

"Oh, honey. Can you feel yourself melting?" Your partner asked, looking down at you, propped up on one arm. They were so close, all encompassing. Your hands kept on moving. "I do love watching you touch yourself." They said as you gasped. "Keep looking into my eyes."

You refocused your gaze at their command, and they smiled. "That's it. My good little slut. Just stare, and sink into the pleasure. Sink into the bliss. It feels too good to stop. No thoughts in that head of yours anymore, just pleasure." Their words spurred you on.

"I love seeing you like this. Seeing your mind break as all that willpower and self-control melts, and drains down between your legs. It feels so good, doesn't it? You can feel it leaking out already." Their hand brushed your cheek, and in that moment, you felt trapped.

Locked in place, pleasuring yourself as they encouraged you further into this mindless bliss. The rest of the world had faded. Just you and them. And they had all the power here. You were their puppet. Their plaything. Their toy. Totally controlled, and obedient.

"Awh, you really can't stop, can you? I've taken that decision away from you. I've taken your willpower. Your control. You're mine now, sweetie. And I'm going to make you want this more, and more, and more. When you cum, this feeling of bliss will burn into your brain."

You moaned, unable to look away from their eyes, unable to stop touching, as they spelled out your fate. "Each movement of that hand brings you closer to being branded with pleasure. And you can't stop. I'm in control of those hands, puppet. Just like I'm in control of everything."

You could feel the climax approaching. Building up through you. Their leg hooked over your own, spreading your legs wider as your hands kept going. "That's it. I've got you. You're mine. And this is going to pull you deeper into my control. All that willpower, gone."

The edge drew near, and your moans grew louder, you couldn't look away from them. They leant down, planting a kiss on your lips. "Yeah? You wanna cum for me?" They asked. You nodded, desperate. Feverish. "Then cum, baby." You heard them snap their fingers.

The pleasure turned white hot. Your muscles tightened, and then loosened, and then tightened again. Your eyes rolled back, even as you tried to keep eye contact with them. You weren't sure what sounds you were making. But you felt your brain changing.

Being branded. The pleasure was burning itself into your mind. You never wanted this to end. You could feel their arms around you, holding you safe, as you rode out the storm. And slowly, gradually, the pleasure began to sink. Just like you were sinking, into their arms.

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