

"Awh, no wonder you're so desperate. I've kept you all pent up for a whole year!" Your hypnotist giggled at you, stroking your cheek as they talked. "It's been so long without a release for you. Would you even remember what it felt like?" They looked you in the eyes.

They held your gaze for a few moments, not talking, just thinking. Finally, they continued. "Or is an orgasm just a faded memory for you?" They smirked as you tried to remember the feeling of release, before they pulled at your chin, forcing your attention back to them.

"It isn't a thing for edge sluts like you, silly. No. You just get to edge. You just get to fall into a pit of desperation and lust that I control. And you don't cum. Not ever." They held your gaze again. Looking almost pensive. You felt concern. You had agreed on a year, hadn't you?

"Well. It's been a whole year. I guess I should be nice, you did make it all this time." You felt relief flood you. They were just teasing. "Maybe I should let you cum. What do you think?"

"I-" They tapped you on the forehead, causing your mind to stall in place.

Your thought crumbled, you forgot what you were going to say. "Oh, silly me, you *don't* think, do you? No. You just sink, and drift, and let me do the thinking." Your mind was spiralling into trance so quickly. "You let me make the decisions." You couldn't disagree, it was the truth.

"And you know what, pet?" Their words resounded in your mind. They felt so good. I think it would be such a shame for you to break your streak now." That was right. You didn't want to cum. That just made sense to you. "You've already made it a year. Why not two?"

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #brainwashing #denial #obedience