

I'm the voice in your head. You don't hear from me often. I'm not the normal voice you hear. I'm something new. My words flutter around your skull as you try to figure out who I am despite me telling you exactly who I am. How can the voice in my head sound different? How can I have a conversation with it? I'm listening to myself. You are also questioning yourself. I'm not the bad voice in your head. I'm not going to give you a nagging feeling something is wrong. I'm not going to bring up some random humiliation. I'm going to be helping you feel good. I'm going to help you relax. You deserve it after working such a hard day. You agree since you are the one imaging me. What do I look like to you? Am I a blonde with blue eyes and large breasts? Do I have dyed pink hair and covered in tattoos? Maybe I'm purple or have wings. There is no wrong to way to picture me. I'm the voice in your head, afterall. Get a clear vision of what I look like. Match the voice to the image in your head. Do you have it?

...Very good. Reach your hand under your shirt. Touch your torso. Run your fingers along your skin. Feel yourself under your own touch. Those fingers feeling the expanse of skin hidden by a shirt. Imagine they are my slender fingers touching you. Caressing your skin. Worshiping your body like it's an idol of some long forgotten religion. Those are my hands teasing you. Touching you everywhere except where you want. Your arousal building as I straddle your hips, enjoying the feeling of you underneath. Loving how your body molds into my touch. Our faces inches from each other, sharing the same oxygen. Look into my eyes as I run my hands over your chest. What color are they?...Keep looking into them as my face gets closer to yours. My lips are barely an inch from yours. I have you leaning into my touch as my fingers dance across your most sensitive parts. Your nipples hardened over the ghost of a touch. My warm breath on your lips before I lean in and kiss them. My lips are so soft, aren't they?

...Pretty full lips colliding with yours, your hands moving to my hips. I slap them away. I didn't give you permission to touch me. You've always had a thing for women who can take control. You put your hands down and melt into my kiss. You moan as my hands find a particularly sensitive part that you weren't expecting. Lips working together in tandem, my hips starting to grind down against yours, my hands staying in contact with your bare skin. The more we kiss, the wetter I get. The more I want you. I think to myself how hot you look like this. I play your body like a musician plays an instrument. I know your body just like the sun knows to rise in the sky. You are starting to breathe heavier, little moans you are unaware of escaping from your lips the more I tease you, the more I avoid touching you where you want. That need starting in your groin becomes harder to ignore. You are silently begging me whether or not you realize it.

Time begins to fade away. The only thing is the feeling of me on top of you. My weight is a grounding force as we kiss, our bodies becoming one. You are keeping your hands to yourself, despite how badly you want to touch me. But you are good. You can be patient and wait for permission. That's how you get what you want. The more I rub against you, the more frantic my kisses get. My own desire for you growing with every rock of the hips. You're meeting my friction, feeling the warmest of my hands touching you, and you wish to ask me to touch you where you are throbbing but that means breaking away from my lips. It seems like a sin to stop kissing me at this moment in time. You come to realize that it is futile to try to get what you want when you want when I'm here. The thought shouldn't be as freeing as it is. You sink into the moment. The rest of the world is becoming blurry because the woman on top of you is demanding all your attention, all your focus. Who are you to deny her it when she so clearly commands you. Giving your submission to her, giving your submission to me, it is as easy as breathing air. Once you accept that, I back off for a second and tell you to tell me where you want my hands. So I ask you, where do you want my hands?

...That is where my hands move to. They go lower, dipping into your pants. I reach past your underwear. A small barrier to get what I want. In my hand I have proof of your arousal. It makes me smile. You want me just as badly as I want you. I get wetter somehow. I worry about the stain I'm leaving on your leg but you don't seem to mind. You're just happy that I'm touching you. I start off nice and slow. A featherlight touch, still teasing you. A wicked gleam in my eye, I go in for another kiss. I whisper in your ear how amazing you feel against my fingers. You shudder underneath me, involuntarily bucking into my touch. I smirk, kiss your neck, and then look you in the eyes. You are still being good for me, keeping your hands to yourself. I watch them clench and unclench. It is taking everything you have to not grab me. You want to feel me but that isn't the name of this game. If you break the rules then you might not get to orgasm. That would be worse than death at this point.

I praise you. I watch you light up with praise. You love when the dominant is gentle with you, treats you like a treasure, something precious meant to be protected. I tell you how good you are for me and you shudder. I lean down again, another way to tease you. My hand never stopping, my lips mere inches from yours. I don't lean down all the way to kiss you though. Yet another tease. Another torture. I want to drag this and I'm having too much fun. You consider risking touching me so that you can feel my lips against yours. You want to taste me again. No. It's not a want. It's a need. Burning you from the inside out. Just then I speed up.

You arch your back and moan. It sounds like it was ripped out of you and I chase you back down, finally kissing you. You eagerly accept it. I compliment you. Tell you how good you look with my hand down your pants. I tell you how badly I want you, how wet I am for you. I confess how good your body feels against mine, that every time you touch me it feels like an electric spark shooting through my body. This makes you get closer. Closer than you thought you would be. Not enough to cum, but you can feel it. Knowing how badly I want you, being aware of how desperately I need you, it makes you feel good. Your pleasure building. I keep our lips locked, I keep touching you, exploring your body with the hand not between your thighs. I start to grind down against you in earnest. Breathy moans in your ear. I'm getting us both off. I can't deny my own arousal at this point. I'm so wet and I need something to take the edge off. It's not going to be you, you know this. You are doing what you are told. You consider it a privilege to have this much of an effect on me. You consider it an honor that I'm willing to get off while touching you. I tell you to look at my pussy. See how wet I am. I say "look what you do to me" as I start to go faster.

Another moan echoes in the room. Neither of us are sure if it was from you or me. Your body is starting to move erratically. You are getting warm. Sweat is beading across my forehead as I keep stroking my clit. I'm playing with myself and I'm matching that speed to the speed which I'm getting you off. Our orgasms are building together. Our bodies work as one to bring the other pleasure. My voice gets whinier, more high pitched, as I praise you again. I tell you you are taking everything I give you so well. I then ask if you think you can cum at the same time as me. You nod your head yes, not trusting your voice to not come out shaky and pathetic. I lean down and kiss you. I decided that we are both going to cum while we kiss. I want to swallow your moans and keep them to myself because you are my treasure. Your moans, your pleasure, your orgasms, your everything belongs to me. You gave it to me with a smile on your face. Now you are getting you rewards for being such a well behaved submissive for me. I whisper in your ear to cum for me as my own orgasm rockets through me. I can't help it, I wasn't aware of how close I was. That's enough to send you over the edge. Feeling me cumming on top of you, you let go and cum from my touch. We are still kissing, the touches getting slower, the wet noises of sex slowly coming to stop. My hips have come to a stand still and your chest is rising and falling with veracity. I smiled. I tell you I love you. It makes you heart swell. I ask if you want to cuddle. You look at me like that is a stupid question and pull me against your body. I rest on top of you, scratching your arm. You are making cute happy noises. I kiss your nose. Tell you how cute you are. Then it fades away. The world comes back. Reality sets in. And just like that, I'm gone too.

~ Inclusivity Stuff ~

Body Parts Mentioned: hand, torso, fingers, skin, chest, lips, hips,

Included: Voice in your head, mind fuckery, fantasy describing

Fantasy Includes: Kissing, teasing, gentle femdom, l-bombs, GFE, mutual orgasms, hand stuff, masturbation, grinding, body worship, slight religious imagery, and cuddling