

"Oh, come on, thrall." Your dominant said, looking down at you. "I know... I know, you want to worship me. But I don't think you deserve to yet. Do you think I'd let a pathetic creature like you worship my divinity?" You kept your eyes averted, you hadn't been told to look.

They laughed. "All I ask is that you do exactly what I want. Maybe you'll prove yourself worthy. In fact... No, I know what you could do." They snapped their fingers, the signal to look at them. As you did, taking in their divine beauty, their grace, your mind began to crumble.

Just looking at them was enough to make your submissive urges grow stronger. "Beg to be allowed to worship at the feet of the divine, thrall." They said. Their word was law.

"P-please, Goddex, please let me worship you, pl-" Their slap interrupted your words.

They laughed as they spoke, you didn't know if it was at you. You didn't care. You wanted to make them happy. "Do you think that please is enough? Do you think that I asked you to plead? I commanded you to beg!" Their hand held your chin, as they stared into your eyes.

You felt weak, mindless, hopelessly helpless. But you managed to find some words. "I'm your good thrall. I'll do anything that you require of me. Anything that you wish. If you were to let me worship you it would make me so grateful, Goddex." You were still looking at them.

They pressed a finger to your lips, silencing you, smiling cruelly. "Oh, I suppose that'll do, thrall." They leant down, and planted a kiss on your forehead. "You look so fucking hot when you're like this, you know that? Well, you have pleased your Goddex, you may worship."

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #worship #divinity #begging