

"You're going to touch yourself, toy." Your hypnotist said, watching you, eagerly. "You're going to edge. I want you desperate, and needy, and helpless for me. Understand?" You nodded, and they smiled. "Good. And as you touch... As you edge..."

They paused, still looking at your naked form. "With every bit of pleasure you feel, you're going to sink deeper into the control I weave around you. My words will grow more powerful. Now, begin." You hesitated, smiling back at them. "Well? What are you waiting for?"

You locked eyes with them, and they raised an eyebrow, quizzically. "I told you to start. So make yourself feel good for me, toy."

Again. You hesitated. "This feels like a trap." You said.

They laughed. It started as a bark of laughter, before becoming peals of mirth.

It took a while to subside. "A trap? Oh, my sweet, stupid, slut of a submissive. No. This isn't a trap." They stood up, coming closer to you. "Traps are subtle. Traps require you to obfuscate them. This isn't a trap. I've laid out what's going to happen very clearly."

They placed a hand on your chest, seeming to savour the feel of you for a moment. "You're going to touch. You're going to feel good. And you're going to become obedient, and pliable, and mine to control. Got it?" You nodded, now eager. "Now, touch. Good toy."