

The partygoer looked you over, the revealing outfit, the practiced pose. They smiled, reaching out, gently fondling your ass. Their touch, to your hypnotised mind, felt like heaven. You were one of many pieces of "artwork" on display at tonight's party.

Your dominant had done your makeup, dressed you in the outfit that they wanted you in, and fussed with you until they were happy. And then they had tranced you. Where other exhibits tonight were more mobile, you had three different poses to rotate through.

The one you were in right now gave partygoers easy access to feel you. To touch you. Leaning forwards, into the wall, ass pushed out. Your body couldn't move until someone gave you the command to switch. And then you moved to the next pose.

And eventually the partygoer, satisfied with their inquisitive touches that had left you feeling just a little needy, left. A few minutes later, a familiar voice came from behind you. "Missing my touch, toy?" Your dominant asked. Their hand rubbed up your leg.

You couldn't speak. Objects didn't talk. Not unless told to. But you relished in their touch. It felt better than anyone else's. "Release." They said. The triggers of the evening slipped off you. The aches of posing came back to you, and you sagged into their comforting grip.

"Hey toy." They said, arms wrapping around you, enveloping you. It felt so good to be surrounded by them. They slowly moved you to a nearby couch, holding you close. "Just sink with me. Let your body find relaxation and comfort. That's it. You've been such pretty art tonight."

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #playparty #freezesuggestion #control