

Your partner pushed you back onto the bed, and straddled you, a triumphant look on their face. "Oh, I have been looking forwards to this, toy." It had been a couple of weeks since you got two play, you had both been missing it. You were also looking forward to this.

"I have been keeping track of every bit of sass you gave me." Oh. "Every bratty moment, for the last two weeks." Oh no. You hadn't been good at holding your tongue recently. You had been needy! It wasn't your fault. They looked down at you, malicious intent on their face.

"You've been writing a cheque, sweetie. And now, I'm going to cash it in." You've been demonstrating so much self-control, toy." You hoped it wouldn't be too high. How bad could it be? "Wilful disobedience." Maybe, what, twenty, thirty times? "Ninety-eight times."

Fuck. That was more than you had expected. What were they going to do to you? "So how about being fractionated ninety-eight times?" Oh. That sounds good. "That won't be too bad, will it? Or maybe you'll be reduced to a drooling mess by the end of it?"

They gave you an alluring look. You couldn't wait to find out. "And then..." They reached over to the side table and picked up your favourite paddle. "Ninety-eight hits. To make sure the message sinks in." You felt anticipatory arousal flooding you. This was going to be fun.

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #punishment #hypnoticcouple #brattaming