

“Stop, toy.” Your partner said, snapping their fingers. You felt their control yank you backwards. Like a physical leash had stopped you from moving. They got up from the couch, walking towards you. They lowered the recycling bag in your hand. “I know you’ll be back soon.”

Your body was still stuck, held in place by the pressure of their control. You could feel how weak it made you, how turned on you were getting at their casual power over you. “But I wanted a kiss first. Release.” They snapped their fingers again, and pulled your chin so you faced them.

Their kiss was passionate, as always. Like you hadn’t seen each other for months. It was hot, and blissful. The bag dropped from your hand as they pushed you up against the wall, a smile curling their lips. “I love you. I love that you’re mine. That I can just do this.”

You smiled at their words, pulling them in eagerly for more. They pinned you to the wall beneath them, and for a moment you felt so secure, so safe. Surrounded by them. Engulfed in their love. And then they pulled back. “Okay, okay. Go take the bins out.”

You laughed as they released you. “I will, honey. I love you too.” You met their gaze for a moment, smiling. “You know you could have just asked for a kiss, right?”

Their eyes twinkled as they smiled. “I know, but what’s the point of having triggers if I don’t use them on you?”

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