

The door slams closed behind me from its own weight. Old buildings tended to have doors like that, but I've grown used to it. It may have been jarring and loud after first moving in, but now? It was just another sound blending into my daily routine. Rote muscle memory follows, shifting and locking the door, hanging up my keys next to it right afterwards. It had been an extraordinarily long day today. Work was killer and the drive home was usually even worse. A yawn bubbles up and outwards from my stomach, filling the quiet empty room.

"Yaawwwwwwn! Ugh..." I groan and reach my paw beneath the lamp shade nearby, fumbling with the switch. That is... until a shape shifts and moves past the lip of the lamp shade's rim. My eyes narrow and focus past the dark din, blowing out a breath as my finger hangs just against the switch, light just a click away. My blood's gone cold, my heart has stopped for a beat. Just a beat before light returns. Not the warm glow of a LED mimicking the heat of a halogen bulb. No. A bright red band. A purple band. Alternating one over the other, again and again. Small, delicate halos flowing over each other. Trapping me, ensnaring me in their luminescent, illustrious light. The only light in the room. Like a moth to a flame, I'm pulled closer. Past the lamp, further from the door, deeper into my den. So... pretty. So... enticing.

"Aww, is someone tired~? You'll need a cuddle, won't you? I certainly do." A voice purrs, teasing and amused. Playing with my emotions and causing a heat to stir in my cheeks during such a cold November night. Red, purple, red, purple. So bright, so easy to follow. His face comes into being, emerging from the darkness as the shadows around him seem to fade and dissipate, illuminated by his glowing, incandescent orbs. They've become almost entirely red now. The purple flash was simply a trick of the light, reflecting his purple coloration. His hair, the stripes along his white body. A sylveon with a sly, devious grin. His teeth are just barely visible, glinting against the warming rays of his own eyes.

"Come, give me a hug, won't you?" The sylveon growls out, unable to suppress the heat in his voice. That penetrating, flaring heat that burns against my mind. The ribbons just barely visible above his eyes snatch outwards, gripping the back of my head. There's barely any strength or force behind them. He doesn't need it nor wants to expend it. I give myself onto him, craving that captivating glow. Closer, closer. Until my eyes are nearly against his. I'm shivering. Quivering from how close I am to those eyes. Those cozy, warm pits of red that completely encapsulate my being, everything I want to be. Everything he wants me to be. Needs me to be. For him. For Master. I barely notice his tongue prodding against my lips, sliding inwards as easily as his probing, intruding whispers. Small, gentle, breathless gasps trickling between my ears as my head is slowly encased in his ribbons. Words imprinted on my mind as my head is swallowed by his coiling, tight ribbons.

My eyes lid, so heavy and sleepy. I don't notice the languid, roping ribbons wrapping around me. They flow out from behind the sylveon prodding and curling his tongue around my own, lazily dancing in the air. Slow, gentle strokes through the space around us, slithering against my fur. They weave around me, pressing in tightly, forcing out what few slivers of breath I manage between Master's lips. I'm ensnared in his eyes, in his ribbons, in his own intrusive thoughts worming through the folds of my mind. Pressing out what few emotions still lingered in

my own mind. Vacancies made themselves known, making room for whatever thoughts that Fruit desired. It didn't matter to me anymore. It didn't matter that I could feel my form molding and twisting. Changing and melding with each pass of his tight, twisting coils around my body. It was so much easier to let the tension in my muscles dribble out between the slips of space through his ribbons. Such smooth, comfortable ribbons for me to relax inside of.

Our lips part, just for a moment. His eyes burrow deep into my own, seeking past the glossy, glassed shine of my pupils. Probing the empty, content pools of my soul. His grin widens, finding nothing but his own influence. A slow, growing haze of red crawling over my gold eyes. That trademark spiral of his, trapped behind my eyes. My breath escapes in a gasp from my smiling maw, barely seen between the coiled ribbons around my head. Around my body. So tight, so cozy, so comforting.

"So, what to do with a pretty thing like you~?" His words dribbled between my ears, igniting that fiery heat as before. I'm so slack, supported only by his tight ribbons, holding me just inches above the ground. I'm above the Slyveon, but always below. A blank canvas for him to use. So pretty. So blank. Empty. Malleable.

"P-pretty..." Fruit cackles and turns about on his paws, clicking the locks on my door. My glossy, unfocused eyes watch, uncaring to my own fate as he steps out into the night, glancing back ever so often with those p-pretty.. B-bright... e-eyes... His lips part one last time as the ribbons cover my eyes. I can still see the p-pretty... glowing light behind my eyes. Pulsing with each affectionate squeeze of his bobbing, dancing ribbons. S-so... p-pretty...