

Matt Zane

"Abuse"

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What do you want? he asked with anger on the edge of
his
Voice...
Oh nothing much really; I just want to use, abuse, and
Misuse.
But don't worry, It's not so bad; just give me what I
want, -
You see and eventually, I shall let you be.
She perused his long, thin, muscular body with her
Possessing, wishful, eyes.
Just give In, it's not a sin, unless you believe it way
down
Within...
The young man was aroused and his reasoning lost its
Meaning.
He touched her soft beckoning breasts and started to
caress
Them gently.
Is this that bad? Actually, It's quite good, I think you
should
Sleep with me; actually, I know you should.
Ripping sheets, piercing screams, fulfillment of one's
wildest
Dreams.
Insane lovemaking.
Used, abused and misused, the young man lay there,
his body torn from strain.
She kissed him good-bye, and the morals that died
and left
Him, defeated and tried.
Oh, she never lied.

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