

“And stop touching, plaything.” You let out a groan, but obeyed, making your partner laugh. “What? You beg me to take control, and then start complaining when I exercise it? No. I gave you the pleasure for a purpose. Because pleasure is obedience.”

As they said those last words, a ripple of pleasure ran up your spine. A smirk crossed over their lips as they looked at you. “And I’m going to show you that the opposite is true. Obedience is pleasure.” They beckoned, and pointed to the floor. “On your hands and knees, toy.”

You had meant to tell them no. That you wouldn’t just give in. But much to your surprise, your body hadn’t got that message. You were on the floor before them before you could comprehend what you were doing. But what followed was more surprising. A rush of pleasure.

It moved up your spine, and then radiated outwards, making your limbs flex slightly as the bliss echoed through your muscles. “Good toy. Now, stay there for me.” They put their feet up on your back, and reached over to pick up their book.

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #control #furniture #obedience