

“Now, toy, are you sure you want to try to touch yourself? You know what’s happened the last few-” Your hypnotist’s words were cut off as you, defiantly, tried to slip your hands between your legs. The programming took over, your body and mind slipped away from you.

This was what happened if you tried to touch yourself without permission. They had programmed a failsafe into your brain, if your mind detected you trying to do what you weren’t meant to be. Your eyes opened again as you regained control of your body.

“I’m a good toy, I obey my pro-” You stopped yourself from chanting the words, mindlessly.

But your hypnotist was smirking. “Now, before you go rushing to touch again, could I suggest that we talk? You clearly want pleasure. I can give it to you, if you’re willing to listen.”

You met their gaze, considering. Your mind still felt slightly hazy, no doubt from the trances that you kept putting yourself into. Pleasure did sound nice. But this was interesting. Seeing their reactions. Knowing what would happen, you went to touch yourself again.

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