

“And back up, toy. Awake, aware. Ready to continue.” Your hypnotist said, smirking as they held up the paddle. “How’re you feeling?” They asked.

“Good.” You said. You felt slightly fuzzy still, but that was to be expected. “Could I get some water?”

They nodded, turning away, and grabbing the glass. As they lifted it to your lips, you took a few deep gulps. That felt better. “Right, yeah, now I’m ready.” You said.

Their smirk widened. “Good.” They twirled the paddle, placed the glass down, and then pushed your legs apart.

Their eyes met yours for a moment. Time slowed down. And then the paddle landed against your thigh. Pain flared, radiating out from the impact site. You gasped, mind spacing out at the blissful sting. And then your hypnotist caught your chin, holding you still.

“Number, toy?” They asked. You met their gaze, mind still dazzled slightly. Number?

Fuck. Where had you been? “I... Umm...” It had been above forty. But, how far above? “Forty-six?” You said, uncertain.

They laughed. “Not even close, toy. Which means you get another twenty.”

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