

"Now, sweetie, I know you can't look away from my eyes. All you can do is obey." Your partner said, pushing you back into the chair. "So you just stay right there, and keep your eyes on me. Let yourself sink, and drift for me. You don't need to think. Not right now."

They straightened up, smirking down at your bare body in the chair. "All you can do is sink, and obey. Touch yourself. Slowly." They said, stepping away, eyes still focused on you. Your hands moved obediently, one tracing over your nipples, the other sliding between your legs.

You let out a small gasp as you began to pleasure yourself. It felt so good to do what you were told. "That's it, toy." Your partner said, squatting, looking up at you from between your legs. "It feels so good to obey. Do I look good down here? Beneath you?"

They were smirking, even as they said it. "It doesn't matter. I'm never beneath you, not really. Not when your mind is so easily warped to my will. Touch faster. Make yourself feel good for me." Again, obediently, your hand between your legs sped up.

"There we go. And each movement takes you deeper. Pulls you deeper into me. Look at my body, toy." Your eyes slid down them as they turned, showing themselves off from behind, on their knees. Don't look away. The pleasure you're feeling is obedience."

They stood up again, turning to face you. "And stop touching." You met their gaze again, the pleasure felt so good. You were so needy. But your hands weren't under your control right now. Your partner smirked as you stopped touching. "That's right, puppet. You can only obey."

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #control #pleasure #obedience