

Choke Cherry

“Aww, *another* kiss? So soon?” The cherry dryad leans in close, her glossy red lips curving upwards in a smile. “Are you *suuuure*?”

You whimper, squirming, writhing. But her fingers are around your neck, an ever-present reminder, and you know what happens when you open your mouth...

“I mean...” She puts a finger to those plump lips. Her eyes glimmer a pretty green with streaks of pink. Her short, curly hair is a brilliant wine-red. “I suppose, if you *reeeally* want me to...”

No... not another...

“P-Please,” you gasp out desperately, “I c-can't—”

Her fingers dart in and pop another liquor-soaked cherry past your lips. “*Good* cutiepie,” she coos, as you squeal, struggle.

And before you can try to resist swallowing it, even as that sweet, intoxicating liqueur starts to dissolve on your tongue and fill you with tingling silliness, she takes you in another deep kiss.

You are swallowed in pure pleasure as her *unspeakably* soft lips meet yours. Her lips are sticky with nectar, drugged with cherry sweetness, and her happy little moans fill your head like white noise. Her tongue slips inside and guides yours, pushes the dissolving cherry down your throat even as its flavors explode onto your tongue. The cherry was basically more toxin than fruit.

You try to fight. But her fingers are still around your neck.

And the kiss feels so good. So sweet. So *perfect*. Her lips are better than air.

She sucks daintily on your upper lip, and you mewl, wriggling with pleasure...

She pulls away with a wet, slick *pop* and smirks down at you. “*Theeere* we go! There’s a good, good, perfect *stupid* pet~!”

You whimper. She speaks with so much sweetness that even her insults make your heart flutter. She’s just so sweet, so pretty, so...

... no, *no*, you can't, you *mustn't*! You *know* what cherry wine dryads do with their fruits and their kisses, you *know* the crush isn't real, but...

... but she's so *beautiful*...

... couldn't it be real?...

No. No, it's the drugs, it's the kisses, it's the...

Her eyes sparkle, and her fingers tighten slightly. "I see those naughty thoughts, silly," she purrs. "But you know what happens when I squeeze here, don't you?"

Her grip climbs until she's pushing up your chin.

"Don't you~?"

"G-Gone," you choke out helplessly.

And suddenly you can't remember what was frightening you.

And the gorgeous, adorable pretty girl smiles sweetly once again, stroking your hair. "*Gooooood* little cutie," she gushes. "So good for your new *girlfriend*!"

You whimper.

"Now..." Her eyes glitter as she withdraws another vivid, unnaturally red cherry from the bubbling pot and holds it up before your eyes. She licks those luscious red lips. "Are you ready for your next *dose*, baby?"

There are still dozens of cherries in the jar.

You hesitate. A part of you feels scared to fight, but... but she'll understand, won't she? She's so sweet, so pretty, and—and surely you must have done something to make her pin you down like this, surely you must have wanted it, surely you must deserve her fingers around your neck...

... surely your *crush* will understand that you can't handle any more of her wonderful poison...

You gulp, then whimper, shaking your head no.

Her eyes sparkle. "Oh? Aww, do you need some more... *encouragement*?"

Encouragement.

Recognition sparks in you.

You squeak, shaking your head desperately even as those fingers start to *tighten*. No, no, please, *please*, not *another*—not *again*—

She leans in close until her lips are brushing your ear. “It sounds,” she coos, “like you need...”

mwah~ 

“... another *niiice*... *deeeep*... *kiss*~!”