

“Awh, toy, you look so cute like this.” Your hypnotist said, sitting up from your face, smiling down at you between their thighs. “All breathless. A little bit hazy.” You tried to collect your thoughts, as the fog of lust that had settled over your mind retreated.

“Such a simple trigger. Just something to make sure you focus, when I need you to. And let’s be fair, your mouth is such a good focal point.” They lowered themselves back down. Your mind switched off, their scent and taste overwhelming you. You had only one thought. One purpose.

Nothing else mattered, just their pleasure. Their moans were the only thing you needed. The way their body trembled, and shook, was bliss. You gave in to it all, mind pushed deeper by every sound they made. They pulled back again, with a shaky laugh.

“I could do this over and over again, just down, and up, and down, and up, all to see the way you look when I come back up, and your eyes roll slightly, your tongue hanging out... You look adorable, my pleasure puppet. Such a good, programmed toy for me.”

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #control #facesitting #pleasure