

Bill me



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These knots beckon your soft touch
I need my therapy
The one which starts with a silent conversation
When I feel you talking with your physical gestures
“Lay back on the chair”
That's what your body tells me
All I can do is listen
Wanting to obey you
Being submissive never felt this good
I'm your patient, your student, your willing victim
How can I not be when you do it so well?
So well that you can bill me for the only therapy I know

Do you take credit?

