

"I- mmm- plea-"

Your hypnotist cut you off with a snap of their fingers and a single word. "Freeze." Your mouth stopped moving as your muscles locked in place. They smirked down at you, frozen, pushed up slightly on the bed, with a look of desperation on your face.

"That's better. Less complaining. You'll get more pleasure when I decide, puppet. But first... I want to use you. And I don't need you getting in the way of that. They knelt up on the bed, slipping their underwear off to reveal their sex. "Just a toy. A statue."

They looked you up and down. "A doll, for my pleasure." They moved up the bed, And straddled your face. They looked down at you between their legs, before taking a hand and forcing your mouth open slightly wider, with a smile on their face. "You look good like this, toy."

As they withdrew their fingers, your tongue lolled out, automatically. A trigger they had set up some time ago. "You're whatever I want you to be, whenever I want you to be. My pleasure is your priority as well as- ahhh..." The taste of them on your tongue was heaven.

"Mine..." As they fucked your mouth, you felt so very powerless. You wanted to help. You wanted to bring them pleasure yourself. But they didn't need that from you. They just needed your body. Your mouth. Your tongue. You were just an object in this instant. And it felt good.

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