hundreds of Bastet's men. He could tame her and yet not diminish her. He was not afraid to follow a lioness because he was strong, he loved himself, and he never betrayed his heart.

Sekhmet had an irrational desire to continue destruction because she suppressed her feelings, hoping to fill the void caused by her destiny. This bitterness created deep inner struggles. The girl within her wanted to feel love and to be loved, but her fate demanded that she wage war. Deprived of love, Sekhmet played with fire and wanted to punish more people because she didn't have romance in her life. She loved men, but they rarely returned the affection. She yearned for a deep emotional connection marked by love and desire. Now she has finally released her anxieties and healed her pains. She saw how that urge to punish humans continuously was the projection of her trauma. Spending time in bed with her man made her more forgiving and compassionate. Sekhmet vowed that if this man would allow their love to flourish, she would master her emotions. The love was healing the Goddess of war, and it felt terrific to witness. Vancouver could be saved because this man decided to fuck Sekhmet until she begged him to stop. And don't forget, my dear reader, that it was Vancouver's red ale that gave Sekhmet courage to reach with her first kiss that began this beautiful affair.