

Lust was a beautiful woman, a seductive enchantress with flawless skin and cascading hair that flowed like liquid silk down to her feet. I adored the sensation of her hair captivating my senses, wrapping around me, veiling my vision in sensuous waves.

Lust was not a guest who simply walked into my house; she insisted on being welcomed in, and at the time, I couldn't fathom why.

She would stand at my doorstep in her alluring glory, dancing provocatively in an attempt to enchant me. Some days, I would get intrigued and be unable to stop myself from watching; other days, I feigned absolute ignorance. Seeing this, her dance grew increasingly erratic and irresistible, my eyes struggled to be shaken off her, and in a moment of vulnerability, I succumbed. I touched her forbidden body and invited her into my safe haven; my home.

The moment she crossed my threshold, my home began to lose all sense of structure. I lost my sense of direction, unable to determine my left from my right, my right from my wrong. I lost all form of reason.

I knew no boundaries when I held onto her, my desire was limitless. What I had perceived to be absolute temptation outside my house was child's play compared to the intoxicating dance she led me into within the walls of my home.

She'd parade around my house freely, with her hair dragging on the floor, crimson lips tantalizingly inviting and her nudity completely provoking. She would tempt me to partake in her unholy dance, some days, I danced. I danced with reckless abandon, till my vision was blurred and I was blind to my passing of limitations. I danced myself to deep exhaustion, till my house lost its vibrancy, its bulbs bursting like fireworks in the night. My dwelling became tainted by the unholy dance, but my senses were completely overtaken by the pleasure that enveloped me.

Some days, I would resist the temptations of Lust, those days, my walls cracked, and Guilt, in her obesity, would ram her heavy mass against my walls. Those days, I would promise myself that it would be the last time that I would never again indulge in Lust's seductive grasp. But inevitably, she would pass by and her scent alone would intoxicate me, reducing my self-control to dust in favor of raw pleasure. I would fall back into her grasp, entranced by her captivating allure.

Lust was my guilty pleasure.

When I held her, my veins pulsed with pleasure, ascending me to euphoric heights beyond comprehension. My eyes unseeing and my body surrendered to the unholy rhythm of her dance, and I was left in a state that knew no boundaries.

But when I let her go, the fall from the place a step behind heaven was always catastrophic. I fell so hard once that my floorboards shattered, my movements erratic to escape Guilt's relentless pursuit, led to the destruction of my door in blind panic. This left me vulnerable to the

suffocating miasma that seeped into my home, contaminating every surface. I had no door, I became weak to anything that wanted a home.

The miasma thickened and Hope withered in the polluted air, life slowly leaving him, but Lust?

Lust thrived in the miasma.

As time passed in my deteriorating abode, my attraction to Lust slowly waned. I was no longer a victim of her deception, but that didn't mean I wasn't a slave to her advances.

Her beauty, like my attraction, began to wane, yet the pleasure she had injected into me kept me blind to her ugliness, but only for the time she held on to me. She still wore her crimson lipstick, now a macabre hue, as she paraded her nudity, demanding a dance from me that I began to do against my will.

She moved about my home with her impossibly long hair trailing behind, the tresses I once admired began to feel like a suffocating leash. Her covering over my eyes had transformed into a blindfold.

Her lipstick, no longer confined to her lips, seemed to flow down an unending path down her chest, and that was when I began to see it for what it was; blood, my blood. It was a never-ending stream of my blood drawn out during the unholy dance she compelled me to partake in.

If ever vampires existed, she was their embodiment, draining the life from me while spawning her progeny throughout my house. This was my fault, I allowed it to happen; I permitted her to do as she pleased with my body and my dwelling.

Her body, once a symbol of desire, taking from me utmost worship and reverence, now appeared grotesquely deformed and unnatural, yet I remained a slave to her existence. The unholy dance and those crimson lips; instruments of my downfall, continued to dominate me. My existence was brought to its knees before this woman, torn between absolute awe at her overwhelming power and pure hatred, mirrored in her soulless eyes.

Those eyes had brought down the Roman and Greek empires, those eyes laid absolute waste of Sodom and Gomorrah, eyes that stared down majestic Egypt till her golden knees quaked and she fell. Yet, here I was, an inexperienced teenager, brought to my lowest form on my knees- in my own abode- craving pleasures only she could provide, ensnared in self-disgust.

As I knelt at the precipice of my own desires, I realized that Lust was not just an enchantress but a reflection of the deepest recesses of my being. She was a force that could both elevate and destroy, a mirror that revealed the complexities of my own nature.

I had danced with Lust, ran from Guilt, faced the crucible of desire and emerged a failure. My house, once a haven of order, was now a testament of my weakness, everything overturned and

covered in ugly miasma. Yet the dance continued, an eternal waltz that defied resolution, and I, the reluctant dancer, moved to its seductive rhythm.

In the ever-deepening labyrinth of my house, Lust continued her relentless dance, a seductive siren amidst the chaos. Her allure had transformed from a fleeting enchantment to a haunting obsession. As I wandered through the dimly lit corridors of my home, I realized that every room held a reflection of my desires, and Lust's presence permeated them all.

The walls of my abode seemed to undulate with the rhythm of her dance, as though they themselves were participants in this unholy waltz.

I tried to resist, to regain control over my senses, but Lust's allure was unrelenting. Her once ethereal form had morphed into a nightmarish vision, yet I remained entranced. Her bloody lips, stained with the symbol of my existence, beckoned me with a twisted fascination. I longed to break free from her grasp, but it seemed that each attempt only tightened her hold on me.

