

“Honey, you’ve really got to be more gentle with yourself.” Your partner said, one hand on your wrist, gently providing you with their touch. “It didn’t work, that’s alright.” You met their gaze, frustration and arousal still billowing through your mind. “Do you want to breathe with me?”

Their question hung in the air between you. You considered it for a moment, before nodding. “Y-yeah. Yeah, I need to. Thank you, my love.”

They smiled, and leant in, planting a soft kiss on your shoulder. “It’s okay. Okay, focus on me, and breathe in.”

You met those gaze as you took the breath in. Familiarity slipping over you. You had done this hundreds, thousands of times before. As you both breathed out, you felt your eyelids drooping, then your body followed suit. Your partner caught your shoulder.

“Do you want to talk? Or do you want to sink, and we can talk later?” Concern crossed your partner’s face.

You smiled, the frustration you had been feeling at the unreleased pleasure fading away. “I’m happy to continue to sink. We can talk later.”

They smiled back at you, eye contact becoming slightly more definite. You knew what that meant, your thoughts began to muddle. “That’s it. So easy to sink and slip. Back down into trance. Where I can play with your mind. Make you my good, obedient toy.”

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