

"Awh, sweetie. What's wrong?" Your hypnotist asked as you let out a soft moan, body trembling. Their fingers danced gently down. Over your chest. Between your legs. Your moan elongated, becoming louder as the pleasure of their touch skyrocketed.

They smiled down at you. "Well, is something wrong? What do you want, toy?"

You- you wanted to cum. you wanted this pleasure to reach a crescendo. You had to cum. You needed to cum. You opened your mouth, but the only word you found on your lips was "More."

They nodded and continued their touches. Their soft, exploring hands continuing to find more and more gentle ways to deliver you towards ecstasy. "Okay. Well, you just keep telling me what you want, plaything. I'll make sure to give you whatever you ask for."

"More." You tried to ask to cum. "More." You wanted them to make you explode. "More." But none of those words came out. The only word you could say was "More." Interspersed between your moans. And the pleasure just kept on climbing higher.

"Does my good toy want to cum?" They asked. As they looked down on you, your thoughts and mind raced, eager to say yes. But your body wasn't in your control. As your head shook from side to side, your mouth opened once again, to repeat that single, irritating word. "More."

It wasn't fair. You didn't know how, but they had clearly set this up. Your body wasn't obeying you. Your body was telling them that the only thing you wanted was more pleasure. More... It felt good to think about. More. Another moan slipped from your lips. You only wanted more.

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