

“Oh, now I’m not sure pet, do you deserve to cum?” Your hypnotist smiled gently down at you, as you moaned up at them, mind lost in the throes of pleasure. They giggled. “I mean, you don’t get a say in it. Not that you can say much right now...”

They reached down, tracing a thumb across your cheek, tenderly, before pushing you back onto the bed, reaching down with their other hand, slipping it between your legs, and adding to the pleasure. “Awh, sweetie.” They said, as your moans grew louder.

“I know, it feels so good, doesn’t it? Each ripple of pleasure is a drop of bliss onto that blank, weak mind. Just get lost in it, toy. You don’t need to think about cumming, or about edging. I’ve got everything in hand. Your mind. Your sex. Your pleasure.”

Their hand sped up, and your hips bucked, desperate, eager for more. They laughed. “Oh, honey, you’re so eager for me to wipe more and more of your mind away, with more pleasure. It’s okay. I get it. You like things that feel good. So you want more of them.”

Their hand slowed down, and you squirmed, moans falling thick and fast from your lips. “Even if you shouldn’t have them. Even if they aren’t good for you. Even if they’re damaging that weak, impressionable brain. You just keep wanting more, and more, and more!”

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #pleasure #obedience #addiction