

Your moans were slowing, as your partner's hips slowed, coming down from their climax. They reached down, taking hold of your chin, one hand supporting them on the pillow next to you. "You're such a good sex toy, honey." They said, looking into your glassy stare.

Those words sent a shiver of pleasure down your spine, but frozen in place as you were, you couldn't move to escape that shiver. So, it kept travelling. A light tingle of delight, moving around and around your body. Your partner sat back up, basking in their afterglow.

"I'm glad you chose to bring this up. I had no idea that using you as an object could be so fun. But it is. It's so easy. You're so fucking easy to play with. Right, time for round two. Go." They snapped their fingers. Your hips started moving, letting the tingle escape.

As your body found its almost mechanical rhythm, your partner slipped a finger into your mouth. "Suck, toy. As your hips met theirs in delicious harmony, your head began to bob up and down, taking their finger in and out of your mouth." This was what you wanted.

There was no guesswork. They had control. They had the power. You just obeyed. You just did what you were told. It was so much simpler as their sex toy. Their plaything. Their hypnotised, brainwashed puppet. And it felt so good to hear their pleasure.

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