

Inspired by a conversation with @succubus_thorn

Your partner put a finger to your lips as you leant in. They chuckled. "Ah, ah, ah, not yet, pet." They said as they held you back. "I know, I know you want to kiss so bad. But I want to see that you want it, pet."

Their finger had you frozen, staring at them. Their eyes, their lips, which curled into a smile. "That's it. Just stay here, with me. Focused. Look at my lips. You want to kiss them. You want to kiss me." Their words were slipping so effortlessly into your mind.

You could feel the desire to kiss them growing in your mind. The dim light of the room gave them an almost ethereal glow. "Your brain's getting so excited at the idea. Feel it. Feel the need growing. Getting more intense for me, pet. So desperate for a single kiss."

Their smile became a smirk. "But when you do... All that excitement is going to dissolve. It's going to flow into your body. Making you feel so intense, for just an instant, before leaving you blank, and empty for me. Safe in my arms. Mindless and ready for my words."

You were hanging on their every word. Held back by just a finger, as the need to kiss them bloomed and blossomed, filling every part of your mind. "Ready, pet?" They asked. You met their eyes, and they nodded, before slipping the finger down to your chin, guiding you.

And as your lips met theirs, your mind began to short circuit. It felt so good. The softness of their lips on yours was everything, all consuming. The passion felt like electricity between you. And as their lips left yours, you felt yourself draining. Dropping. Sinking.

They held you close as your brain shut down, every muscle going limp in their embrace. The kiss had been perfect. And now you were so blissfully mindless. It was so easy to let go. To give in for them. "That's a good plaything. Now it's time for you to sink deeper."

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