

As the device locked into place between your legs, your hypnotist stared up at you, eyes full of a wicked hunger. "There we go, my sweet little plaything. We're so nearly ready. I've just got to draw a few more pieces of the charm." Their hand pulled back.

As it returned, you felt a few drops of that purple paint land on your skin, before their fingers touched. "Can you feel it? The last few markings, sealing your pleasure away? Locking you into my denial, my bliss, for as long as I desire." The circle was almost complete.

Each line of paint was another layer of fog, coating your brain. "Let's go over it again, as I finish the charm. This spell is going to block the pleasure you feel from your own body, especially the pleasure that flows between your legs." They continued painting.

"All you'll feel is a tingling numbness. So really, there won't be any point to trying to touch yourself, even if you could." They affectionately brushed a finger over the metal between your legs. "So instead, you'll find your mind redirected to my pleasure."

They leant down, planting a few kisses around the circle made by the paint on your skin, before they sat up, placing a hand in the centre of the circle. "Denial makes you a better submissive, my pleasure is your desire, feel this truth quench your fire." They chanted.

And as they finished speaking, the words settled into your mind, flowing through you. A gentle tingling was beginning between your legs, you felt yourself attuned to their desires, their needs. They saw your eyes, roaming over their body, and smirked. "Okay, toy, let's begin."

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