

Your partner snapped their fingers. Your eyes opened. You were still before them, kneeling. But something was different as you came out of trance. You weren't thinking as much. They spread their legs, one hand in your head, holding you back as the suggestion took effect.

You could feel the almost magnetic pull of their sex. You leant forwards, as much as their hand in your hair would allow, desperate to pleasure them. They laughed, holding you still for a while. You whined, desperate, and they let go of your hair, as they told you to "go."

Obedience was inevitable. Your head moved between their thighs, thoughts empty except for how best to pleasure them. And it felt so good to give in. Their pleasure was your priority. That was all you could think of. Making them feel good. Their moans sounded incredible.

Their scent was intoxicating. Mixed with your current submissive headspace, where it was hard to think, it was pulling you into an almost primal state of lust. Their legs were wrapped around your back, holding your head between their thighs, making sure you couldn't escape.

But in this moment, there was no part of you that wanted to be free of this. You had no thoughts. Just lust, and a desire to make them feel as good as possible. Their moans were spurring you on, and you needed very little encouragement. You wanted to make them feel so good.

And as you kept going, a part of your brain was savouring each lust filled moment. No thoughts. No concerns. Just their pleasure, growing. Filling them. Their hands were in your hair again, moving you how they needed you, using you exactly how they liked.

You were their toy. Their plaything. In this moment, their pleasure was your entire purpose. And with each breath you took, their scent just fuelled your desire to make them feel that pleasure. You wouldn't stop until they were satisfied. You couldn't. It was your purpose.

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #oral #hypnoticcouple #pleasure