

“Kind?” Your hypnotist landed one leg over your hips as you lay, naked on the bed. “Caring?” They knelt, leaning down to plant a kiss on your lips. “When did I ever give you that impression, plaything?” They sat down, their thighs pinning you down.

“That’s all you are to me. A plaything.” They traced one hand down your chest, digging in their nails, making you feel the rush of pleasure at the pain, before tapping you once on the forehead, your trigger to let your mind go hazy. “A body to be used and a mind to be fucked with.”

They smirked as you blinked, mind struggling to focus, thoughts fizzling into air. “Letting me alter you how I see fit. And you love it, don’t you?” You nodded, letting out a soft whine as they ground their hips on yours. “Shh...” They placed a finger to your lips, silencing your whine.

“Look how need you are. How desperate I make you.” You squirmed, mind still blank. Still reeling. “You can feel it, can’t you?” They said, still grinding their hips. “Your pleasure, your arousal.” You could. You wanted to moan, to scream. Their finger on your lips kept you quiet.

“All this bliss I’m giving you.” They smirked down at you, before the finger on your lips moved to your chin. “Such a good plaything. You don’t mind if I tease, do you? No... That’s what I thought. You just want me to use you. To play with you. Such a good plaything.”

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #control #pleasure #teasing