

"Awh, plaything... How are you doing? Huh? Is your brain feeling kinda hazy?" It was. Your hypnotist laughed as you nodded, slowly. It was so hard to think. "Oh, I wonder why that is? Do I keep making your brain go pop with arousal?" They tapped your forehead as they said 'pop'.

That caused arousal to burst in your brain. Pushing you further into this desperate haze that filled your mind. "Oh, did I do it again?" They laughed again, harder. "Sweetie, you're drooling." They reached out, tilting your head up. You felt some of the drool on your chin.

"I'm not going to clean it up, you keep on drooling your brain away, you look so messy." They were smirking down at you. It felt mean, you would have usually given them a retort, but the arousal made it so hard to think of anything to say, let alone anything witty.

"And you're going to get messier, as I pop, pop, pop your brain away!" Three more taps to the forehead, and your eyes rolled back, as your mind crumbled into sweet, sticky arousal. "Awh, I know, it feels good, and I know, you want to touch, don't you?"

You perked up, those words cutting through the haze. You met their gaze. "You wanna fuck yourself?" You nodded, eagerly. "Oh, my sweet, desperate little plaything." They leant down, smirking. "No. You're not allowed." You let out a whine of need. Desperate, hungry, almost feral.

In answer, they pressed a finger to your lips. "No... You just get to keep on feeling the arousal as I pop your brain." They tapped again. You were squirming. "As I burst every bubble of arousal I've placed in there. Pop. Pop. Pop." A moan fell from your lips at their taps this time.

They paused, letting your moan continue. "Oh that's such a cute noise... But no, no touching." They stood back up, eyes looking you over. "You just get to feel the arousal, sweetie. Don't worry, I'm sure I'll let you touch soon... Maybe." They said, a mischievous look on their face.

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