

"Mmm... I love the noises you make when I'm touching you, pet. I want to hear them more." Your hypnotist said, smirking as they leant over you on the bed, reaching a hand up, to wave their fingers before your eyes. Instantly you felt your mind drifting.

"That's it. Just sink, and slip, and slide into trance for me." Their other hand traced idly down your chest, to your belly, and then between your legs. A soft moan crept from your lips as they began to pleasure you. "Fall deeper into bliss with every moment. Every bit of pleasure."

Your eyes slowly closed as you sank deeper into bliss. The pleasure was wrapping around you. Filling your body and mind. Your moans were coming easier now. Falling from your lips like blossoms from a cherry tree. "You sound so beautiful when you're like this pet."

You felt them touch your arm, just above the wrist. "So let's play with how vocal you are. I'm going to move my hand up your arm, in five stages. This is the first. Each time we go up, the pleasure will increase. You'll get more sensitive. Louder for me."

Their hand between your legs slowed for just a moment, before speeding up as they said "two." And moved their hand on your arm upwards, to the middle of your forearm. Instantly you felt the pleasure thrumming through your body. And engine of bliss.

It was instinctual, the noises. Your moans became louder. You felt your muscles tense slightly. And then their hand moved again, to your elbow. "Three." You let out a single, solitary cry, before lapsing into moans again, your breath catching slightly. It felt so intense.

Their control was firmly wrapped around your mind as they moved their hand up again. "Four. Such a good plaything. So many beautiful noises." Your moans cut off for a second as the pleasure ratcheted upwards. Your body tensed, you squirmed beneath their touch.

They laughed. "Awh, is it too much?" Their hand moved up again. "Five. No cumming. Just pleasure." Your mind almost burned with pleasure. Your mouth was open, a long, constant scream of bliss, as all the feelings cascaded through you. Your eyes opened, looking up at them.

They were smiling, continuing to touch, and tease. "That's it. You're all mine. My little instrument to play. To make sweet music on. You're such a good pet. But let's bring it down now." They slid their hand back down your arm, and the intensity lowered. "One."

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