

Your hypnotist smiled down at you, kneeling before you, as you stared up at them with a blank, glassy stare. They held up their hands in front of you. In their left was a clicker, and in the right was a paddle. "We're going to play a game, my sweet toy. A guessing game."

They put the clicker forward, so it was the object you focussed on. "You just have to guess what comes next. Either the clicker." They clicked the clicker, sending the sound reverberating through your brain. The sound pulled you deeper into that bright, sparkly headspace.

They then leant forwards. "Or the paddle." They said, hitting your thigh with the paddle. It hurt, but not too badly. A dull, thudding pain. "And if you get it right, you get pleasure. You want pleasure, don't you?" They asked. You giggled at the question. It was silly.

Of course you wanted pleasure. That thought popped in, and then burst in your mind, sending a coating of sticky, foggy bliss flowing through you. "That's what I thought." They said. "Okay, let's begin. Guess. Clicker, or paddle?" They held both up to you.

"Umm... C-clicker." You said, the word felt difficult to say.

They smiled. "Good guess, toy." They said, clicking the clicker.

A bolt of pleasure sprang down your spine, spreading through your body, before consolidating in your mind, and between your legs.

"And next?" They asked.

You looked between their hands for a moment. "Paddle." The pleasure was invigorating. You wanted more.

They paused. "Sorry, hon, but no." They clicked the clicker again, the bimbo brain space consumed more of your mind, but there was no pleasure. "Guess again."

"P-paddle?" You said, hoping you were right. They slapped the paddle against your thigh again, harder than before. Your moan was louder this time as the pleasure and pain mixed. They let out a laugh. "Such a good toy for me. Now, guess again."

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