

"P-please n-n-no." You said, barely able to control your voice.

Your hypnotist let out a half laugh, hand still between your legs. "No? No what, plaything?"

"D-d-mmm... Cum. Don't ma- fuck. Don'tmakemecum." You dangled, dangerously close to the edge of orgasm.

It had been such a struggle to get the words out. Your hypnotist's hand slowed, barely. Just enough to keep you on the edge. "And why don't you want to cum?"

Your moans interrupted you, and your hypnotist's hand slowed even more.

"I- Mmm – edging is pleasure. Pleasure is programming. Programming is edging. Cumming stops the programming. Cumming stops the pleasure. Cumming stops the edging." The second your brain could think, the mantra slipped from your lips, a fundamental truth.

The hand between your legs stopped moving. Your hypnotist was looking down at you triumphantly. You met their gaze, confused. "What's wrong?" You asked.

They stayed still for a moment, still smiling down at you. "Oh, nothing. Just thinking how far you've come."

"What's that mean?"

They didn't answer immediately, instead beginning to slowly move their hand again. "Just that I'm impressed at how quickly you've come around to my way of thinking. You used to be so into getting off... But now? After a bit of programming? You're an edge slut."

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #edging #reprogramming #control