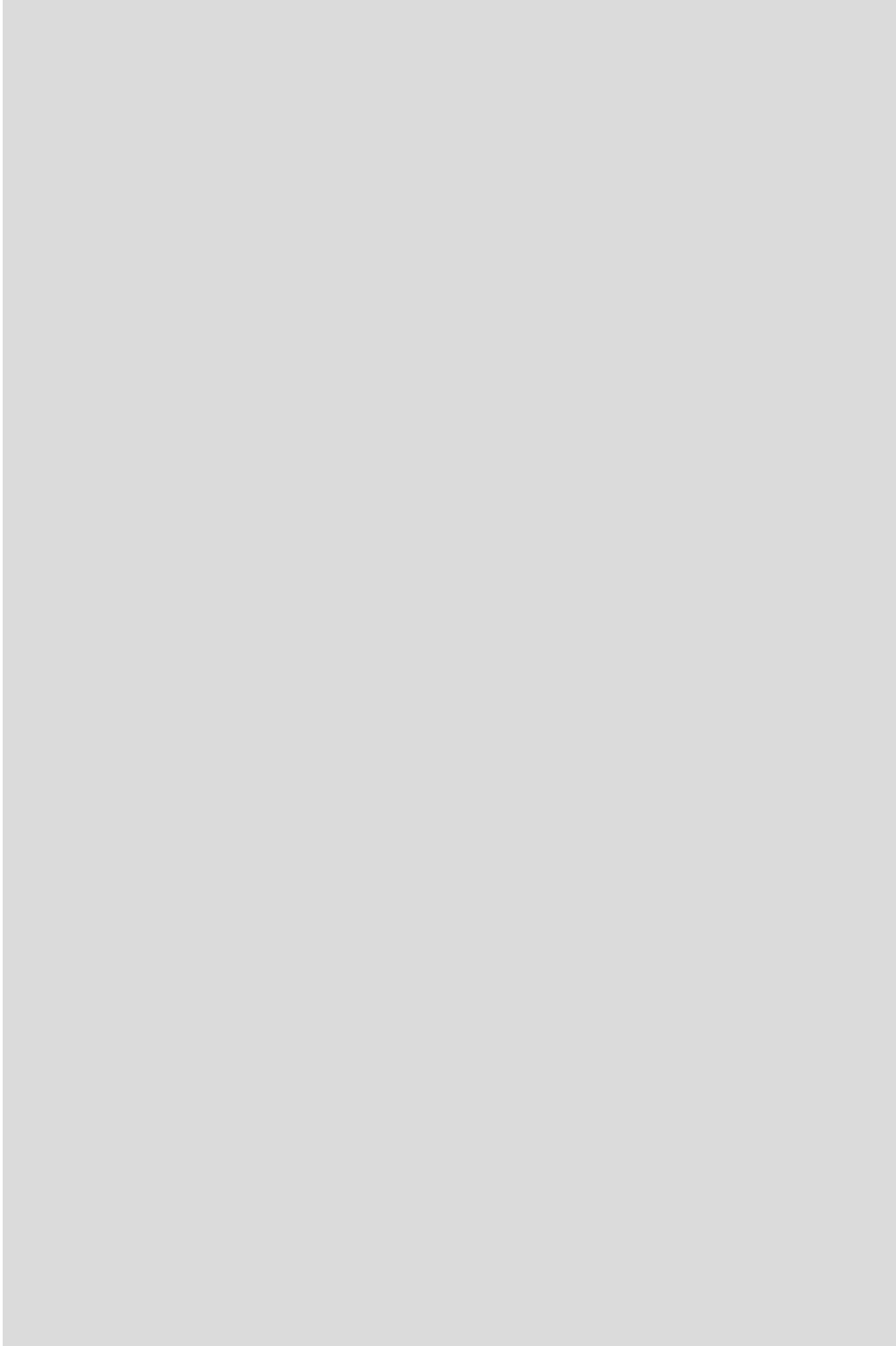


# From one to seven

Zuriel Kritten



# Capítulo 1

From one to seven

I never asked for a real sensation

It has been difficult to give an end to this situation

You ask me to go with discretion

But your cold lips brought me a never-ending pleasure.

You told me to stop

I know you didn't mean it

It felt so right to have the love on the top

Now I can say that I need it.

Dark was the room

Thoughts are in my head

Rising like spume

Your primitive side on the bed.

Two waves in motion

For days it kept on

I can't deal with this obsession

But now you're gone.