

“Well, honey? What do you want?” You felt flustered. They were so close. So hot. So into you. You tried to avert your eyes. Tried looking elsewhere. They reached forwards, tucking a finger under your chin, and pulling your gaze back to theirs. Your blush grew.

But their touch felt good. Their eyes were boring into yours. You didn’t want to look away. You just wanted to stare. To sink. “I- I want to drop...” You said, weakly.

Their smile widened. “That can be arranged.” They said, leaning in.

You leant in to. As your lips met, you felt a spark of something, a memory, or a suggestion landing in your mind. The feeling tangled in your thoughts, causing them to slow, then stumble. You blinked as they pulled away, mind suddenly foggy. “There you go, toy.”

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