

Blowing in the Wind

“If your woman’s not begging, then there’s a problem.”



“He embraced me with his strong arms and hands, pulling me in close to him as to make known his intentions of what was to come. His hand sat firmly on my lower back and as he leaned in and kissed me passionately, our breaths merged and became one. I could feel the raw hunger of my inner sexual priestess longing to be released from her chains of the day where she had been held prisoner. Forced into submission and told to look, act and be perceived a certain way so as to not cause any ruffle to society. This was not healthy for me to hold tight these feeling of wanting to be released, orgasmic in every breath and fully vulnerable and powerful in life, with my lover and as a woman. The more I allowed the clamping of my hunger to not be expressed the more lethargic toward life I was becoming, the more caught in worry, fear and over analyzing I did. But in this moment I was being taken away from the insanity and chaos of the repression, I was instead led into what my true nature was and my hunger for him grew even more. The kisses became deeper. So deep, that I felt as though he was going to consume me with each twirl of our tongues. As our tongues danced and teased my heart and pussy began to direct my energy into wanting him inside of me. I began to feel the sensations of possibly having him deep within me. As I surrendered into the possibility of this happening he leaned back from me and encouraged

that we walk. I had completely forgotten that our original intentions were to just connect and talk, to enjoy an afternoon out at a park. In my being I wanted to be ravished and to ravish. Alas, this was not the time nor place for it, instead I turned my attention outward and took in the smell of the air, the flowers, watched the branches of the willow trees sway in the breeze and make ripples in the pond. I attentively listened as he shared about his life with me and allowed all the feelings of wanting to dash into the trees or lay naked and free in the grass by the water to just pass through my mind. Down the path and around the bend we came upon some benches, standing out in the middle of nothingness, with tall buildings not far from view and roads nearby. Here we sat. Here we snuggled and shared. Here I could not resist a second more of the ever increasing bulge in his pants. My hands had to touch. My pussy became wetter as he let out soft moans, my pleasure grew and all I could think was, “god how I adored his cock, his hands, his kiss, his voice, his pleasure.” Our time short, our location extremely public and my soul loving exhibition I made an executive decision and fully revealed his cock to the sunlight, took a deep breath, smiled and took him into my mouth. His scent, his taste, the feel of his throbbing member in my mouth all making my heart rush and sexual hunger pulse through my body. My thrusts becoming deeper, the head of his penis rubbing firmly on the back of my throat, his hands now in my hair pulling it lightly as his breathing became more shallow and his hips tensed. Mid thrust I heard him say, “...and at a public park,” a soft chuckle of pleasure crossed his lips and with his confirmation my tongue swirled in a loop, dipped down and crossed over his testicles as I sucked him in yet deeper, deep enough to cause a mild gag, to encourage more saliva to form so that I could devour him more. Hungrily I encouraged him to allow his milk to flow into my throat as I felt his tension, his heat, his longing to erupt. There in this public park, buildings all around, sun beaming down on us in ecstasy and the cool winds blowing across the water we merged and I drank his nectar. I drank until he could give no more, flushed and now dizzy from the intense orgasmic energy surging through him all he could do was breathe. Breathe in this moment. Breathe in this experience. Breathe in the peace, the intimacy, the excitement and allow the gift of his presence and acceptance to be what it was, a sensual connection not only to me but to life itself.”

Blow jobs, fellatio, hummers, giving head, smoking a Johnson, deep throating, or any other name you may want to apply to this intimate, sensual, raw beauty of sex is only trying to share the blood pumping, breath taking experience that it is and can be for both parties. I have heard from many men about how so many women do not care to give head, and many women say that they only do it to get him off quickly or to keep him happy. Men often do not have the understanding that when a woman willingly and openly wants to take you into her mouth that she is actually saying in her own sexual communication to you that she accepts you, adores you, hungers for you. Her wish is to bring you bliss and restore your faith in the universe and your place in it. A woman who knows the power of a good blowjob understands the great rewards that can be juiced from this experience for both her lover and

herself. However, there is a lot that goes into accumulating all that is needed to REALLY make a woman want to go down on you. Just like women's genitals a man's Johnson can sometimes not be that yummie morsel of sexual food that we are willing to consume.

A man who does not care for himself is a man who will derail his possibilities of having a woman beg for his milk and possibly even prevent her from wanting him inside her anywhere. I am not speaking of sweat, or even of trimming things up neatly. I am talking about what you think, consume and do every day. These components are the building agents to making your member tantalizing and pleasing in all ways. If you have any sort of a yeast infection in your body (athletes foot, jock itch, dandruff, etc.), or are on a ton of medications, eat poorly or drink too much coffee or alcohol, live in a state of stress or negativity, masturbate too frequently, or do not have a healthy active lifestyle with plenty of rest or meditation you will significantly change the flavor, consistency, smell and even feel of your "load." Most women have an issue with semen tasting too salty, or bitter, sometimes it will smell more like ass or throw-up instead of having a sweet odor and nutty flavor. A man who respects his body will have the women in his life happily kneeling before his shaft and even initiating or begging for him to cum in their mouth. The self respect and focus on one's body, mind and soul that will get you 'more head' will also increase your chances of getting it on in more ways.

Weather women know it or not, when they themselves are properly cared for and hormonally harmonized, not blocked with a mask of medications, illness, yeast and stress, their natural animalistic instincts will lead them to crave a strong seed. Strong seeds only come from properly nourished men, men who are not poisoning their systems with any toxic overload that our current life offers as a normal state of being. The man in my story is a beautiful yummie example of a modern day gladiator whom I adore being slain by and nourished with his seed. A seed with such strength is a blessing to a woman in many ways outside of being fertilization to her eggs. A man with healthy semen can provide his lover with a fountain of youth, vitality, anti-depressant agents, hormone balancers and an elixir of overall well being. The components of semen are among some of the most healthy and when blended with saliva and if possible some of the women's juices as well can be a tonic of the gods. Today's world has turned ancient practices into disgusting, belittling acts that instead of bringing connection, beauty and health bring shame, separation and pain. In our misunderstanding and lack of sexual education we destroy this beautiful raw sexual act of love and deep connection to ourselves, our lovers and life and we replace it with a need to just release some stress and feel powerful over taking someone else's gift of surrender.

Ladies and gentlemen, fellatio can be one of the most intense, heated and scrumptious acts of love making. It can bring with it a host of either disease and shame, an ill taste and a longing to disconnect from your lover or it can bring health, intimacy, power, surrender and beauty.

This is all in how a man chooses to handle it. So the next time you want your lover to polish your knob, review what you have been doing that will give her the incentive to actually want to consume you not just get you off so she can go on to more important matters, like the dishes or some facebook game.

Want to learn more tips, tricks, health and intimacy in the bedroom and out explore my customized Sex & Relationship Coaching for single's and couple's. Get your questions and concerns answered and learn powerful skills and secrets to having that orgasmic blissed out relationship that you desire.

Written by Kendal Williams

Based on true events.