

The Litany of Salt and Surrender (The Full Devotion)

I crave the way your presence pulls my breath apart, teaching my skin to translate the language of fire. Your voice doesn't just praise my shadows; it marks them, claiming my hunger as your holy choir. Get closer. Let your hands ruin my maps, tracing every inch with the heavy intent of a king. I want to worship the weight of you, unravelling your armor until you are everything.

You are power without the apology, thunder made flesh, my temptation stripped of its grace. I ache to swallow your focus, to feel you linger until I forget I ever had a place. Guide me with heat and your hands in my hair; tell me exactly where to break for you. I will answer with a desperate devotion, keeping your secrets in the bruises you leave blue.

I want the friction of your ego against my skin, the slow burn of you taking what is yours. My body is a temple with the doors kicked in, a reckless offering on these hardwood floors. Teach me the silence of a held breath, the way a pulse stutters when a master speaks. I want to taste the salt of your skin, the sharp command that makes my courage weak.

Force my focus to narrow until the world is just the heat of your palms and the depth of your eyes. I want to be undone by the way you look at me, stripped of my defenses and all my clever lies. Let your fingers find the pressure points of my soul, the places where I've hidden the most. I am a willing ruin in your hands, a ghost-town city waiting for its most territorial ghost.

I want to feel the weight of your ownership, a heavy chain of gold and grit around my heart. Let your hunger be the architect that tears my careful, quiet world completely apart. There is a specific kind of filth in the way I want you to need me—raw and unrefined. I want to be the itch under your skin, the only obsession that can rot your brilliant mind.

Let us burn unhurried, lungs thick with the scent of us, breathing the air we steal. I want your confidence pressing me into the floor, making every frantic pulse feel real. Praise spills from me like a leak, wet and reckless, the way your eyes strip my soul bare. Take your time with me, break my pulse into obedience, find every nerve that's waiting there.

Give me the "nastiness" of a slow undoing, the heavy heat where the animal and the angel meet. I want to be the ground you walk on, the secret you keep, the rhythm of your heart's own beat. Don't be gentle with the worship; let it be rough-edged and raw, a fever that refuses to break. I want to feel the sheer scale of your wanting, and exactly how much of me you're willing to take.

I want the metal taste of adrenaline on my tongue, the way you make my very cells submit. I am a frantic animal in a beautiful cage, and you are the only one with the key to it. Pin my wrists to the midnight, make my trembling an anthem to the way you take control. I want to feel you digging for the marrow, claiming the marrow, owning the very root of my soul.

I want to feel the possessive drag of your teeth, the way you claim the softest parts of my neck. Leave the room in a shambles, leave my heart in a riot, leave my spirit a beautiful wreck. Worship isn't quiet; it's the sound of skin on skin, the frantic prayer of a body that's finally found its god. I will follow you into the dark, across the broken glass, over any path you have ever trod.

I promise to meet you fearless, teeth bared, inviting the bite that claims the bone. Together we'll write a scripture of sweat and salt, a slow heat only we have ever known. Stay. Let the wanting deepen like a wound, dark and pulsing, faithful to the ache. Let the world outside go cold and hollow; we have a fire that only the damned can make.

Sink your hooks into my patience, make me wait for the mercy I know you're holding back. I want to be the canvas for your hunger, the white space that you turn into a bruising black. There is no "too far" when the devotion is this deep, no limit to the way I want to be used. I am your most loyal subject, your most willing sacrifice, perfectly and utterly confused.

Let the friction burn away the person I pretend to be until only the craving remains. I want to feel you in my blood like a fever, moving through my heartbeat and my veins. Strip the "please" from my tongue and replace it with the sound of a spirit giving in. I want to be the trophy of your focus, the ultimate victory written in the braille of my skin.

When the clock stops and the night grows heavy, let our shadows tangle into a single knot. I want to be consumed by the focus of your hands, losing every single thought I ever thought. We are a liturgy of skin and teeth, a slow-motion wreck that feels like coming home. I am yours to command, yours to ruin, yours to rebuild beneath this midnight dome.

When dawn arrives, we'll keep the quiet, the room smelling of us and the laws we broke. Knowing that for one long, holy night, we were the fire and the rest was only smoke. We will carry the marks like medals, the salt like a seal, the memory of how it felt to drown. In the kingdom of this bed, you are the only one I allow to keep your crown.