

Any Man I Wanted

“I think I could have any woman I want.” he said to her of his power over women, waiting in the cold wind for the bus.

“Maybe not....but I think I could.”

“It is my voice that does it. I talk to them and they begin to want to hear me talk to them some more, then they need me to do it.”

“Women want more than most men can give. They are in a state of deprivation and vulnerable to a man like you.” she says, facing into the wind.

“Cannot or will not, I am not sure.” he qualifies.

“Cannot.” she counters.

“I am careful to do it only to women I want. I could do it to others, for some fun,(he smiles, nose red from the cold), but I don’t.”

“When I know a woman wants me and I do not want her, I tell her no.”

“You tell her or show her by turning away.” she checks out.

“I tell her with actions and words, because if I only use actions, a woman can pretend she didn’t understand me. So I have learned to tell her with words so she will understand.”

Having any woman he wants. It’s an appealing concept. Let’s see.

What would it be like to have any man I wanted just by talking to him? Weaving my spell in and around him until he was snared and mine. I could get him to do anything I wanted for as long as I wanted. What would I think of him or feel for him if I was in control to this extent? Would I respect him, love him, could he hurt me or even touch me?

What would it be like? The weaving would be the best part, having him anti-climatic. Or maybe the weaving would be the foreplay and having him the first time the best part. Or maybe the weaving and the first time would be the foreplay, and having him want me more and more the best part. Until Until Until

Then would I lose interest? When would I lose interest? How would it happen? When would I know it had happened? The feeling would wane as it got easier and easier, as he got more demanding of my time and energies. I would draw back a little, then a little more. He would move forward, sucked in by my pulling back.

I would stay away for days, compartmentalizing my life so I didn't miss him or even think about him. Until it was time again. Until the feeling came back enough to want him again. Then I'd make my move toward him. He'd be ready and I'd take him.

Is this what it would be like if I could have any man I wanted just by using my voice?

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