

There had been no context. Just a voice note that your hypnotist had sent you. Finally, you pressed play, and their words enveloped you. "I want to feel you, toy." There was a lust in their tone that you had only heard occasionally. It... Stirred something within you.

"Hungry. Desperate. Clawing at me with a desire that you didn't know you had in you." You let a hand slip between your legs. You were allowed to touch, just not to cum. "A need for pleasure that can't be sated on your own." You closed your eyes, picturing it.

"I want you begging and whimpering, until your brain takes over and decides that it needs pleasure and that I'm the means for you to get it." That was... *Mmm*, your mind was slipping into trance as their words continued to wrap around your brain.

"I want to hear your satisfaction as you finally break. When pleasure finally rules you, truly rules you, taking control, directing your every action." You wanted to feel that. You knew it might happen. That you might find yourself drawn to them, desperate for more.

"I know you might be touching yourself to these words and that is... Exactly what I want." They laughed, softly. Teasingly. Knowingly. Your hand between your legs didn't slow down. It couldn't slow down. "I love knowing that I'm fuelling the fire of your denial."

They paused, and you could picture them, imagining you. You hoped that they were touching themselves. "Especially because I know that I'm not there right now. That we won't see each other for a few days." You let out a soft whine at the truth of their words.

"That you get all this time to just... Wait. Unable to cum. Hypnotically teased and denied. Enjoy your edges, my sweet pleasure puppet." You placed the phone on your pillow, mind fading into the mind blanking pleasure, and just let your fantasies direct you. You couldn't wait.

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #pleasure #desire #denial