

"Plaything, come here, kneel before me." your hypnotist said, beckoning you over, pointing down at the floor. You moved swiftly, and obediently, from where you had been standing, waiting for their commands. "Good pet, now, put your elbows to the floor, curl up."

Once again, you did, bending over so that your elbows and forearms were on the floor, as well as your knees. They took a moment, and slid their chair forwards, closer to you. "Freeze, toy." They said, snapping their fingers. You body locked in place, relaxing toward the floor.

With that, they placed their boots on your bare back, relaxing in their chair, opening their book back up. "That's it. I don't need you as a servant, or a person today, plaything. I just need an object. Something I can put my feet up on. And you'll do for that, won't you?"

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