

“Awh, honey, you look so cute like this!” Your hypnotist cooed down at you, as they leant over your naked form on the bed. Their face swam above you as you struggled to focus. Their hand, eagerly teasing between your legs, kept on wiping every thought you had away.

“On the edge, unable to cum, just blank, and brainless. A pleasure puppet for me to play with.” They lowered themselves, looking intensely into your eyes. Their gaze felt like the only fixed point in the world right now. Everything else was immaterial before the pleasure.

It was almost dream like – a floaty, soft, cloudy haze of bliss that you existed within. Just their eyes, just their touch. You were drifting along, pulled ever deeper into their power. Your self-control was draining away, between your legs. And it felt incredible.

Each movement of their hand sent sparks through your brain, shutting down more and more of your capacity to think. And why would you need to think? You just needed them. As if to drive that point home, their hand began to pull away. Instantly, things became sharper.

The world began to return to you. The lights of the room were harsher. Your thoughts crept back in. You didn’t want that. You let out a soft, pleading moan, and their hand returned.

“Awh, was that mean of me? Sorry toy. It’s okay. I’m right here. You’re all mine.”

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #pleasure #bliss #edging