

“Closer, and closer, and closer, toy! Doesn’t that feel incredible? You don’t want this to end, do you?” Your hypnotist said, as you moaned, writing, trapped under the ministrations of their fingers, between your legs, dancing over your body. “Give me *more*.”

Your own hands slid another note from your wallet. They smiled, fingers continuing to move. You had been shown the hard way what happened when you disobeyed. The removal of the pleasure. You didn’t want to experience that again. And it felt so good to give.

“That’s it, my little pleasure junkie. All tangled up in knots because my words, and my hands, make you feel incredible. Each touch, on your body and mind, draws out more pleasure. And pleasure... Pleasure’s addictive.” Their hand started to slowed down.

The bliss began to recede. Immediately, you pulled another note from your wallet. As it hit the floor, their hand sped up again, and the pleasure returned. “There we go toy. It’s so easy. The more you give. The better it feels. We’re going to keep going, until you can’t forget.

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #control #pleasure #findom