

“Here you go, my love. Just take a bite.” Your partner offered you the fork, laden with cake to you. It looked and smelled incredible. You slid it into your mouth. It was delicious. Rich, and moist and... You swallowed. They took the fork back, smiling at you.

“How do you feel?” They asked, as you blinked, suddenly feeling slightly dizzy. The suggestion was working well. “Want another bite?” You paused, trying to focus on them. But after a moment, you nodded, it was delicious, you wanted more. You took another mouthful.

As you swallowed it, the dizzy feelings multiplied, and your thoughts turned to treacle. Your body felt weak. Another forkful of cake was offered up. You tried to centre your thoughts. “Open, toy.” Their voice was irresistible. You opened your mouth, and took the cake.

You could barely tell what was happening anymore. It felt like you were wrapped in the most comfortable blanket. You heard the clatter of the fork on the plate, and then felt your partner’s hands under your shirt. It felt good. Really good. You giggled.

As you tried to remove your shirt, to help them get access to your naked form, they tutted, and slid their hands back, pressing your hands into the sofa. “Nuh-uh, toy.” They said, straddling you. Pinning you beneath them. “You just be a good toy and sit there, okay?”

You couldn’t resist. Their hand came up to your chin, nodding your head for you in acceptance, before they planted a kiss on your lips. “That’s my good little hypnotically drugged up plaything. No resistance. Just submission and bliss. Now, let’s see how good we can make you feel.”

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