

The party was just getting started. Your partner met your gaze. "You ready? You sure about this?" They asked.

"Yeah. I want this. Tonight I'm free to use." You said, squeezing their hand reassuringly.

Nodding, they reached forwards, and brushed a finger down your nose.

"Switch off." The trigger worked quickly. Your mind went blank, your body relaxed slightly, you felt so very agreeable. You were ready for someone to come up and instruct you. You felt your hypnotist hang your limit card around your neck. And then your awareness fizzled out.

"Switch on." Your awareness returned, you felt sore, in a delicious way. You could feel a mouth between your legs, someone was giving you head. You hadn't stopped moaning. You were vaguely remembering some impact someone had done with you.

And then a finger brushed down your nose. "Switch off." Awareness, and memory faded away. "Switch on." Your mouth was open, sucking on – you couldn't tell if it was a cock or a dildo yet, your brain wasn't aware enough. It just felt good to suck. "Switch off."

"Switch on." The taste of pussy was on your tongue, you savoured it. No one pulled you back into trance. You felt a reassuring presence next to you, your partner. You looped an arm around them and nuzzled into them, as your brain continued to switch back on.

"What time is it?" You asked.

"Eleven thirty." They responded. "Party's winding down. How're you feeling?"

You held up a hand, giving them a thumbs up. "Feeling *goood*!" You said, smiling blissfully, as the memories of the scenes you had done tonight began to fill your brain.

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