Lust was an enchanting spider that had woven a web of obsession around me, and I was trapped in her intricate threads.

Amidst the chaos that had consumed my home, I began to crave peace, daydreaming about a purity that would chase this succubus out of my home. It was as though the idea of purity had become a distant memory, a fragile flower struggling to bloom amidst the thorns of desire and absolute debauchery that surrounded me.

I stumbled upon a room that bore the name "Chastity". It was a place untouched by the wicked influence of Lust, a sanctuary amidst the pandemonium that had consumed the rest of my dwelling. As I entered, Hope in his sickly and beaten form seemed to gain life in the dimly lit room.

Chastity, the embodiment of purity and restraint, had once been a cherished friend, a guiding light in my home a long time ago. In the early days, before my enchantment with Lust, I had found solace in this very room that bore his name. Now this became my hiding place, it was my sanctuary, a fortress where I could shield myself from the relentless storm of desire that raged around me.

The room's pristine walls were adorned with paintings of serene landscapes, reflecting the innocence that resided within. A gentle breeze stirred the curtains, carrying with it the scent of lilies, a fragrant reminder that Chastity once existed within this space. I marveled at the untouched furnishings, each one exuding an air of strength, elegance and grace.

As I ventured deeper into Chastity's room, I felt a sense of calm wash over me. It was as though his very essence permeated the air, cleansing my exhausted and sickly soul. I closed my eyes, allowing the peace to envelop me, seeking solace in this sacred space.

But as I opened my eyes, a profound discovery washed over me. This was not the haven I had imagined. Lust's influence extended beyond the external realm, infiltrating the very core of my being. I couldn't simply avoid her physical touch and expect to emerge unscathed. She had left an indelible mark within me, a stain on my soul that defied erasure.

Chastity's room, once a symbol of purity, had become a battleground of conflicting desires. It was as though Lust had played a vile game, allowing me to believe that I had found respite within its walls. Her taint had seeped into the very essence of my being, turning the sanctuary into an embellished invitation to her unholy dance.

Within the confines of Chastity's room, I confronted a paradox. The room itself, untouched by Lust's corruption, retained an aura of innocence. Its pristine walls and untouched furnishings stood in stark contrast to the chaos that reigned outside.

But I, the occupant of this sanctuary, bore the scars of my own desires. Lust had woven herself into the fabric of my being, leaving almost no corner untouched. As I sought refuge in the residue of what was once Chastity's warmth, I could not escape the knowledge that I carried the very essence of my tormentor within me.

It was in these moments of bitter irony that I realized the true nature of my predicament. Lust, that sinful enchantress, had not only overtaken my home, but had also infiltrated my body. Her seductive dance had become a part of my very identity, a shadowy presence that lurked in the recesses of my consciousness.

I was desperate to cast aside the chains that had bound me to Lust, to find and embrace Chastity once more, but it seemed an impossible feat. The dance of desire had become an eternal struggle, a battle between opposing forces that waged within my very home.

The room itself seemed to reflect this inner turmoil. Its walls, once a symbol of purity, began to crack and peel, mirroring the destruction of my own resolve. The air grew heavy with the weight of my sins, a suffocating presence that seemed to hang in the very atmosphere.

Chastity, that elusive man, remained just out of reach, a distant memory that taunted me with his absence. I was desperate to return to a state of innocence, to free myself from the clutches of Lust, but it was a goal that remained elusive.

In the dimly lit room that bore the name "Chastity," a battle unfolded. The paintings on the walls, once vibrant and serene, transformed into grotesque depictions of desire and temptation. Twisted bodies contorted and writhed, mirroring the chaotic dance that had ensnared my mind. The landscapes, once symbols of tranquility, morphed into human forms, their eyes blinded, their mouths open in exaggerated pleasure, embodying the torment within me. It was as though Lust's corrupting touch seeped through the very pores of the room, warping every inch of what was once my sanctuary.

The scent of lilies, once a soothing balm to my senses, had been tainted by a sickly sweetness that left a bitter taste in my mouth. Dead sweat peas and irises sprouted through the cracks in

the room, a cruel mockery of the innocence that once permeated the space. Even the fragrant reminders of Chastity, as feeble as they were, had not escaped the relentless advance of Lust, who sought to corrupt and consume everything in her path.

I attempted to retreat further into the room, yearning for solace in its untouched corners. But Lust's unrelenting grip held me fast. Her seductive whispers and promises of pleasure drowned out the faint voice of Chastity, which still lingered in the shadows. Compared to her insistent allure, Chastity's voice seemed like a feeble whisper.

I yearned to break free from Lust's suffocating grasp, to find peace and banish her from my home once and for all. Yet, with each attempt to resist her, it was as though my struggles only fueled her power, making her all the more irresistible. It was an insidious cycle of desire and torment.

The room, once a symbol of purity, had become a battleground, mirroring the inner war that raged within me. I had once again invited Lust into a space where she should never have tread, and once again, it had come at a cost. Even in the face of my self-disgust, I found myself unable to resist her.

No depth of wretchedness could parallel mine.

In the midst of this turmoil, I grappled with my conflicting desires. On one side, there was the yearning for Chastity's embrace, a return to purity and restraint. On the other, the magnetic pull of Lust's dance, with its promises of pleasure and ecstasy. The conflict threatened to consume me entirely, and with each passing moment, I felt myself slipping further into the abyss.

Once again, I confronted the depths of my own depravity before this woman. Once again, my existence crumbled beneath her overwhelming presence. In the eternal dance between desire and purity, I found myself lost, a mere spectator in my own home.