

Your hypnotist sighed, gently, as they turned away from their laptop, towards you. “Now, plaything, you’re going to have to sit, and be quiet. Okay? I want to focus.” They said. You nodded, and stopped touching yourself. You stayed kneeling, feeling so subby.”

They had gone back to writing, but after a few minutes, they spoke again, through they didn’t turn round. “I didn’t say to stop touching, silly. No. You do need to be ready for me. Edged, eager, desperate. Just be quiet about it for now. Okay?”

You made a small noise of affirmation, and went back to touching yourself. Though the sensitivity triggers they had activated earlier made it hard to be quiet. You wanted to moan, to writhe. To whimper. “Yeah. I know, it’s hard to be quiet when you’re making yourself feel good.”

When had they turned round again? “But you’re doing such a good job. This is what it means to be my toy. You need to be ready for me to use you, whenever. And hey, it helps that you’re just brainwashing yourself deeper with the pleasure, huh? Yeah. Good toy.”

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #control #freeuse #sensitivity