

"You thought you were going to be touching yourself?" Your hypnotist said, laughing at you. "Oh, silly toy. We don't need your hands to make you feel good." They leant forwards, eyes boring into yours. "No. All we need is my voice. Shh, my weak, sleepy plaything."

As they 'Shh'ed you, your mind began to grow hazy, and foggy. They pressed a finger to your lips. "Shh, and drop, and drift." Your eyes rolled up, and then closed, slipping into trance. "Let my voice encircle you. Flooding your mind. Flooding your body."

You felt it, as they said it. Their words entering you. "You don't need to think. You just need to listen, you just need to drop. That's it... And with every word I say, feel yourself becoming more turned on. More aroused. More desperate." As they carried on speaking, you let out a gasp.

The arousal was sudden, but undeniable. A want for more. To touch, to be touched. "The flame of your lust being stoked more, and more intensely. Awh, are you a desperate needy toy? You are, aren't you?" They nodded your head for you, with a single finger beneath your chin.

The agreement just turned you on more. "And now... feel that arousal converging, between your legs. Feel my voice, dancing down there, each word a movement of bliss. Like your pleasure is being drawn out of you. It feels so good, doesn't it, toy?" Your lips parted. A desperate cry.

"Yes, that's it, moan for me." They said, laughing again. "You sound so good like that. Get lost in the sensation of ever-increasing pleasure. You don't need physical stimulation, when my voice can make you feel like this... Sink deeper." Your mind was rolling with the sensations.

Every word they said felt like a pulse of pleasure, washing from your extremities to your core. "More turned on. Closer to the edge. Oh, that's it. You want to cum, don't you? Maybe I'll let you. Maybe. It's up to me. My voice has all the power here, doesn't it?"

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #handsfreepleasure #control #submission