

“Oops, I infected your brain, silly toy.” Your hypnotist laughed as they tapped your forehead. A moan left your lips as your hands sped up between your legs. Pleasure. That was all that existed. “And now you’re my little gooning pleasure drone.” They tapped your forehead again.

Your brain melted some more, as desires crept through you. Fantasies, scenarios, scenes. “I just slipped my words inside your mind, and this is what you became.” Their finger hovered just over your forehead again, agonisingly close. “You want more, don’t you?”

You nodded, and they laughed again. “That’s right. Because you’re so fucking needy. So desperate for more, and more, and more.” They pulled their hand away. Your eyes rolled in your head as more pleasure cascaded from between your legs. Another edge.

“I’ll let you in on a secret, toy. This little infection, this pleasure virus I’ve given you didn’t come from nowhere. This is what I feel. My arousal. My desire. I feel it, flickering beneath the surface. Begging me to touch. But I control myself.” Their finger came back to your forehead.

The tap send a ripple through your whole body. Reverberating down your spine, into each limb. Like waves in a pool, they crashed together, sending you fluttering towards the edge again. “And I haven’t given you that, toy. You don’t get to control yourself. Not when it comes to me.”

You were moaning again, each movement of your hands a heavenly pleasure given to you by this deity of bliss before you. “And you won’t want to. I want to make you worse. I want this infection to get stronger. Hours, into days, into weeks, just gooning. For me.”

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #pleasure #edging #gooning