

“Don’t stop touching toy.” Your hypnotist said, smiling down at you as your hands teased pleasure from between your legs. “What am I saying, you can’t stop touching, can you?” Your eyes rolled back as the pleasure overwhelmed more of your thoughts. You didn’t answer.

“But that’s okay. It feels too good to want to stop, doesn’t it, toy? And why would you? Pleasure’s all you need right now. Pleasure’s all that matters. Just keep touching. Just keep sinking. You’re such a good gooner for me, aren’t you? Just get lost in the pleasure of it all.”

Your hips bucked, your mind was blank. Every movement of your hands was another wave of pleasure that pushed more thoughts out of your head. You let out a soft noise, halfway towards a moan, and your hypnotist laughed. “That’s it. Just keep on getting weaker.”

Their own hands were moving over the rest of your body, sending tingling delight spiralling through your nerves. “Because you are getting weaker, toy. Feel all this pleasure. It’s getting engrained in your brain, and when we’re done here, you’re just going to want more.”

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #control #pleasure #gooning