

## THE SEX OF ADDICTION

2264.

\_ How are you? Can we talk?

Throughout a smile, the beginning was always like this. A refined scotch bar, he and a beautiful woman, hand-picked among all the female attendees. Apparently normal women, of ordinary beauty, did not serve him. The women should meet his expectations, which were based on what he saw of himself. The mirror showed a good-looking man, at the acme of his forties, lightly greyish hair and a penetrating stare. He saw the image of a totally grown-up man, secure of his acting, meanwhile, he could, by his own will, transform himself in a youngster, playful and demanding of maternal care. Health in perfect order, good financial situation, great interpersonal relationship and a vicious habit that consumed him: sex.

He always considered himself an addicted, however, over the years, what used to be a healthy habit became a compulsion, and from it araised a desire burning every time brighter, overwhelming what his rationality could control with all efforts. This control did not attract him because satiating the desire brought him a sensation of glory to abound his spirit with a pleasure, for times bigger than the physical sensation of a conjunction's climax. And this slavery imposed by flesh forced him to be simply impeccable, perfect. Body, mind, clothes, scent, charm, everything in the most perfect syntony, mixing subtleness and discretion with a smartly-controlled boldness, allowing him to dare until the limit of vulgarity, yet without losing his peculiar elegance.

The body seized his efforts. Constant caring was necessary and that was how he proceeded, thus this was the beginning, the means and the guarantee of his pleasure. From his beard, impeccably shaved, to the abdomen sculpted with pain and sweat, allying impeccable clothes, everything aiming to attract the female sex. Minimal details were observed, what could be translated into his white smile and refined scent, whose notes spread confidence, magic, and seduction. He did not lack knowledge at all, and this made possible for him to start up a good conversation with absolutely any woman and drive this conversation into the point he intended, because all those years spent into the night had made him an expert on relationship psychology, giving him the wit to recognize the most vulnerable women and to face challenges with the apparently hard ones. The body language, which he observed well, worked in his favor to choose the women he would approach and guide them duly in a dialog until the point he wanted to reach. Over a few minutes a great empathy was established, a pleasant climate of confidence and intimacy. Alcohol took charge of overcoming any eventual resistance from hers as well as facilitating his path to possession and fruition over her body.

Soon were the two in his apartment. A couch, wine glasses, dim light... He knew very well how to enchant and mesmerize women. For times virile, sensually pressing his body against hers, for other times he showed himself intentionally fragile, tempting her maternal instinct and the will for caring. No ordinary woman should resist. From couch to bed there were only a few steps. And there he demonstrated all his abilities, daredeviltry and experience. He was a true specialist in the things of love and sex, making use of this moment of a vulgarity so far unknown to her to intensify his raffish feeling of complicity,

the one he treasured so much. He knew exactly how to conduct a woman, weighing every attitude for the exact moment when it should reveal. And he did all that in a natural, unplanned manner, occupying his mind solely with enjoying the body that some hours ago was merely an object of desire. His perfect mental condition, along with years and years of practice, allowed him to provide great pleasure to the woman who edged delirium thus so great was her satisfaction, initially physical, which then extended to depths of her spirit. Likewise, he enjoyed the same delight. His glory had been established, and the symphony of his rejoicing could be heard translated into the unbounded passion words told by his own and, to that moment exclusive, woman.

Dawn comes in. Still recovering from the bliss of the moments lived some hours before, she receives new gestures of kindness and caring, to validate the perfection through which the night had just developed. A box of liqueur chocolates at the moment they say goodbye is the stroke of mercy, serving to consolidate all that had occurred and extinguish any eventual sensation of regret that could come from her. From her side stays the hope for a new contact. From his side, his addiction had been sated, but only for the moment.

Addiction consumes, addiction enslaves. Addiction demands every time new challenges, new conquests, new fittings, new sensations. Addiction is dirty and cruel. He recognizes in himself the problem, the dependency, but it is bigger than him. One option is to sate this addiction. The other is to fight against it, which will cause wearing, suffering, and dissatisfaction. But where is consolidated that addiction does not cause these harms? Be it through one path or another, addiction will always burn a loss' flame. Both accepting it and freeing yourself from it costs high and this price will always be charged.

Sex is powerful. Sex is part of our instincts and of our deepest mental programming. Desire is present in every normal people, due to conditions acquired since birth, for the normal human necessity of amity, for the genetical disposal to the perpetuation of species, for the powerful action of sexual hormones and, last but not least, for the simple need to feel pleasure. And between all of the pleasures life can provide, it's on us to choose the biggest and most intense of them.

But nothing of this lessen the existence of addiction. It is there, it dominates and enslaves.

The night has arrived...

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A text by Eduardo Esber - [www.eduardoesber.com](http://www.eduardoesber.com)

Published in "Antologia Entrelinhas Literárias - 2011 (Scortecci Publishing house)"