

You reached the edge. Pleasure stretching out before you, rippling, pulsing through your body. And your hands stopped working. Your mind stalled, thoughts falling away, as you slipped into trance, with a slightly frustrated sigh. You heard your partner laugh.

“Awh, I know, you want to cum, sweetie.” They said. The pleasure receded, and your mind began counting up, from one to ten. “But I want to make sure that you get as much pleasure as possible from this. Who knows when I’ll let you cum next?”

As your mind reached ten, your eyes opened, and your hands slipped back between your legs. Desperate, almost feverish. This was the third loop. You didn’t know when they intended to let you cum. But a part of you didn’t mind. The pleasure felt so good.

A soft moan left your lips as your hands found the pace that you wanted. Eking out as much pleasure as you could. “That’s it, hon. Just keep touching. Edge. The more you edge, the more suggestible you become. The more suggestible you become, the more you want to edge.”

They smirked, as you looked up at them, eyelids fluttering, the pleasure growing, blossoming, expanding. You reached the edge. Quicker this time. It felt incredible. If only you could... But you couldn’t. Your eyelids were pulled shut, as your hands fell back to your sides.

And so, it continued. The loop of drop deeper, edge, drop deeper, edge. Before long you were barely opening your eyes, your mind was so fractionated, so blissed out, that it was easier to just keep edging. Their words spurring you on. Dragging you deeper.

“Just keep going sweetie. I’ll let you know when you can cum.” They were saying, as your eyelids fluttered open. They took hold of your chin, pulling your gaze up to them. “You’re being ever so good for me. And I want you to keep on being good for me. You can do that. Can’t you?”

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #edging #fractionation #pleasure