

“Fuck me, toy... I want you.” Your partner said, their voice tinged with need. Their eyes roamed over you, lingering occasionally, before tearing their gaze away, turning their back on you, walking across the room, with a sigh. “We shouldn’t. We really need to get going.”

You held your hands up, trying to offer some level of reassurance. “We should.” You agreed. You were going to be late at this rate, although their scent, hanging in the air made you want to throw yourself at them, to feel their touch, to be lost in their power.

They looked from you, to the door, and back to you, then down at their watch. A soft, longing growl rose in their throat “Fuck. I can indulge myself for ten more minutes.” They strode back across the room, one hand pressing you to the wall. You gasped.

Their eyes were boring into yours. “That’s it, toy. I want you, and I can have you. That’s the agreement. Whenever I want, however I want.” Their free hand cupped your chin, holding your face still. Not that you were going to look away from their eyes.

When they were this close, there was so little you could do to stop yourself from melting, and drifting, down into the mindlessness that their power brought you. You felt your body sag into lethargy. Their hand on your chin was the only thing holding you up.

Their smile widened. “Yeah, I get to use you, toy.” Their hand on the wall moved, down, tugging your trousers down. “*Blank.*” They said, snapping their fingers. Your eyes unfocused, your thoughts spaced out. They trailed kisses down your neck, as they sank to their knees.

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