

Inspired by @hypnanosis

Your hypnotist looked up at your naked form from between your legs, where your hands were moving. The motions were slow, but inexorable, bringing you more and more pleasure. "Oh, plaything. I'm looking forward to this."

They gave a soft chuckle, and then brought their head closer to where your hands were moving. "We both know that I'm the essence of your pleasure, your arousal. I'm the font from which all your bliss springs. And I'm about to blow a bit more pleasure into your body..."

They pursed their lips, softly blowing on your sex. The result was instantaneous. Pleasure flooded your body, spiralling outwards, then coalescing inwards. They laughed again as you squirmed. "Oh yeah toy? Does that feel good? Well, let's do it again."

Again, their breath flowed between your legs, and again, the pleasure rushed to fill every part of you. You were moaning now, your hand's slow pace forgotten as they sped up, wanting more. Needing more. "Mmm, good, that's it toy. Feel it, let yourself get lost in the pleasure."

You were lost in the pleasure. It was so hard to think. So easy to sink, to submit, to give in. They laughed, and blew again, more forcefully this time. Your body thrummed with the arousal, with the delightful bliss that overrode every other sensation that you were feeling.

"I love how good this makes you feel. But I've got another treat. How about a kiss? How would that feel?" Your brain began to picture it. Your body trembled with need. You wanted their kiss, so badly. "Mmm, Is that your body telling me how much you need that? Good toy."

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