

Your hypnotist's hand hovered tantalisingly close to your cheek. You wanted to lean in, to finally feel their touch. But your body resisted the urge, the impulse from your brain was blocked by their control, firmly holding your body still. Their touch was so close.

It was all you wanted. You knew what their touch brought. The warm, tingling pleasure. The delightful bliss, radiating out from the point of contact. It was all you could think about. You could almost feel it right then, radiating from their fingers, an inch away from your skin.

But it wasn't really there. Your mind was fixated. The rest of the world had fallen away, still and silent as their hand had gotten closer. And now that it was just beyond your reach, you were left drifting in a state of mindless focus. You heard your hypnotist laugh.

"Silly toy. You've got yourself stuck, haven't you? Trapped in my control. Trapped by your desire for my touch. Your mind is stuck, just as surely as your body. Held still, and controlled. Just where I want you. You want my touch. But you know what happens when I touch you."

Their hand moved, brushing against your cheek. And the bliss enveloped you, as the focus slipped, your mind slipping with it. Sinking into blankness, as the only thing holding your mind together was taken away, and you were lost in the pleasure of their touch.

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