

“And, ten. Up, sweetie. Out of trance for me.” Your partner was smiling at you, as they wiped away one of the tears still clinging to your cheek. That had been a very intense scene. A mixture of intelligence play, impact, and general hypnotic fuckery had you feeling delicate.

“You did so well for me, my love. You followed every instruction, every direction. You’re such a good sub.” They opened their arms, giving you the space to fold yourself around them. “How are you feeling? Was that alright?” They let their words hang, you had time to answer.

“I- mmm...” You blinked a few times, thoughts still getting back up to speed. “It was wonderful – the pathetic comment came at just the right time. Hit my brain perfectly. The tears were – I’m sorry about those.” You sniffled, and they pulled you closer.

“You don’t need to apologise for your tears, love. We’re playing with some heavy emotions. Pleasure and pain, both physical and emotional, all sort of revolve around one another in this space. You did really well.” They planted a kiss on your forehead, and held you tightly.

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