

Your hands were stuck in a loop, between your legs, touching you, pulling you closer, and closer to the edge, then, right as you were about to cum, your brain would switch off. Then you'd come back up, and need to touch more. "Touch, drop, obey, toy." Your hypnotist said.

Your hands were drawing pleasure from wells you didn't know existed. "That's all you need to do. Is touch, and drop, and obey." It felt too good to even think about stopping. Not that you could think. "The more you touch, the more you drop, the more obedient you're being."

That logic tracked. As much as anything did in your head right now. "So, just keep touching. Get lost in the pleasure for me." Your eyes rolled up as you reached the edge, your body went limp, and then came back up. Your mind was so hazy... You only knew to touch.

"That's it... Sink deeper. Drop further." They sounded so pleased with you. "Touch. Drop. Obey. Such a good toy for me. My obedient little pleasure puppet. Helpless to do anything but sink further into pleasure for me. Because it feels too good to stop. Touch, drop, and obey!"

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #pleasure #edgefractionation #submission #control