

Your partner had pulled you inside the second you got home, a greedy look on their face. "I've been waiting for you to get back. I just... I started thinking about getting you off and I... I couldn't get it out of my head." They were pulling you deeper into the house.

You raised an eyebrow. "Don't want to eat fi-" They cut you off with a finger to your lips, smirking at you.

"Nah, we can eat later. I have a fucking need." They paused, meeting your gaze. "It's not my fault you brainwashed me to be a desperate needy thing."

You spotted an opening, and opened your mouth, only for them to silence you with that same finger pressed to your lips. "Shh. No, I'm in control tonight." They slipped the finger into your mouth, which you began to suck on, eagerly, as they pushed you onto the couch.

"Actually, how about you drop for me?" Your mind went blank. It had already been sidetracked by their finger in your mouth, but now there was no thinking. Just mindlessness. "I didn't say stop sucking, toy." They said, moving their finger, causing you to start sucking it again.

"There we go. That's so much better. Gosh, I know, I know, you've got a superiority complex about winning, but this is winning, for both of us." You could see their logic. "I get to taste you, and you get pleasure. So what's not to love? Just keep sinking deeper, sweetie."

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