

You let out a soft moan, hungry for pleasure, eager for more. Your hypnotist stopped, smiling, hand going still between your legs, and you squirmed, so desperate for them to keep touching. They let out a low, soft laugh. "I told you, plaything, keep still. I can make you, of course."

They ran their other hand up your thigh. "But that sort of takes away some of my fun. So I won't. Instead, I'm going to tell you again. Stay still. And you're going to obey, aren't you?" They leant down, and those fingers trailing over your skin dug their nails in.

You started to nod, before thinking better of it. "Yes, dominant." The words passed from your lips, a promise of obedience. They smiled.

"That's more like it. And as long as you stay still, you get to sink deeper into pleasure." Their hand between your legs began to move again.

Your lips parted, but you held back the moans, held back the bliss. "That's it, plaything. So wrapped up in obedience." The pleasure kept coming, wrapping around your mind, seeping into the cracks, threatening to tear you apart, with nowhere to go.

"Just give in, plaything, when it becomes too much, shut your mind off, and sink." Their other hand was tracing over your chest, teasing more sensation. It was all becoming overwhelming. Your eyes rolled up, then closed, as you slumped into the bed.

#Erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #pleasure #obedience #submission