

“You’re touching yourself, right?” Your hypnotist leant down, one hand on your bare thigh as your hips thrust up, desperate for more pleasure from your fingers. “That is *your* hand, isn’t it?” The sensation of their hand and yours were blurring. It was so confusing.

“It’s not my hand touching you right now. Or is it?” They met your gaze. Your mind felt so drunk on pleasure, it was so hard to think. So easy to just give in to the bliss. “Can you tell? Can you trust your mind right now?” Your thoughts stalled, and began to crumble.

They smiled, so sweetly, so innocently. “Of course you can’t, silly. Not when I’m in your head. Not when I’m making you feel so good.” They broke eye contact, looking down between your legs. “And it is me, toy, don’t be mistaken.” The pleasure increased, flooding your mind.

“That’s me touching you, fucking your body and your mind.” Of course it was. They wouldn’t lie. “So just give in, my sweet plaything. Submit to the bliss I’m giving you.” Your eyes closed, it all felt so overwhelming. “Stop wondering what is real, just accept my words as truth.”

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #control #pleasure #confusion