

You could feel yourself, drowning in their words. A sea of bliss, and arousal, swallowing you, pulling your mind deeper, and deeper down. And you wanted to sink. You wanted to submit. Of course you did. You were their toy. Their pleasure puppet.

Hands were touching you. The others, in the circle. Their touch felt so good. Teasing, tormenting. Tonight, you were the plaything of many. An object to be used. To be played with for their amusement. You couldn't think right now. But you had been excited for it.

The first of the group took their place between your legs, as the others continued to touch, and tease, and delight you. Your body squirmed. Your mouth cried out. Your mind was separate. Sinking, fading, falling into the twilight ocean of arousal.

You could feel the hands on your body. The sensation between your legs. But you were kept apart from it. You weren't to feel pleasure. No, not yet. That was being stored. You would feel all the pleasure you received, in the end. For now, you just had to be a good object.

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #sexobject #arousal #delayedgratification