

“Mmm, plaything.” Your partner said, walking in, looking stunning. Well, they always looked good. Tonight they looked, gorgeous. Their outfit suited them perfectly, they had put in so much effort, and it showed. “You’ve been very good. Sitting, waiting for me to be ready.” They said.

They cupped your chin, looking you in the eye, making your mind stumble, and sink. “Letting me take my time to make sure I look as good as possible.” You were practically drooling. They looked so good. You wanted them. You needed them. But your brain was too docile to act.

“And now, now that you’re so needy, just from the sight of me...” They paused, standing up straight, towering over you. “We’re going out, sweetie. Yes, that’s it. Dinner tonight.” Your heart caught. You... You had to wait? But- that was their decision. You would obey.

They smiled again. “And you’re going to be so desperate for me. So needy, whilst we have our food. You don’t get to act on it.” They held their hand up, correcting themselves. “Well. I’m sure you could tell me how gorgeous, and beautiful I am. That’ll do nicely.”

Their smile widened. “But you don’t get to make yourself feel good. You just get to be more turned on, until we get home. And then...” They leant back down, and planted a kiss on your forehead.

“Then, maybe, you can undress me with more than your eyes. If you’re lucky.”

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