

You couldn't move. The bindings had you held too tightly. You couldn't see. The blackout lenses blocked all light. And then you had the words of your hypnotist being pumped into your ears, a short loop, focusing on making you more desperate, more aroused, more sensitive.

And with you like this, immobile, blinded, and unable to hear the outside world, their hands were the only thing you could focus on. The only thing you wanted to feel. And they were happy to oblige. Squeezing, rubbing. Your mouth was open, though you couldn't hear your moans.

You were just being wrapped in the desire for more. It had started out gentle. A light touch here, a nail softly dragging against your skin there. But now their hands were so much rougher. Fondling, and grabbing. Squeezing tight every place you had ever wanted.

And you only wanted it to continue. The touches were delightful. The feeling left you so desperate. Every time their hands left, you only wanted them back. You were their blank, obedient toy. An object to be touched, and used. And it was the only thing you wanted to be.

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #sensorydeprivation #arousal #desire