

“Plaything, toy, my needy little addict. Are you sure about this?” Your hypnotist asked, their honeyed words causing your mind to melt a little. “You’ve made it three days. Are you sure you want a week, following tonight?” They met your gaze, through the screen.

How to put it to them? The last few days of denial had seen you grow ever so needy. Ever so desperate. You were going to see them soon, and you wanted to make sure that you were so overcome with desire that you jumped on them as you saw them.

“Yes. I just think that it would make me more... Appreciative, when we saw each other.” You said.

Their eyes held yours for a few seconds more, before, finally, they grinned. “As you wish, my sweet, pleasure addled plaything. You might regret this, by the end of the week.”

You let out a laugh. “I hope so. I want to be your needy little toy.”

“Oh, I know you do. And you will.” They responded. “Well. That’s okay. We can easily make this happen. When I’m done with you, you won’t be able to touch for the next week.”

They paused, thinking for a second. “No matter how much you want to. And you *will* want to.” You let out a little whine at the tone of their voice. Hinting that this might get more intense than you had imagined. Good. You wanted that. “For now, just focus toy. It’s time to drop.”

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